

## THE SERENADE.

---

"HARK! hark! beneath! that voice!—I know  
Its manly tones, so rich and low!  
Yes, Music's self might seek in vain  
For such another voice in Spain!"

"Nay, *I* know one, more rich, more sweet:  
Clara, it fills the twilight street;  
The moon will drop her cloudy braid,  
To listen to that serenade."

"Hush, prattler—hush! he strikes the strings!  
Yes—transport!—'tis my name he sings—  
Well, thou shalt hear, and own, ere long,  
My love is lord—at least in song."

*"Lady mine, ere soft repose  
Thy bright starlike eyes doth close,  
Wilt not deign to look and see  
Who sings 'neath thy balcony?"*

"O, passing sweet!" "He sings not ill—  
But Sandoval"—"Be still, be still;  
For Music lies—to maid most dear,  
Not in *his* voice—but in *her* ear!"



## THE PRADO.

---

"HAST thou seen him? Said he aught?  
Is my Juan jealous still?—  
Men are masters but in thought,  
Ruled by woman's secret will."

"O, forbear this idle play!  
Nor with ardent love coquet,  
Shouldst thou lose him . . . . ."  
"Lose him? Nay!  
Child! I'll tame his spirit yet!"

"Take my counsel—be more kind."—  
"Kind!—and spoil a selfish man!"  
"Thou may'st live to change thy mind;  
As I know thy Juan can."

"Speak!—what mean'st thou?"  
"Why, just now  
Waiting—*not* for fond farewells,  
*One* I saw, whom thou may'st know,  
Where our friend Teresa dwells,

Waiting till the lady came."

"Ah!"

"Look round, 'neath yonder tree."

"O, the traitor!—Shame! O, shame!  
Thus to look on aught but me!

Take me hence!—undone!—distraught!  
Outraged!"

"Nay, bethink thee still,—

*Men are masters but in thought,  
Ruled by woman's secret will!"*



B.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



K. MEADOWS.

J. HALL.

Donativo de S. Conde de  
Romanos á la Biblioteca  
de la Alhambra. 1879

*The Siesta.*

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Generalife

## THE SIESTA.

---

'NEATH Iberia's sunny skies,  
Through the burning hours of day,  
Drowsy till the Zephyrs rise,  
Maidens dream the hours away.

Hush! a voice of gentlest tone  
Tells her vision ere 'tis flown.  
Naught she heeds of loiterer near,  
Smiling that soft tale to hear:—

“I knew he loved me ere he breathed the vow  
That brought such glowing blushes to my cheek:  
How sweet the words—I hear, I hear them now,  
Never before did tongue so fondly speak.

“*I love thee!* O, there's magic in the sound,  
When lips by lonely Fancy made most dear,  
Say those three words—and every sense, spell-bound,  
Pauses as when heaven's music fills the ear!

“The sky is brighter grown, the earth more fair;  
The flowers with wealth of richer odours teem:  
I seem to rise, upborne on joyous air,  
O'er change and fear.—O! let it be no dream!”

## THE GUITAR.

---

SING me that air he used to love so well:

But, softly, sister—let its tones come stealing,  
That Echo wake not—gently weave the spell,  
To mournful memories of the past appealing.

Nay, that's too lively—sing in sadder strain,

Like the lone bird, that 'neath night's planet holy  
(Methinks there's human passion in her pain)  
Pours forth her soul in richest melancholy.

Ah! didst thou love—and he were far away—

Thy heart's one thought, one life, one hope, one sorrow—  
Thy voice had sweeter been, but far less gay,  
For Music pensive tones from Love doth borrow.



EDWARD CORBOULD.

W. H. BOLETON.

Donativo de D. Conde de  
Romanos á la Biblioteca  
de la Alhambra. 1860

*The Parting.*

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Library Generalife

## THE PARTING.

---

"WHY tremble, Inez?—all are hushed—asleep—  
None see us save the stars, those eyes of heaven,  
And they attest my love—this dear, dear hand,  
So soft, so white, that flutters in mine own,  
Like frightened bird—*they* know it shall be mine!  
And then, farewell to fear,—to stolen hours  
Farewell!—farewell to tremblings, even for thee!  
Would that bright hour were come!—thy cheek is pale,  
And terror's on thy brow:—when I'm with thee  
Love only should be there! Why, must I go,  
And leave my tender secrets half untold?"

"O! should they find thee—Hark!—I pray thee, fly!  
Each whisper, murmuring through the air of night,  
Sounds in mine ear a knell—yet, when thou'rt gone,  
How shall I say, 'Ah me, thou silly heart,  
That let thee bid thy hope, thy guardian go—  
When ye do meet so seldom?"

"Angels guard  
(They will, for Heaven is just) my stainless love!  
Her rest be gentle as an infant's sleep,—  
One only earthly vision cross her dreams—  
One only—canst not guess its form?

Farewell!"



Palacio Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



J. HERBERT.

H. AUSTEN.

*The Confession.*

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

GEMS OF BEAUTY, N<sup>o</sup> 9.

*Illustrated by H. Herbert.*

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Alhambra y Generalife



## THE CONFESSION.

---

FATHER! I love!—Speak for me, tortured heart!  
Dost thou not throb with passion more than life?  
O, gentle father! bid me not depart,  
To prove the misery of a loathing wife!

Hadst thou but known, like me, a sleepless bed—  
The longer anguish of the living day—  
Eye without joy—heart whence all hope hath fled—  
Stern as thou art, thou couldst not turn away!

He *will* return—I know his truth by mine!  
Another's bride!—No, rather let me die  
Ere yet, with false vows offered at the shrine,  
I make my youth a curse—my love a lie!



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Patrimonio Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA



DYCE.

H. ROBINSON.

*The Signal.*

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

©EMS OF BEAUTY, Nº 10.

Printed by H. Innes.

JUNTA DE ANDALU

Generalife