
EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A B A L L A D.

- “**T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way,
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
“ With hospitable ray.
“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and flow ;
“ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
“ Seem lengthening as I go.”
“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
“ For yonder phantom only flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.
“ Here to the houseless child of want,
“ My door is open still ;
“ And though my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.
“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,

“ To slaughter I condemn ;

“ Taught by that power that pities me,

“ I learn to pity them.

“ But from the mountain's grassy side,

“ A guiltless feast I bring ;

“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,

“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;

“ For earth-born cares are wrong :

“ Man wants but little here below,

“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,

His gentle accents fell :

The grateful stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure

The modest mansion lay ;

A refuge to the neighbouring poor,

And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch

Requir'd a master's care ;

The door just opening with a latch,

Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when worldly crouds retire

To revels or to rest,

The hermit trimm'd his little fire,

And cheer'd his penfive guest :

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EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

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And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove;
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And those who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
"A charm that lulls to sleep;
"A shade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?"

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EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
 “ The haughty fair one’s jest :
 “ On earth unseen, or only found
 “ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 “ And spurn the sex,” he said :
 But while he spoke a rising blush
 The bashful guest betray’d,

He sees unnumber’d beauties rise,
 Expanding to the view ;
 Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breath,
 Alternate spread alarms :
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

And, “ Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 “ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d ;
 “ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
 “ Where heav’n and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
 “ Whom love has taught to stray ;
 “ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 “ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 “ A wealthy lord was he ;
 “ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 “ He had but only me.

- “ To win me from his tender arms,
“ Unnumber’d suitors came;
“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
“ And felt, or feign’d a flame.
- “ Each morn the gay phantastic crowd
“ With richest proffers strove:
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“ But never talk’d of love.
- “ In humble, simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth nor pow’r had he;
“ A constant heart was all he had,
“ But that was all to me.
- “ The blossom opening to the day,
“ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
“ Could nought of purity display,
“ To emulate his mind.
- “ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine;
“ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
“ Their constancy was mine.
- “ For still I try’d each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain;
“ And, while his passion touch’d my heart,
“ I triumph’d in his pain.
- “ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride;
“ And sought a solitude forlorn,
“ In secret, where he dy’d.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,

“ And well my life shall pay ;

“ I'll seek the solitude he fought,

“ And stretch me where he lay.

“ And, there forlorn despairing hid,

“ I'll lay me down and die :

“ 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,

“ And so for him will I.”

“ Thou shalt not thus,” the hermit cry'd,

And clasp'd her to his breast :

The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide ;

'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,

“ My charmer, turn to see,

“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,

“ Restor'd to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

“ And ev'ry care resign :

“ And shall we never, never part,

“ O thou—my all that's mine.”

“ No, never, from this hour to part,

“ We'll live and love so true ;

“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

“ Shall break thy Edwin's too.

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