

Walter de la Mare

Arabia

Far are the shades of Arabia
Where the princes ride at noon
Mild the verdurous and thickets
Under the ghost of moon
And so dark is that vaulted purple
Flowers in the forest rise
And toss into blossom against the phantom stars
Pale in the noonday skies.
Sweet is the music of Arabic
In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn
Deery her gliding streams:
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-Silked, dark-haired Musicians
In the brooding silence of night.
They haunt me-her lutes and her forests
No beauty on earth I see
But shadowed with that dream recalls
Her loveliness to me:
Cold voices whisper and say
He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,
They have stolen his wits away.