

**THE ORPHAN'S
TRIAL IN
BLANK VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649403608

The orphan's trial in blank verse by George Fisk

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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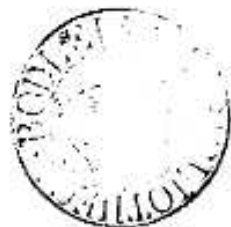
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GEORGE FISK

**THE ORPHAN'S
TRIAL IN
BLANK VERSE**

THE ORPHAN'S TRIAL

A TALE IN BLANK VERSE



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1847

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A TALE IN BLANK VERSE.

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### FIRST PART.

'TWAS summer—and the time was eventide,  
The fond Sun wept to leave this lovely earth;  
And still the mountain's brow was blushing red  
With his last parting kiss. There was one spot,  
A quiet spot, where long the sun-beams lingered :  
For every sweet and gentle sound it breathed,  
The brook's light music, and the murmuring trees,  
The birds' soft warbling, and the sigh of flowers,  
Whispered one word. And on each verdant field,  
Each shady lane, and every sunny bank,  
Each pretty cottage, and each garden sweet,  
On every thing on which the eye might rest,  
One word was written : Home ! Ours is the people,  
Amongst the many nations of the world,  
Best knows the binding spell of that dear name.  
And ours the land wherein such scenes exist,  
So quiet in their cheerful beauty : England !  
Let not the might of the oppressor rend  
From the poor man his share in that loved land.

Oh give to every Englishman his home !  
It is his birthright : his best privilege :  
It is his home that makes him what he is.  
Deprive him of his heart's most cherished blessing,  
Crush in his soul its inborn love of home,  
And you have blasted England's boasted strength.  
No more with firm and dauntless bravery  
Her sons shall bear them in the battle field ;  
No more their noblest foes give way before  
Th' unyielding, fixed resolve to win or die.  
It is the thought of home that nerves their heart  
And gives their arm new strength. The love of home  
That makes them gladly brave a thousand deaths  
To save in purity its hallowed joys.  
Home ! is their watchword in the battle strife :  
The name that thrills on every Briton's heart.  
Almost the only spell that binds alike  
The lowly and the great, and makes them brethren.  
This is it that endears them to their land :  
The love of Home expanded, makes the Patriot.

The peaceful scene that lay in sunset beauty  
Was one which every English heart must love.  
The merry wind went wandering 'mongst the leaves,  
Murmuring melodiously, as if it fain  
Would strive to imitate the birds' sweet song.  
The purple forest with its shadowy depths  
Contrasted with the smooth and verdant grass,  
Rich in the mellowed brilliancy of sunset.  
There at her cottage door the wife is standing,  
Drest all so neatly, yet so prettily,



Watching to give the labourer welcome home.  
There stands the simple village church, its spire  
Pointing to heaven—there the sweet rectory,  
Half hid with climbing shrubs, and there the school.  
There was a sound of childhood's laughter near ;  
And the light springing step of joyous youth.  
And happy little ones, hand joined in hand,  
Were bounding o'er the grass, fresh as themselves,  
Shouting with glee, singing for merriment.  
But one, a little girl, whose large dark eyes,  
Looked downwards with a sadness that was strange  
And pitiful to see, when all around  
Were bright and laughing, stood apart, alone  
With her own thoughts, and they were very sad.  
She was a child with none of childhood's joys ;  
A girl, and no one in this world to love.  
And as her gaze fixed on that happy group  
She felt how different was her lot to theirs.  
Well might they laugh : each had a happy home,  
A tender mother and indulgent sire ;  
And when one day of pleasure had gone past  
They slept but to awaken to new joys.  
Oft had she seen a loving mother's kiss  
Imprinted on the warm cheek of her child ;  
And the vain yearning for an unknown bliss  
Had agonized her heart. She gazed with strange  
And tearful wonder at their boisterous mirth.  
To dance, and laugh, and sing ! and seem so glad !  
While she could weep for grief. The sight but laid  
A heavier weight upon her sinking soul.  
Not many minutes past before the troop

Of happy ones felt something like a cloud  
Come o'er the brightness of their hearts; they knew  
Instinctively that there was sadness near.  
And now the dance was stayed; the laughter hushed;  
And the sweet voices lately joined in song  
Were speaking words of kindness to the mourner.  
And Lucy stood among them, gazing round  
With wistful looks from face to face: poor child,  
Such accents sounded very strange to her.  
"Don't cry," said one, and put her little arms  
Round Lucy's neck, and kissed her trembling lip.  
"You're a new comer," said another, "else  
You would not cry, we're all so happy here.  
We heard that a strange gentleman was come  
To live upon the hill, and you must be  
His little girl: you do not know us yet,  
But dry your tears, and we shall soon be friends."  
One little fairy caught her by the hand:  
"What will you play at? There are many games;  
We'll choose which you like best." Poor Lucy sobbed.  
She knew no game. "What, where you lived before  
Were there no little boys and girls to play?  
Don't you know how to dance, and leap, and sing?  
Had you no playfellows?" "Yes, there was one,  
A little boy, who often watched for me  
Out in the lane, and then we ran away  
And played for hours together in the fields.  
I loved him very much, for he loved me.  
But him they buried in the cold church-yard,  
Where they put all I love." The children round  
Stood motionless; they had no heart to play,

For Lucy's tones were very very sad :  
And, in their young simplicity, they felt  
That grief was sacred. Till a little girl,  
Gentle and fair, stole softly to her side,  
And gazing on her with her meek blue eyes,  
Said very sweetly, " Let me be your friend :  
I have a brother too in the church-yard."  
The simple reason went to Lucy's heart,  
And the two children from that hour were friends.  
" Have you no parents ?" asked the gentle Rose.  
And Lucy hesitated, thought, then said,  
" I had a mother once, I've seen her grave :  
And there was one I called ' Mamma,' and loved,  
Oh, very much ; but she was not my mother.  
Besides, there was papa, who seldom smiled,  
And always spoke as I do when I'm sad :  
And he was kind, but not like dear mamma.  
They are dead now, and nurse, and all I love."

Poor little one ! her tale was very strange,  
And true as sad. Her mother had been young  
And very beautiful, with but one fault :  
She trusted where she loved ; and was deceived.  
She could not suffer scorn, and her heart broke.  
Deserted, spurned, she bowed her head, and died :  
And left her infant to the world's cold pity.  
One only, her old faithful nurse had deigned  
To comfort and assist the fallen one.  
She took the babe ; and to its father told  
The tale of its sad birth ; its mother's death.  
And then, alas, too late ! repentance came,