

**TSOÉ, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Tsoé, and Other Poems by Cave Winscom

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CAVE WINSCOM

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BY
CAVE WINSCOM

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TSOÉ:
THE TALE OF A CIRCASSIAN MAIDEN.



TSOË.

IN the fertile land of the Moslem,
Where damask roses bloom,
Where many a scarlet poppy
Grows dusk in twilight's gloom ;
In a room in a great Harém,
Where through the latticed wall
The day had twined a sunny beam,
And parting let it fall ;
Upon a couch with roses decked,
And hung with curtains gay,
Beneath a silken coverlet,
A beauteous virgin lay.
Sleep weighed her snowy eyelids down ;
A smile was on her brow,
As though she dreamed of her native land,
So widely distant now,
Of her gentle mother's tender care,
Her baby sister's play,
And of Circassia's shady bowers,
Where first she saw the day ;—
And a tear broke from her oval eye,
And fell upon her breast,