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THE POETICAL ALBUM:
OR
REGISTER OF MODERN FUGITIVE POETRY.
Edited By
ALARIC A. WATTS.



Printed by R. Westall, R.A.

Engraved by W. Greenhatch.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY HURST, CHANCE & CO.
1850

THE POETICAL ALBUM;

AND

REGISTER

OF

Modern Fugitive Poetry.

EDITED

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

See I have culled the flowers that promised best,
And where not sure—perplexed, but pleased—I guessed
At such as seemed the fairest.

BYRON.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:
HURST, CHANCE, AND CO.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1829.

mcm

TO
MRS. HEMANS,

THIS VOLUME,

**CONTAINING SEVERAL OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTIONS
OF HER OWN DISTINGUISHED PEN,**

Is Inscribed,

**AS A MARK OF ESTEEM FOR HER CHARACTER, AND ADMIRATION
OF HER GENIUS,**

BY HER OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE present Volume, which is intended to complete the PORTICAL ALBUM, will not, it is hoped, be found inferior, in the interest and variety of its contents, to its predecessor; the success of which has been greater than could have been anticipated, considering how many books of the same class have made their appearance during the last few years.

In collecting into one focus a large body of Poetry, extracted, for the most part, from sources of a temporary or fugitive character, the Editor desires to assume no other merit than that of having diligently examined a great number of works, and extracted from them such productions as seemed best calculated to exhibit the description of poetical talent by which they are distinguished, or as appeared worthy of being circulated in a more permanent form than that of a Newspaper or a Magazine. In pursuance of this object, however,

care has been taken to refer every Poem, the source of which could be ascertained, to its proper origin ; a duty which would seem to have been studiously neglected by the Editors of all similar publications. Many Poems, which have excited little or no attention in the pages in which they were originally published, are here re-printed in a collected form ; and, whilst they will satisfy the poetical reader of the wealth of the various sources from which they have been derived, will present him with a concentration of their sweets, in a more popular and portable form.

In many instances the pages of Periodicals long since discontinued, or of books comparatively neglected or unknown, have been laid under contribution. Several unpublished Poems have also been interspersed throughout the work ; and if the Editor has superadded a few of his own *vers de société*, he has been actuated less by any undue notion of their value, than by a desire to satisfy his readers that he knows enough of the "gentle craft" to enable him to appreciate the merits of those writers of whose productions he has availed himself.

It may be proper to add, that some of the Poems in the present Volume have been re-published by their Authors, in their collected works ; in such cases, however, reference has been made to the Journals in which they first appeared.

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THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BESIDE the parson's bower of yew,
Why strays a troubled sprite,
That peaks and pines, and dimly shines
Through the 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 vicar'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 the sheen of evening gleam :

There dwelt, 'mid riot, rout, and roar,
A lord so frank and free,
And 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,
Beshone the midnight wine.

He sent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold ;
And a silken scroll, with perfumes sweet,
This gentle message told :

" Let go thy sweethearts, one and all ;
Shalt thou be basely wooed,
That worthy art to gain the heart
Of a youth of noble blood !

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

" And when the amorous 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 dight he came,
At eve, with lonely tread ;
Unseen and silent as a mist,
And hushed the dogs with bread.

And when the amorous nightingale
Sang sweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And did not make him wait.

The words he whispered 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 spared,
To banish virtuous shame ;
He called on holy God above,
As the witness to his flame.

He clasped 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 bower
So still, so dim—and round about
Sweet smelt the beans in flower.

There beat her heart, and heaved her breast,
And pleaded every 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 cheeks, their 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 hissed
Along the stubble field,
Then could the damsel's piteous plight
No longer be concealed.

Her sire, a harsh and angry man,
With furious voice reviled :
“ Hence, from my sight ! I 'll none of thee—
I harbour not thy child ! ”

And fast, amid her fluttering hair,
With clenched fist he gripes,
And seized a leathern thong, and lashed
Her side with sounding stripes.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,
He ribs with bloody wales;
And thrusts her out, though black the night,
Though sleet and storm assails.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam;
On tottering feet she groped her way,
And sought 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 injured name restore."

"Poor soul!—I'll have thee housed and nursed;
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,
O leave me not to shame;

"But at the holy altar be
Our union sanctified;
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 a 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 immersed;
Then smite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curses burst.

“Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair—
Unsoothed 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 cried, “my gracious God!
What refuge have I left?”
Then reached the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot she feebly crawled
Beneath the bower unblest;
Where withering leaves, and gathering snow,
Prepared her only rest.

There rending pains and darting throes
Assailed her shuddering 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 pressed against its tender heart,
And the sweet babe she slew.

Erst when the act of blood was done,
Her soul its guilt abhorred :
“ 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 mouldering flesh ! ”

Hard by the bower 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 hovering 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 Bachelor's Wife.