

A T A L E.

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To one another's arms.*

GLASGOW:

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EDWARD AND EMILY.

A T A L E.

WHERE past'ral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows ;
In Caledonia's classic ground,
The hall of ARTHUR rose.
A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle ;
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.
Twice he arose, from rebel rage
To save the British crown ;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.
But to the plowshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease ;
And in the arbour which he rear'd,
He rais'd the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
 Solac'd a father's care;
 And all the country blest the name
 Of EMILY the fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
 (Now fainted in the sky);
 She was the angel of his age,
 And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
 Did nameless grace impart;
 A secret charm that won the way
 At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
 Than that did fairer show,
 Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
 Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
 To Indian climes had rov'd,
 To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
 And match the maid he lov'd.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
 The heart a captive stole;
 The tender accent of her tongue
 Went thrilling thro' the soul.

The graces, that for nature fair
 Present us mimic art;
 The false refinements, that refine
 Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the simple robe
 Of elegance and ease,
 Complete she shone, and ever pleas'd,
 Without the thought to please.
 Instruct th' unplanted forest crab
 To leave its genius wild;
 Subdue the monster of the wood,
 And make the savage mild:
 But who would give the rose a hue,
 Which nature has not given?
 But who would tame the nightingale,
 Or bring the lark from Heav'n?
 The father, watching o'er his child,
 The joy of fathers found;
 And, blest himself, he stretch'd his hand
 To bless the neighbours round.
 A patriarch in the vale of peace,
 To all he gave the law;
 The good he guarded in their rights,
 And kept the bad in awe.
 Lord of his own paternal field,
 He lib'ral dealt his store;
 And call'd the stranger to his feast,
 The beggar to his door.
 But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
 Of fate? A hand unseen
 Upon the curtain ever rests,
 And sudden, shifts the scene.

ARTHUR was surety for his friend,
 Who fled to foreign climes,
 And left him to the gripe of law,
 The victim of his crimes.

The sun, that, rising, saw him lord
 Of hill and valley round,
 Beheld him, at his setting hour,
 Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
 He is a pilgrim gone;
 And walks a stranger o'er the fields
 He lately call'd his own.

The blast of winter whistled loud
 And shrill thro' the void hall;
 And heavy on his hoary locks
 The show'r of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
 He journey'd sad and slow;
 At times he stopt to look behind,
 And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
 To shelter he did hie;
 "Beneath the covert of this rock,
 "My daughter, let us die!"

At midnight, in the weary waste,
 In sorrow sat the pair;
 She chaff'd his shiv'ring hands, and wrung
 The water from his hair.

The sigh, spontaneous rose, the tear
 Involuntary flow'd;
 No word of comfort could she speak,
 Nor would she weep aloud.

“ In yonder hall my fathers liv'd,
 “ In yonder hall they died;
 “ Now in that church-yard's aisle they sleep,
 “ Each by his spouse's side.

“ Oft have I made yon hall resound
 “ With social, sweet delight;
 “ And marked not the morning hour,
 “ That stole upon the night.

“ When there the wanderers of the dark,
 “ Reposing, ceas'd to roam;
 “ And strangers, happy in the hall,
 “ Did find themselves at home:

“ I little thought that, thus forlorn,
 “ In deserts I should bide,
 “ And have not where to lay the head,
 “ Amid the world so wide!”

A stranger, wand'ring thro' the wood,
 Beheld the hapless pair;
 Long did he look, in silence sad
 Then shriek'd, as in despair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
 Of his late lord he fell;
 “ Alas, my master, have I liv'd
 “ To bid your house farewell

- “ But I will never bid adieu
 “ To him I priz’d so high :
 “ As with my master I have liv’d,
 “ I’ll with my master die !
 “ I saw the summer-friend, who shar’d
 “ The banquet in your hall,
 “ Depart, nor cast one look behind
 “ On the forsaken wall !
 “ I saw the daily, nightly guest
 “ The changing scene forsake ;
 “ Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
 “ The long farewell to take !
 “ Then to the service of my lord
 “ I vow’d a throbbing heart ;
 “ And in the changes of your life
 “ To bear an humble part.
 “ Forgive the fond, officious zeal
 “ Of one that loves his lord !
 “ The new possessor of your field
 “ A suppliant, I implor’d.
 “ I told the treach’ry of your friend,
 “ The story of your woe,
 “ And sought his favour, when I saw
 “ His tears begin to flow.
 “ I ask’d the hamlet of the hill,
 “ The lone, sequester’d seat,
 “ Your chosen haunt and fav’rite bow’r,
 “ To be your last retreat.

" I offer'd — what was all your own —
 " The gold I had in store ;
 " Low at his feet I fell, and wept
 " That I could give no more."

" Your gold is your's," the gen'rous youth
 With gentle accent said ;
 " Your master's be that little field,
 " And cheerful be his shed!"

" Now Heav'n has heard my pray'r; I've wish'd
 " I could in part repay
 " The favours your extended hand
 " Bestow'd from day to day.

" I yet may see a garland green
 " Upon the hoary head ;
 " Yet see my master blest, before
 " I dwell among the dead!"

In silence ARTHUR look'd to Heav'n,
 And clasp'd his EDWIN's hand ;
 The eyes of EMILY in tears
 Express'd affection bland.

From op'ning heav'n the moon appear'd ;
 Fair was the face of night ;
 Bright in their beauty, shone the stars ;
 The air was flowing light.

ARTHUR resum'd the pilgrim's staff ;
 They held their lonely way
 Dim thro' the forest's darksome bourn,
 Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
 That quiver'd to and fro,
 Reveal'd their lone retreat, and clos'd
 The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd, solemn, slow, and sad,
 The destin'd hermitage;
 A little and a lonely hut,
 To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
 And kiss'd a falling tear;
 " I have my all, ye gracious Pow'rs!
 " I have my daughter here !"

A sober banquet to prepare,
 EMILIA cheerful goes ;
 The faggot blaz'd, the window glanc'd,
 The heart of age arose.

" I wou'd not be that guilty man,
 " With all his golden store ;
 " Nor change my lot with any wretch,
 " That counts his thousands o'er.

" Now here, at last, we are at home,
 " We can no lower fall ;

" Low in the cottage, peace can dwell,
 " As in the lordly hall.

" The wants of nature are but few ;
 " Her banquet soon is spread :
 " The tenant of the vale of tears
 " Requires but daily bread.

- “ The food that grows in ev’ry field
 “ Will life and health prolong;
 “ And water from the spring suffice
 “ To quench the thirsty tongue.
- “ But all the Indies, with their wealth,
 “ And earth, and air, and seas,
 “ Will never quench the sickly thirst
 “ And craving of disease.
- “ My humble garden to my hand
 “ Contentment’s feast will yield;
 “ And, in the season, harvest white
 “ Will load my little field.
- “ Like nature’s simple children, here,
 “ With nature’s self we’ll live,
 “ And, of the little that is left,
 “ Have something still to give.
- “ The sad vicissitudes of life
 “ Long have I learn’d to bear;
 “ But, oh! my daughter, thou art new
 “ To sorrow and to care!
- “ How shall that fine and flow’ry form,
 “ In silken folds confin’d,
 “ That scarcely fac’d the summer’s gale,
 “ Endure the wint’ry wind?
- “ Ah! how wilt thou sustain a sky
 “ With angry tempest red?
- “ How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
 “ That’s hanging o’er thy head?

- " Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God!
 " I take with temper mild;
 " But, oh! repay it thousand-fold
 " In blessings on my child!"
- " Weep not for me, thou father fond!"
 The virgin soft did say;
 " Could I contribute to thy peace,
 " O, I would bless the day!
- " The Parent, who provides for all,
 " For us will now provide;
 " These hands have learn'd the gayer arts,
 " Of elegance and pride:
- " What once amus'd a vacant hour,
 " Shall now the day engage!
 " And vanity shall spread the board
 " Of poverty and age.
- " At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
 " And while the faggots blaze,
 " Recount the trifles of the time,
 " And dream of better days!
- " I'll read the tragic tales of old,
 " To soothe a father's woes;
 " I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
 " And sing thee to repose."
- The father wept. " Thy wond'rous hand,
 " Almighty, I adore!
 " I had not known how blest I was,
 " Had I not been so poor!

" Now, blest be God for what is left,
 " And blest for what is giv'n!
 " Thou art an angel, O my child!
 " With thee I dwell in Heav'n!"

Then, in the garb of antient times;
 They trod the past'ral plain:
 But who describes a summer's day,
 Or paints the halcyon main?

One day, a wanderer in the wood
 The lonely threshold prest;
 'Twas then that ARTHUR'S humble roof
 Had first receiv'd a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
 " I come from foreign climes;
 " From countries red with Indian blood,
 " And stain'd with Christian crimes.
 " O may Britannia never hear
 " What these sad eyes have seen!
 " May an eternal veil be drawn
 " That world and this between!
 " No frantic avarice fir'd my soul,
 " And Heav'n my wishes crown'd;
 " For soon a fortune to my mind,
 " With innocence I found.
 " From exile sad, returning home,
 " I kiss'd the sacred earth;
 " And flew to find my native woods
 " And walls that gave me birth.

- “ To church on Sunday, fond I went,
 “ In hopes to mark, unseen,
 “ All my old friends, assembled round
 “ The circle of the green.

 “ Alas, the change that time had made!
 “ My antient friends were gone;
 “ Another race possess’d the walls,
 “ And I was left alone!

 “ A stranger among strangers, long
 “ I look’d from pew to pew;
 “ But not the face of one old friend
 “ Rose imag’d to my view.

 “ The horrid plow had raz’d the green,
 “ Where we have often play’d;
 “ The axe had fell’d the hawthorn tree,
 “ The school-boy’s summer shade.

 “ One maid, the beauty of the vale,
 “ To whom I vow’d my care,
 “ And gave my heart, had fled away,
 “ And none could tell me where.

 “ My cares and toils in foreign climes
 “ Were for that peerless maid;
 “ She rose in beauty by my side;
 “ My toils were all repaid.

 “ By Indian streams I sat alone,
 “ While on my native isle,
 “ And on my antient friends, I thought,
 “ And wept the weary while.

" 'Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours;
 " She came in ev'ry dream,
 " As, smiling, on the rear of night,
 " Appears the morning beam.
 " In quest of her I wander, wild,
 " O'er mountain, stream, and plain;
 " And, if I find her not, I fly
 " To Indian climes again."

The father thus began: " My son,
 " Mourn not thy wretched fate;
 " For He that rules in Heav'n decrees
 " 'I his life a mixed state.

" The stream that carries us along,
 " Flows thro' the vale of tears;
 " Yet, on the darkness of our day,
 " The bow of Heav'n appears.

" The ROSE of SHARON, king of flow'rs,
 " Is fenc'd with prickles round;
 " Queen of the vale, the lily fair,
 " Among the thorns is found.

" E'en while we raise the song, we sigh
 " The melancholy while;
 " And, down the face of mortal man,
 " The tear succeeds the smile.

" Nought pure or perfect here is found;
 " But, when this night is o'er,
 " Th' eternal morn will spring on high,
 " And we shall weep no more.

“ Beyond the dim horizon far,
 “ That bounds the mortal eye,
 “ A better country blooms to view,
 “ Beneath a brighter sky.”—

Unseen, the trembling virgin heard
 The stranger's tale of woe;
 Then enter'd, as an angel bright,
 In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose, he look'd, he gaz'd,
 He stood a statue pale;
 His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
 His fault'ring voice did fail.

At last, “ My EMILY herself,
 “ Alive in all her charms!”

The father kneel'd; the lovers rush'd
 To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranc'd
 Long while they did remain;
 They glow'd, they trembled, and they sobb'd,
 They wept and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands,
 To bless the happy pair;
 Heav'n smil'd on EDWARD the belov'd,
 And EMILY the fair.

F I N I S.