

## *Sibul*

Inertness eternal enwraps you,  
Stagnation is stamped on thy face,  
Morpheus softly belaps you,  
Of commotion you show not a trace.

Languor, and torpor the deepest,  
Possess you the year all around,  
In silence and quiet thou sleepest,  
To disturb thee there's hardly a sound.

Set at the foot of the mountains,  
Encircled by tropical growth,  
Centre of clear splashing fountains,  
That coveted healing send forth.

Fret of the city, and worry,  
Greed of vile Mammon and trade,  
Self-seeking bustle and hurry,  
Never these precincts invade.

Railways and blazing high towers,  
Clatter of engine and steel,  
Spare us these classic green bowers,—  
Shrines where the weary find weal.

Forbear, thou commercial vile vulture,  
To slay with noisome dark breath,  
This nook of prime rustic culture,—  
Thy presence were surely its death.

Flourish ye bamboos still higher,  
And nod nature's welcome so sweet;  
Amorous palm-trees no shyer,  
Extend your lithe arms to greet.

Still stand the cool nipa houses,  
With doors ever open full wide,  
Which symbol in strangers arouses  
The vision of welcome inside.

B. F.