

A Family in Egypt

“That camel bell, that camel bell,
In memory I hear it well,
From Alexandria to the Bay
Where gallant Nelson’s ‘Vanguard’ lay.
And so it is though we are gone
That camel bell still tinkles on,
Yet still in dreams we haunt the scene,
The tents, the trees, where we have been.
Those who have trodden on Egypt’s ground
And tasted the waters of the Nile,
By some latent spell are always found
To return to its shores awhile.
There’s a charm that hangs o’er that ancient land,
What it is I cannot tell,
With its wavy date tree and glittering sand,
That binds with a mystic spell.”

Mary Rowlett