

**LEGENDS AND  
LYRICS: A BOOK  
OF VERSE. VOL. II**

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Legends and Lyrics: A Book of Verse. Vol. II by Adelaide Anne Procter

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**ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER**

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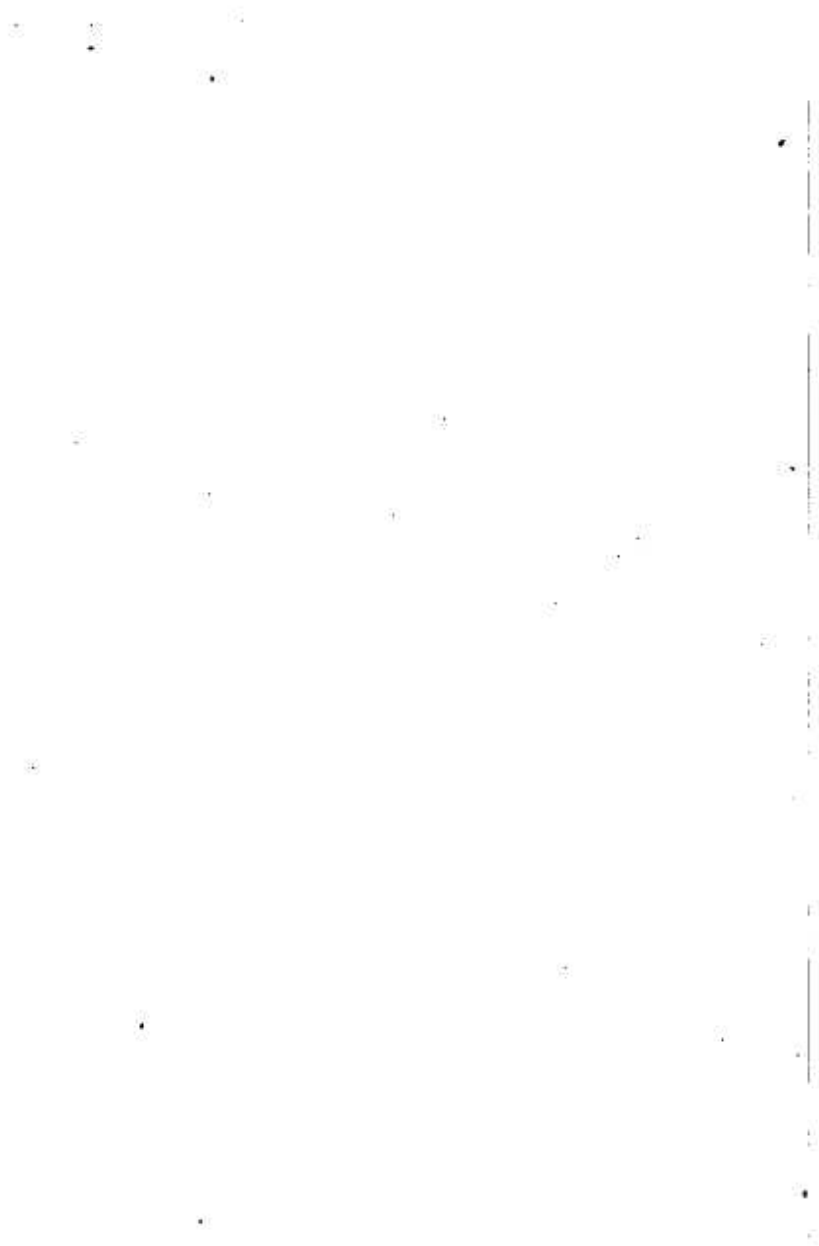




LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

SECOND VOLUME.





LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

A BOOK OF VERSES.

BY

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

SECOND VOLUME.



*NINETEENTH THOUSAND.*

LONDON:


GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET.

COVENT GARDEN.

1879.



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\* \* \* Some of the pieces contained in this Volume have already appeared in "All the Year Round," "The English Woman's Journal," &c.



### A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

**T**HE lights extinguished, by the hearth  
I leant,  
Half weary with a listless discontent.  
The flickering giant-shadows, gathering near,  
Closed round me with a dim and silent fear.  
All dull, all dark; save when the leaping flame,  
Glancing, lit up a Picture's ancient frame.  
Above the hearth it hung. Perhaps the night,  
My foolish tremors, or the gleaming light,  
Lent power to that Portrait dark and quaint—  
A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint—  
The likeness of a Nun. I seemed to trace  
A world of sorrow in the patient face,

B

In the thin hands folded across her breast—  
Its own and the room's shadow hid the rest. \*  
I gazed and dreamed, and the dull embers stirred,  
Till an old legend that I once had heard  
Came back to me; linked to the mystic gloom  
Of that dark Picture in the ghostly room.

In the far south, where clustering vines are hung;  
Where first the old chivalric lays were sung,  
Where earliest smiled that gracious child of France,  
Angel and knight and fairy, called Romance,  
I stood one day. The warm blue June was spread  
Upon the earth; blue summer overhead,  
Without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare,  
Without a breath to stir its sultry air.  
All still, all silent, save the sobbing rush  
Of rippling waves, that lapsed in silver hush  
Upon the beach; where, glittering towards the  
strand,  
The purple Mediterranean kissed the land.

All still, all peaceful; when a convent chime  
Broke on the mid-day silence for a time,  
Then trembling into quiet, seemed to cease,