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THE

BRITISH

Charlotte Poetical Horton 1801

MISCELLANY.

To please the Fancy
And improve the Mind.



HUDDERSFIELD:

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THE BRITISH
POETICAL MISCELLANY.



110
LENORA.

A BALLAD, FROM BÜRGER.

AT break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora struggled fore :
My William, art thou slaine, say'd she,
Or dost thou love no more ?

He went abroade with Richard's host,
The Paynim foes to quell :
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-soldyers come ;
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade and ev'ry lane,
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladsoine tounge.

" Thank God !" their wives and children saide ;
" Welcome !" the brides did saye :
But greet or kifs Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine,
For him she wisht to see :
But none of all the passing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldiers all were bye,
 She tore her raven haire,
 And cast herself upon the groune
 In furious despaire,

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
 And clasped in her arme,

“ My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
 God shield thy life from harm !”

“ O mother, mother ! William’s gone !
 What’s all besyde to mee ?

There is no mercye, sure, above !
 All, all were spar’d but hee !”

“ Knell downe, thy paternoster saye,
 ’Twill calm thy troubled spright :
 The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good ;
 What hee hath done is right.”

“ O mother, mother ! say not so ;
 Most cruel is my fate :

I prayde, and prayde ; but watte away ! d ?
 ’Tis now, alas ! too late.”

“ Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
 Will help a suff’ring childe :

Go take the holy sacrament ;
 So shall thy grief grow milde.”

“ O mother, what I feel within,
 No sacrament can staye :

No sacrament can teche the dead
 To bear the fight of daye.”

“ May be, among the heathen folk
 Thy William false doth prove,
 And puts away his faith and troth,
 And takes another love.

Then wherefore sorrow for his los ?
 Thy moans are all in vain :

And when his soul and body parte,
 His falsehode brings him paine.”

“ O mother, mother ! William’s gone :
 My hope is all forlorne :

The grave mie onlye safeguarde is—
 Oh, had I ne’er been borne !

Go out, go out, my lamp of life ;
 In grislie darknes die :
 There is no mercye, sure, above !
 For ever let me die."

" Almighty God ! O do not judge
 My poor unhappy childe ;
 She knows not what her lips pronounce,
 Her anguish makes her wilde !

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
 And think on God and blifs ;
 For so, at least, shall not thy soule
 Its heavenly bridegroom mis."

" O mother, mother ! what is blisse,
 And what the fiendis celle ?
 With him 'tis heaven any where,
 Without my William, helle.

" Go out, go out, my lamp of life :
 In endless darknes die :
 Without him I must loathe the earth,
 Without him scorn the skye."

And so despaire did rave and rage
 Athwarte her boiling veins ;
 Against the Providence of Heaven
 She hurld her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
 And rollde her tearlesse eye,
 From rise of morne, till the pale stars
 Again did freeke the skye.

When harke ! abroade she hearde the trampe
 Of nimble-hoofed steed ;
 She hearde a knighte with clank alighte,
 And climb the staire in speede.

And soon she hearde a tinkling hande,
 That twirled at the pin ;
 And through her door, that open'd not,
 These words were breathed in :

" What ho ! what ho ! thy dore undoe ;
 Art watching or asleepe ?
 My love, dost yet remember mee,
 And dost thou laugh or weep ?"

“ Ah! William here so late at night;
 Oh! I have watchte and wak'd:
 Whence dost thou come? For thy return
 My herte has forely ak'd.”

“ At midnight only we may ride;
 I come o'er land and sea:
 I mounted late, but soon I go;
 Aryse, and come with mee.”

“ O William, enter first my bowre,
 And give me one embrace:
 The blafts athwarte the hawthorn hifs;
 Awayte a little space.”

“ The blafts athwarte the hawthorne hifs,
 I may not harbour here;
 My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
 My houre of flighte is nere.

All as thou ly'ft upon thy couch,
 Aryse and mount behinde;
 To-night we'le ride a thousand miles?
 The bridal-bed to finde.”

“ How! ride to night a thousand miles?
 Thy love thou dost bemocke:
 Eleven is the stroke that still
 Rings on within the clocke.”

“ Looke up: the moone is bright, and we
 Outfride the earthlie men;
 I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
 And night shall end but then.”

“ And where is, then, thy house and home;
 And where thy bridal bed?”

“ 'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark;
 Far hence I rest my head.”

“ And is there any room for mee,
 Wherein that I may creepe?”

“ There's room enough for thee and mee,
 Wherein that wee may sleepe.

All as thou ly'ft upon thy couch,
 Aryse, no longer stop;
 The wedding guests thy coming waite,
 The chamber dore is ope.”

All in her farke, as there she lay,
 Upon his horse she sprung;
 And, with her lily hand so pale,
 About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they goe,
 Unheeding wet or drye;
 And horse and rider snort and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
 Aright, aleft, are gone!
 The bridges thunder as they pass,
 But earthlie sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
 Splash, splash, across the see:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost fear to ride with mee?"

The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;
 Dost quake the blast to stem?
 Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead?"
 "No, no, but what of them?"

How gloomie fownes yon dirgye song!
 Nighte-ravens flappe the wing.
 What knell doth flowlie toll ding-dong?
 The psalmes of death who sing?

It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
 The corse is oan the biere;
 Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
 The chaunte doth meet the eere."

"Go, bear her corse when midnight's past,
 With song, and tear, and wayle;
 I've gott my wife, I take her home,
 My hour of wedlocke hayl.

Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
 To swell our nuptial song:
 Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone;
 For bed, for bed we long,"

They heede his calle, and husht the sowne;
 The biere was seene no more;
 And followde him o'er feeld and flood
 Yet faster than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
 Unheeding wet or drye;
 And horse and rider snort and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swifte the hill, how swifte the dale,
 Aright, aleft, are gone!
 By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,
 They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
 Splash, splash, across the see:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost fear to ride with mee?"

Look up, look up, an airy crewe
 In roundel dances reele:
 The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
 Mayst dimlie see them wheele.

Come to, come to, ye ghostlie crew,
 Come to, and follow mee,
 And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
 When we in bed shall be."

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostlie crew
 Come wheeling ore their heads,
 All rustling like the wither'd leaves
 That wyde the wirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
 Unheeding wet or drye;
 And horse and rider snort and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all, that in the moonshyne lay,
 Behynde them fled afar!
 And backwarde scudded, overhead,
 The sky and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
 Splash, splash, across the see:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost feare to ride with mee?"

I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
 The fand will soone be runne:
 I snuffe the earlye morning aire;
 Downe, downe! our work is done.

The dead, the dead can ryde apace ;

Oure wed-bed here is fit :

Oure race is ridde, our journey ore, .

Oure endlesse union knit."

And lo ! an yren-grated gate

Soon biggens to their viewe :

He crackte his whyppe ; the clanginge boltes,

The doores afunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode ;

" 'Tis hither we are bounde :"

And many a tombstone ghostlie white

Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when hee from his steede alytte,

His armour, black as cinder,

Did moulder, moulder all awaye,

As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull ;

Nor haire nor eyne had hee :

His body grew a skeleton,

Whilome so blythe of blee.

And att his drye and boney heele

No spur was left to be ;

And inn his witherde hande you might

The fythe and houre-glasse see.

And lo ! his steede did thin to smoke,

And charnel fires outbreathe ;

And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite

The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,

And shrekes from vaults arose :

Then knew the mayde she might no more

Her living eyes unclofe.

But onwarde to the judgement-feat,

Through myste and moonlighte dreare,

The ghostlie crewe their flyghte persewe,

And hollowe in her care :—

" Be patient ; tho' thyne herte shoulde breke,

Arrayne not Heaven's decree ;

Thou now art of thie bodie reste,

This soule forgiven bee !"

THE BRITISH
POETICAL MISCELLANY.

132

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of BÜRGER.

BESIDE the parson's bow'r of yew
Why strays a troubled spright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly shines
Through curtains of the night?

Why steals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire so blue,
That lights a spot where grows no grass,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parson's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove,
And young and fair—and many came
To win the damsel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding stream,
The windows of a stately house
In sheen of ev'ning gleam.

There dwelt in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord so frank and free;
That oft, with inward joy of heart,
The maid beheld his glee.

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim so fine,
Or tapers, sparkling from his hall,
Behone the midnight wine.

He sent the maid his picture, girt
 With diamond, pearl, and gold ;
 And filken paper, sweet with musk,
 This gentle message told :

“ Let go thy sweethearts, one and all ;
 Shalt thou be basely woo'd,
 That worthy art to gain the heart
 Of youths of noble blood ?

The tale I would to thee bewray,
 In secret must be said :
 At midnight hour I'll seek thy bow'r ;
 Fair lass, be not afraid.

And when the am'rous nightingale
 Sings sweetly to his mate,
 I'll pipe my quail-call from the field :
 Be kind, nor make me wait.”

In cap and mantle clad he came,
 At night, with lonely tread ;
 Unseen, and silent as a mist,
 And hush'd the dogs with bread.

And when the am'rous nightingale
 Sung sweetly to his mate,
 She heard his quail-call in the field,
 And, ah ! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whisper'd were so soft,
 They won her ear and heart :
 How soon will she, who loves, believe !
 How deep a lover's art !

No lure, no soothing guise, he spar'd,
 To banish virtuous shame ;
 He call'd on holy God above,
 As witness to his flame.

He clasp'd her to his breast, and swore
 To be for ever true :

“ O yield thee to my wishful arms,
 Thy choice thou shalt not rue.”

And while she strove, he drew her on,
 And led her to the bow'r
 So still, so dim—and round about
 Sweet smelt the beans in flow'r.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breast,
 And pleaded e'vry sense ;
 And there the glowing breath of lust
 Did blast her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began
 Their fallow blooms to shed,
 Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost ;
 Her cheek its roses fled :

And when she saw the pods increase,
 The ruddier cherries stain,
 She felt her silken robe grow tight,
 Her waist new weight sustain.

And when the mowers went afield,
 The yellow corn to ted,
 She felt her burden stir within,
 And shook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hiss'd
 Along the stubble field ;
 Then could the damsel's piteous plight
 No longer be conceal'd.

Her fire, a harsh and angry man,
 With furious voice revild :
 " Hence from my sight ! I'll none of thee—
 I harbour not thy child."

And fast amid her flutt'ring hair,
 With clenched fist he gripes,
 And seiz'd a leathern thong, and lash'd
 Her side with founding stripes.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,
 He ribb'd with bloody wales ;
 And thrust her out, though black the night,
 Though fleet, and storm, assails.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,
 The maiden had to roam ;
 On tott'ring feet she grop'd her way,
 And fought her lover's home.

" A mother thou hast made of me,
 Before thou mad'st a wife ;
 For this, upon my tender breast,
 These livid stripes are rife :

Behold."—And then, with bitter sobs,
 She sank upon the floor—
 " Make good the evil thou hast wrought ;
 My injur'd name restore."

" Poor soul ; I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd :
 Thy terrors I lament.
 Stay here ; we'll have some further talk—
 The old one shall repent.—"

" I have no time to rest and wait ;
 That saves not my good name :
 If thou with honest soul hast sworn,
 Oh, leave me not to shame ;
 But at the holy altar be
 Our union sanctify'd ;
 Before the people and the priest
 Receive me for thy bride !"

" Unequal matches must not blot
 The honours of my line :
 Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
 To harbour thee as mine ?
 What's fit and fair I'll do for thee ;
 Shalt yet retain my love—
 Shalt wed my huntsman—and we'll then
 Our former transports prove."

" Thy wicked soul, hard-hearted man,
 May pangs in hell await !
 Sure if not suited for thy bride,
 I was not for thy mate.
 Go, seek a spouse of nobler blood,
 Nor God's just judgments dread—
 So shall, ere long, some base-born wretch
 Defile thy marriage bed.—
 Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
 In hopeless shame immerst ;
 Then smite thy forehead on the wall,
 While horrid curses burst.
 Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair—
 Unfooth'd thy grinning woe :
 Through thy pale temples fire the ball,
 And sink to fiends below."

Collected then, she started up,
 And through the hissing sleet,
 Through thorn and briar, through flood and mire,
 She fled with bleeding feet.

“Where now,” she cry’d, “my gracious God!
 What refuge have I left?”
 And reach’d the garden of her home,
 Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot she feebly crawl’d
 Beneath the bow’r unblest;
 Where with’ring leaves and gath’ring snow,
 Prepar’d her only rest.

There rending pains and darting throes
 Assail’d her shudd’ring frame;
 And from her womb a lovely boy,
 With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a silver pin,
 With hasty hand, she drew,
 And press’d against its tender heart,
 And the sweet babe she slew.

Erst when the act of blood was done,
 Her soul its guilt abhorr’d:
 “My Jesus! what has been my deed?
 Have mercy on me, Lord!”

With bloody nails, beside the pond,
 Its shallow grave she tore:
 “There rest in God; there shame and want
 Thou canst not suffer more:

Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
 Thy wound shall bleed afresh,
 When ravens from the gallows tear
 Thy mother’s mould’ring flesh.—”

Hard by the bow’r her gibbet stands:
 Her skull is still to show;
 It seems to eye the barren grave,
 Three spans in length, below.

That is the spot where grows no grass;
 Where falls no rain nor dew:
 Whence steals along the pond of toads
 A hov’ring fire so blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghost is seen to glide ;
Pursues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beside.



THE BRITISH
POETICAL MISCELLANY.

144
THE FREEBOOTER.

From the German of BÜRGER.

HIGH on a rock, embow'r'd in wood,
In ancient days a Castle stood ;
Its tow'rs, when driving in the vale,
The Post-boy shew'd me with his hand :
" Those were the terrors of the land,"
He said, and thus began his tale :

With knowing look, he nodding said,
" The treasure in that rock that's laid,
" To grant to me were Heaven willing,
" I'd tell the King, Sir, in a trice,
" (Pray, on your kingdom set a price !
" I'd not be driving for a shilling.)
" Of many a one, as I am told,
" The mouth has water'd for this gold,
" But Christ have mercy, Heav'n befriend !
" A coal-black hound, with iron jaws,
" With eyes of fire and monstrous claws,
" Has brought them to untimely end.
" Once only ev'ry seven years,
" On Christmas-eve, a flame appears.
" With hollow groans and rustling wind,
" The treasure rises from the ground,
" Watch'd by black goat instead of hound ;
" And that's the time to lay the fiend.
" If from this goat, mark well the snare,
" You do not pluck one milk-white hair ;
" Ever such the ways of evil !

- " Headlong you're tumbled down the rock,
 " Your body's mangled with the shock,
 " Your soul is hurry'd to the devil.
- " From Old Nick's wiles deliver me !
 " From Lords and Law, pray keep me free !
 " With neither will I have to do ;
 " By no agreement think to win,
 " Spite of all clause, they'll take you in,
 " They'll read it X instead of U.
- " Treasure digging, and Lottery,
 " Fortune-hunting, and Alchymy,
 " Lead only to despair and strife ;
 " My saying is this, rise early,
 " Work steady, and live orderly,
 " And Heav'n above will bless your life.
- " A Baron grim, grown old in crimes,"
 The Post-boy said, " In former times,
 " Within those walls conceal'd his gold ;
 " With horse, and foot, and warlike car,
 " Ravag'd the country near and far,
 " And brought his plunder to this hold.
- " To ravish, murder, rob or burn,
 " Afforded joy to him in turn ;
 " Threats he fear'd not, sword, or halter :
 " Was aught to get, dash in a crack,
 " He had it, and as snug was back,
 " In den as strong as Gibraltar.
- " Such fright prevail'd in neighb'ring town,
 " The men scarce call'd their souls their own,
 " His name drove women into fits :
 " Justices weigh and plan in vain,
 " Consult, resolve, and plan again,
 " They counsell'd till they'd lost their wits.
- " A hag was ta'en, a lump of sins,
 " She'd made the children swallow pins,
 " Dry'd cows, and play'd such devil's tricks.
 " Jack Catch, as valet to this witch,
 " Had laid her, nicely dress'd in pitch,
 " On couch of faggot and of sticks.

- " Hold, she cry'd, don't put the fire on :
 " Down I'll fetch the grim old Baron ;
 " The May'r agreed, had her unbound,
 " Promis'd a patent free from harm,
 " To conjure, use her spells, and charm,
 " And safely witch the land around.
- " Such bargain seems a foolish thing,
 " Such as to us no gain would bring,
 " But Satan's friends ne'er act as one :
 " From broils of rogues, good will ensue.
 " This hell-hound to her word prov'd true,
 " What she'd agreed was fairly done.
- " Chang'd to a toad, at time of rest,
 " She crawl'd up to the robber's nest,
 " (By hocus pocus she'd this knack,)
 " Of his best steed then took the form ;
 " And when the cock crow'd in the morn,
 " Full arm'd he vaulted on her back.
- " With thund'ring course now flew our witch,
 " O'er rocks and walls, o'er hedge and ditch :
 " Your Baron pull'd till black in face,
 " And curs'd and kick'd, but all in vain,
 " She heeded neither spurs nor rein,
 " Nor stopp'd till in the market-place.
- " With scrapes and sneers he's handed down,
 " Your Lordship's welcome to our town,
 " Good quarters are prepar'd for you :
 " Ev'ry dog, sir, has his day,
 " Your courtesy we'll now repay,
 " Our hangman shall the honours do.
- " Soon the rogue was brought to trial,
 " Facts were prov'd beyond denial ;
 " In iron cage he was confin'd.
 " And least at morn he should be sick,
 " They daily gave him an emetic,
 " And then he with Duke Humphrey din'd.
- " The hangman vers'd in deeds of blood,
 " With hellish torment, cut, for food,
 " Limbs from off this famish'd sinner :

- " And when he'd eaten the last stump,
 " They broil'd his stomach and his rump,
 " And serv'd them up for dinner.
 " And when he'd eat himself all up,
 " And naught remain'd to dine or sup,
 " The devil took his soul away.
 " Great was the triumph of the town!
 " In this Court-hall, the truth's well known,
 " The cage hangs up unto this day.
 " This cage, sir, often brings to mind
 " Those dealers in the human kind."
 (Thus my driver's story ended.)
 " Were they shut in't and taught to feel
 " Mis'ries they on the world entail,
 " Their manners might be mended."

Scarce had the lad his hist'ry done,
 When up comes Monsieur San Facon,
 And stops our carriage, bids us rise,
 Tumbles all our luggage over;
 Lur'd with hopes that he'd discover
 Something that had not paid th' excise.

