

**EDITH OF  
GRAYSTOCK.  
A POEM**

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Edith of Graystock. A Poem by Eleanor M.

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**ELEANOR M.**

**EDITH OF  
GRAYSTOCK.  
A POEM**



# Edith of Graystock.

A P O E M.

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BY

ELEANOR M.

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LONDON:

HENRY LINDSELL, WIMPOLE STREET.

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487.

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## Edith of Graystock.

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“ The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,  
And oh ! that eye was in itself a soul ! ”

*The Bride of Abydos.*

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### CANTO I.

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#### I.

ULLSWATER ! thy romantic lake,  
With hill and valley clustering round,  
Unites those stirring thoughts to wake,  
Which make thy scene enchanted ground :  
Helvellyn's range above thee towering,  
Lifting its summit to the sky,  
The steepness of its dark sides low'ring  
Over thy quiet, fearfully ;

Thy depths of stilly waters sleeping,  
By their own silent weight oppress'd,  
Thine own hills o'er them sentry keeping,  
As if to guard their shadow'd rest—  
These, and each lowly vale that lieth  
Where'er the breeze most faintly sigheth,  
Each hidden dell, and woodland green,  
Recall the years that once have been.

## II.

It needs not ruin'd tower, nor moat,  
Nor pictured knight, nor warder's note,  
To rouse the spirit free,  
Or stir the pulse that beats and bounds  
And quickly to the tone resounds,  
And soul of chivalry :  
The mountain's stern, unyielding brow,  
Remains, a type of knighthood's vow,  
Upholding still its firm intent,  
Nor e'er by tempest moved or bent ;  
Beneath—the smooth earth's verdant path  
Speaks with the voice of woman's faith ;



The freshness of its spring, unbroken,  
    May never brave the winter's breath,  
Yet of its strength, a mournful token  
    Lies in roots all dark beneath.  
Thus ever do we love to trace  
    In still and speechless things,  
The light, the glory, and the grace,  
    Some memory o'er them flings :  
Shedding our dreams like incense o'er the earth,  
Whose flowers must wither e'er we know their worth.

## III.

Beside that lake of many hills,  
Whose waters greet a thousand rills,  
Near where Gowbarrow lands adjoin  
The wild recess of deep Glencoin,  
    Rose Graystock towers. (†)  
No vestige now remains to tell  
Of hearts that beat, to hearts that swell,  
And musing, on those vallies dwell,  
    And pleasant bowers :  
One hall there is whose steep walls gleam  
Through moonlight's glow or sunny beam,

Which bears the name,  
Tho' not the same  
As that which made mine olden dream.

## IV.

Within the castle's spacious hall,  
Midst banner'd roof and trophied wall,  
    And arch of gothic mould,  
Tired with the chase and noon-tide heat,  
His staunch hounds crouching at his feet,  
For that gorgeous place an owner meet,  
    Sat Graystock's baron bold :  
The broider'd cap, and eagle plume,  
    They could not hide  
    The glance of pride  
That did that eye's swift flash illumine,  
As turned its gaze o'er lake and dell,  
From Place-fell high to Hallen-fell,  
And thro' the lofty window view'd  
That rich and splendid solitude.  
But Lyulph's brow wore less of night,  
And Lyulph's eye a milder light,

Soon as his quick ear caught the sound  
Woke by some footstep's fairy bound,  
The old oak floor all lightly pressing,  
Hastening to meet a father's blessing—  
The only being who could tame  
That nature stern and wild,  
Was she—in loveliness that came,  
The baron's gentle child.

## V.

She was a thing of swan-like grace,  
With thought and feeling rife,  
Whose soul shone o'er her speaking face  
In more than mortal life.  
You might have looked on her—and deem'd  
Some vision'd heaven around her stream'd ;  
Yet when you heard her voice's tone,  
Confess'd that heaven was all her own.  
The dark hair, rich with many a fold,  
Waved o'er her forehead in its flow,  
As some soft cloud had dimly roll'd  
Its shade along the spotless snow.