

**CAPTIVE VIGILS; A
POEM IN SIX
CANTOS OR VIGILS**

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Captive vigils; a poem in six cantos or vigils by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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POEM IN SIX
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CAPTIVE VIGILS.

A

P O E M

IN SIX CANTOS OR VIGILS.



L O N D O N :

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GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF
HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK;
TO WHOM IN LIFE, WITH SPECIAL PERMISSION,
THIS WORK IN MANUSCRIPT
WAS ORIGINALLY DEDICATED,
BY ONE INDEBTED TO HIS KINDNESS,
AND WHO IS PROUD OF AN OCCASION TO PROVE
THAT HIS SENSE OF OBLIGATION
SURVIVES THE LOSS OF HIS PATRON.
THE AUTHOR.

CAPTIVE VIGILS.

VIGIL FIRST.

Lost to Creation—torn from fellow man,
My day gone down, ere scarce its dawn began ;
Hurl'd from my hopes, and sunk beneath the blow
Of ghastly ruin, and of captive woe :
By faithless friends betray'd, who basely fled
The man who cherish'd, and whose bounty fed,

Of every joy that glads fond hearts bereft,
Poor honor is my sole possession left.

Prone on the abject straw—my wretched bed,
O'er the dank flags of my cold dungeon spread,
Beneath flush'd fever's scorching touch I burn,
And turn from thoughts of anguish—but to turn.
Dread inmate of my couch, a scorpion-nest
Of sad regret infests my harass'd rest ;
With every rustling straw the waking brood
Demand reflection to afford them food,
And as wild thought comes rushing o'er the brain,
Sleep, shrunk aloof, contemplates with disdain
The wasting vigils which I nightly keep,
The sighs that rend me, and the tears I weep ;
While still these watch-worn orbs pervade my cell,
Where silent solitude and darkness dwell,
As if to seek some breast where I might lay
My aching head, and give my sorrows way.

But ah! in vain at friendship's hand I seek
Kind care to win the tear-drop from my cheek,
And to my pillow, lowly—lone and drear,
Must grief unsoothed pour out the secret tear.
Oh, heaven-born Sympathy! whose soothing charms
Dim the best pleasures found in Fortune's arms,
Where'er thy tender hand can kindly stretch
To direst woe, man is not yet a wretch.
Still with thy least faint whisper he can find
A force to rally the dejected mind:
Can brace his energies when wrongs oppress,
And nerve his soul to buffet with distress:
Can face the world with courage or disdain,
Mock at his ills—and triumph in his pain.
But when no bosom echoes to our sighs,
When none a tear-drop gathers from our eyes,
When lonely pangs the secret bosom tear,
No pitying ear to hear, no breast to share,
Then to the full, the heart is doom'd to bleed,
And man deserted—is a wretch indeed!

See feebly dim, my half-expiring lamp
With midnight striving, and unwholesome damp,
Scarce chases stone-blind murk—its sickly ray
Illuming objects with a sombre grey,
Sheds a pale gleam, which indistinctly falls
With darkening shadows on these rugged walls ;
Where through the curtain'd haze mine eyes yet trace
The rat's retreat, the spider's lurking-place ;
While aye the gnawing tooth and ticking sound
Increase the awful dreariness around.
Hewn from their quarry bed, huge granites here
In architecture's grimmest forms appear ;
Piled in dire mass impervious to the light,
Stupendous ramparts of eternal night.
The oak, too, forced from Nature's bounteous end,
Here proves no more tired mortal's shady friend ;
Reft from its kingly station in the wood,
Art shapes its strength to various uses rude ;
While hung on ponderous hinge it bars the way
Which leads from these drear horrors into day.

Wrench'd from the bowels of the Earth's profound,
Here metals wrought to fearful forms abound ;
The bolt, the bar, the rivet, and the chain
Convince the wretch his feeble force is vain,
And add increasing terror to the gloom
Of these dread vaults—misfortune's living tomb.
No costly paintings here adorn the walls,
No festoon'd drapery in profusion falls,
Nor silken ottomans invite repose,
Nor orient carpet with rich colour glows :
Fierce desolation only marks a pile
Where comfort never lighted up a smile,
But wretches, snatch'd from all that earth holds dear,
The nullity of churchyard dust find here,
God ! can I think these naked walls contain
My worldly all ?—I—once so blest—so vain !
Whose soul long gratified in every sense,
Loll'd in the lap of rich magnificence !
Ah me ! how tyrant Misery can reduce
Our wants and luxuries of daily use.