

**PHROSYNE: A GRECIAN
TALE. ALASHTAR: AN
ARABIAN TALE**

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Phrosyne: A Grecian Tale. Alashtar: An Arabian Tale by H. Gally Knight

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H. GALLY KNIGHT

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BY H. GALLY KNIGHT, ESQ.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems complete the series, of which ILDERIM formed a part.—They are meant to illustrate the scenery and manners of the respective countries in which the scene is laid.—The first is but too well founded on fact.—The second is purely imaginary, but authorities exist in nature for whatever is represented.

PHROSYNE was written in 1811—ALASHTAR, in 1813.—Accidental circumstances have, till now, delayed the publication.



PHROSYNE:

A GRECIAN TALE.

CANTO I.

GRECIA! though on thy heav'n-deserted shore
The virtues rest, and Freedom smiles no more:
From Paphian groves, and Pindus' beech-clad head,
Though ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace be fled—
Still glow the embers of thy fun'ral pyre 5
With fitful heat and momentary fire;
Still from the ashes springs a passing flame,
Proof and memorial of thine earlier fame:
Last sacred rays! that grace thee once again,
And teach the muse to 'wake the living strain. 10

Thron'd on a height, above th' Albanian lands,
 The Grecian city, Callirete, stands—
 Parent of hardy sons! who long withstood
 The rushing progress of the Othman flood;
 And still, protected by their rocks, retain 15
 Blessings unknown to Grecians of the plain.
 No turban'd soldier, with insulting frown,
 Stalks through their streets, or awes the trembling town:
 Respected still, th' unviolated right,
 Grecians alone possess the Grecian height: 20
 Still their own archons rule the little state,
 Improve the laws, and guard the city's fate;
 Still the loud bell, resounding through the air,
 Proclaims the worship, and invites to pray'r;
 And Liberty's and Pleasure's ev'ning ray 25
 Still on the favour'd mountain lov'd to play.
 Yearly the youthful of that hardy band,
 At Summer's call, desert their native land;
 Traders, or sailors, o'er the neighb'ring main
 They rove, and brave the danger for the gain. 30
 Hence wealth is theirs, to other Greeks unknown;
 Hence ampler minds, enlarg'd by these alone;

Hence darksome Winter is their hour of cheer—
 For when rejoicing Nature decks the year,
 Then the lone city, like a widow, stands 35
 Mourning her sons dispers'd in distant lands;
 Th' exhausted elders, and the female train,
 Bold, but dejected, on the height remain.
 But, when stern Winter riots unconfin'd,
 Unleas the forest, and unchains the wind, 40
 Then, as the cranes, that, (regularly true)
 At stated times, their homeward flight renew,
 The roving youth, ascending from the main,
 In jolly troops their craggy nest regain—
 And, whilst surrounding snows the heights invest, 45
 Joy's brightest Summer gilds the mountain's breast.
 Guarded by rocks, and floods that rush between,
 The Grecian's fortress on the height is seen :
 The whiten'd dwellings to the summit rise,
 Row above row, ascending to the skies. 50
 Three sides a gulph defends—and deep below
 Half lost to sight, resounding torrents flow.
 The one access, ascending from the plain,
 Winds, up the height, a narrow, sinuous, train :

So slight the path, it seems a slender thread, 55
Destin'd alone for mountain goat to tread.

Nor e'er has fairer prospect met the sight,
Than Spring unfolds around the magic height ;
When blooming Nature clothes the craggy piles,
And Beauty, in the lap of Terror, smiles : 60

The rushing torrent, sparkling to the sun ;
The crystal streams, in deeper vales that run—
The pines that, waving, clothe the summit's head ;
The groves of oak along the base that spread—
The billow sea of mountains toss'd around ; 65

The distant peak, with snows eternal crown'd :—
Oh ! who has ever mark'd that scene so fair,
Nor stood, entranc'd, in silent rapture there ?

'Twas there, within those wild retreats entomb'd,
A lovely maid, the young PHROSYNE, bloom'd— 70
Last of a gen'rous race—the fairest flow'r
Of Beauty's wreath in Beauty's native bow'r.

In other days her faultless form had been
The sculptor's model for the Cyprian Queen :
E'en now, when, sportive round, the mountain air, 75
Fann'd the loose tresses of her auburn hair,