

**EDALAINO: A
METRICAL
ROMANCE**

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Edalaino: a metrical romance by F. Röena Medini

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F. RÖENA MEDINI

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BY

F. ROENA MEDINA.



NEW YORK:

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MDCCCXCII.

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To Florence Bartley
from one who has borrowed
confidence and strength from her
unspeken word the silent understanding
of a strong soul.

To Anne Medwin

TO HER

WHOSE MEMORY IS A HERITAGE ABOVE PRICE; AN
EXAMPLE OF A GREAT SOUL; A NOBLE MIND;
A MEEK SPIRIT AND PROUD BEARING,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY A

DAUGHTER

WHO WAS NURTURED IN THE SUNSHINE OF A
MOTHER'S UNBOUNDED LOVE.

Since she doth sleep,—laurel or rue,
'Tis one to me.

PS

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M469e

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Only a fledgling. Be merciful.

EDALAINE,

BOOK I.

Far in the North, where winter halves the year,
A peaceful summer scene in memory dwells,
Above, a canopy of azure pure ;
Beneath, its counterpart—a tapestry
Of living green, whose hues are multiplied
By every passing breeze, and which like seas,
In restless waves receding from their shores,
In soft and rhythmic undulations, rolls
From rocky cliffs, to melt like morning mist
In shadowy outlines of the fringing air.

A prairie broad, where naught but nature's self
The harmonies of sight and silence blends,
Where all is life, and yet no conscious life
Is found, except the crimson-throated bird
That darts on high, and then descends to wheel
With lazy wing above the shuddering grass.
Where gentle zephyrs bear across the plain
The clouds to cast a shade, or chase a ray
Of glittering sun far o'er the changing scene.
Amidst these rolling plains, these prairies vast,
There slept a valley, watched unnumbered years
By jealous eye of day, ere man appeared.
Like beauteous Gyneth in her sleep, the vale
Is robed in lustrous garb, and all the charm
Of nature's wealth is laid upon her breast.
Such garniture of leaf and vine was here,
When first the vale imprisoned sight of man,
The gentle falling slope seemed nest of bird,
Whose frame of bending twigs and clinging grass

Is softly lined with silky leaves of green,
For miles around, North, East, and South and
 West,
Tall grasses wave like helmits plumed, or bend
To breathe o'er heads of wildwood ferns or flowers,
A symphony of chivalry and love.
And through the vale, like moonlight's trembling
 ray,
That draws a silken thread o'er sleeping seas,
There windeth, too, a line of gleaming light,
Which breaks into a brooklet's murmuring song,
And lulls the listener's anxious heart to rest.
And from its sheen perchance was born the name
It bears of Silver Creek, unless it be
From glimpse of tiny fish with silvery scales,
That idly float on crystal wave, or leap
To catch the sun and make the glittering drops
From off their sides, flash changeful rainbow tints
Then, sinking back amidst the mossy rocks,

Leave eddying circles where they disappear,
To dart with lightning speed beneath the wave.
At times the stranger lingered as he passed,
To meditate, and felt himself upborne
To sense of higher needs in human hearts,
And wondered as he stood, all loth to leave,
Why beauty such as this so long escaped
The eye of man, world-weary and in search
Of such a home as might give lasting rest.
For peace, that builds her nest afar from noise
Of crowded towns, here brooded, and the spell
She wove in harmony with nature's own,
Had power to make one feel the pulse of God
Here beat in holy nature's rhythmic life.
And Reverence, long dead to worldly men,
Here touched to living springs the human heart.
A rocky glen was hid beneath the hills
That bound the northern side, a place where one
In woven dreams would build the fairies' home.

Th' anemones that scarce could blush to hues
Not borrowed from the snow, until their white
Was mixed with purple that Aurora lent
To them! Were these not fairies peeping forth
From earth, while yet the snow in patches decked
The ground?

Then when the spring brought perfumed air,
They came as violets like bits of sky
To dot the mossy banks, while overhead
The lichens clinging to the trees, subdued
To quaker garb of silver gray, what else
Had seemed too bright a scene.

At autumn time,
The fairies flee before the clan that stay
And seize the glen and revel gypsy-wise,—
A yearly week of rout and carnival,
And then the glen to merry shout and jest,
To laughter loud awakes. Prolonged halloos
Start timid beasts from out their lair, to speed