

Bold Nassan quits his
caravan,
A hazy mountain grot to
scan;
Climis jaggy rocks to find his
way,
Doth tax his sight, iut far doth
stray.

Not work of man, nor sport of
child
Finds Nassan on this mazy
wild;
Lax grow his joints, limis toil in
vain-
Poor wight! why didst thou quit that
plain?

Vainly for succour Nassan
calls;
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassan
falls;
But prowling wolf and fox may
joy
To quarry on thy Arai
ioy.