

**THE UNKNOWN OF
THE
PYRENEES; A TALE**

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The unknown of the Pyrenees; a tale by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**THE UNKNOWN OF
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PYRENEES; A TALE**

THE

Unknown of the Pyrenees.

A TALE.

“ Should scorn be cast from maiden's eye,

“ Should friendship fail, or fortune fly

“ Steal with thy harp to lonely brake !”

QUEEN'S WAKE.

SECOND EDITION.

London :

PRINTED FOR THOMAS EARLE,
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LIBRARY, ALBE-
MARLE STREET.

1818.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

MY LORD,

In dedicating the following Poem to your Lordship, I am conscious that no honor can be derived from the Dedication of such a trifle ; I however hope your Lordship will receive it as a proof of the very strong desire I feel to shew my admiration and respect for one whose Divine poetry, for many years (years of affliction) has been the charm to lull my sorrows.

I remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tale is founded on a melancholy fact, extracted from the *Journal de L'Empire* of the 15th January, 1814, a translation of which will be found at the end of the Poem. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was not written with an intention of laying it before the public, as may be sufficiently evident from its perusal—And in now doing so, the author feels the greatest diffidence ; so much so, as to induce him to withhold himself from their view, until he shall feel them disposed to receive him with a smile—And although the motives by which he is at present influenced, are such as might disarm Criticism of its severity.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN forc'd by fate from Erin's shore,

I thought, my muse ! that I to thee
Had bade farewell for evermore,

With all that was so dear to me :—
I thought thy last sweet mournful lay,
On its green vales had died away,
When borne along to Lesbia's ear,
She scorn'd the plaintive notes to hear—
The sweetest sweet on its lov'd breast !
Oh ! who had thought that she possess'd
A heart that could not give a tear ?

Oh! who had thought the boasted flow'r*
Of sultry Persia's vernal hour,
That opens to the glowing day
Of eastern sun, could not repay
With one sweet sigh, the genial ray?—
And who had thought there was a heart,
Even in Erin's constant Isle,
That could with anguish break, to part
From her, who, pityless the while,
Could view the last fond tear-drop with a smile?

How hast thou found me out again?
I thought when from lov'd Erin torn,
That thou at least wert left to mourn:
To miss me upon hill and plain,
When thou would'st sing some wild, wild strain,

* The *Ranunculus*, which, though so beautiful, is without perfume.