

**THE BARON OF
BORROWDALE
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Baron of Borrowdale and Other Poems by Charles Bennett

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CHARLES BENNETT

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AND OTHER POEMS**

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BARON OF BORROWDALE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY CHARLES BENNETT,

Author of "TINTAGEL CASTLE," published by the
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PREFACE.

IN bringing the present unpretending little volume before the Public, the Author deems it necessary to say a few words by way of Apology and Explanation; of Apology, that one so young (for the Poems were written between the ages of 15 and 17) should thus venture to obtrude his early efforts on the attention of a discriminating public;—of Explanation, that several minor pieces having met with kind approval; his Friends are desirous of seeing a larger collection in the form of a Volume. He, therefore craves indulgence for these results of holiday rambles, and recreations from severer studies, and only trusts that the pleasure derived from his own crude efforts may lead *others* to the realisation of the truth of Coleridge's words, "that Poetry is truly its own exceeding great reward, if it but leads to the formation of the habit of seeking to discover the good, and the beautiful, in all that meets and surrounds us."

*Treverbyn Vicarage, near St. Austell,
Cornwall, 1874.*

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THE
BARON OF BORROWDALE.

A BALLAD.

THE Baron dwelt in his Castle gray,
The Baron of Borrowdale,
And he owned the land both far and near,
The hills, and the winding vale.

His beautiful wife long years before
Was laid in the kirkyard green :
But first she bore him a lovely maid,
The fair Lady Emmeline,

The gentle step of whose sylph-like form
Fell as soft as fleecy snow,
Or soft as a summer sunbeam falls
On the silver sea below.

B

Now Lady Emmeline was beloved
By many a knight and true ;
But the *one*, I ween, she loved the best,
Was Sir John, Knight of Buccleugh.

For he loved her more than all the rest
Of the Knights so brave and gay ;
For his was a true and lasting love,
A love that would ne'er decay.

But the Baron hated brave Sir John
With a deep and deadly hate ;
And when he knew of his daughter's love
His anger arose thereat.

And thus he addressed his daughter dear
With furious words, and said :
“ Ne'er speak to Sir John of love again,
“ For ye twain shall never wed.

“ And if this Knight of the North Country
“ Should speak of his love to you,
“ I will follow him the wide world o'er
“ And surely he shall it rue.”

Thus having spake, he hurried away
In a wild and frantic mood,
And wandered on thro' the spacious halls,
And mused in his solitude.

But Emmeline fled to her inmost bow'r,
With her load of grief and woe ;
And there she shed her sorrowful tears,
That none might her sorrow know.

And there she sat, till the summer sun
Was shedding a softer ray,
Before it sank to its soothing sleep
And bade adieu to the day.