

— their throats in praise of the all bounteous King

If from the fields of heavenly light
 An angel there had bent his flight
 As the sleek moth with powdery wing
 Circles the lamp in ceaseless ring
 He scarce had lingered in its round
 Nor ever left the charmed ground
 The Shah was in an ecstasy of delight
 but when the glance of his eye fell on
 Ghete afro —

A heaven of charms appeared the queen
 Such as no mortal eye had seen
 Charms to compare with which were weak
 The lustre of a Paris cheek
 Charms that were viewed with mute surprise
 And the fair of paradise
 She was seated on a throne of polished
 emerald the radiations of her sory cheeks
 were like the blusful rays of the ruby —
 while the Shah fancied in sooth that the
 Orient Moon had descended from heaven
 and exclaimed in ecstasy —

Whence springs the dazzling bloom of light
 Is this the Moon Deceives my sight
 The Brilliance of the Tulip flower
 Or the bright sun at noontide hour
 Who such celestial beams imparts
 The mirror and the queen of hearts
 Sweet