

**CLYTIA, A TALE OF THE  
SOUTHERN STATES:  
WITH OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649551231

Clytia, a Tale of the Southern States: With Other Poems by G. Gérard

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**G. GÉRARD**

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A TALE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES;

*With other Poems.*

BY

G. GERARD.

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LONDON:  
THOMAS BOSWORTH, 215 REGENT STREET.

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LONDON:

Printed by G. BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

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# CLYTIA ;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

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## PART I.

THE summer sun look'd down upon a spot  
Of wondrous beauty, where the tangled shade  
Luxuriant hung above a glassy stream,  
Upon whose glittering surface floated wide  
The lily's cumbrous leaves, that seem'd to bear  
Aloft her snowy chalice, fitting cup  
For nymphs, and such bright creatures as are said  
To haunt the waters. Many a brilliant bird  
Whose hues might rival tints of Tyrian dye,  
Or lustrous gems that burn in diadem  
Of eastern monarch, flitted here and there  
From spray to spray, or chased in longer flight  
The dancing maze of insects, humming blithe  
In all the gladness of their sunshine hour.

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And far below the tranquil waters flow'd,  
 Tranquil and blue as those fair skies above  
 Whose hue was mirror'd there : a gentle breeze  
 Stirr'd now and then the fan-palm's languid leaves,  
 And trembled in the rose, or sweeping through  
 Primeval shades, awaken'd into song  
 The forest's deep-toned lyre, and sway'd the boughs  
 Of pine and cypress, or with lighter breath  
 Rippled the waters, till they rose and fell  
 In soothing sounds.

Upon a bank thereby  
 A maiden with her book and lute in hand,  
 Stretch'd on the greensward, whiled the hours away  
 Of that sweet summer morn. Her glancing eye  
 Roam'd from the page, and wander'd up and down  
 Through all the beauties of the sylvan scene,  
 As if she read them o'er ; and now and then  
 Her hand would touch a string, and waken forth  
 One sad sweet note of music, which might seem  
 To suit her pensive mood ; anon she cast  
 Her lute aside, and on the book awhile  
 Her thoughtful glances turn'd.

Most beautiful  
 Was that young form, above whose golden head  
 Scarce eighteen years had pass'd ; her glossy hair  
 Like some entwining plant, about her clung,  
 And waved in grace upon her noble brow ;

Long were the jealous lashes that conceal'd  
Her downcast eyes ; and, oh ! how bright those eyes  
I may not hope to tell. Most fair she was :  
And yet not fair ! for there were some would point  
To that bright form with scorn and shake of head,  
And tell that blood of Afric's swarthy race  
Was flowing in her veins ; and so it was ;  
They spoke but truth ; yet she was beautiful,  
And fair as earthly creature need to be ;  
And in all nurture fair she had been trained.

Her father was a man of noble mind  
And noble person, well-esteem'd, beloved,  
And held in reverence by his fellow-men.  
Broad were his lands, his wealth abundant seem'd,  
And in luxurious ease, with taste refined,  
His house was order'd ; and in days of youth  
There were not few proud damsels who would scarce  
Have scorn'd to be his bride, and share his state.  
But he by their fair charms was unbeguiled :  
A young slave-maiden in his father's house  
Had won his heart, as gentle and as good  
As she was beautiful, to whom he gave  
His hand ; and never did one thought rebel  
Against his early choice, or wake discord  
Between their wedded hearts. She was a spouse  
Dear as his life itself, whose constant love,