

**HAROLD AND
ROSALINE,
WITH OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649599318

Harold and Rosaline, with Other Poems by Albert Perry

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ALBERT PERRY

**HAROLD AND
ROSALINE,
WITH OTHER POEMS**

HAROLD AND ROSALINE,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALBERT PERRY.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1846.

CB

h.c.

P R E F A C E .

THE youthful effusions which follow, are submitted, with much diffidence, to the public. They were mostly penned during the bustle of other pursuits. The author, like many other scribblers of this country, pursues literature as a recreation, and not as a profession. But while he craves the indulgence due to such circumstances, he does not shrink from liberal criticism. The tale entitled *Harold and Rosaline*, was mostly written while the author was residing in Virginia, where the scene is laid ; and he hopes that it may not prove unacceptable to his kind and hospitable friends of the Old Dominion. It may

be proper to remark, that Harold, the hero of this tale, claims no kindred with Childe Harold of the inimitable Byron. He was thus christened for the sake of euphony and rhythm.

Contrary to olden usage, the final syllable in the word *Rosaline* is here pronounced according to the orthography. If this volume shall contain some redeeming qualities, to counterbalance its defects; if it shall furnish instruction, or innocent amusement for a leisure hour; if it shall commend virtuous love and pure morality to the reader, the hopes of the author will be realized.

A. P.

New Ipswich, N. H., Feb. 25th, 1846.

HAROLD AND ROSALINE.

A TALE.

CANTO I.

I.

THE eremite had learned full well
To read from nature's open book,
Acquainted with each hill and dell,
Companion of each babbling brook.
It was a sweet, romantic spot
Where destiny had fixed his lot,
For solitude of various mien,
In mountain, vale, and stream was seen.
No trump of war had ever broken
The peace of nature's jubilee ;
Not yet, young liberty had spoken
The words that made our nation free.
It was a wild secluded glen,
Surrounded far by hill and wood ;
Virginia stretched her empire then,
Over that sylvan solitude.
Whate'er was grand — whate'er was fair,
In sweet profusion mingled there.

II.

The hermit's boy had never seen
That beauty which surpasses all ;
Ne'er owned the magic of its thrall,
Nor bowed to earth's superior queen.
An Indian hunter, now and then
Had rambled through that lovely glen,
And when all weary with the chase,
At sunset he would cease to roam,
He ever found a resting place,
At Harold's hospitable home.
And sometimes far adown the wood,
As Harold sped his light canoe,
Near where an Indian wigwam stood,
He might have seen a squaw or two, —
But woman, gentler woman, never
In all his journey had been met.
He had no chains to wear or sever —
Young Harold was a freeman yet.

III.

His father was the only friend
Who had a sympathy to lend.
Long in this quiet humble dome,
His grief-worn heart had found a home.
None knew from whence the hermit came ;
Young Harold scarcely knew his name,
And yet he loved the old man well ;
'T was joy to see his father's smile,
He fondly chose with him to dwell,
Though lost to all the world the while.

IV.

When calling up the dreamy past,
Far back as memory could guide him,
He saw alone from first to last,
That venerable form beside him.
He rested in his infancy,
Within that father's kind embrace;
He oft had prattled on his knees;
He oft had kissed his care-worn face.
While sixteen years had rolled away,
All seemed one long, long sunny day
To Harold,—joy dwelt on his brow;
And though his heart was not so gay,
He loved his father no less now.

V.

A little garden was their care,
With maize and vintage overgrown;
And when the light of summer shone,
With merry lay, the live-long day,
Full many a songster warbled there.
Nor was fair science all unknown,
Within that distant hermitage;
The light of every other age
Beside their own, upon them shone.
Those volumes on the ragged shelf,
The old man pondered o'er himself;
Companions of his youth and age,
They still each tedious hour beguiled;
And he had taught his docile child,
Long since to read the written page.

VI.

The lowly vale, the mountain high, —
 The placid stream, the waterfall, —
 Leaves, birds, and clouds that wander by,
 Inhabitants of earth and sky,
 Were full of beauty, one and all,
 To Harold; from his infancy,
 The moaning wind, and sighing breeze,
 To him was plaintive melody.
 The gales that rocked the bounding trees,
 He welcomed as they came from far.
 And when a thunder-storm would roll
 Along upon its sounding car,
 The giddy flash, and hollow roar,
 Kindled and charmed his dauntless soul;
 And when the pelting storm was past,
 And rode away upon the blast,
 He fain would hear it thunder more.

VII.

But still he longed for sympathy,
 Some kindred partner in his joy:
 The thought that none his bliss could see,
 Sometimes would half that bliss destroy.
 However much the youth might love
 His reverend father, still, Oh! still
 There seemed sometimes, a void to fill,
 Which nothing yet below, above,
 Had occupied;— His being seemed
 A moiety of existence then,
 And of some other half in vain
 With fond solicitude he dreamed.