

**THE LAY OF THE  
LADY ELLEN, A  
TALE OF 1834**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649544691

The lay of the lady Ellen, A Tale of 1834 by Harry Chester

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**HARRY CHESTER**

**THE LAY OF THE  
LADY ELLEN, A  
TALE OF 1834**



THE  
LAY OF THE LADY ELLEN,

A TALE OF 1824.

BY  
HARRY CHESTER, ESQ.

LONDON:  
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.  
1835.

39.



LONDON :

SPOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

TO

---

THIS LITTLE TRIFLE

Is Dedicated

BY ONE WHO FEELS THAT THERE IS SOMETHING

"IN A NAME,"

WHEN SHE ACCORDS HIM THAT OF

FRIEND.

*August 28, 1835.*

*Alla Giornata.*





THE  
LAY OF THE LADY ELLEN.

---

1.

It is the hour when human woes  
Should find oblivion in repose—  
    When human toil should cease,  
And aching hearts and weary heads  
Should seek their "own delightful beds,  
    And rest awhile in peace.

2.

But what can Lady Ellen know  
Of human toil, or care, or woe?  
    And why should curtained sleep  
Be woo'd to close the laughing eyes  
Of her whose bosom never sighs,  
    Who hath no cause to weep?

## 3.

Who loveth not the silent night,  
So chastely fair, so mildly bright?  
Whose is the heart denies  
To feel in midnight's solemn hour,  
The influence of Almighty power,  
The magic of the skies?

## 4.

But Ellen's heart to pleasure given  
Hath little time to think of Heaven,  
And little she regards  
The silver light which shines so bright,  
The holy calm, the breathing balm,  
So dear to thoughtful bards.

## 5.

In robe of virgin white arrayed  
Her jocund steps awhile are stayed  
Where yonder mirror shows  
A form of symmetry and grace,  
And blends in her reflected face  
The lily and the rose.

6.

I said, her steps are stayed awhile,  
And if upon her lips a smile  
    Of pride and maiden glee  
Salute that mirror'd image bright,  
What wonder that so fair a sight  
    Should thus saluted be ?

7.

Ill nature's self could ne'er detect  
Or fault, or blemish, or defect  
In form so fair, so fairly deck'd—  
What wonder then if Ellen's eye  
Nor fault, nor blemish, can espy ?  
What wonder if she turn aside,  
With feelings of a maiden's pride  
    From that bewitching sight ?  
What wonder if with dancing gait,  
And spirits high and heart elate,  
    She sally forth to-night ?