

Ugarit

Part i.

The polished silver flings me back
Dominant brows and eyes of bronze,
A curling beard of bigonous black,
And dusky red of desert suns
Burnt in my cheeks. Who saith me Nay?
Who wigns in Israel to-day?

Samaria in Well-ordered ranks
Of houses stands in honoured peace:
Sweet nourishment from Kenah's banks
Flows, and the corn and vine increase.
In two pitched fields the Syrian hordes
Fled broken from our stallion words.

Uy me! But that was life! I see
Now, from that hill, the ordered plain;
The serried ranks like foam flung free,
Long billows, flashing on the main
Past the eye's grip their legions roll—
Anguish of death upon my soul!