

**POEMS OF
PLACES; PP. 2-249**

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Poems of Places; pp. 2-249 by Henry W. Longfellow

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

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PLACES; PP. 2-249**

POEMS OF PLACES.

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind describes.

CRABBE.

III.
A S I A.

III.
PERSIA, INDIA, CHINESE EMPIRE, JAPAN.



BOSTON:
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1878.

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1878

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BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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CAMBRIDGE.

Archer famed, and Pharandakes,
And the charioteer Sosthanes;
Neilos mighty and prolific
Sent forth others, Susiskanes,
Pegastagon, born in Egypt,
And the chief of sacred Memphis;
Great Arsames, Ariomardos,
Ruler of primeval Thebæ,
And the marshmen and the rowers,
Dread and in their number countless,
And their fellow crowds of Lydians,
Very delicate and stately,
Who the people of the mainlands
Rule throughout, — whom Mitrageathes
And brave Arkteus, kingly chieftains,
And Sardis, gold-abounding, send forth,
Riding on their many chariots,
Three or four abreast their horses,
Sight to look upon all dreadful!
And the men of sacred Tmolos
Rush to place the yoke of bondage
On the neck of conquered Hellas.
Mardon, Tharybis, spear-anvils,
And the Mysians, javelin-darting,
Babylon, too, gold-abounding,
Send a mingled crowd, swept onward,
Both the troops who man the vessels,
And the skilled and trustful archers;
And the race the sword that beareth,
Follows from each clime of Asia,
At the great king's dread commandment.

These, the bloom of Persia's greatness,
 Now are gone forth to the battle ;
 And for these, their mother country,
 Asia, mourns with mighty yearning ;
 Wives and mothers faint with trembling
 Through the hours that slowly linger,
 Counting each day as it passes.

Æschylus. Tr. E. H. Plumptre.

PERSIA.

PERSIA ! time-honored land ! who looks on thee
 A desert, yet a Paradise, will see,
 Vast chains of hills where not a shrub appears,
 Wastes where no dews distil their diamond tears,
 The only living things foul birds of prey,
 Who whet their beaks, or court the solar ray,
 And wolves that fill with howlings midnight's vale,
 Turning the cheek of far-off traveller pale ; —
 Anon, the ravished eye delighted dwells
 On chinar-groves and brightly watered dells ;
 Blooming where man and art have nothing done,
 Pomegranates hang their rich fruit in the sun ;
 Grapes turn to purple many a rock's tall brow,
 And globes of gold adorn the citron's bough ;
 Mid rose-trees hid, or perched on some high palm,
 The bulbul sings through eve's delicious calm ;
 While girt by planes, or washed by cooling streams,
 On some green flat the stately city gleams. —
 'Tis as a demon there had cast his frown,
 And here an angel breathed a blessing down ;

As if in nature as the human soul,
 The god of darkness spurned heaven's bright control,
 Good struggling hard with Evil's withering spell,
 A smiling Eden on the marge of hell.

Immortal clime! where Zoroaster sprung,
 And light on Persia's earlier history flung;
 Let charity condemn not Iran's sage,
 Who taught, reformed, and humanized his age.
 In him one great as Mecca's prophet see,
 But oh, more gentle, wise, and pure than he.

Nicholas Michell.

GULISTAN.

WHERE is Gulistan, the Land of Roses?
 Not on hills where Northern winters
 Break their spears in icy splinters,
 And in shrouded snow the world reposes;
 But amid the glow and splendor
 Which the Orient summers lend her,
 Blue the heaven above her beauty closes:
 There is Gulistan, the Land of Roses.

Northward stand the Persian mountains;
 Southward spring the silver fountains
 Which to Hafiz taught his sweetest measures,
 Clearly ringing to the singing
 Which the nightingales delight in,
 When the Spring, from Oman winging
 Unto Shiraz, showers her fragrant treasures

On the land, till valleys brighten,
 Mountains lighten with returning
 Fires of scarlet poppy burning,
 And the stream meanders,
 Through its roscate oleanders,
 And Love's golden gate, unfolden,
 Opens on a universe of pleasures.

There the sunshine blazes over
 Meadows gemmed with ruby clover ;
 There the rose's heart uncloses,
 Prodigal with hoarded stores of sweetness,
 And the lily's cup so still is
 Where the river's waters quiver,
 That no wandering air can spill his
 Honeyed balm, or blight his beauty's fleetness.
 Skies are fairest, days are rarest —
 Thou, O Earth ! a glory wearest
 From the ecstasy thou bearest,
 Once to feel the summer's full completeness.

Twilight glances, moonlit dances,
 Song by starlight, there entrances
 Youthful hearts with fervid fancies,
 And the blushing rose of Love uncloses :
 Love that, lapped in summer joyance,
 Far from every rude annoyance,
 Calmly on the answering love reposes ;
 And in song, in music only
 Speaks the longing, vague and lonely,
 Which to pain is there the nearest,