

**THE WIERD WANDERER OF  
JUTLAND: A  
TRAGEDY; JULIA  
MONTALBAN: A TALE**

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The Wierd Wanderer of Jutland: A Tragedy; Julia Montalban: A Tale by William Herbert

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**WILLIAM HERBERT**

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JUTLAND: A  
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MONTALBAN: A TALE**



THE  
**WIERD WANDERER**  
OF  
*JUTLAND.*

A TRAGEDY.

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**JULIA MONTALBAN.**

A TALE.

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BY

THE HON. AND REV. WILLIAM HERBERT.

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LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1822.

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H416w

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

THE WIERD WANDERER OF JUTLAND, a Tragedy,  
JULIA MONTALBAN,  
PIA DELLA PIETRA, and  
HEDIN, form one Volume.

Place the general Title Page before the TALES.

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*Shortly will be Published,*

THE GUAHIBA, a Tale, which may be added to the above.

THE  
WIERD WANDERER OF JUTLAND.

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B

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

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SWENO.

UBALD.

REYNALD.

KNIGHTS,

*Guests, Messengers, and Attendants.*

BERTHA.

AGNES.

THE WANDERER.

*SCENE in Jutland—SWENO'S Castle and its vicinity.*

*TIME, about 30 hours.*



THE  
WIERD WANDERER  
OF  
JUTLAND.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sweno's Hall; a Banquet.*

SWENO, UBALD, REYNALD, BERTHA, AGNES,  
*Knights, Ladies, and Attendants.*

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SWENO.

SIT, lords, and be the draught of pleasure fill'd  
E'en to the goblet's brink! We bid you welcome.  
And thou, dear lady, whose hand lock'd in mine,  
As on this day, twenty blithe years have witness'd,  
We pledge thee in this brimming cup of love.      5

GUESTS, (*drinking.*)

Health and long life to Sweno and his dame!

BERTHA.

Thanks, gentles, for this courtesy.

SWENO.

My Bertha,

Time has sped well with us. Our lovely hostess  
Wears yet the hue of freshness unalloy'd,  
While her ripe scion, our sweet Agnes, glows 10  
With beauty's blush, like a new beam of morning.  
We lack not aught, wherewith to tax the fates  
As niggards of their gifts, being doubly blest  
In our loved daughter and adopted son.  
Ubal, thy prowess in each listed field 15  
Speaks no mean lineage. As my child I greet thee.

UBALD.

If to revere you as man's noblest type,  
To love you as my worthier self, to prize  
The far-famed honors of your noble house

As things most dear, which from ill chance to shield, 20  
I would encounter danger in such shapes,  
As human daring may but ill assay,  
Be a son's duty, it is freely paid,  
And Ubald still the debtor. Good my lord,  
Your kindness makes me bankrupt of all thanks, 25  
Save the poor service of a faithful arm  
To ward your rights.

SWENO.

And we dare trust it, Ubald,  
Though half our honors hung on the event.  
To-morrow, sirs, it is our mind to hold  
A gorgeous tournament, and, by my knighthood, 30  
Who wins hath leave to be our daughter's suitor.  
Good Reynald, is thy lance as keen and strong,  
As when it tumbled the grim Saracen,  
Horseman and horse, tilting in Palestine?

REYNALD.

Ay, noble Sweno; and a lovelier prize 35