

When Semen Dub beheld the King she descended from the throne and stood before him veiling her face with the fold of her garment. The King could not restrain himself but flinging the arm of affection over the neck of desire drew her to his bosom and snatched an invaluable kiss from ^{her} Duby lip. Having taken the hand of the fair he seated her on the throne and gently unveiling her face the timid drops of perspiration on her sweet countenance shone like the dew drops on the Ruby Rose. Asur Shah gently dried them with the fold of his tunic and said. —

The timid drops of dew that grace
Ajapamine coloured charmers face
Exceed the rapid torrents force

That wastes a country in its course

The attendants all with drew and the curtains were drawn on the four sides of the chamber. The Emperor drew Semen Dub amorously to his side but no sooner did she meet his embrace than the keeneſs of desire instantly departed and he perceived himself under the influence of a magical charm. The King had immediate recourse to his Physicians and Astrologers but they were equally at a loss concerning the nature of his malady and the means of effecting a cure. — At last a Magician more knowing than the rest informed
him