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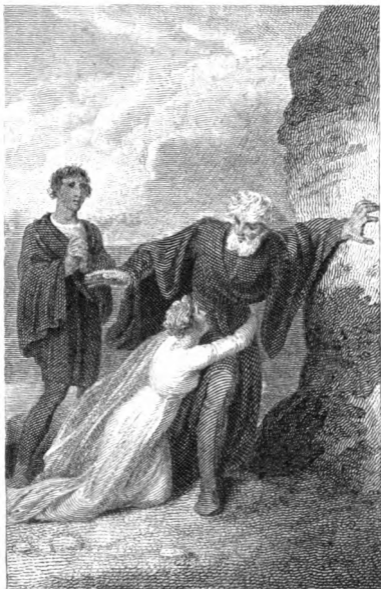
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— He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora!

Answer to Theodora, p. 52.

By the Author, &c.

Engraved by L. French, R. A.

Published by W. G. Lamb, Jan. 1, 1808.

THE SONGS OF THE
Selection of
Ballads
 LEGENDARY & PATHETIC.



D. Elwell. Sc.

*If I have any of these pretty faces,
 I wish you'd be kinder to me, & send me some.*

LONDON.
 Published by W. Suttaby, R. Crosby & Co.
 & Coatshead & Letterman, Stationers Court.
 1808.

R. Edwards, Printer.

Oct. 22, 1916
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CALLIOPE:



SELECTION OF BALLADS,

LEGENDARY AND PATHETIC.

P R E F A C E.



SENSIBLE of the favour with which an extensive impression of the former edition of **CALLIOPE** has been received, the Proprietors have sedulously endeavoured to evince their gratitude to the public, by rendering the following pages peculiarly deserving of general approbation.

They regret, indeed, that this volume was not originally completed on the principles, and in the spirit, which ought to have regulated its compilation. It has, therefore, undergone a severe scrutiny; it has been thoroughly revised, and, by this process, is also considerably augmented. Many pieces have been ejected, as inconsistent with the design of the publication; while a number of other poems, diligently collected from various sources, but congenial with the nature of the undertaking, supply those omissions which it appeared indispensable to make in preparing a new edition of **CALLIOPE**.

By thus adhering to the professed object of the present Selection, it now assumes, if not another character, at least a novel appearance. It may,

A

without much exaggeration, be pronounced—A New Work.

CALLIOPE—the Muse of Eloquence and of Heroism—is, at length, employed in celebrating the achievements of Valour, and describing the fascinations of Beauty.

As it was the desire of the Editor to render this collection of **LEGENDARY BALLADS** acceptable to persons of every class in society, and equally accessible to the learned or the unlearned, he has ventured to modernise the orthography of different authors, whenever this refinement did not operate to the injury either of the simplicity or melody of their compositions. Such a liberty, he is perfectly aware, would be considered highly reprehensible, had it formed any part of his design to exhibit the classical progress of language, and not principally to enhance the gratification of a numerous portion of readers, by facilitating their progress.

To obtrude in this place many critical reflections on the origin of traditionary or legendary tales, and on the rules to be observed in such productions, might justly be reckoned among the labours of supererogation. It is in these compositions that the ancestors of the modern nations have conserved and perpetuated their most remarkable occurrences, and most distinguished transactions; and, with a felicity unattainable by their more polished descendants,

animate us to the emulation of illustrious deeds, and engage our affections in whatsoever they describe. We are interested in all they do; we sympathise in all they suffer. There is a tenderness, dignity, pathos, simplicity, in most of these poetic narratives, which irresistibly appeals to the heart, delights the imagination, and elevates the mind.

If the emotions of chivalric feeling have not, like the age of chivalry itself, passed entirely away; if the human heart is not become wholly callous to sentiments of high honour, and the human mind has not absolutely discarded the principles of a lofty magnanimity; if there still exist those who ardently contemplate the glory of past ages, and in whose nature is united the most touching sensibility with the most dignified courage;—there are characters, to whom the following pages will not require the formality of an introduction.

August 5, 1807.

ADVERTISEMENT.



WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin Historians Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swoln with rain becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of an Hermitage; of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the chapel, is thought to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the chapel itself.

Each of these apartments are extremely small; for that which was the principal chapel does not in

length exceed eighteen feet ; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height ; it is, however, very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock ; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church, or Cathedral, in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the chapel, is a small tomb or monument, on the south side of the altar ; on the top of which lies a female figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited, praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary ; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches ! who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar : whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures ; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little chapel itself, with all its ornaments.

and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country, concerning the origin and foundation of this hermitage, tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally agreed, that the founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothel Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth, he has been thought to be the same Bertram that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of King Henry I. whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this chapel, especially of those near the altar, is founded rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of King Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward II.

These appearances, still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and

plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family who lived at a later period.

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THE
WILD HUNTER.

LOUd, loud, the Baron winds his horn ;
And, see, a lordly train
On horse, on foot, with deafening din,
Comes scouring o'er the plain.

O'er heath, o'er field, the yelping pack
Dash swift, from couples fresh ;
O'er heath, o'er field, close on their track,
Loud neighs the fiery steed.

And now the Sabbath's holy dawn
Beam'd high with purple ray,
And bright each hallow'd temple's dome
Reflected back the day.

Now deep and clear the pealing bells
Struck on the list'ning ear,
And heav'nward rose from many a voice
The hymn of praise and pray'r.

Swift, swift along the crossway, still
They speed with eager cry :
See ! right and left, two horsemen strange
Their rapid coursers ply.

Who were the horsemen right and left ?
That may I guess full well :
Who were the horsemen right and left,
That may I never tell.

The right, of fair and beauteous mien,
 A milk-white steed bestrode;
 Mild as the vernal skies; his face
 With heavenly radiance glow'd.

The left spurr'd fast his fiery barb,
 Red as the furnace flame;
 Sullen he lour'd, and from his eyes
 The death-like lightning came.

'Right welcome to our noble sport;'
 The Baren greets them fair;
 'For well I wot ye hold it good
 To banish moping care.

'No pleasure equal to the chase.
 Or earth or heav'n can yield;'
 He spoke,—he wav'd his cap in air,
 And foremost rush'd afield.

'Turn thee!' the milder horseman cries;
 'Turn thee from horns and hounds!
 Hear'st not the bells, hear'st not the quire,
 Mingle their sacred sounds?

'They drown the clamour of the chase;
 Oh! hunt not then to-day,
 Nor let a fiend's advice destroy
 Thy better angel's sway.'

'Hunt on, hunt on,' his comrade cries,
 'Nor heed yon dotard's spell;
 What is the bawling quire to us?
 Or what the jangling bell?

'Well may the chase delight thee more;
 And well may'st learn from me,
 How brave, how princely is our sport,
 From bigot terrors free.'

' Well said ! well said ! in thee I own
 A hero's kindred fire ;
 These pious foolries move not us,
 • We reck nor priest, nor quire.

' And thou, believe me, saintlike dolt,
 Thy bigot rage is vain ;
 From pray'rs and beadrolls, what delight
 Can sportsmen hope to gain ?'

Still hurry, hurry, on they speed
 O'er valley, hill, and plain ;
 And ever at the Baron's side
 Attend the horsemen twain.

See, panting, see, a milk-white hart
 Up-springs from yonder thorn :
 • Now swiftly ply both horse and foot ;
 Now louder wind the horn !

See, falls a huntsman ! see, his limbs
 The pangs of death distort !
 • Lay there and rot : no caitiff's death
 Shall mar our princely sport.'

Light bounds with deftest speed the hart,
 Wide o'er the country borne ;
 Now closer prest, a refuge seeks
 Where waves the ripening corn,

See, the poor owner of the field
 Approach with tearful eyes ;
 • O pity, pity, good my lords !
 Alas ! in vain he cries.

• O spare what little store the poor
 By bitter sweat can earn !'
 Now soft the milder horseman warns
 The Baron to return.

Not so persuades his stern compeer,
 Best pleas'd with darkest deeds ;
 'Tis his to sway the Baron's heart,
 Reckless what Mercy pleads.

' Away !' the irapetuous noble cries ;
 ' Away, and leave us free !
 Off ! or by all the pow'rs of hell,
 Thoa too shalt hunted be !

' Here, fellows ! let this villain prove
 My threats were not in vain :
 Loud lash around his piteous face
 The whips of all my train.'

'Tis said, 'tis done : swift o'er the fence
 The Baron foremost springs ;
 Swift follow hound, and horse, and man,
 And loud the welkin rings.

Loud rings the welkin with their shouts,
 While man, and horse, and hound,
 Ruthless tread down each ripening ear,
 Wide o'er the smoking ground.

O'er heath and field, o'er hill and dale,
 Scar'd by the approaching cries,
 Still close pursu'd, yet still unreach'd,
 Their destin'd victim flies.

Now mild the lowing herds that graze
 Along yon verdant plain,
 He hopes, conceal'd from every eye,
 A safe retreat to gain.

In vain, for now the savage train
 Press ravening on his heels :
 See, prostrate at the Baron's feet
 'The affrighted herdsman kneels.

Fear for the safety of his charge
Inspires his faltering tongue ;
' O spare,' he cries, ' these harmless beasts,
Nor work an orphan's wrong.

' Think, here thy fury would destroy
A friendless widow's all !'
He spoke :—the gentle stranger strove
To enforce soft pity's call.

Not so persuades his sullen frere,
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds ;
'Tis his to sway the Baron's heart,
Reckless what Mercy pleads.

' Away, audacious hound !' he cries ;
' 'Twould do my heart's-blood good,
Might I but see transform'd to beasts,
Thee and thy beggar brood.

' Then, to the very gates of heav'n,
Who dare to say me nay !
With joy I'd hunt the losel fry ;
Come, fellows, no delay !'

See, far and wide the murderous throng
Deal many a deadly wound ;
Mid slaughter'd numbers, see, the hart
Sinks bleeding on the ground.

Yet still he summons all his strength
For one poor effort more,
Staggering he flies ; his silver sides
Drop mingled sweat and gore.

And now he seeks a last retreat
Deep in the darkling dell,
Where stands, amidst embowering oaks,
A hermit's holy cell.

E'en here the madly eager train
 Rush swift with impious rage,
 When, lo! persuasion on his tongue,
 Steps forth the reverend sage.

'O cease thy chase! nor thus invade
 Religion's free abode;
 For know, the tortur'd creature's groans
 E'en now have reach'd his God.

'They cry at heav'n's high mercy-seat,
 For vengeance on thy head;
 O turn, repentant turn, ere yet
 The avenging bolt is sped.'

Once more Religion's cause in vain
 The gentle stranger pleads;
 Once more, alas! his sullen frere
 A willing victim leads.

'Dash on!' the harden'd sinner cries;
 'Shalt thou disturb our sport?
 No!—boldly would I urge the chase
 In heav'n's own inmost court.

'What reck I then thy pious rage?
 No mortal man I fear:
 Not God in all his terrors arm'd
 Should stay my fix'd career.'

He cracks his whip, he winds his horn,
 He calls his vassal-crew;
 Lo! horse and hound, and sage and cell,
 All vanish from his view.

All, all, are gone!—no single rack
 His eager eye can trace;
 And silence, still as death, has hush'd
 The clamours of the chase.

In vain he spurs his courser's sides,
Nor back, nor forward borne ;
He winds his horn, he calls aloud,
But hears no sound return.

And now enclos'd in deepest night,
Dark as the silent grave,
He hears the sullen tempest roar,
As roars the distant wave.

Louder and louder still the storm
Howls through the troubled air ;
Ten thousand thunders from on high,
The voice of Judgment bear.

' Accursed before God and man,
Unmov'd by threat or pray'r ;
Creator, nor created, aught
Thy frantic rage would spare.

' Think not in vain creation's Lord
Has heard his creature's groan ;
E'en now the torch of vengeance flames
High by his awful throne.

' Now, hear thy doom ! to avertimes
A dread example giv'n,
For ever urge thy wild career,
By fiendish hell-hounds driv'n.'

The voice had ceas'd ; the sulphureous flash
Shot swift from either pole ;
Sore shook the grove ; cold horror seis'd
The trembling miscreant's soul.

Again the rising tempest roars,
Again the lightnings play ;
And every limb, and every nerve,
Is frozen with dismay.

He sees a giant's swarthy arm
Start from the yawning ground ;
He feels the demon grasp his head,
And rudely wrench it round.

In torrents now from every side,
Pours fast a fiery flood ;
On each o'erwhelming wave upborne,
Loud howls the hellish brood.

Sullen and grisly gleams the light
Now red, now green, now blue ;
Whilst o'er the gulph the fiendish train
Their destin'd prey pursue.

In vain he shrieks with wild despair,
In vain he strives to fly ;
Still at his back the hell-born crew,
Their cursed business ply.

By day, full many a fathom deep
Below Earth's smiling face ;
By night, high through the troubled air,
They speed their endless chase.

In vain to turn his eyes aside
He strives with wild affright ;
So never may those maddening scenes
Escape his tortur'd sight.

Still must he see those dogs of hell
Close hovering on his track ;
Still must he see the avenging scourge
Uplighted at his back.

Now this is the wild Baron's hunt ;
And many a village youth,
And many a sportsman, (dare they speak,)
Could vouch the awful truth.

For oft benighted midst the wilds
The fiendish troop they hear,
Now shrieking shrill, now cursing loud,
Come thundering through the air.

No hand shall stay those dogs of hell
Or quench that sea of fire,
Till God's own dreadful day of doom
Shall bid the world expire!