

A L O N Z O;

14

O R, T H E

Y O U T H F U L S O L I T A I R E.

A T A L E.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. ROBSON, BOOKSELLER, AT THE
FEATHERS, IN NEW BOND-STREET.

MDCCLXXII.

PR
5112
N85a

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE Author of the following little Poem begs leave to offer it to the Public as an object of their candour. The subject is taken from a story in Gil Blas, with some variations. Should it be lucky enough to meet with their approbation, he will be happy in having published it. Should it, on the contrary, be found trifling, and disinteresting, he hopes its brevity will, in some measure, apologize for trespassing on the time and patience of the reader.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

T H E
YOUTHFUL SOLITAIRE.

A T A L E.

I.

FROM fires illustrious, and renown'd,
ALONZO's lineage came;
Nor in HISPANIA's realm was found
A youth of higher fame:

II.

His manly sense; his gen'rous mind;
His all-superior worth;
And knowledge lib'ral, unconfin'd
Adorn'd his noble birth:

B

III.

He for MARCELLA, matchless fair!

Long time a passion bore;

A nymph esteem'd for beauties rare,

But still for virtues more:

IV.

Tho' many a youthful, love-struck swain

Her graceful form admir'd;

Him chief of all th' enamour'd train

MARCELLA'S beauty fir'd:

V.

Nor did his flame neglected prove,

For much he charm'd the maid;

She knew his merit, and his love

With mutual love repaid.

VI.

Thrice happy youth ! that could obtain
The heart of one so fair,
Of whom ev'n Nature's self was vain,
Her own peculiar care.

VII.

Health's choicest bloom, the lilly's hue,
Were in her cheek combin'd;
Her face symmetrically true
Was spotless as her mind;

VIII.

Her mind allied to Virtue seem'd
By ev'ry social tie;
Good-sense and native sweetness beam'd
Expressive in her eye;

IX.

On all her accents soft, and clear
 Persuasive magick hung;
 A seraph's self might raptur'd hear
 The musick of her tongue;

K.

The human heart she could controul,
 Alike severe, and mild,
 Her frowns were torture to the soul,
 'Twas Heav'n whene'er she smil'd.

XI.

Could then the young ALONZO view
 Such charms as her's unmov'd?
 And when her boundless worth he knew,
 What wonder that he lov'd?

XII.

With fond concern, his hopes and fears

MARCELLA made her own;

Each tender feeling that endears

She felt for him alone :

XIII.

No joys e'er swell'd her gentle breast,

Nor ought her blifs impair'd,

No griefs e'er robb'd her soul of rest,

But what ALONZO shar'd.

XIV.

And now th'appointed time drew near,

When Hymen should have crown'd

A passion prov'd so long sincere,

That Love had mutual found.

XV.

But ah! how short-liv'd is the date
Of ev'ry mortal joy,
For soon the stroke of adverse Fate
Their pleasure shall destroy :

XVI.

With promis'd plenty thus the Spring
Will oft-times gay appear ;
Till sickly blights Destruction bring,
And blast th' inclement year.

XVII.

The youth whom Honour's voice alarms,
(The Spaniards' dearest claim)
Now seeks to vindicate by arms
His much insulted fame.

XVIII.

FERNANDO soon with vengeful speed
To hostile fight he calls ;
Beneath his sword, now doom'd to bleed,
The guilty miscreant falls :

XIX.

“ O! grant, ere yet my spirit flies,
“ Forgiveness of the past,—
“ Mine was the crime” (FERNANDO cries)
He gasps, and breathes his last.

XX.

Repenting of the frantick deed,
The scene ALONZO views ;
Remorse and pity, rage succeed,
And grief his eye bedews :

XXI.

- “ What fatal fury urg’d my sword
“ To snatch his vital breath ?
“ What clime will shelter now afford
“ From vengeance, and from death ?

XXII.

- “ Nor must I to my love return,
“ Lest Justice should pursue,
“ My suff’rings o’er her lips to mourn,
“ And breathe a last adieu :

XXIII.

- “ Distracting thought! — remote to dwell
“ From all my soul holds dear ;
“ Nor bid her, ere I go, farewell,
“ Nor drop one parting tear :

XXIV.

“ Yet stop thy flight, (Love seems to say)

“ Nor leave thy weeping fair----

“ Still then obedient here I'll stay,

“ Still draw my native air.”

XXV.

He said---and wildly wand'ring stray'd,

But yet unknowing where;

Each moment of pursuit afraid,

The victim of Despair.

XXVI.

So flies thro' woods the wounded hind,

T'elude her rankling pains;

And, flying, thinks to leave behind

The dart she still retains.

XXVII.

With wearied steps, and fault'ring knees,
At length it chanc'd he fled,
Where at a mountain's foot some trees
Their mantling foliage spread:

XXVIII.

Embosom'd in the thick-wove shade,
A sylvan grot he spied,
That Nature's hand alone had made
Within the mountain's side:

XXIX.

A flow'ry turf perfum'd the air;
And from a cleft above
A spring distill'd its waters fair,
That murmur'd thro' the grove.

XXX.

Ent'ring the cave, he went t'approach
A fight of dire dismay;
For lo! expiring on his couch,
An aged hermit lay :

XXXI.

“ Young stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
(The holy anch'rite cried)
“ Imprint this scene upon thy heart,”
Then clos'd his eyes, and died :

XXXII.

And happy was his parting end ;
Refign'd to th' heav'nly Pow'r,
He saw Life's fettering fun descend,
And gild his latest hour :

XXXIII.

Sequester'd from the world, he trod
 Retirement's peaceful ways ;
 And here, devoted to his God,
 He spent his pious days.

XXXIV.

Surpris'd, appall'd ALONZO faw---
 And on his youthful breast
 A secret dread, and sense of awe,
 Death's ghastly look impress'd :

XXXV.

As o'er the clay-cold corse he hung,
 Reflections throng'd his soul ;
 But to his pensive mind, ere long,
 The thought of safety stole :

XXXVI.

“ At some small distance from the cave,
“ Before the rising day,
“ Far in the bosom of a grave,
“ These sad remains I'll lay;

XXXVII.

“ And Heav'n, that blest his humble lot,
“ While here on earth he staid,
“ Shall surely blest the sacred spot
“ Where sleeps the father's shade:

XXXVIII.

“ I'll then put on his rustick dress,
“ In which I'll live conceal'd;
“ And to MARCELLA my distress
“ By Time may be reveal'd.”

XXXIX.

He spoke—and soon the sad remains
 Beneath the turf were laid;
 And in the garb, that Pride disdain'd,
 The youth was soon array'd :

XL.

The woollen cap; the dark-brown stole,
 That hung around his feet;
 And a large rosary, make the whole
 A SOLITAIRE compleat :

XLI.

Within the rural cell he liv'd
 A while in this disguise,
 By Charity oft-times reliev'd
 With liberal supplies.

XLII.

The sun thro' ev'ry sign had mov'd,
And measur'd out the year ;
No tidings yet of him she lov'd
Could fond MARCELLA hear :

XLIII.

Who, wailing her unhappy fate,
Determin'd to repair
To some lone cloister's drear retreat,
And end her sorrows there :

XLIV.

“ For what can life afford, (she said)
“ How gay soe'er it be ?
“ Since haply now ALONZO's dead,
“ Or, living, dead to me :

XLV.

“ In vain shall Fortune o'er my days
“ With kind indulgence smile ;
“ In vain attempt my grief t'appease,
“ And Misery beguile :

XLVI.

“ Tho' Grandeur, Titles, Birth be found
“ Among my sutor train ;
“ The hopes of none shall e'er be crown'd }
“ With what they wish to gain :

XLVII.

“ To thee, Religion, then I fly,
“ Best solace of my woe !
“ 'Tis thine, if Peace her sweets deny,
“ Some comfort to bestow.”

XLVIII.

Now to a convent far remov'd,
Her sorrowing course she bends ;
That course a father much belov'd
With fondest care attends.

XLIX.

Our youthful hermit's wild abode
In tufted verdure stood,
Close bord'ring on that very road
The travellers pursu'd ;

L.

Who fought in haste, as passing by,
The shelter of this grove ;
Forc'd from th'impending storm to fly,
That lower'd from above.

LI.

What strange emotions of surprize!
ALONZO'S soul invade,
To see MARCELLA'S image rise
Within his rural shade:

LII.

Yet would he not himself declare,
Till by some means he knew
If time, and absence, could impair
A passion long so true:

LIII.

“ From yon black, threat'ning sky, secure,
“ Thrice welcome to this place—
“ But ah! no mortal beauty here
“ My mansion deigns to grace:

LIV.

“ Tell, tell me, lovely fair, (he cries)
“ For much thou seem’st oppress’d,
“ What griefs thus prompt thy lab’ring sighs?
“ And rankle in thy breast?

LV.

“ Does Love its pois’rous influence shed?
“ And on thy peace intrude?---
“ I once, by hopes delusive led,
“ That fleeting bliss pursu’d.

LVI.

“ Come then, disclose each secret woe,
“ That in thy mind is found;
“ Some balm, experienc’d Age may know,
“ To heal Affliction’s wound.”

LVII.

Her moving tale, in which he bore
By far the tend'rest part,
MARCELLA tells; whose words restore
Loft comfort to his heart.

LVIII.

“ Let patient Hope a while relieve,
“ And lull thy pangs to rest ;
“ Thy dear ALONZO yet may live,
“ And thou, fond maid, be blest :

LIX.

“ Shall then those eyes with cheering ray
“ No longer glad his heart?
“ But gild some cloyster's gloom with day,
“ That vainly they'll impart?

LX.

“ And shall those lips, whose balm divine
“ Could soothe his am’rous pain,
“ Now pour before some lifeless shrine
“ Their orisons in vain?”

LXI.

“ Shall all these beauties serve----but die
“ Reflections thus unjust—
“ To feed a Priest’s lascivious eye,
“ Nay, more, perhaps his lust?”

LXII.

“ Let Love forbid thy rash intent ;
“ And should not Love succeed,
“ Thy own ALONZO shall prevent
“ The fatal, timeless deed.”

LXIII.

He spoke----no more the hermit's dress
 His native form conceals,
 Thrown by, his features, voice confess
 The truth his tongue reveals:

LXIV.

The well-known youth MARCELLA views—
 Then flies to his embrace—
 O'erpow'ring Joy each sense subdues,
 And Paleness spreads her face:

LXV.

Thus for a time she lay entranc'd
 Within her lover's arms,
 Whose wand'ring eyes with rapture glanc'd
 O'er all her much lov'd charms;

LXVI.

The crimson, that a while forsook
Her cheek, now warmer glows—
New life she feels, and ev'ry look
The tender transport shows.

LXVII.

ALONZO straight his tale unfolds—
Amaz'd the father hears ;
His daughter, and the youth, beholds
By turns ; then melts in tears :

LXVIII.

“ Fly hence, (he cries) my children, fly,”
And strains them to his heart ;
“ Danger unseen may soon be nigh,
“ Far hence with speed depart.”

LXIX.]

Ere long, embark'd with secret care, to sail
 They to AUSONIA steer; and there will
 To taste the joys of wedlock there, till Fate
 Which Fate denies them here.

F LXXI S.

—
 A voice from the
 Alas! the
 The
 The

LXXII.]

The
 The
 The
 The

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URB

AUG 30 1985

Form L9-50m-7,'54 (5990) 444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES