

**ISABELLA, OR, THE
ROBBERS: A POETICAL
TALE OF THE OLDEN
TIMES: AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649759545

Isabella, or, The robbers: a poetical tale of the olden times: and other poems by William M'Laren

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

WILLIAM M'LAREN

**ISABELLA, OR, THE
ROBBERS: A POETICAL
TALE OF THE OLDEN
TIMES: AND OTHER POEMS**

ISABELLA ;

OR,

THE ROBBERS;

A Poetical Tale of the Olden Times:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM M'LAREN;

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF TANNAHILL," &c.

LONDON:

1828.

THE HISTORY OF THE

18

18

18

18

18

18

18

18

18

18

18

PR
497
17352

ISABELLA ;

OR,
THE ROBBERS.

“ **O** FATHER ! shut not thus your door,
“ Unkindly, on the houseless poor ;
“ No blood-stained angry ruffian I,
“ To bid your wife and children die,
“ But phrenzied sorrow's sickly child,
“ A wanderer 'midst the pathless wild.”

The generous glow of pity pressed
The hermit to receive his guest,
But when the crackling faggots' aid
The virgin bloom of youth displayed,
The anchorite, with averted eyes,
Suspicious, to the maid replies :

“ Unhappy daughter of the gloom,
“ Why seek 'mong alpine snows a tomb ;
“ Has slighted love or cold disdain
“ In phrenzy, fixed thy tortured brain ;
“ Or what untimely withering woe
“ Disturbs thy breast of virgin snow ?”

The mourner turned her weeping eyes
 To where the fount of mercy lies —
 And thanked the saints—and blessed the hour
 That led her to the hermit's bower,
 Unconscious of its holy rest—
 Then thus the wondering sire addressed :—

“ O father! hear a tale that might
 “ Appal the callous ear of night ;
 “ But, shuddering, turn not thus aside—
 “ Not mine the blood this garment dyed,
 “ Nor mine the hand that struck the blow,
 “ And bade the crimson current flow.

“ Where rolls Lochlomond's crystal flood
 “ My murdered father's cottage stood ;
 “ No hoarded wealth was his to lure
 “ The midnight ruffians to the door ;
 “ But I, his all of fortune given,
 “ The relic of a saint in heaven.

“ The g'imm'ring moon-beam's light impress'd
 “ Her shadows on the mountain's breast ;
 “ And all throughout the peaceful gloom
 “ Was tranquil as an infant's tomb,
 “ When louder than the torrent's roar,
 “ The wolves of night assailed our door.

" The unbolted latch resistless driven,
 " Admits the foes of earth and heaven,
 " Who round their ruffian leader crowd,
 " A wretch—who'd spill an infant's blood,
 " And stare upon the mangled corse,
 " Nor dread revenge—nor feel remorse.

" Form'd in creative Nature's wrath,
 " To smile at sacrilege or death,
 " His eyes, with bushy eye-brows bound,
 " Cast a malignant glance around,
 " That heaven, and earth, and hell defied,
 " Then thus deliberately cried :

" ' Father ! we revellers of the night
 " ' Dread nothing but the morning's light ;
 " ' The clock has told the midnight hour,
 " ' The all thou hast is in our power,
 " ' Wilt thou resign thy treasured store,
 " ' Or see the light of heaven no more ?

" ' The cock that bids the peasant rise,
 " ' Seals softly our nocturnal eyes ;
 " ' We minister the will of fate,
 " ' Nor dally in a long debate—
 " ' Dost see this crusted scymitar—
 " 'Tis seldom seen in bloodless war.'

6

“ Whenc'er the ruthless villain spoke,
“ His voice upon the silence broke,
“ So hoarse, discordant, full of dread,
“ That hope and heavenly mercy fled,
“ And bade the victims of his power
“ Anticipate a dreadful hour.

“ We give our all, and hope to prove,
“ By tears and smiles, the miscreant's love ;
“ But what a partial father's fears,
“ Or what a frantic maiden's tears,
“ When lawless rage, without control,
“ Raves madly in the savage soul ?

“ Unawed by heaven—unchecked by power,
“ The ruffians, at the midnight hour,
“ Their eager search for wealth pursue,
“ (For wealth we never wished nor knew,)
“ While imprecations, wild and dread,
“ Are thundered on my father's head.

“ The search is o'er—the table spread—
“ Their thirst allayed—their hunger fed—
“ The generous liquor set apart
“ To cheer the lonely wanderer's heart,
“ The ebbing tide of rage supplied,
“ When thus again their leader cried :

" " Why, father, say no wealth is thine?
 " " This wench is worth Potosi's mine ;
 " " Her lovely eyes, angelic fair,
 " " Might tempt a hermit from his prayer,
 " " And bid him in some merrier mood,
 " " Renounce his beads and solitude.

" " What pity that so sweet a flower,
 " " Should wither in this lonely bower!
 " " Those eyes, though bathed in sorrow's wave,
 " " Might light an exiled robber's cave ;
 " " Come to my arms, my pretty dove,
 " " And feel the warm delights of love.

" " What ! does the colour leave thy cheek—
 " " Thy eye no amorous passion speak ?
 " " A brighter bloom will flush thy face
 " " When locked within my fond embrace :"
 " Then stretched his hands, with murders dyed,
 " And dragged me fainting to his side.

" Repulsive horror o'er me creeps,
 " The life-blood in my bosom sleeps,
 " I feel the chilly hand of death,
 " And struggle for expiring breath,
 " While all that yet of life remains,
 " The ruffian's rude embrace sustains.