

ZELINDA;

A  
PERSIAN TALE.

IN THREE CANTOS.

*Dedicated to Mrs Settleton*

*by the Author*

*Mr Richard Badington*

TO  
**MRS. LITTLETON,**  
TEDDESLEY PARK, STAFFORDSHIRE,  
THE  
FOLLOWING POEM  
IS  
VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

# ZELINDA.

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## CANTO THE FIRST.

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“ Cara al mio cuor tu sei  
Ciò ch'è il sole agli occhi miei.”

---

THROUGH all that land of revelry  
Which borders on the Persian sea,  
That land where summer's sun is brightest,  
And virgin footstep treads the lightest ;  
Where flowers which bloom, and birds which sing,  
Are emblems of eternal spring,  
And nought, beyond the southern breeze  
Revives the brow, or fans the trees ;  
Where every heart is light and gay,  
And tranquil night, and joyous day

Glide smoothly on, without a sigh,  
Save that of love, to waft them by ;  
Where music, with its sweetest strain,  
Enchantment breathes o'er hill and plain,  
And beauty, with her magic hand,  
O'er ev'ry cheek hath wav'd her wand ;  
Where winter's frown is never seen  
To blight that paradise of green,  
And scarce a lonely cloud is driven  
Along the bright, blue path of Heaven ;  
There—in that garden of the East,  
Where mortal eye might rest and feast  
For ever, on the thousand sweets  
Of loveliest nature which it meets ;  
There—in that region of delight,  
Where all is beautiful and bright ;  
In sunny vale, or shady bower,  
Zelinda was the fairest flower !

Dear had her hours of childhood been—  
One happy, gay, unclouded scene ;  
Her eye undimm'd by sorrow's tear,  
Her bounding heart unaw'd by fear ;

Nor harrowing grief, nor anxious care,  
Had stamp'd its chilling signet there.  
She gaz'd on blooming earth, and found  
All peace and loveliness around—  
But little thought her eye of blue  
More bright than all which met its view !  
She look'd on spotless Heaven—so bright  
And pure by day—so calm by night ;  
The canopy of earthly shade,  
With all its million worlds array'd—  
And whilst her glance was fix'd on high,  
She little deem'd that in that sky  
No light of purer nature blaz'd,  
Than that which on its brilliance gaz'd ;  
No work was more divinely stor'd,  
Than that, which from the earth ador'd !—

From youth, more beautiful and dear  
Zelinda grew, from year to year ;  
Night-bless'd her sleep with fondest dreams,  
Her heart rejoic'd in morning's beams,

And every day a lovelier streak  
Of beauty, mantled o'er her cheek ;  
Until the bud of form and mind,  
Through life's precarious spring confin'd,  
Was now expanding to display  
The full-blown pride of woman's May,  
And throw its magic and its grace  
Perfective o'er her angel face !

Her form was as the Fairy's, light ;  
And as she trod the dews of night,  
The search were almost vain to find  
The track her foot had left behind.  
Her eye was of the dearest hue  
Of woman's eye—'twas darkest blue—  
And yet from its bright orb, the rays  
Spoke not so much of sunny blaze,  
As of that milder, tenderer beam,  
Which moonlight sheds upon the stream ;  
'Twas soft—'twas eloquent—'twas free—  
'Twas beautiful as eye could be.

Her cheek was of that roseate bloom,  
Which seems a mockery of the tomb ;  
And every feature, from her birth,  
Spoke more of Heaven than of earth.  
So fair she was, we might infer  
That Nature, for the soul in her,  
Believing mortal flesh too cold,  
Had cast her in an angel's mould !

The May of woman does not come  
Without its season's sweets, and some  
Of those delicious throbs which sway  
All human hearts, in happy May !  
But woman's soul is not the power  
We must compare to tree or flower :  
They bloom, but soon that bloom is past,  
The sport of ev'ry hostile blast,  
Array'd in loveliness to-day,  
And ere to-morrow cast away !  
No !—woman's heart is not that flower  
Which charms the idol of an hour ;

But dear in virtue, rich in bloom,  
Its essence lives beyond the tomb !

Zelinda woke at dawn of day,  
In all the pride of woman's May ;  
And as her orison arose  
To Heaven, that sacred power which flows  
From its high fountain, seem'd to shed  
Its inspiration o'er her head,  
And cast o'er her angelic face,  
That glow of health—that matchless grace—  
That innocence, which renders youth  
The symbol of celestial truth !  
Her noon had pass'd amid that scene  
Of beauty, which had ever been  
The book of nature to her mind,  
The theme to which her heart inclin'd ;  
And now, as down the western sky  
The sun withdrew from mortal eye,  
At evening's calm and blissful hour,  
She sat within her favourite bower.

The dew-drop hung on flower and tree,  
Transparent was the tranquil sea,  
The warbler of the day was dumb,  
The busy bee had ceas'd to hum,  
And silent, beautiful and blest,  
All nature was absorb'd in rest.  
'Twas calm below—'twas calm above—  
Each passing zephyr breath'd of love—  
And soft the star of evening shone,  
From Heaven's serene and sparkling zone!

Alone, she sat, her head reclin'd.  
Upon her hand, her absent mind  
In wandering innocence betray'd  
By thoughts, far from her rural shade.  
She look'd upon the azure sky,  
And offer'd up her virgin sigh!  
It was the first, the only one  
Which e'er had fled her heart; the tone  
Was short, yet ere its transient sound  
Was lost in summer's breath around,

She felt as if some spell had flown  
From her chaste heart, some spirit gone ;  
And blushing with remorse and fear  
She seal'd her offering with a tear !

Oh, woman ! when thou look'st above,  
And breath'st thy first, pure sigh of love,  
What prayer, what penance, or what pain,  
Can e'er restore that sigh again !

Zelinda, from her earliest years  
Had, free from danger, void of fears,  
Delighted, when the day was o'er,  
To seek her bower upon the shore,  
And spend her eve in calm repose  
Anear her bed of favorite rose :  
And much she wonder'd at the change  
Which could her wonted peace estrange ;  
For now, as if some secret charm  
Was hovering o'er, portending harm,  
Her timid conscience first made known,  
'Twas dangerous thus to be alone,

And far from her attendants' sight,  
To trust the doubtful shades of night.

She started at her lone retreat ;  
Alarm'd, she felt her bosom beat ;  
And as she saw the silken shawl,  
Which veil'd that bosom, rise and fall,  
She wonder'd—for she could not guess  
What made it once so motionless ;  
Nor could she well conjecture how,  
Without a cause, it trembled now !

Ye guileless maidens !—tell me true,  
Hath this surprise been felt by you ?  
Have you, in life's delicious spring,  
When every hope was blossoming,  
Perceiv'd no throb of feeling glow  
Beneath your bosoms' veil of snow ?  
Have you, before a lover's eye  
Hath met your own, not wonder'd why  
Each flower look'd lovelier to your sight,  
More stillness reign'd in summer's night,

More perfume travell'd with the breeze,  
More pleasing verdure clad the trees?  
Oh, yes!—though stoics may deride,  
And frowns of age obstruct the tide  
Of feeling, which your artless youth  
Might lead you to confess with truth,  
Yet not a ray of woman's sight  
Shall meet the lines which now I write,  
Though *verbal No* may answer this,  
Without her soul responding—*Yes!*

With tearful eye, and fearful heart,  
Zelinda hasten'd to depart :  
When o'er the wave, in distance clear,  
The strains of music met her ear,  
Which now arose with magic swell,  
And now in softest cadence fell.

She mov'd her ringlets, dark and bright,  
From off her brow of fairest white :  
Half fear, half pleasure thrill'd her breast,  
Her finger to her lip was prest ;

And beautiful in shape and mood,  
She stood in listening attitude.

What strain was that !—what could it be !  
Which, borne along the mellowing sea,  
Could thus arrest her timorous feet  
With tones so exquisitely sweet ?  
The strain had ceas'd, but she remain'd,  
As if by Syren spell enchain'd,  
Her deep blue eye, with eager glance,  
Directed o'er the vast expanse,  
Until she scarcely could descry,  
In hazy distance, sea from sky !

A flash of clear, coruscant light  
Now broke the distant gloom of night,  
And now with quick and varied motion,  
Illum'd the surface of the ocean.  
It was the moon, whose radiance play'd  
Upon the surf a light bark made ;  
As free as air, it seem'd to glide  
Along the bosom of the tide.

The bark was moor'd upon the shore,  
Ere yet the maiden's trance was o'er ;  
And footsteps, echoing through the wood,  
Approach'd the bow'r in which she stood.

Swift as the light and timid deer  
She, starting, flew, with shriek of fear ;  
Nor heard the voice which call'd her back,  
The foot which followed in her track ;  
Until obstructed in her haste,  
A stranger's arm enclos'd her waist,  
And struck with terror and dismay,  
She fainted, on that arm, away.

Never was ray of light more dear,  
Never more bless'd was woman's tear,  
Than that which from her lovely eye  
Bade hope revive, despondence die ;  
And told to him who stood before her,  
That life again was bright'ning o'er her !

As when awaking from a dream,  
We ponder on the expiring beam,

Half vivid yet—and half forgot—  
Unconscious if in doubt or not—  
So, when the parting lash, which seal'd  
Zelinda's eye, again reveal'd  
That light, which ne'er was clouded o'er  
By aught but tranquil sleep before—  
Whilst thoughts of mingled kind confound,  
She cast a vacant gaze around—  
She surely heard—yet whither came  
That well known accent of her name !—  
And who was he, whose hand she felt  
Still firmly clasping her's !—who knelt  
In humble posture to entreat—  
A sorrowing suppliant at her feet !

“ Zelinda !—dearest maid, forgive  
“ This unintended wrong, and live !  
“ Oh, live !—though it should be to part  
“ In wrath for ever from this heart !  
“ Though it should be to breathe—ah ! no,  
“ Those lips could never curse !—No foe

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“ Am I—and if the grief of years  
“ Can make atonement for the tears  
“ I thus have caus'd to dim those eyes,  
“ Speak—tell me thou wilt not despise !”

“ Who art thou, stranger, who could'st dare  
“ This heartless insult—and declare,  
“ While yet my fears of mind remain,  
“ Thou did'st not, with intent, profane  
“ This sacred spot ?——Know'st thou to whom  
“ Thou kneel'st ?—Begone ! or dread thy doom !”

“ Fair, fair Zelinda ! well I know  
“ Thy rank and beauty !—if 'twere so  
“ That I, by day, could venture here,  
“ Thou had'st been spar'd this hour of fear !  
“ For many a night have I, divine  
“ Inspirer ! worshipp'd at thy shrine !  
“ And gaz'd with rapture on each flower  
“ Thine hand hath train'd round yonder bower !  
“ Look, dearest, look !—this wither'd stem,  
“ In earlier days, was clad like them !

“ Dost thou remember it ?—this band  
 “ Of silken cord, thine own fair hand  
 “ Entwin’d—and ’twas thy precious tear  
 “ Which hallow’d what, in gift, was dear !  
 “ Oh ! am I then so chang’d ?—alas !  
 “ That memory thus with years should pass !  
 “ I was thy Sadi once !”

“ What ! he—

“ The child I lov’d—it cannot be !  
 “ There—let me look upon that brow !  
 “ Methinks ’tis not like Sadi’s now ;  
 “ And yet it seems of nobler mien  
 “ Than aught, save his, which I have seen ;  
 “ And if remembrance picture true,  
 “ Young Sadi’s eyes were brilliant blue !—  
 “ But I forget—the solar ray  
 “ May cause a brighter shade by day.  
 “ And Sadi’s voice—’twas sweetly clear,  
 “ Whilst, stranger, that which now I hear  
 “ Is deep, and——yet, methinks the tone  
 “ Is like—it must be Sadi’s own !

“ And then, that rose—ah ! well I know  
 “ Its stem again—’twas white as snow.  
 “ ’Twas on my birth-day, and the hour  
 “ Which freed thy youth from thralldom’s power ;  
 “ For when ’twas promis’d by my sire  
 “ To grant me aught I might require,  
 “ I flew, and pluck’d that flow’r for thee,  
 “ And, weeping, told thee thou wert free !  
 “ Yes, Sadi—’twas a gift to prove  
 “ The purity of childhood’s love !”

“ And can that love, Zelinda, now  
 “ Be all extinguish’d ?—must the vow  
 “ So oft we pledg’d in happier youth,  
 “ By time be robb’d of all its truth ?  
 “ O, lov’d Zelinda ! since we met,  
 “ This heart hath known but one regret !  
 “ Nor smile of friend, nor parent’s love  
 “ That cloud of sorrow could remove !  
 “ How oft, when in my native land,  
 “ I watch’d the bloom of spring expand !

“ How oft I gaz’d on flow’r and tree,  
“ When Nature had no charms for me !  
“ For what was she, however fair  
“ Or beautiful, and thou not there ?  
“ This simple gift, this wither’d stem,  
“ Was more esteem’d by far than them !  
“ And as I grew to manhood’s years  
“ The dearth of heart succeeded tears.  
“ I rush’d to battle ; but, in vain,  
“ Death came not, and the weary chain  
“ Of sad existence still dragg’d on,  
“ Renown unsought, ambition gone !  
“ For how could fame or wealth impart  
“ Lost comfort to a blighted heart ?  
“ ’Twas thus my life’s unheeded round  
“ Pass’d groaning on, ’neath memory’s wound ;  
“ And thus, at length, my wearied mind  
“ This last, too bold attempt, design’d.  
“ I was resolv’d, if not to live  
“ With thee, with all that Heaven could give,  
“ To seek thy presence, and defy  
“ All earth, and ’mid my foes to die !

“ For, O, Zelinda ! from thy birth

“ My brightest hopes have been with thee—

“ Whose smile alone could make that earth

“ A Paradise of bliss to me !”

“ Cease, Sadi ! as I lov'd thee, cease—

“ As I *will* love thee !—if the peace

“ Of Heaven can smile on mortal pray'r,

“ If friendship can appease thy care,

“ Both hast thou, Sadi ; but beyond

“ The limit of that sacred bond,

“ That purest feeling, which in youth

“ Link'd heart to heart and truth to truth,

“ My vow extends not.—Heaven hath thrown

“ A chasm betwixt us,—To disown

“ That thou wert dear to me, would need

“ A heart more false than this indeed.

“ But, oh ! one tone of tenderer flame

“ I cannot, dare not, hear thee name !

“ Then, fly thee hence !—night's silvery queen

“ Sinks low, and danger lurks unseen

“ Upon thy steps.—My sire, alas !

“ Though once I mov'd him, would not pass

“ This injury over, did he know  
 “ That thou wert here, his country’s foe !  
 “ That one of thine ignoble blood,  
 “ Thus, veil’d by night, his daughter woo’d !  
 “ Fly, therefore, fly !—if thou wert seen,  
 “ Thy death were certain !”

“ Had I been,  
 “ Zelinda, at death’s blade, thy love  
 “ Would seal my doom—I could not move !”

“ But, Sadi, if thou hast that heart  
 “ Thou tell’st me of, we now *must* part.  
 “ Thou would’st not wish a parent’s blow  
 “ To fall on me, and thou the foe !  
 “ Nor have the venom’d tongue of fame  
 “ Insult my modesty and name ?”

“ Heaven—Heaven forbid !—belov’d, I go  
 “ For ever !—if thou’lt have it so !  
 “ Yet, ere we part, one pledge—one ———”

“ Hark !

“ Dear Sadi, fly ! yon path is dark—

“ I heard a voice—there, Sadi, there !

“ Kind Alla guide thee from yon glare

“ Of coming torches ——”

“ Must we then

“ Thus part, Zelinda ! say—oh, when

“ May I again behold thee ?”

“ Never !

“ We part in love, but part for ever !—

“ Unless—but, oh, I dare not lead

“ Thy steps to danger—thou should'st need

“ Another rose——”

“ And at what hour

“ Wilt thou bequeath it ?”

“ When my bower

“ Is lighted by the moon !”

“ Yet say,

“ Zelinda ! dost thou love me?—nay,

“ I part not without this !”

“ I do,

“ My Sadi !—and, I dread thee too !

“ Thus peril hovering o'er thine head !”

“ Zelinda ! could they strike me dead,

“ I move not till thou answerest this—

“ Am I thy plighted lover ?”

“ Yes !—

“ Or *ought*, if thou wilt only quell

“ These fears !”——

“ Ador'd—farewell !”

“ Farewell !”

END OF CANTO I.

# ZELINDA.

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## CANTO THE SECOND.

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“ Non é ver che sia la morte  
“ Il peggior di tutti i mali ;  
“ E’un sollievo pei mortali,  
“ Che son stanchi di soffrir.”

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THE eve is calm, but calmer far  
The ray which from the evening star,  
Pure from its bright and native skies,  
Reflects its light in lovers’ eyes !—  
’Tis sweet to see the moon-beam throw  
Its mellow tinge on all below ;  
To watch its chaste and silver beam  
Play o’er the wood, or gild the stream ;

But, oh ! 'tis sweeter, lovelier far,  
Beneath the light of evening's star,  
To watch the maiden's placid eye  
Uplifted to the envious sky ;  
Sparkling beneath the planet's rays,  
As if, indulging in their gaze,  
The maid below, and star above,  
Beam'd light for light, and love for love !

The sun hath sunk beneath the hill ;  
The winds are hush'd, the woods are still ;  
The bird of day hath ceas'd to sing ;  
His head is couch'd beneath his wing ;  
The herd is browsing in the glade ;  
The timid deer hath left the shade ;  
And flow'rs of every kind and hue,  
Are sweeten'd by the evening dew ;  
The tender nightingale alone,  
With grateful and enchanting tone,  
Awakes the placid calm which reigns  
Around, by those delicious strains

Which from his little heart, elate,  
He warbles o'er his slumbering mate ;  
Extinguish'd is the cottage light,  
And soft the breath of summer's night  
Sighs over mountain, vale, and grove,  
The balm of happiness and love !

“ Look, Sadi, look !—dost thou behold,  
“ Upon yon wave, that tinge of gold ?”

“ I *do*, my love !—but I descry  
“ More brilliance in thy lovely eye !”

“ And, look, dear Sadi ! dost thou see  
“ The moveless leaves on yonder tree ?”

“ I *do*, my love ! and wonder how,  
“ More calm should rest upon that brow !”

“ And, hark ! dear Sadi ! dost thou hear  
“ Yon nightingale so sweetly clear ?”

“ I *do*, my love ! but, oh ! its tone  
“ Is harsh, is discord to thine own !”

“ And, dearest Sadi ! dost thou view  
“ Yon heav’n above so bright and blue ?”

“ Belov’d one, yes !—but all I see,  
“ Is brighter when I turn to thee !”

“ And tell me, love, dost thou believe  
“ Our holy prophets could deceive,  
“ When they foretold yon placid sky  
“ Would be our home of love on high ?”

“ Zelinda ! no, a soul like thine,  
“ So perfect, hath a source divine !  
“ For Heaven could ne’er bestow it birth  
“ To perish on this guilty earth !  
“ Yea, such, fair innocent, art thou,  
“ To whom, again, my sacred vow  
“ Of love, eternal love, is given,  
“ Attested by yon spotless Heaven !

“ Think’st thou the rose upon that cheek  
 “ Could lure me thus to feel and speak ?  
 “ Ah, no !—it is the innate power  
 “ Which gives perfection to the flower !  
 “ Think’st thou it was thy brilliant eye  
 “ Which led me here—perchance to die ?  
 “ Ah, no ! it was that light within,  
 “ Without which, brightest eyes are dim !  
 “ That soul which, given thee from above,  
 “ Joins mortal with immortal love !”

“ Oh, Sadi, speak not thus ! I feel  
 “ Too weak to hear thy tongue reveal  
 “ Such thoughts—and yet—O, Heaven, that I  
 “ Might hear thee still for ever !”——

“ Why,  
 “ Zelinda, wilt thou not ?—yon main  
 “ Is tranquil—and my bark——”

“ In vain,  
 “ My Sadi, dost thou ask ! Can years  
 “ Of love requite a parent’s tears ?

“ Can love, though even thine—ah, worse !—  
 “ Repeal, recall a parent’s curse ?  
 “ No, Sadi ! though my heart, my soul,  
 “ Are thine, unchang’d, I must control  
 “ These feelings,—whilst, alas ! my will  
 “ Is never to desert thee !—still  
 “ For ever to be with thee !”

“ Vow,

“ Zelinda, thou art mine !—e’en now,  
 “ By yon bright Heav’n above, I swear  
 “ I part not hence from thee ! and ere  
 “ The morn, in garb of beauty drest,  
 “ Shall steal the blush from yonder west,  
 “ Far o’er the bosom of yon sea,  
 “ My bark shall bear thee hence with me ;  
 “ Or from the cold earth where we tread,  
 “ I move not ! Love doth little dread,  
 “ If love be real love, to brave  
 “ All tempests, sorrow, wind or wave—  
 “ Even the curse thou nam’st, for one  
 “ Who dares for thee what I have done !

“ Thou hast but known me cast on earth,  
 “ A foundling, of ignoble birth,  
 “ Condemn'd in early youth to bear  
 “ The bond of slavery, and its care ;  
 “ And such thou still may'st know me. Though  
 “ The world's best riches I could throw  
 “ Around thee, all I would disown,  
 “ To woo thee with this heart alone,  
 “ And make that gift esteem'd by thee  
 “ As thou believ'st it—poor, but free !”

“ Sadi, that gift so nobly given,  
 “ I treasure as a boon from heaven !  
 “ And though this hand can ne'er unite  
 “ With thine, what change or time can blight  
 “ The union of our souls, or break  
 “ The vow of endless love we make ?  
 “ Oh, that the pride of rank or birth  
 “ Should cloud the happiest views on earth—  
 “ And humble blood, though taintless, prove,  
 “ So oft a fatal bar to love !

“ Oh ! that a parent’s curse should —— ”

“ Stay,

“ Zelinda ! I would fain betray

“ A secret, whose unbroken seal

“ Hath long confin’d these lips. I feel

“ That moment come, and to thy breast

“ I trust it, there to live and rest.

“ Behold this portrait !—dost thou view

“ That sweet expression—eye of blue—

“ That tranquil countenance—that brow,

“ All perfect, as if living now ?

“ ’Twas one, Zelinda ! whose last sigh,

“ Ere yet she sought her native sky,

“ Was breath’d for him, who now upon

“ Her deep resemblance gazes !—one,

“ Whose heart now cold, whose eye now dim,

“ Once fondly throb’d, once beam’d for him !

“ It was my mother !——”

“ And, thy Sire ?—”

“ I knew him not—th’ expiring fire

“ Of life extinguish'd ere the breath  
“ From those dear lips could name him !—death  
“ Approach'd, ere yet the faltering tone  
“ Of that sweet voice could make him known !  
“ Yet never will this heart forget  
“ Her last few words of hope !—‘ While yet  
“ ‘ I live, my injur'd son,’ she said—  
“ ‘ Ere memory from this brain be fled—  
“ ‘ Let me—though I must break the vow  
“ ‘ I oft have made—unburthen now  
“ ‘ A heart which long hath borne in woe  
“ ‘ Such pangs as thine can never know !  
“ ‘ Thy Sire was noble!—and should'st e'er  
“ ‘ Thou meet him, tell him that my prayer—  
“ ‘ My death-bed prayer—was breath'd above  
“ ‘ For him and thee! and that my love,  
“ ‘ Though falsely scorn'd—though deeply tried—  
“ ‘ Was pure and changeless as I died !  
“ ‘ Tell him, my heart forgives him !—Oh !  
“ ‘ That this poor voice might tell him so !  
“ ‘ But Heaven forbids it !—O, thou flame  
“ ‘ Of life—one moment more !—his name—

“ ‘ ’Tis——’

“ Ere, Zelinda, that last tone  
 “ Had power of utterance—she was gone !—  
 “ And *I* was, as thou sees’t me, hurl’d  
 “ A wanderer through this desert world !  
 “ To all unknown—and if decreed  
 “ Not *thy* pure love, forlorn indeed !”

“ Sadi, thou hast it—I have sworn  
 “ To love thee !”

“ And to make me mourn  
 “ That love which loves, yet will not yield  
 “ To lover’s prayers—that love which, steel’d  
 “ Against itself, will sacrifice  
 “ Far dearer, to parental ties !  
 “ That love—but oh ! Zelinda, say  
 “ It is not so—and hence away  
 “ From scenes which soon must bring thee sorrow—  
 “ Must seal—if here—thy doom to-morrow !”

“ What mean’st thou, Sadi ?—why that tear ?—  
 “ This dreadful doubt—portended fear ?—

“ Tell me, what mean'st thou ?”

“ Dost thou see,  
“ Zelinda, through yon distant tree,  
“ Those lights of variegated hue  
“ Which from the palace gleam ?”

“ I do,  
“ My Sadi !”

“ And to-morrow night,  
“ If thither thou should'st turn thy sight,  
“ Thine eye would scarcely stand the glare  
“ Of brilliance, which would meet it there !”

“ Sadi, 'tis true. A noble guest  
“ My sire awaits, and scarcely rest  
“ Is given to those, who night and day  
“ Prepare his coming. Light and gay  
“ Seems every heart ; and meeting thee—  
“ Though happier far these throbs to me—

“ Hath thrown a cloud of darkness o'er  
“ My path, which ne'er was there before !”

“ Give me thine hand, Zelinda !—take  
“ This ring, for thine own Sadi's sake !  
“ Another eve, and thou wilt be—”

“ What—dearest—say ?—in mercy free  
“ This soul from doubt ! What ills betide ?”

“ Zelinda !——Prince Mehumin's bride !”

“ Great God above ! forbid !”

“ And yet,  
“ Belov'd one, thou wilt ne'er forget  
“ This last, this parting hour of woe,  
“ When he who lov'd thee told thee so !”

“ Sadi ! no more—I see—I see—  
“ The hateful snare ! To Heaven, and thee

“ I trust myself, and o'er yon main  
“ This hour we fly ! Swift, love, regain  
“ Thy bark, and to the wide world's end  
“ Bear—bear me hence !”

The light flowers bend  
Beneath the maiden's step, as fleet  
She press'd them with her fairy feet,  
And on her lover's arm, implor'd  
He'd hasten where the bark was moor'd.

They pass the darken'd wood, and reach  
The well known inlet on the beach—  
All round was calm, the waves alone  
The white shore kiss'd with soothing tone,  
And not a sound, to stay their flight,  
Discordant, broke the peace of night !  
The chain was loos'd, the sail was set,  
E'en now the maiden's foot was wet,  
As light, she took her lover's hand  
To raise her from her native strand !

“ Now, Sadi, are we safe ?—Oh God !  
“ What sound was that !—what figure trod  
“ Across yon path !”

“ Deceiver ! die !”

Exclaim'd a voice, from sea to sky  
Re-echo'd, as a sudden shot  
Burst their repose. He answered not,  
But groaning, grasp'd the lovely hand  
He held—then sank upon the strand.  
In vain the loud and mingled roar  
Of voices hail'd her—on that shore  
Lay all her hopes !—In vain she cried  
For one last word of love ; and tried  
To stop the current, as she bound  
Her scarf around his bosom's wound !—  
And heedless of all danger now,  
Shed, as she kiss'd his pallid brow,  
With pray'rs for succour from above,  
The bitter tears of widow'd love.

The morning came—but, oh ! what woe  
Came clouded o'er its crimson glow !  
Again life's feverish fuel burn'd,  
Again sad memory's power return'd,  
And all the horrors of the night  
Press'd maddening on her sense and sight !  
All heaven was blue, all earth serene ;  
But she, regardless of that scene  
Of beauty, which had never yet  
Been hail'd with weeping and regret,  
Beheld all living Nature bound  
With joy and gratitude around,  
With glance, whose wild reflection told  
The heart within was blear'd and cold—  
Alas ! 'twas like the desert tomb  
Of earliest hope—youth's richest bloom ;  
The withering cell of that which dies ;  
The shrine of living tears and sighs !

Dim was her eye, which lately shone ;  
The spirit of her prayer was gone,

As if the avenging hand of Heaven,  
Her soul from all its hope had riven,  
And jealous of the mortal love  
She felt, regardless of above,  
Had left it void of hope and trust,  
To all the misery of dust !

She rose, but her attendants fled  
With terror at her look of dread.  
How chang'd was the inspiring light  
Of that sweet eye, in one short night !  
How chang'd the smile which lately play'd  
Amid those roses' light and shade,  
Which o'er her fair complexion threw  
Their brightest bloom—their richest hue !

“ Where is my love !—my Sadi !—where  
“ His mangled form ?—in mercy bear  
“ Me quickly to his grave !—E'en now  
“ The murderer's hand is on me !—Thou

- “ Curs’d source from which I sprung !—my Sire,  
“ Hence, from the victim of thy hate !  
“ Thy words are blasts—thy breath is fire !  
“ And, oh ! thy child is desolate !  
“ And yet that I should thus defame  
“ A parent with a murderer’s name !  
“ Yet is it so !—the eternal stain  
“ Is on thee !—and thy daughter’s brain  
“ Distracted !—Oh ! that thou would’st end  
“ Thy child’s affliction too, and send  
“ Her robb’d and widow’d heart to fade  
“ Where all it priz’d and lov’d is laid !  
“ Hence with this mockery ! nor profane  
“ The altar with fresh crime ; in vain  
“ These signs of nuptial rite I see—  
“ In vain your wreathes are twin’d for me !  
“ Banish this mockery ! nor excite  
“ My madness by the hateful sight  
“ Of one who dares to think me woo’d  
“ By wealth, and won by crime and blood !  
“ All grief, all woe, is now my fate ;  
“ All hope, all peace, my curse and hate !

“ The earth, a pillow for my head,

“ The grave, alas ! my bridal bed !”

Such was her cry ! and such the blight  
On her poor mind from morn till night.  
And oft, when rushing to the shore,  
Where Sadi met her eye no more ;  
Those cries in louder, wilder strain,  
Reveal'd the depth of inward pain ;  
And many a day of withering care  
She pass'd among her roses there,  
Ere yet she found that first relief,  
Which tears afford to poignant grief !

Time pass'd—and time, whose gifts confer  
Fresh change on all, brought change to her.  
The wildness of her earlier tone  
Was now subsiding ; but the moan  
Of her low voice, betray'd not less  
The horror of her mind's distress !  
The anger of her eye had fled—  
The roses on her cheek were dead—

The shock upon her health had chang'd  
That mind itself, which, though estrang'd  
From all remembrances but one,  
On that unchang'd it dwelt upon !  
At morn, at noon, at night, the same  
It raged, as the volcanic flame  
Which curbs the vengeance of its fire,  
To nurse within redoubled ire !  
Beyond one form, which memory threw  
Before her, there was none she knew.  
The silent heaven, the placid moon,  
    The lonely scene in which she mov'd,  
Her treasur'd harp, and one sad tune  
    Upon that harp, was all she lov'd !

END OF CANTO THE SECOND.



# ZELINDA.

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## CANTO THE THIRD.

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“ L’ape e la serpe spesso  
“ Succian lo stesso umore ;  
“ Ma della serpe in seno  
“ Il fior si fa veleno,  
“ In sen dell’ape il fiore  
“ Dolce liquor si fa.”

---

WHAT Minstrel’s that ! who spends her days  
Devoted only to her lays,  
And trembling starts with dread affright  
At every shadow of the night  
Which meets her shrinking gaze ?

Who sits upon the pile of stone,

    Within yon ruin'd tow'r—

Hapless, forsaken and alone,

As if she thought her piteous moan

    Would sooth the ling'ring hour ?

Who when the raging tempest brawls

With fury through the mould'ring walls,

Starts up convulsive from her seat,

    Whilst anger drowns her fears—

Then seeks again her cold retreat,

    And melts away in tears ?

'Tis she whose frame, by misery fed,

Can scarce contain the mind that's dead.

What Minstrel's that !—ah, who is she,

Who bears her harp beside the sea,

    As if it were her sole delight,

    To please the moon, at dead of night,

With soothing melody ?

To whom, if e'er in her distress

    She breathe a once-lov'd name—

The echo's strain is happiness,  
Because she hath not power to guess

    From whence the murmur came ?  
Whose auburn locks profusely flow,  
And waver in the winds which blow ;  
Whose every feeling seems replete  
    With pangs but few can know ;  
And every look as if 't could speak  
    A dismal tale of woe ?

'Tis she whose poor, whose pitied brain,  
Is rack'd and torn with senseless pain !

    What Minstrel's that ! whose beauteous eye  
Is bent upon the spangled sky  
In deepest gaze, as if she'd known  
Some star which she might call her own,  
    Which glimmer'd bright on high ;  
Then turning mutely to the shore,  
    And with a glance of mirth,  
Seems pleas'd because her dream is o'er,  
As if she thought she'd seen before  
    A brighter star on earth ?

Who, when she hears the distant bell  
 Sound forth its melancholy knell,  
 Looks shuddering round, as if in pain,  
 Seems startled at the hour,  
 Flies from her seat, and seeks again,  
 The covert of her tower ?

'Tis she, a wanderer on that coast,  
 Whose mind is gone, whose bloom is lost,  
 Whose heart, perchance, can never be  
 Delighted, but with minstrelsy !

There is a madness of the brain,  
 All fire—all agony—all pain—  
 A madness, whose inveterate rage  
 No voice of comfort can assuage ;  
 But each attempt at soothing, seems  
 To nurture more th' horrific dreams  
 Which rise, with terrible control,  
 To lacerate the sufferer's soul !  
 'Tis worse than death—'tis vengeance—blood  
 O'erboiling from the dearth of good ;  
 'Tis burning fire—without—within—  
 The worst, eternal sting of sin !

'Tis all the wrath of Heaven combin'd,  
To cast its curse upon the mind !

There is a madness of the heart,  
The effect of woe's unvanquish'd smart ;  
A sinking melancholy left  
From hopes destroy'd—affections cleft,  
Which oft in varied garb appears  
Of sorrow, mirth, of smiles and tears ;  
Which throws a dimness o'er the eye,  
Which bids the bloom of beauty die,  
And leaves that calm forgetfulness,  
Which makes e'en madness suffer less,  
For though the heart be desolate,  
'Tis heedless of its fatal state ;  
As if from the Lethæan wave  
A draught too powerless for the grave  
Quaff'd deep, to stay the lingering breath,  
Had left the mind 'twixt life and death !

Such was the madness, such the blast  
Of woe, which o'er Zelinda cast

Its cloud of sorrow ! yet it seem'd  
At times as if perception beam'd  
Through all that darkness ; for a ray  
From her sweet eye would sometimes play,  
Which almost made the gazer doubt  
If mental flame were really out.

Twelve months had pass'd, and many a pray'r  
That Heaven would end her grief and care,  
Was offer'd up by those who knew  
Her hapless case, and lov'd her too ;  
And oft her doubting sire replied,  
When Prince Mehumin sought his bride,  
With hopes that time might soon allow  
Her lips to breathe the marriage vow ;  
But still Zelinda was the same,  
And still she dwelt on Sadi's name.

Another year had also sped,  
Yet was she neither sane nor dead ;  
Her harp still pleas'd her, and the shore  
Where Sadi bled, she wander'd o'er,

Till every tide's returning swell  
O'erflow'd the mooring where he fell.

Thus time flew on—at length her sire,  
Inflaming with renew'd desire  
To concentrate Mehumin's known  
And boundless riches with his own,  
Resolv'd by varied means to try  
To rouse that cheerless apathy,  
Which still it was his grief to find  
Absorb'd his daughter's heart and mind.

He bade his menials quick prepare  
A nuptial feast—to make the glare  
Of light unequall'd—bards to come  
From every quarter—harp and drum,  
And instruments of every tone  
Through Persia's wide dominion known.  
He bade the maidens round to twine  
Their gayest garlands, and to shine  
In gems, whose rich variety  
Might charm the coldest sense and eye.

He bade the hidden vaults unfold  
Their richest stores, in cups of gold  
To glitter, and no wealth be deem'd  
Too great to make the feast esteem'd.  
He bade the glittering fountains play  
From vase to vase—exotics gay  
To breathe their perfume far and wide,  
O'er fruits which tempted by their side ;  
And birds of each melodious kind  
To waft enchantment with the wind !

Such was his hope, and by such source  
To turn her mind's lamented course,  
And by excitement's strongest beam  
To wake her spirit from its dream ;  
But, ah ! how little did he know  
The depth, the bitterness of woe  
Which hearts endure, forlorn and blighted,  
When bonds of love are disunited !

The Sun hath lower'd his crimson crest  
Beneath the curtains of the west ;

And Night in mild, though dark, array,  
Is borne on Twilight's wings of grey.  
The banquet hall is lighted up ;  
The wine is bright in every cup ;  
And loveliest of exotic flowers  
Unfold their aromatic powers ;  
The festive board is nobly crown'd ;  
The soul of music breathes around ;  
And torches shed their radiant glare  
On lordly knights, and ladies fair !  
But what is light of banquet hall !  
What Music's soul ! Alas ! what all  
The gay festivity which binds  
To weak enchantment, mortal minds,  
When to such fascinating bonds,  
No soul awakes—no heart responds ?

I've seen a thousand torches blaze  
In happier, but departed days,  
I've lov'd them that their light could shed  
Such tender rays on beauty's head ;

But those were days, though past and gone,  
My soul for ever dwells upon!  
Days which I ne'er again can prove,  
Of purest and of earliest love!  
Yet have I since those moments, been  
'Mid many a gay and joyous scene;  
And eyes more bright, and forms more fair,  
Ne'er tempted man than tempted there;  
But vainly have I sought to find  
One image of my youthful mind.  
It was not there; and, oh!—away—  
How could my lonely heart be gay!

'Twas so amid this banquet scene  
Zelinda sat, the desert queen;  
'Twas so, amid that scene of glee,  
Though none so beautiful as she,  
She sat upon her worshipp'd throne,  
'Mid smiling thousands—still alone!  
Her airs, with countenance austere,  
Observ'd her glance of woe and fear,

Whilst near him, in that crowded room,  
Stood one of noble rank, to whom  
Her lone and widow'd heart was sold,  
The victim of polluted gold.

O, Love! how exquisitely bright  
Art thou, when faithful hearts unite!  
How far more sacred is thy tie  
In this frail world of misery,  
Than every joy which luxury throws  
Around our path, or wealth bestows!  
Through rising or declining years  
How precious are thy smiles and tears!  
'Mid grief, with comfort how replete!  
'Mid bitterness of want, how sweet!  
When health exults—in youthful days,  
How pure are thy transcendent rays;  
When pain afflicts, or fortune lowers,  
How calm thy fascinating powers;  
'Mid every toil of hand or brow,  
How cheering and how true art thou!

'Mid every scene, in every clime,  
Unmov'd by woe, unchang'd by time !  
O, Love ! no soul, no heart can be  
A heart or soul if wanting thee !

But, hapless woman ! when thy vow  
Of love is sacrific'd, and thou,  
Obedient to parental doom,  
Must yield thine happiness and bloom  
To one whose loath'd caress must feel  
To thy pure soul the stab of steel ;  
When every morn, in tears, thou risest  
To gaze on him thou most despisest ;  
And every eve thy weary head  
Must rest upon a hated bed—  
While lost to all but him, thine heart  
Must throb with an eternal smart,  
The bloom decay untimely stings—  
The flower round which the serpent clings—  
What heart can truly pity thine,  
Fair martyr to perdition's shrine !

Loud was the chorus, loud the swell  
Of mingled harmony which fell  
Upon Zelinda's senseless ear,  
As trembling with alarm and fear  
She stood, amid the glaring light  
And dazzling beauty of that night.  
In vain the swell increas'd—in vain  
Again it sounded, and again  
Unnotic'd on her spirit bore  
Its tuneless discord—as when o'er  
The vault of Heaven, from pole to pole,  
With fearful peal, the thunders roll,  
And flying to the darkest shed,  
The timid deer is struck with dread,  
So felt Zelinda, as she past  
The crowded minstrels, and with haste  
Sought wildly for some place of gloom,  
But sought in vain, within that room.

But now, as if some Syren hand  
Presided o'er that mingled band,

The burst of music slowly fell  
To mildest from heroic swell.  
She sigh'd, as every tone appear'd  
To soften from the one she fear'd,  
And softer as the cadence grew,  
She nearer to the minstrels drew,  
And more and more appear'd to doat,  
In tears, on each descending note,  
Until that intermingled chain  
Of sound, subsiding to one strain ;  
'Twas evident some beam of thought  
Pass'd o'er that mind, so lately fraught  
With sorrow, and so long a prey  
To woe, to anguish, and dismay.

The chorus ceas'd—one voice alone  
Awoke the magic of its tone,  
And to the strings the minstrel swept,  
In unison of sweetness kept,  
She started : for it seem'd to raise  
The spirit of departed days,

Her hands were clos'd with firmer grasp ;  
Her breath she drew with shorter gasp ;  
Her lips, half open, seem'd to greet  
Each note, as if afraid to meet ;  
Her eye, to change its maniac gaze,  
To softer, and expressive rays ;  
Her cheek, of late so wan and pale,  
New life and freshness to inhale,  
As more and more its natural hue  
Blush'd sweetly more and more in view,  
Till, like a monument of love,  
As if transfix'd by power above,  
She on each note enraptur'd hung,  
As thus the worshipp'd minstrel sung :

## I.

“ O come, fair maid, at this evening hour,  
The dews are fallen on tree and flower,  
And calm and bright as the stars above  
Are the eyes below which beam with love !

But flowers may bloom—stars beam on high,  
Yet stars will set, and flowers will die ;  
But woman's love to the silent tomb,  
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom !

## II.

“ O come, fair maid, for the pale moon beam  
Is light on earth and chaste on stream ;  
But far more light is that radiant eye,  
And far more chaste that virgin sigh !  
For moons, alas ! will set with night,  
And eyes grow dim which once were bright ;  
But woman's love to the silent tomb,  
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom !

## III.

“ O come, fair maid, 'tis thy lover calls  
The form he adores from the banquet halls,  
To the bower of roses, the silent grove,  
The bosom of peace, and the arms of love !

For banquets cloy, which once were gay,  
And bowers which flourish will soon decay ;  
But woman's love to the silent tomb  
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom !”

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Thou who hast seen the serpent's eye  
Regard its victim doom'd to die,  
Yet lingering in that fatal trance  
Beneath its fascinating glance—  
Thou who hast seen it strike and clasp  
Its victim in its fatal grasp,  
May picture well the trembling maid  
Awhile direct on him who play'd  
Her moveless gaze, until the sound  
Subsided, and the voice which bound  
Her senses softly died away—  
Then, like the serpent on its prey,  
Rush wildly forth to grasp the strings  
Which charm'd her from her sufferings.  
But why that shriek ! that piercing cry !  
Why starts she back ! why glares her eye !

She lifeless sank—and from each seat  
 All round the falling maiden close,  
 But nought was there, save, at her feet,  
 The remnant of a *withered rose!*

But who was he in arm'd costume,  
 Who stood a stranger in that room?  
 Whose powerful arm, by love impell'd,  
 The maiden, as she fell, upheld?  
 His minstrel cloak had fall'n aside,  
 And Sadi held his plighted bride!

“ To death, ye slaves!—to instant death  
 “ Yon traitor bear!”

From every sheath  
 Glar'd the bright sword, but 'mong them all,  
 One blade alone was seen to fall  
 Upon the youth's unguarded breast,  
 More true and powerful than the rest.  
 But why descends that 'vengeful blow  
 So harmless from so fierce a foe?

From whence arose that wild alarm,  
Which paralys'd Mehumin's arm ?

His blade had in its fall unbound  
A portrait from young Sadi's breast,  
That safeguard to his bosom's wound,  
That gift by fond remembrance blest !  
Which when like flash of sudden light,  
It dazzled on Mehumin's sight,  
Down to his side the' uplifted steel  
Fell powerless :

“ As thou liv'st, reveal  
“ Thy name—thine age—and say, O youth,  
“ Whence hadst thou *that*?—that speaking truth,  
“ Which calls to mind each curse, each crime,  
“ Which mark my course of earlier time !  
“ Whose was that portrait ?”

“ One—whose hands  
“ Through life supported me—who stands

F

“ My guardian angel at this hour,  
 “ To save me from a murderer’s power !  
 “ My angel mother !”

“ Thine !—and thou ?—

“ Thy name ?—methinks I know it now—  
 “ Thou hast her very glance—her eye—  
 “ Her spirit on thee ! Heaven ! how nigh  
 “ My course of crime indeed were run—  
 “ If thou had’st perished—O, my son !”

“ Thy son !—My father !—can it be  
 “ I find a parent’s love in thee ?  
 “ In thee, of proud and valiant race,  
 “ So lost to crime and to disgrace ?  
 “ It cannot be !—and yet, alas !  
 “ No groundless visions ’fore me pass,  
 “ It must be so !—Thou Power above,  
 “ I thank thee even for this !—Thy love  
 “ Hath spar’d me to perchance restore  
 “ A sinner’s heart to peace—yea, more—

“ To shield from a polluted doom  
“ This suffering angel !—From the tomb  
“ A mother’s voice invokes me !—Take,  
“ My sire, this portrait for her sake,  
“ And from the bed of death receive  
“ The dearest gift her heart could leave—  
“ Her blessing ; and, my sire, as she  
“ Forgave, thy son forgiveth thee !”

“ And is it so?—thrice welcome this  
“ Bright hour of unexpected bliss !  
“ Quick sheath, ye vassals, every sword,  
“ ’Tis mine to pacify your lord,  
“ And tell a bitter tale of truth  
“ In justice to this valued youth ;  
“ Be all your care and labour now  
“ To save this injur’d maid ; and thou,  
“ My son, behold these feelings prove  
“ A father’s penitential love,  
“ And let his future care and tears  
“ Atone for all thy grief of years.

'Twere vain the lengthen'd tale to tell  
Of all which on that eve befel,  
Of all the deeds the sire had done,  
Of all the virtues of the son ;  
How stranded on a Grecian isle,  
Mehumin first beheld that smile  
Which lur'd him to adore and woo  
The fair Alcina ; then, how grew  
His fond attachment, and, how bless'd  
With favour, he at length possess'd  
That beauty which, alas ! was doom'd  
To perish ere it fully bloom'd ;  
How, join'd in wedlock's sacred peace,  
Their happiest hours were pass'd in Greece ;  
How war, with his destructive brand,  
Invok'd him to his native land ;  
And how the lure of Persian eyes  
Entic'd—then led him to despise  
That heart to which his own was plighted,  
Those charms which once alone delighted.

When vice first blears the youthful mind  
It leaves an endless stain behind,

And sorrow, woe, remorse, and care,  
From that one sting are ever there !  
How such Mehumin felt—how she  
Droop'd daily, as some tender tree,  
Whose bloom a premature decay  
Hath stung, and left to fade away.  
How, day by day, with anxious pain,  
She watch'd each tide, but watch'd in vain ;  
How weeks—and months—and years pass'd on,  
But still he came not ; how her son,  
A solace through his infant years,  
Soon added to her grief and tears.

And now the dismal tale was told,  
How Sadi as a slave was sold,  
By corsairs, at his hour of rest,  
Torn hapless from his mother's breast ;  
How first he felt those throbs of love,  
Which after time could ne'er remove ;  
How, when obtaining his release,  
He sought again his native Greece ;

But sought, to see a parent's eye  
Admire, acknowledge him, and die ;  
And then to lay her treasur'd head  
Within its lone and narrow bed !  
How, wounded on that fatal night,  
He senseless fell—and how the sight  
Of his lone body, met the eye  
Of fishermen who wandered by ;  
Who bore him to their huts and found  
The best of med'cine for his wound ;  
How, when recover'd, he devis'd  
His minstrel garb, and so disguis'd  
Resolved to meet that banquet scene,  
    His lost Zelinda to defend,  
Or at the altar's sacred foot,  
    His life of agony to end.

Full was that eve indeed with joy,  
Which no past sorrow could destroy ;  
The sparkling cup was ne'er so bright,  
So pledg'd, as on that happy night ;

For soon the blissful news went round  
That one a daughter's love had found—  
A daughter whose reviving mind  
Resum'd the seat it late resign'd ;  
Whilst gradual health and beauty's glow  
Deck'd once again her cheek of snow ;  
Whilst—bless'd—acknowledg'd—and esteem'd,  
Another had a son redeem'd.

The morning came—and, oh ! it rose  
With all that calm which Heaven bestows  
On those who truly feel that bliss  
Which worlds above bestow on this.  
There was a beauty in each flower  
They ne'er had known until that hour ;  
There was a calmness on the shore  
They never had observ'd before ;  
A brilliance on the earth and sky,  
Which never yet had met their eye ;  
A speechless wonder on the sea,  
And wind, which was not wont to be

O, Love ! whatever men allow  
To be thy feelings—such art thou !

'Twas when the mists of summer's night  
Were fading unperceiv'd from sight ;  
And health's invigorating glow  
Descending on this world below ;  
When birds, to pay their early vows,  
Began to flutter from the boughs ;  
And morning's cool, refreshing sigh  
Breath'd o'er the flowers serenely by ;  
When all the stars of Heaven withdrew  
Their bright and watchful orbs from view ;  
And Lethe, where she calm reposes,  
Had crept from her retreat of roses :  
'Twas when the herd on verdant lawn  
Foretold the day's approaching dawn,  
And morning rais'd its lovely head  
To dry the tears which evening shed ;  
That, 'neath Zelinda's balcony,  
A strain of music rose on high,

And woke her from the happiest dream  
 Which ever fled at morning's beam,  
 To leave on grateful heart and mind  
 More bless'd reality behind—  
 As thus a choir with cheerful lay  
 Loud hail'd her happy wedding day !

\* BRIDAL CHORUS.

I.

Wake ! Maiden, wake ! the beam of bright Aurora  
 Hath chas'd the modest blushes of the vestal moon ;  
 The mists of night are vanished, dark shadows flit before her,  
 And Nature wakes enraptur'd in the smiles of June !  
 Wake ! Maiden, wake ! to happiness and love !  
 The earth is calm around us, and the sky is bright above !  
 The bee is on the flowret, and the songster on the spray,  
 Wake ! Maiden, wake ! it is thy bridal day !

\* This song, as well as the previous one, "O come, fair maid," is adapted to music by Mr. G. W. Reeve, and is included in a selection of melodies, which will shortly be published by the author and that composer.

## II

Wake ! Maiden, wake ! the sweetest flowers are twining,

To decorate thy path, and form a wreath around thy hair,  
The bridal throng is gather'd, and thy lover is repining

That thou alone art absent, the most beautiful and fair !

Wake ! Maiden, wake ! to happiness and love !

The earth is calm around us, and the sky is bright above !

The bee is on the flowret, and the songster on the spray,

Wake ! Maiden, wake ! it is thy bridal day !

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.

