

**The Bayadère (1928) [1921]**

**Edward Joseph Collins, music and words**

To the sleepy drone of the harem music,  
she sways, seductive and sinuous.

On her feet are anklets of emeralds,  
on her arms are bracelets of rubies.

When she whirls her spangled skirt,  
and fire spurts from her jet-black eye,  
The eunuch blinks.

But the sultan blows the smoke in rings.