

GOLD NIGHT.

*An evening song of Egypt. The Mother-Spell  
broods over Sea and Palms.*

*The Singer is lounging against a white, low Wall,  
watching the Shadows, as they descend from the Hills upon  
the orange-lighted City. As the stars grow more numerous  
he goes in search of Love.*

## GOLD NIGHT.



bove the cupolas,  
And wide white domes  
Of coloured stars,  
Bubastis smiles  
Upon the wide grey sea  
That foams, foams  
Endlessly, endlessly.  
Red tiles  
Are orange beneath that sky.  
Strange stars are high,  
The evening hymn sinks down,  
Below  
The white town  
Aglow,  
The white town  
Of Queen Bubastis,  
That lies  
Under dark indigo skies :  
The splash, the hiss  
Of the sea :  
A wavering kiss

Of old melody :  
A strange bliss  
Of the olden Mistress  
Of the Old Land.  
The gold sand :  
The brown hand :  
The gold globe  
Of even  
In her sapphire robe :  
The stylus is calm ;  
Like a bereaven  
Ghost  
The wind sighs, sighs  
By the Grove of Palm,  
By the host  
Of wavelets that sing  
Their luminous psalm  
To the silver eyes.

O wing  
Of the slow  
Ibis  
Of the island !  
There is bliss  
Of love  
In lowland below,  
In highland  
Above !

Thence come the brown girls  
With wide nostrils  
And great eyes :  
Thence come the green pearls  
Without a flaw  
That the yellow oyster  
Spills.  
There lies  
The cave-cloister  
Of the Lord of Law.  
But the lowland  
Is a land of quietness  
And of green, happy peace ;  
There is soft gold sand  
There is surcease  
Of stress.  
Bubastis is the Grey Cat  
Who is the diadem  
Of Khem,  
With grey eyes,  
And the flat,  
Broad nose of the quiet South,  
She has the wide, sweet mouth,  
The soft breasts that rise  
For quiet love in the coloured night,  
Among the white  
Stars,  
Amid the cupolas.