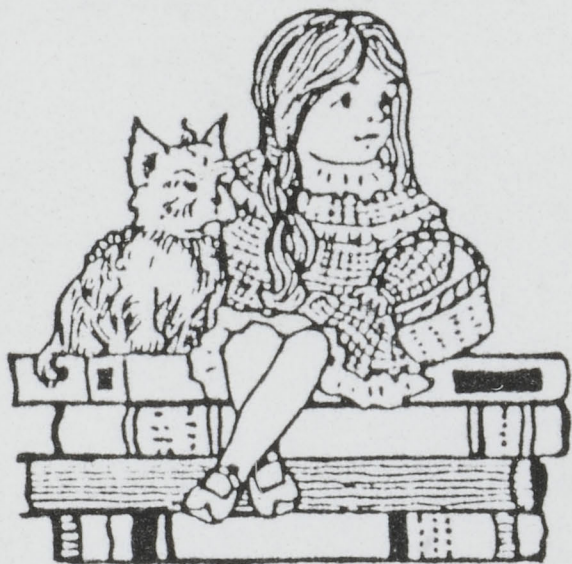






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EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

‘TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
‘ And guide my lonely way
‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale
‘ With hospitable ray.

‘ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
‘ With fainting steps and slow,
‘ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
‘ Seem length’ning as I go.

- ‘ Forbear my son,’ the Hermit cries,
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 ‘ For yonder phantom only flies
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.
- ‘ Here to the houseless child of want,
 ‘ My door is open still ;
 ‘ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
 ‘ I give it with good will.
- ‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
 ‘ My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 ‘ My blessing and repose.
- ‘ No flocks that range the valley free
 ‘ To slaughter I condemn ;
 ‘ Taught by that pow’r that pities me,
 ‘ I learn to pity them.



‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side
 ‘ A guiltless feast I bring;
 ‘ A script with herbs and fruit supply’d,
 ‘ And water from the spring.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn ! thy cares forego
 ‘ All earth-born cares are wrong;
 ‘ Man wants but little here below,
 ‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
 His gentle accents fell;
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighb’ring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crouds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd,
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

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

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

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
 With answ'ring care oppress'd;
 ' And whence unhappy youth!' he cry'
 ' The sorrows of thy breast?

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

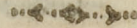
' Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 ' Are trifling, and decay;
 ' And those who prize the paltry things
 ' More trifling still than they.

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

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

‘ For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush
 ‘ And spurn the sex !’ he said ;
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o’er the morning skies
 As bright, as transient too.



The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms !

The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

‘ And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,
‘ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
‘ Where Heaven and you reside !

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

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

To win me from his tender arms
 ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
 Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 ‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
 ‘ With richest proffers strove :
 Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 ‘ But never talk’d of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
 ‘ No wealth or pow’r had he ;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had ;
 ‘ But these were all to me.

The blossom op’ning to the day,
 ‘ The dews of heaven refin’d,
 Could nought of purity display,
 ‘ To emulate his mind.



‘ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
‘ With charms inconstant shine :
‘ Their charms were his ; but woe to me
‘ Their constancy was mine.

‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
‘ Importunate and vain ;
‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart
‘ I triumph’d in his pain.

‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
‘ He left me to my pride,
‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
‘ In secret, where he died.

‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault !
‘ And well my life shall pay ;
‘ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
‘ And stretch me where he lay !

And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
 ‘ I’ll lay me down and die :
 ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ‘ And so for him will I.’

Forbid it, Heaven !’ the Hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast ;
 The wond’ring fair-one turn’d to chide—
 ’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ‘ My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 ‘ Restored to love and thee !

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ‘ And every care resign ;
 And shall we never, never part,
 ‘ My life—my all that’s mine ?

- ‘ No, never from this hour to part,
‘ We’ll live and love so true,
‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart
‘ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’



Arless and Huntsman, 87, Bartholomew Close.
