

**ST. BERNARDINE: A  
DRAMATIC POEM**

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St. Bernardine: A Dramatic Poem by Various

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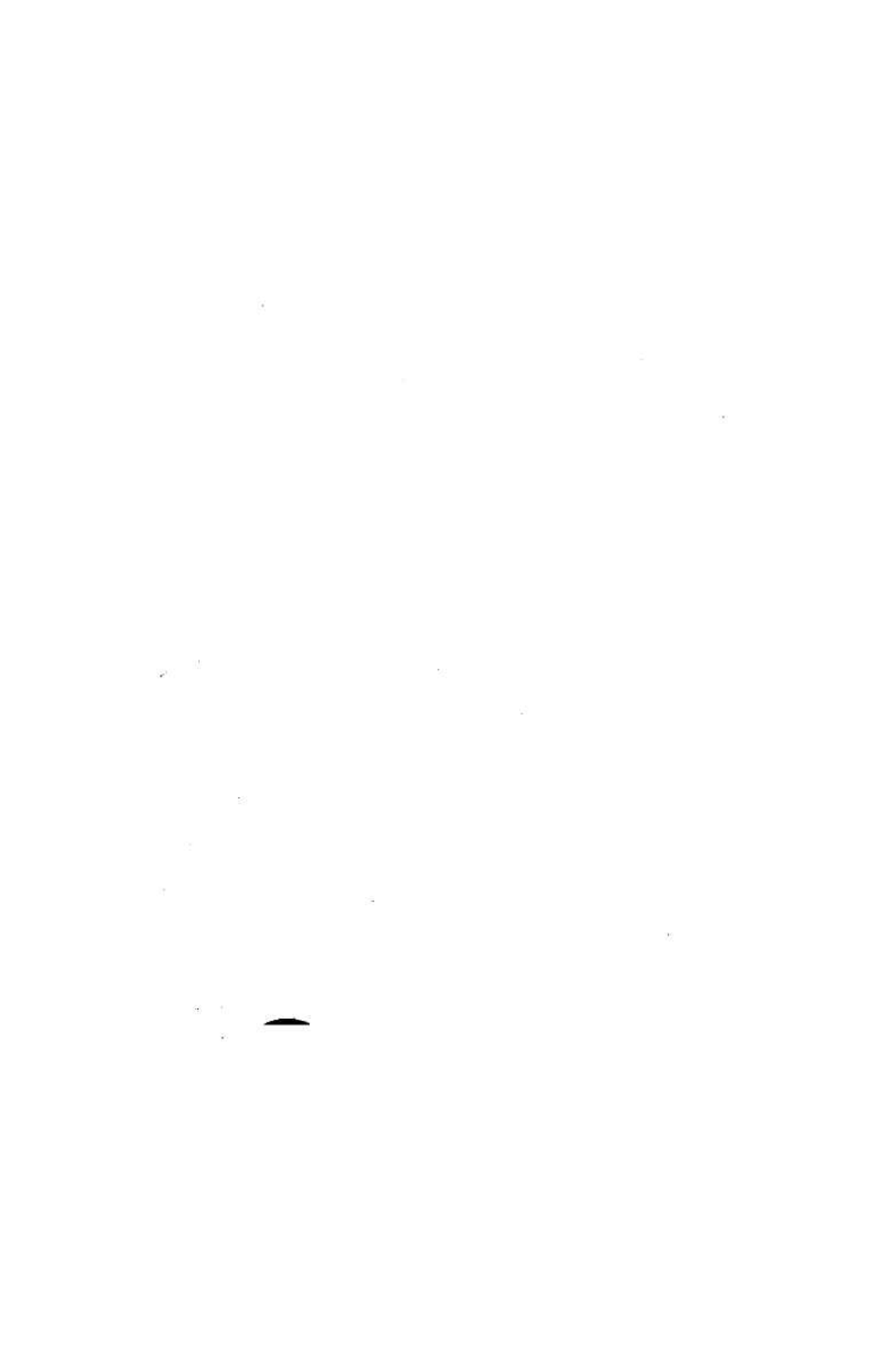
**VARIOUS**

**ST. BERNARDINE: A  
DRAMATIC POEM**





St. Bernardine.



# St. Bernardine:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

A Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF

POEMS BY L.

LONDON:  
EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.  
1862.

280. b. 41.

**Dramatis Personæ.**

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COUNT DE V—.

ST. BERNARDINE . . . . . *A Priest.*

MERDON . . . . . *An old blind Peasant.*

ERNST . . . . . *His son.*

LILIAN . . . . . *His adopted daughter.*

LADY . . . . . *A shipmate of St. Bernardine.*

WOMAN WITH CHILDREN . . . . . *His companions in the desert.*

OLD CRONE.

CAPTAIN, ETC.



## ST. BERNARDINE.

A Dramatic Poem.

—◆—

ONE wintry eve, when twilight's hour  
Had cast around its deep'ning shade,  
And driving flakes of fallen snow  
More dreary still the landscape made,  
A little child, as fair and frail  
As you in blessed home might find,  
An old blind man led by the hand,  
Nor murmured at the inclement wind;  
"Come on," she said, "O Father dear;  
Far off I see blue smoke arise,  
We must descend this mountain path;  
Within yon vale the cottage lies."  
As thus she spake, there passed her by  
A proud man in his cloak of fur,  
And, as with folded arms he trod,  
Intently hath he gazed on her;  
And this his thought, if we could read

B

The workings of his inner heart :  
" Though lord am I, a beggar thou,  
Wretched am I, and blest thou art."  
Not cloak of fur or rich attire  
Warm the cold heart on wintry night ;  
Not ragged garments thence exclude,  
Though chill the frame, heaven's peace and light.  
So cold and proud, that stern lone man  
His steps unto his castle bent,  
And to the aged sire her arm,  
The little girl supporting lent.  
'Twas but a poor lone cot they sought,  
Where lived an aged man and dame,  
But brightly shone in its recess  
With vivid glow the fire's warm flame.  
The wanderers were admitted here  
To rest them till the coming day ;  
But never dawned that morning's light  
On which the old man took his way :  
Infirm with age, the wintry blast  
The fountain of his blood had dried,  
And e'er the midnight bell had tolled,  
The wanderer, alas ! had died.  
Yet, ere his spirit fled, he sought,  
But vainly sought, some words to speak  
Of much import unto the child ;  
Yet powerless was he, faint and weak,  
And he than this could say no more :

“Thou art not kin or kith of mine ;  
Oh ! well preserve this talisman,  
This ivory cross, for it is thine.”  
“No child of thine !” fair Lilian cried,  
“Save thee, no father have I known ;  
And must I tread the world’s wide paths,  
Deserted, friendless, and alone ?”  
No, not alone,—the all-seeing God  
Who watcheth all, takes care of thee ;  
And hearken ! the old peasant saith,  
“Thou shalt be daughter, child, to me.”  
God’s blessing on thee, honest heart ;  
In Heaven’s great book is writ this deed,  
And in the appointed time, shalt thou,  
Receive a just and fitting meed.

## II.

Now to the lordly castle home  
That stands upon a neighbouring hill,  
A flight we’ll take, for there resides  
The princely lord, whose sovereign will  
Rules all the land for miles around :  
The peer he was whose stern cold eye  
On the old man and Lilian glanced,  
When shivering they passed him by.  
Why is he thus so proud and cold ?  
Why ever doth he shun his peers ?