

**ZERALDA;  
AN EPIC POEM**

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Zeralda; an epic poem by G. Albert Whittle

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**G. ALBERT WHITTLE**

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# ZERALDA

AN EPIC POEM

BY

G. ALBERT WHITTLE

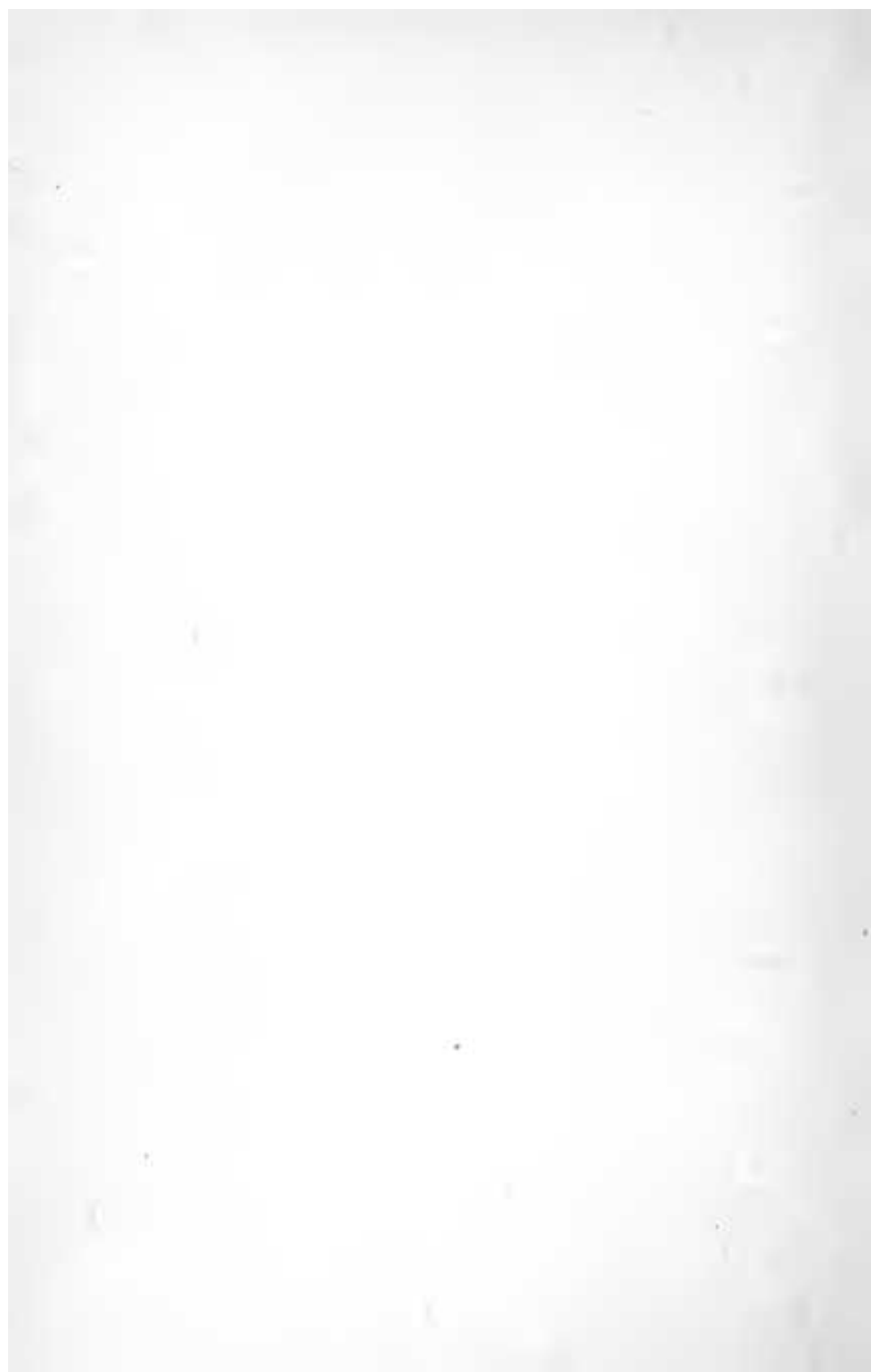
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Come to mine aid, soft spirit of the muse  
And thrill me with a melody of thine,  
Direct my thought, while vestal fires infuse  
A genial warmth ; so may I thus entwine  
Within the circlet of my tuneful theme  
A garland fair, and from the limpid stream  
Let dew pearls sparkle o'er my new call'd flow'rs :  
In tiny rainbow orbs of twinkling show'rs.

942003





# ZERALDA

## CANTO I.

Now bathe the towering hills their lofty  
height,

In tender roseate hues of morning light,  
As through the shaded green her steps  
incline ;

And nigh the arbour, where the fruitful  
vine

In rich effulgence grows.

Across the tufted meadow, moist with  
dew,

A chaséd creature doth the hare pursue ;

With sportive glee in freedom they  
delight ;  
They leap adown the mossy bank, where  
bright  
A shining river flows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stay ! what is that which now diverts  
his gaze,  
Beyond the flowing stream, all in amaze ;  
As through a veil he views a maiden's  
form,  
That, like the Dawn, enrobed in white, as  
borne  
On Zephyrs' breeze appears.

With lightsome tread he hastens down  
the vale,

And scans the waters where the rocks  
prevail :

His need perchance their numbers may  
provide

A link, a chain, a bridge, to span the  
tide :

Why stay for idle fears ?

'Tis even thus ; above the glancing wave,  
Where crags and stones surmount a  
watery grave ;

His feet scarce press the boulders firm  
and round ;

Than, on the nether bank, the yielding  
ground

Receiveth him secure.