

**SAINT HERBERT'S ISLE. A
LEGENDARY POEM.
IN FIVE CANTOS, WITH
SOME SMALLER PIECES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649697373

Saint Herbert's Isle. A Legendary Poem. In Five Cantos, with Some Smaller Pieces by John Bree

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JOHN BREE

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SAINT HERBERT'S ISLE:

A LEGENDARY POEM;

In Five Cantos.

WITH SOME SMALLER PIECES.

BY THE LATE

JOHN BREE, ESQ.

OF EMERALD, NEAR KESWICK.

To love, thou blam'st me not; for love, thou say'st,
Leads up to heaven—is both the way and guide.
Paradise Lost. B. 8. L. 612.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.

1832.

DEDICATED

TO MRS. GRIGBY,

OF DRINKSTON, SUFFOLK:

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE SINCEREST ESTEEM,
THE WARMEST AFFECTION, AND THE MOST HEARTFELT GRATITUDE
FOR INNUMERABLE INSTANCES OF FRIENDSHIP
AND KINDNESS,

BY THE AUTHOR'S SURVIVING FAMILY.

Vertical line of text, possibly a page number or header, located on the left side of the page.

PREFATORY SONNET.

OH thou ! who now twice ten revolving years
The bond connubial with me hast shared ;
Nor yet by time the torch of love impaired,
Though fortune's shafts assailed, and sorrow's tears,
To thee, my muse this tardy offering rears !
Nor wilt thou scorn the fitful tale I build ;
Since not the lust of empty fame has willed,
But thou alone the lay thy smile endears.
Whate'er of truth's and virtue's charms it brings ;
Of love's devotion—still with peril fraught ;
Of duty's strife ; of heart-born piety,
Be thine the meed—for it but feebly flings
On fiction's canvas what from life was caught,
When I from memory drew, or raptured gazed on thee.

SAINT HERBERT'S ISLE.

CANTO I.

I.

IN days gone by, as ancient legends tell,
In Cumbria's mountain-land⁽¹⁾ remotely stood
A reverend Hall, embosomed in deep wood,
And overhung by many a shaggy fell ;
In Goldrill's waters was the mansion seen
On rock inverted, by the admiring eye,
Its grey walls striving with the mountain green,
Its blue smoke curling in the downward sky,
Blending each purple cloud, that lightly fitted by.

II.

Around, huge mountains were in grandeur piled,
From which descended many a silver rill,
Working its angry way from hill to hill ;
Now hid by darkling cliff, or coppice wild ;
Now joyous sparkling in the solar beam,
Stirring with murmurs sweet the lazy air,
Till lulled below in Goldrill's tranquil stream,
It gladly seemed to lose its mountain care,
And to the distant lake, in pastoral pomp repair.

III.

A little garden left to nature's hand
Just shored the river in its broomy pride,
And many a lovely flower with petal wide
Hung wildly waving o'er the gravelly strand.
No art the path with tortuous neatness led,
But nature here her old dominion swayed ;
She the grey rock with briar and bilberry spread,
She the wild bee in crystal cells delayed,
And with the region kite and twittering halcyon
played.

IV.

No traveller came down Kirkstone's lonely road
Into the bosom of this sweet retreat,
Who did not frequent in his mind repeat
The wish that HARTSIP were his own abode;—
Here sure is peace, and innocence dwells here,
A blest retreat from sorrow and from care,
The world shut out and of its ill no fear,—
Here might an Anchorite his soul prepare,
And life's autumnal eve in blest seclusion wear.

V.

And here did Alwine at the close of life
That wish enjoy,—Alwine, whose arm of might
So oft had triumphed in the dubious fight
When Pict or Pagan Dane maintained the strife;—
Time now had added to his blood-stained page
Twice seven summers of beguiling peace,
Bernicia smiled to see her golden age,
To see fell war and ruthless rapine cease,
And o'er her heathery bosom herds and flocks
increase.