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"Glastonbury Tales"

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Bertholdus

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Glastonbury Tales.

~~Legends of Saints &c:~~

As
Chronicled
By
Bertholdus

The British Bard
Under The Shade
of
Holy Thorn

and now edited by
Geoffry Chaucer Junr.

And ~~wreath~~ at her Shrine Monastic; free from Folly,
Strike the soft string beneath her Thorn most Holy.

2

The following is the traditional history of the Holy Thorn at Glastonbury called by the Romans Spina Sacra as-handed down to us by historians. After the Ascension of our Saviour, the Jewish Priests in conjunction with the Scribes and Pharisees raised a persecution at Jerusalem against the Christians and the disciples of Christ were thus dispersed into many nations where they disseminated the principles of eternal salvation. Saint Phillip, as Freculus testifies, (Lib. II C. IV) proceeding into the territory of the Franks there converted and baptized many; & being a most zealous propogater of the Faith, selected twelve of his Disciples of whom Joseph of Arimathea was the chief & dispatched them into Britain where they landed A.D. 63. Arviragus who then wielded the sceptre of Albion gave Joseph a certain Island, called Ynis Avalon; when he having an hawthorn stick in his hand

Butters lives of the Saints
translated into French by
Godescard

Book

The

First.

I

Dank'd with the glistning dew of morn,
Its gems still spangle Holy Thorn;
And deck'd with rose & saffron streak,
Lovely appears Aurora's cheek,
As faint enlivening with its powers:
The shade of Avalonia's Towers:
All hallow'd beacon soaring high,
The fane of god-like sanctity:
When with true inspiration giv'n
The strain harmonious flows to heav'n;
As join'd by all the harmless feathered throng
The Minstrel oft will thus attune his Song.

---

forthwith stuck it into the ground, where in process of time it grew & blossomed on Christmas Day, to the great astonishment of our civilized progenitors. Several Scions of this description now flourish in the Town which continue to bud & blossom in the Depth of Winter.

John de Cancia forty eighth Abbot of Glastonbury died A.D. 1303 and was succeeded by Jeffery Fromont who departed this life in 1322.

Browne Willis's View of Mitred Abbeys.

Glastonbury Tales.

II

Whilome I chanted many a feat,
When clarion war bad chieftains meet;
As glutted Mars with crest of gore,
Abas'd his Spear & cried: No more:
To hinder realms I now display
The soaring wing & wend my way;
Then Religion's visage bland,
Her lilly robes & beck'ning hand,
To her I fly — to her I go,
Bless'd balm of ev'ry ill below;
And ~~neath~~ at her Shrine Monastic; free from folly,
Strike the soft string beneath her Thorn most Holy.

III

O! might I grasp a Seraph's Lyre,
sweep And wake the strings with hand of fire;
Or with a Cherub's voice proclaim
Our Holy Abbots sainted fame;
Then adamant this scroll would be
And truth avouch my minstrelsy:
But woe the while too scant my praise
And far too weak my bardic lays,
So must I sing as I was wont;
Of Jeffrey Good: — sir named Fromont
Within whose bosom all the virtues blend,
The sickman's Counsellor — the poor man's friend

Edward the first surnam'd Longshanks succeeded his father Henry 3d. in 1272. He created his eldest Son Prince of Wales and reduced Scotland by the force of his arms to a state of the most abject subjection; the military fame however of this monarch was tarnished by his cruel conduct towards the great, patriot and experienced Soldier Sir Wm Wallace as well as by his vindictive vow made against Scotland which death however prevented his putting into effect. It was in the retirement of his study that Edward wove for his brows a fadeless crown; the many sterling Laws he enacted are incontrovertable proofs of his profound ability as a Legislator and for which he has so justly drawn upon himself the Honorable appellation of <u>the English Justinian</u>.

IV.

Or standing fore the Altar High,
With soul rapt in the Deity;
Or off'ring comfort at his door,
To sick, or maim'd or famish'd poor;
Or mildly cheering in distress,
Spirit that wou'd its sins confess;
Or when with viands daily stor'd
He joins good bre th'ren at the board;
Virtue arrays his front benign,
And loud proclaims:— No sin is thine;
Thro' snowy locks of age his eye beams mild,
Fromont in ev'ry scene:— Religion's child.

V

Hail holy Abbot:— father hail,
And 'list awhile your Minstrel's tale;
Who oft to heav'n counts o'er the bead,
Repeating Aves & the Creed;
For thee & Albion's King renown'd,
Not more for deeds of valour crown'd,
Than stamp'd by inward worth refin'd,
Bright wisdom's signet on his mind.
Perfection's gem in Edward ~~[illegible]~~ glows
~~On England~~ From high Justinian's precept flows ~~great Justinian's~~

Hail 'nointed Monarch:— Jesu guard thy throne,
May Fromont's days be lengthened with ~~thy~~ thine own.

Glastonbury Tales.

VI.

As in the Choir when Chants prevailed,
Melodious swelling thro' the aisles;
Or touch'd upon the liquid Deep
The silv'ry chord; in echoing sweep
Sound trembling lives; twixt life & death,
The soul of harmony:— a Breath:
Or as the tones from Dulcit note
Of Autumn's bird with cheery throat;
Or song more soul-subduing still
Of Nightingale awakening thrill
In lovers bosoms: — All conjoin'd would be
Of Minstrell's Harp the dying melody.

VII.

From pathos such as this was wont,
Fame by the Bard of Avalon
Whose vivid glance of hazle dye
Proclaim'd the mind's rapidity,
Whose locks unshorn by art gave proof
The Chamberlain was kept aloof
Whose beard & cloak & doublet brown
Neglected sought no fools renown
Tis Zany wears the Mantle trim,
External gewgaw covers him;
But minds of worth contemn the outward guise
Velvet may dazzle, but frieze gain the prize.

Walter Grotes

Glastonbury Tales

VIII

The garish Sun bright sire of day,
Enlivening Nature with his ray,
The pale Moon whose borrow'd light,
With silver glossing ebon night,
And diamond Stars that countless grace
The ~~robe of everlasting~~ culmen of ethereal space.
Not these to man are better known
Than Avalon's Monastic Throne
To Pilgrims who devoutly search',
The spot rever'd by Mother Church.
Wherefore I trow to Glastonbury come,
~~Pilgrims~~ from regions wide of Christendom.

IX

'Tis now the cheerless time & chill,
When curdling ice impedes the rill;
When wafted by the whistling gale
Sleet intermingles with the Hail
Or snow light drifting wide around,
Clothes the last verdure of the ground,
When congellations chrystalline
Like Spires inverted lustrous shine
And brittle flakes on leafless trees
Crackle when war'd by nipping breeze
In troth it is our Avalonia's pride
For all things show the Holy Christmas Tide.

Tom Tom Rehearding Hobson

Miss Nutt

Glastonbury Tales.

X

How is the aspect of each tower,
The Cloister and Saint Mary's bower;
Each Alley of the Garden neat
Where never trod unhallow'd feet
And hear the high hills that command,
Saint Joseph's sacred spot of land
The lofty Tor where torrents pour
And heary too is Aller Moor;
All all is chill — all all is cold,
The outward rugged — hiding gold,
For precious is our Glastonburys store
Sure road to Jesu — Who would crave for more.

XI.

Yet what's the snow clad tower to me,
The Cloister & the leafless tree;
The frowning hill and beetling Torr;
Fell scene of elemental war
The Moor of Aller where to roam
Would give the Pilgrim death's chill bone;
These but encrease my fervent love,
For scenes that point to bliss above
For though now leafless and forlorn
Appears my sainted Holy Thorn
Soon shall it cast aside this sterile gloom,
And hundreds land; its fated hour, to bloom.

XII

Ah! would at wistful Fancy's chime,
I now could saddle hoary Time;
That spurr'd he might outpost the blast;
Hold Reason cries — He runs too fast
Too speedy far for thee poor elf
The first that halts must be thy self
Amen so be it — Yet would I
For Holy Thorn in verity
Count still more grey locks on my brow,
To view the Pilgrims make their vows
While 'neath the Branches of my Thorn adord,
Wildly exuberant my theme was poard.

XIII

Such of Bertholdus was the pray'r
To honour Holy Thorn his care:
To sing the Minstrel to display
His anxious wish for Christmas day
As each revolving year roll'd on
Encreasing fame of Avalon.
The sand now running of Time's glass
Evinc'd th'approach of Jesu's Mass.
And preparations now were made
That Chapels all might be array'd
And Church of Glastonbury shine outright
Of piles monastic, the sublimest sight.

Zunstiens Tonge

Santo Veronica

Glastonbury Tales.

XIV

Ó'er the grand Altar then was plac'd,
Rich purple velvet deep inchas'd
With glossy gold; while stones of price
In centre form'd the Lords device
Since passport hence to man's Creator,
Is Jesus hominum Salvator:
'Twixt Candlesticks of massive gold
Were 'rang'd of Saints the Relics old
Of Holy Cross a vestige rare
A Braid of Magdalena's hair
Saint Swithins leg:— Jude's arm to guard from evil,
And Dunstan's Tongs wherewith he caught the Devil.

XV.

The blessed virgin's Chapel shone,
With gold & many a precious stone;
While framed of polished Silver stood
Her Image fore the Holy Rood:
And here spread out to view I ween
The Saint ~~Lauta~~ Veronica was seen
Whereon impress'd is Jesu's face
Beaming divinity & grace;:
Here is preserv'd the Sponge that bore
Hyssop to scoff Christ's anguish sore
Mingled with vinegar his pangs to mock
Of agony encreasing still the shock.

Agnus Dei -

Patrick
Reid
Grade
Mass

Glastonbury Tales.

XVI

Lo! neat before Saint Joseph's Shrine,
Stood Reliques of our Lord divine;
Whose fame for miracles was spread:
Two Thorns that pierc'd our Saviour's head:
A Nail wherewith the cruel Jews
His precious hand did sore misuse
The Lance that gor'd his Holy side
Whence issu'd forth the crimson tide:
Of seamless robe a portion too:
An Agnus Dei bright to view.
And of the winding sheet a part was there,
Symbol most precious of Saint Joseph's care.

XVII

Of Chapels next must be enroll'd,
With Image deck'd of Virgin gold,
Saint Patrick's; who in heav'n found grace,
For dear Hibernia's generous race:
Here shone the Altar richly 'dight,
Of Cambria's boast:— Saint David bright.
And near his Altar stone I ween
Saint Edmund's Relics rare were seen;
Of Holy Fames full many more
Display'd to view the Blessed store;
While good King Ina's Gifts in choice array
Glitter'd to honour our Redeemer's Day

XVIII

report. page 7 Such holy Gems in order spread,
Show Avalonia's Church the head:
Of Piles monastic that upreare
Their Spires athwart the azure sphere.
And neath its roof so passing rare,
Its sculptured fillagree so fair
Its pillars high & architraves:
Subdu'd by Death in silent graves
Slumber the remnants of the Just
Commingling all with Royal Dust.
Saint, Prince, & Peasant here promiscuous rest
On Requiems wafted to the heavenly ~~bright~~ blest.

XIX

Here ~~rests~~ lays King Arthur chief of Knights
Of Table Round; far famed for fights
Whose heart from conquest nought could sever
And with him too his Queen: Guinever.
Here Coel ~~lies~~ rests the revered Sire,
Of Helen bless'd with Sainted fire,
Coel who grac'd Imperial State
Grandsire of Constantine the Great:
Here slumbers too bereft of sin
Of Saxon Chief Kains: - King Ventwyn:
First Monarch Edmund - Edgar too in State
And Edmund Ironsides - subdu'd by Fate.

Note

Mazures

XX.

Of Druid chiefs that mould'ring lay
Jesu guard Alpher's soul I pray,
And watch Saint George; that warlike man,
The ever dauntless Athelstan.
Saint Edmond bright guard Humphrey's grave,
Duke Elwin too & Stafford save
Nor be bless'd Saints forgot our Peer
The Duke renown'd, of Devonshire:
With whom nine Bishops Masses crave
From jeopardy their souls to save
So may these all with father Abbots rest
And Hymns eternal chant on Jesu's breast.

XXI.

The Bard inspir'd thus times the strain
Of Avalon to land the Fane;
And strikes the Harp's melodious string
The glories of its Church to sing.
And joyous now his bosom beats
As chill December's month he greets
The period when with pride elate
Neath Holy Thorn he sits in state
And in the Great Hall times the song
Enlivening Monks & Pilgrim throng
As from rich Mazures they Methreglin quaff
Greeting the Tide with jest & ~~[illegible]~~ laugh.

+ merry

Glastonbury Tales

XXII

The sun now shorn of half its beams,
Thro' watry cloud emits faint gleams;
Enlivening thus with sickly ray
The transient hours of winters day
Yet though curtaild of brilliant Pow'rs
The gleam on Avolonias Towers,
Displays a Casket rare to view,
In gold inchas'd of virgin hue
To me full dear as wherein the light
Of lusty Summer glows most bright
Thus wintry ray on Glastonbury's Fane
To my rapturd eye nêer shines in vain.

XXIII

The Northern blast with nipping sweep
Yells round the Tor's aspiring steep
While winters sluggard morn awakes
And slow with dubious twilight breaks
Of low'ring night the ebon gloom,
That frowning seems all Natures Tomb.
With frost the mountain pow'dered oer
Displays to sight its aspect hoar
While nothing breaks the gloomy spell
Save Avalonia's matin Bell
That sounds in solemn cadence to the gale
And of Monastic Rites proclaims the Tale.

Note Vis Poupe

Glastonbury Tales

XXIV

'Tis sweet to hear ~~list~~ the full toned note
On pinion of the breezes float
And sweeter still to list the sound
In fainter cadence floating round
But tones that moot the soul enchain
Awakening thrill thro' ev'ry vein
So when vibrations parting sigh
Wafts forth expiring melody
'Tis this proclaims man's heavenly part
The Soul celestial:— feeling heart.
Of earth's frail race the precious gem divine,
Stamp everlasting of his God benign.

XXV

Unclothed and sapless now the trees
Wave straggling branches to the breeze.
For Autumn's hand bright verdure's thief
Of lordly Oak hath culled the leaf
Whose zig zag form of glossy green
Was nurs'd by Summer's breath serene
But now no hues enlivening shine,
Save Ivy's branches that entwine;
The knotty trunk all blanch'd with age
Enshielding thus from wintry rage
The forest Monarch that in such array
Seems like old January ~~nurs~~ nurs'd by May.

XXVI.

Of dingy green the Cypress too
And Death's memorial Church-yard Yew;
Diversify hoar Winter's cheek
As snows descend & winds blow bleak.
And when the naked ~~forest~~ Weold waves
With prickly leaf the Holly braves
The tempest keen with verdant head
And clust'ring berries shining red:
With gluey milk white fruit is seen
The Mistletoe of polished green;
And deck'd with Coral beds the wild Briar sweet
Yielding to ~~the~~ feathered choir luxurious meat.

XXVII

Rock'd on a Spray 'tis sweet to hear,
The Red breast Autumn's chanticleer;
The tamest of the warbling throng
That ~~times~~ to nipping winds the Song.
For as from lowly hovel door
To labour hies the whistling boor
The friendly bird from bush & tree
Hops on to keep him company
And pausing on a bough full soft
He rears his scarlet throat aloft
When joyous carols borne upon the gale
Of Spring revi'd appear to tell the Tale

note

note

note

XXVIII

and 'Tis now when algid blasts loud roar
The kind fast closes cottage door,
And blithsome daies hoar winter's night
As Yull block on the hearth burns bright.
For then agathered round the blaze
They chant the Songs of ancient days
Of fair Cordelia and King Lear
Of Alfred and the neat herds cheer
Whose royal nature was so meek
To bear with ~~pa~~ patience on the cheek
For sav'ry Cake neglecting; housewife's blow
As fird by Mars he carv'd the warlike Bow.

XXIX

'Tis when
~~And~~ the cup of nutbrown Beer
To ~~peasants~~ Woodruffs all gives jovial chear
Mirmindful of the curfew hour
Of Somnus spell they spurn the pow'r
No common thoughts their minds subdue
The ~~jari~~ merry Yull Games all in view.
The fire loud crackles, chesnuts roast
While in the liquid floats the Toast:
The Waits their Carrols chant to please
And Mummers act choice Mysteries
And by my Halidom with lad & lass—
Right chiefly the Christmas Gambols pass.

X Note

XXX

Yet soft my Muse expand thy flight,
For other scenes my Lays invite;
On rapid pennons borne away
From Gallia's Coast I'll time the lay.
There on a cliff exulting stand
To gaze on Albion's sea-girt land,
With soul inspir'd her Cliffs behold,
Pure white enwrapp'd in fiery gold
As Phebus from his em'rald bed
Gilds other realms with radiant head;
Then fir'd with inspiration's kindling glow
I strike the Harp & thus my numbers flow.

XXXI.

Thrice hail proud bulwarks of our Isle
Ye cliffs whereon the frowning pile
of Dover rears its flinty Towers
And o'er the realms of Neptune lowers,
Defiance hurling on the foes
of beamy Liberty's repose.
Whose radiance long our soil hath bless'd
Freedom:- in Britain's arms caress'd
And there secure from all alarms
The braves the world combin'd in arms
For shielded by the untam'd Lion's roar
Her flag shall ever float on Albion's shore.

XXXII

Expanded now methinks I see,
The page of fateful mystery;
Whose truths obscurd from mortal gaze
Like meteors on my senses blaze
And thus reflected as in glass
The deeds of future ages pass:—
And O! ye sons of Gaul beware
Nor rashly Britain's prowess dare,
For tutor'd by my mental ken
I view'd the Lion in his Den.
On wither'd Lillies couchant dank'd with gore
Gaul's pale emblem thus ensanguin'd o'er.

XXXIII.

Peace babbling Muse avert thine eye,
In fate's dread Book no longer pry;
To scenes terrestrial tune the Lyre,
Let mundane themes my Song inspire,
Since earthly Tales are far more fit
Than heav'nly flights for mortal wit:—
Now rocking on the buoyant wave
I view, full many a ~~the comely~~ pinnace lave
Their loosened sails the chill winds seize
That flutter:— as when Autumn's breeze
Tears from the Oak: ~~the~~ our forest's chief renown'd
The foliage sear'd; that trembling ~~sweeps~~ whirls around.

XXXIV

From Calais Gates moves o'er the strand,
With march sedate the Pilgrim band;
All feel for Britain heav'nly glow
Whither to land High Church they go.
'Tis first the vow of sanctity
'Fore Beckets Tomb to bend the knee
Then breath on high the contrite pray'r
In Holy Joseph's Chapel rare
And offrings on the Altar place
To gain in heav'n Eternal grace
At Canterbury's Fane the Pilgrims bow.
But sainted Avalon receives the Vow.

XXXV

The Mariners with boistrous strain
Prepare to stem the briny main;
While in procession slow proceed
The votary's of Religious creed;
Each fraught with virtue's pure intent
The soul on sacred mission bent
And marching on with mien devout
Foremost appear among the route
Monastic brothers simply 'ray'd
And with them many a Holy Maid
Of whose fair Orders some enroll'd shall be
To blazon forth my simple Minstrelsy.

Note

Note

XXXVI

There came from Province of Auvergne
A rev'rend man of visage stern
From Grammont's Order of Muret,
Whose soul on pious deeds was set.
Mindful of a Courtly school.
He follow'd Stephen's rigid Rule
And in his pray'rs was ever wont,
Thrice dér to land the famed Grammont,
For garb upon his back he bore
A Tunick harsh that prick'd him sore
While cov'ring same from shoulders dér his vest
In thick & coarsest cloth his form was drest.

XXXVII.

Of Bruno's Order next was seen
Carthusian Monk with solemn mien
His tongue was ever scant of speech
And ~~But~~ rigid were the Rules he'd teach
No worldly tenets cov'd infuse
Distaste for Deserts of Chartreuse
Where cloath'd in robes of purest die
His soul pants for eternity
While outward Cloak of Sable shows
The Chapter of Man's mundane woes,
To honour Holy Thorn: — Saint Joseph's Rod
Thus from Grenoble comes this man of God.

XXXVIII

In prime of life appears to sight,
On war Horse prancing; gallant Knight,
Of Christian souls the pride Queen
Whose feats Jerusalem hath seen:
Ver Suit of linked Mail to view
Hangs Cassock of the Raven hue
Wherein a milk-white Cross is plac'd
On side sinister; – round which trac'd
Its semblance of eight Spikes to prove
He vows to show all Pilgrims love
With sword defending them 'gainst wars alarms
As cruel Paynims show their hostile arms.

XXXIX.

With visage bland & void of sin,
~~[illegible]~~ Proceeds a father Celestin;
A Tonsure neat his head adorns,
Just emblem of our Saviour's Thorns.
With beads in hand he wends his way
In woollen Cassock white array:
Of ebon colour ver his gown,
The Scapulary hangs adown
While shrouding Cowl & ample Hood
Bears this Disciple of the Rood,
Whose tranquil spirit on hereafter set
Waits patient here till Death pays Nature's Debt.

XL

From Citeaux's solitude ~~Lauren~~ appears,
A Monk bow'd down by weight of years,
Of sacred Cistercian Order the
And Bernardine Fraternity:
His Cassock white as fleecy ~~s~~ snow
Shines symbol of Religious glow
With narrow Patience hanging neat
Or Scapulary to the feet:
And Pilgrimage performing now
At Holy Thorn to proffer vow
Enwrapped in sable gown & sleeves full long
Our Monk thus journeys with the pious throng.

XLI

Subservient to Saint Austin's Rule,
And nurtur'd in a rigid School
Comes one of the Fraternity
Call'd Order of Saint Anthony:—
Of Premontre with stately Grace
Proceeds a rev'rend son of Grace,
At whose side walks a Gilbertine
And next a Father Mathurine
Whose garb as ~~white as~~ purple as vanity ~~snow~~ flakes
~~Encases our~~ The varied glow, more vivid makes
Of Holy Cross that on his Bosom spread
Azure one half displays — the other Red.

XLII

With martial mien & stature high
A Templar Knight now greets mine eye
His snorting steed with housings rare,
Seems proud his Riders form to bear,
Who ös'r the Akelon now shows
White adventaile; & red as rose;
A sacred Cross thereon impress'd
Proclaims him friend of soul distress'd
Who daring scas & scorning toil
Repairs to Judá's sacred soil
And 'fore the Sepulchre of Jesu bows
While off'ring to the Lord his contrite vows.

XLIII

Next in succession moving slow
Inspir'd with bless'd Religion's glow
A Nun Hospitaler proceeds
Bound to perform all pious deeds;
Whose soul néer owné of sin the taint
From Sisterhood of John the Saint
Of fair Jerusalem: — And now
Bound at Fontevrault to her vow,
A Nun appears with visage bland
And Monk obeying her command;
In veil of snowy hue she greets the eye
While ös'r him hangs a garb of Raven die.

XLIII

With look demure & poly cheek,
Moves on a pious Sister meek;
Her mind on Rules of Katharine bent
And she on Dominick intent:
In Black beside her comes array'd
With Rosary a pious maid
Of Cassiah's Order fair to sight
And next a Benedictine Elight
alike in sable who nought heeds
Of earthly joys but counts her beads
And then in milk white Cloak a Nun behold
Under the pious Bishop's Rule enroll'd.

XLIV

These with full many more proceed
To register Religion's creed
Whose garb evinces ~~them~~ each to be
No Sect of Church — but Laity:
And now embark'd the yielding Sails
Are kiss'd by bleak but favoring gales
While o'er the restless greeny plain
The vessels ~~and~~ onward ride amain:
And as Gaul's Cliffs assume to view
A filmy & etherial hue
More prominently Albion's bulwarks rise
Her white rocks tow'ring to the azure skies.

XLVI

From Gaul on mental wings I roam,
Bright fancy pointing to my home;
And joyous greet on Albion's soil
The votries of Monastic toil
Who veil'd in pure Religion's lore
With pious minds seek Britain's shore
To breath at Avalon the prayer,
Whose pile records that aera rare
When Arviragus England's King
Bade bright Religion spread her wing
And sacred Faith disseminate full wide
Thus Avalonia ranks the Christians pride.

XLVII

Each pinnace moor'd in safety rocks,
Secure from elemental shocks;
While ev'ry Pilgrim bends his eye,
On Dover's steep acclivity;
Whose beetling brow that nobly peers,
The Castellated fabric rears;
A Crest well worthy Britain's Shield
Emblazon'd with a verdant Field,
Tow'ring above the emerald waves
Of Fate the direful storm she braves
While Lions rampant with nice scant wan
Support true Freedom and enshield the shore.

XLVIII

Expectant on the yellow strand,
Appears to greet the holy band;
A Throng impress'd with pious glow
Whose blessings on the Pilgrims flow:
And welcomed thus from beach anon,
The cavalcade advances on;
Receiving oft the kind behests
From Souls that court such godly guests;
And covet much to hear proclaimed
The Legends of the Father's fam'd;
Where Saintly Miracles throughout prevail
The sacred source of each Monastic Tale.

XL~~VIII~~IX +

Befriended thus Religion's train
Neer seeks our Albion's coast in vain;
No churlish spirit keeps aloof
The Stranger — for beneath each roof
Upon the hearth the blazing fire
With viands satisfies — desire;
And thus contentment crowns the day
Made cheery by the Tale & Lay:
And when on pallet lull'd to rest;
Each soul by heav'nly impulse bless'd
Pictures the Sun soon gilding Nature's page
To Dawn upon its Holy Pilgrimage.

L. ~~III~~

Now morn steals gently from her bed,
And veil'd in mist upreais her head
Throws loosely wide her saffron hair
And scents with balm the ambient air
Then to the breeze all blushing meek
Presents her rosy dimpled cheek:
Now next of alabaster hue
Appears her spotless neck in view
And then her bosom's charms unfold
Bright gems enchas'd in glitt'ring gold
And mounting thus she shows her lustrous charms
Till Sol receives her in his burning arms.

L. ~~III~~ I

From couch of rest the Pilgrims rise,
And orisons waft to the skies
Then clad in the monastic suit
Prepare to take the welcome route:
The Monks in sober costume dight
To pray'r the sons of earth invite:
The Nuns array'd in lilly guise
Lure mundane dames to blissful skies
While cas'd in glitt'ring Coats of Mail
The Knights of Holy Church never fail
Of fierce Valour to maintain the worth
Hailing Religion's Champions:—Lords of Earth—

LII

On Band thus warn'd by matin ray
Anon proceeds upon its way
And ere day's burning orb hath told
The hour of evening yet unroll'd
Like filmy shade of greyish hue
Breaks the Cathedral on the view
Of Canterbury fam'd full wide
The boast of Kent & Britain's pride.
Thither proceeds the pilgrim train
Each soul attun'd to pious strain
And as the fabric magnifies to sight
Devotion kindles rapturous delight.

LIII

Approaching now the lofty wall
Aloud resounds the Sentry's call;
Who watchful guards the portal's tower
As pacing slow his destin'd hour.
The weary Warder at his post
Thro' loop-hole kens the pilgrim host
Which now arriv'd at City gate
Ocr pendant Drawbridge passes straight.
With sound discordant upwards moves
The barb'd portcullis through the grooves
While neath the arch proceeds the cavalcade
Religion's mandate with respect obey'd.

LIV

Straight for Cathed'ral Church they hie
To land the bless'd Divinity;
And pass the portal; as around
The evening Vespers sweetly sound,
Then prostrate at the Altar Shrine
Their bodies all to earth incline
While pendant from the wrist pardie
Appears the comely Rosary
Whose many Beads in turn told o'er
Ensures on High the lasting store
A fadeless Crown by Seraphs worn above
Type everlasting of Celestial Love.

LV

From off'ring praises at the fane
Of high Omnipotence — whose reign
as Space unbounded, shall cease never
But last for ever and for ever:
The Pilgrims all forthwith repair
At Becket's Shrine to breath the pray'r
Whose Zeal no Kingly pow'r could taint
Through life devout — In death a Saint
Thus Thomas fam'd for Kingdom Come
Suffer'd a glorious Martyrdom
While Royal Henry by compunction driv'n
Receiv'd the Scourge to seal his peace with heav'n.

57
12
114
57
684

LVI

To Becket's praise each Pilgrim bows.
Recounts his Beads & breathes his vows.
Then on the Shrine his off'ring lays
And lights the Taper to his praise
Thus Pilgrims free from sinful leaven
address their vows to Saints in heav'n
Then leave the Fane of Sanctity
For welcome of an Hosterie
Where safe arriv'd, mine Host appears
Whose form denotes him strick'n in years
While Visage rubicond & sparkling eyes
Denote how oft he'd won the toper's prize.

LVII

The Board now spread with wholesome fare,
The Pilgrims all for Meal prepare;
The sav'ry Goose & Capon fine
The Turkey & the luscious Chine,
With Joints all smoking greet the sight
For Supper sharp'ning; appetite:
The Nut Brown Ale from leathern Jack
Some quaff — & others sugar'd Sack
While Rhenish pour'd from flagon wide
In Cup displays the sparkling tide
Whereof partaking each with sober jest
And quiet Spirit lies to tranquil Rest.

LVIII

Scarce had the Cock with clarion strain,
Arous'd the woodroofs of the plain
And scarce the feath'ry world choir
With chirpings greet days lustrous fire
Ere to the Hostrie's wide court
Of Pilgrims many more resort
A motly train from far & near
Of Laymen: — while full many a fere
Eve's daughter: brightens still the crew
The Maiden, wife & widow too
And in this train that seeks Religion's race
The rich & eke the poor alike find place.

LIX.

From Adelmorn of good estate,
To Servitor that guards his Gate;
And eke from dames of high degree
To such as study Housewifry
Appear in holy March engaging
Eager to go & Pilgrimaging.
Thus pious souls in good array
Are well prepar'd to wend their way
And travel many a tedious mile
Tow'rd Avalonia's sainted pile
Each glowing soul enjoying peaceful mood
Its solace Jesu & his Holy-Rood.

LX

From couch of sleep anon descends
The pilgrim & salutes his friends
For though estrang'd to one another
In pious deeds each man's a brother
Thus all set forth from hostelrie
Linked ~~as if~~ in ~~of~~ grand one fraternity
While at the door uncover'd stands
My jolly host:— who rubbing hands
And smiling; shows the mind content
For Crowns receiv'd by pilgrims spent
And as the troop files off in show so fair,
He signs himself and offers up a prayer.

LXI.

Now passes slow thro' City gate
The cavalcade in comely state
As warden from a loop hole high
Of turret bends th'enquiring eye.
To Guard below then sings amain
"Friends all:"— let go the draw bridge chain!
Straight o'er the plat form steeds rebound
While far is heard the clatt'ring sound
As voices oft the Sentry hail
In bassinetum & Coat of Mail
And thus advancing; freed from walls ere long
O'er champain land proceeds the motly throng.

LXII

Thus many a day from matin light
The Pilgrims journey on till nights
Full many an Hostelrie they greets
Partaking oftee freshing meats
And by fatigue to slumbers led
Ai many a pallet rest the head
Till lo! the blushing morn ari's in
With ruddy streaks illumin's hear'n
And usher's in the wish'd for day
When Pilgrims with exulting Lay
From travel ease'd salute that golden morn
Which lights their footsteps to the Holy Thorn.

LXIII.

From brow of hill the Pilgrims gaze
on Avalon in rapt, amaze
The lofty walls; the turrets fair
The Spires that pierce the realms of air
The spacious gardens that surround
Saint Josephs sacred spot of ground
all break at once upon the sight
Enkindling rev'rence and delight
Inspird the pious pilgrims kneel
On front impressing Jesu's Seal
the holy Rood — while counting Beads the prayr
Wafted on high finds sanctuary there

LXIII

Devotion ended to the Lord
Our pious troop with one accord,
Proceeds for Glastonbury's pile
On Avalonia's fruitful Isle
For apples fam'd: — as ancients note
While streams of crystal others quote
The cause of Glastonbury's name
And pristine source of all its fame
But whether fruits or streams like glass
Made Avalon all Isles surpass
To Britains sons it must for ever remain
Bless'd: — as the spring of pure salvation's reign

LXV.

Gerjoy'd now moves along the band
To gain at length the fertile land
And straight for Glastonbury's town
Proceeds the sloping hill adown:
Thus slow advancing o'er the glade
Appears the ~~comely~~ comely cavalcade
While Townsfolk forward press to meet
The retinue: — and courteous greet
of mother Church each rev'rend son
And eke the laymen ev'ry one
Escorted thus they march in goodly pride
And gain the Monasteries portal wide.

LXVI.

When Arthur ruled bright Sun of Fame,
To honour Avalonia's name;
The Arms emblazoned on his Shield
He bade the holy Abbot wield:
"Vert a Cross argent; botonnée,
On Dexter side in bright array,
Our Lady shines the Christian's charm
With infant Jesu on her arm,
While hand Sinister to the sight
Upholds the golden sceptre bright;
And such the blazonry in sculptured state
That now adorns the Monastery's Gate.

LXVII

This noble shield ~~in time~~ so curious wrought,
In ev'ry breast awakens thought;
For Christian souls can nev'r forget,
Those feats which Sale & Bragaret
Still chronicle to land the tale
Of him that erst sway'd Albion's soil.
That martial Prince whose saintly glow
Enroll'd him ev'ry Pagnim's foe
Whose valour for the Holy Rood
Dank'd many a field with tides of blood
Those Lance at Jousts with victory was crown'd
So fam'd great Arthur of the Table Round.

69
12
138
69
828

LXVIII

The mild effulgent gleam of Spring
Bids Hope its budding honours bring;
The lusty Summer's parching rays,
In ripening splendor lustrous blaze;
While Autumn's Sun, though partly left
Of glory; strives to hide the theft
~~and~~ And crown'd with dusky yellow hue
~~presenting~~ Presents exhausted life to view
Yet Spring & Summer's glow combined
With Autumn's beauties — ~~yet~~ still my mind
Greets wintry radiance, designing to bestow
On sickly Nature's lap the healthful glow

LXIX

As pleasing vision in a dream,
So Sol presents his wintry beam
Enlivening Pilgrims rich & poor
That wait to pass the Convent's door.
From lofty portal's sonorous bell
How far resounds the echo'ing knell
When warn'd by summons; joyously
A kind Lay-Brother turns the key:
This Entrance alway ope to bless
The houseless wand'rer in distress
Now 'neath its arch receives the Pilgrim horde
Each breathing inward praises to the Lord.

65
12
138
65
750

LXX.

The Nuns conduct the pious train,
To contemplate Saint Joseph's fane;
Each Chapel hears in turn the vow
Their forms before the Altars bow;
and gain'd at length the Bema's space
They sign the Cross & pray for grace
Forthwith their steps from thence incline
For Sacristy; to view each Shrine
In gold enchas'd with gems beset
'Gainst ev'ry sin an Amulet
And rapt in wonder for Almaria then
Anon they hie — where Science holds her Ken.

LXXI

From scenes that in succession rise,
The soul transporting to the skies;
Though lofty Corridors they glide
Capacious halls & chambers wide
Then passing forth from Convent; see
The Holy Thorn — Saint Josephs Tree
Whose boughs tho' now of buddings bare
Shall soon display its blossoms rare.
From sainted pile they ~~now~~ next advance
and raise on high the steadfast glance
To contemplate that steep whence streams proceed
By records fam'd for many a blessed deed

LXXII

Ascending slow the rising ground,
of Mountain Tor; that scowls around
whose spiral beacon stands to be
A land mark for the sons of Sea
Behold the cell and limpid flood
Yclepp'd the Saviour's precious blood
Whose draught repeated sev'n times dés
On Sabbath day; will straight restore
From sickness dire & cruel pain
The Christian soul – to health again.
Such the miraculous & healing spell
Found at the Holy Blood or Chalice well.

LXXIII

'Twas hither after battle's heat.
When Albion's foes had met defeat
Prince Arthur wounded deadly sore
Two gallant Chiefs the hero bore
To Chalice-Well save which no power
Could snatch him from Death's icy bower.
His faithful Knight of Holy Rood
His wounds were heal'd by Jesu's blood
And Avalonia thus can boast
In Arthur sav'd, the Christians host
Then prais'd for ever be the sainted Spring
Whose power transcendant sav'd our Albion's King

Glastonbury Tales.

LXXIV

From wonders thus intrancing sense,
And Shrines 'ray'd in magnificence;
From Chapels:— fane Religious throne
And altars bless'd with many a Bone
Of Martyr'd Saint: — our Company
Is led forth to Refectory
Where viands rang'd upon the Board
Unto our Saintly troop afford
The ample meal; - since naught was 'scant,
Of Nature to supply each want
And from repast to Dormitory led
On pallet every one reclines the head.

LXXV

Thus roll the fleeting hours away
Each anxious waiting for the Day
Whose curfew-tide the crown shall weave
Of lilly-dye when Christmas eve
On Holy Thorn shows blossoms pale
In spite of Winter's nipping gale:
And as the transient minutes glide
Full many a troop from far & wide
This sight miraculous invites
And in one pious ~~bo~~ band unites
At Avalonias Town each zealous train
Landing with one accord Saint Josephus reign.

LXXVI

Thus numbers flocked from West & East
To honour the Redeemer's Feast;
From North & South the pious flow
Inspired by Christi Missa's glow
Till Monastrie's ample space
No longer yields to pilgrims place:
Then fill'd is every Hostrie
With many a goodly Company
While portal of each Tonsuman too
Gives welcome to Religion's crew
From grateful hearts loud praises thus resound
For Paradise to all; now reigns around.

LXXVII

The Bard is mute: the last tone flies;
His hand is still: the cadence dies;
With mien upraised, & locks wild flowing
With piercing eye, & bosom glowing
He seems unwrapp'd in trance sublime
And fain would breath celestial rhyme;
But mind; bids language toil in vain
No phrase can picture frenzy's strain:
The Minstrel strikes his front with grief
Then grasps the Lyre to seek relief:
The chord resounds:— farewell to melancholy
The day is come: — shall prove his Thorn most Holy

Book 1st

77 Stanzas
12
154
77
924
4 Cantos suppose
3696 Lines

39 Pages of Poetry & each
156 Pages of Poetry independant of Notes.

Book
The
Second

I

Night ebon night ov'r half the world,
Her murky mantle still unfeld;
Nor had the Dawnings first faint light
In robes of grey the East bedight:
The Bird of morn was silent still
Whose chaunt from Dale salutes the hill:
The dog yet couchant lay oppress'd
Subdu'd by sweet tho' watchful rest:
And mute the songsters of the wood:
All hush'd save him who stain'd with blood
An outlaw roves on wild or on the Moor
By guilt pursu'd & shunning ev'ry door.

Glastonbury Tales

II.

So on the Heath the blasted oak
With moss-bound limbs & branches broke;
Stands beacon of the tempest's ire,
The thunder's bolt – & lightning's fire
While hearse of some ~~tale~~ dead of note
~~The sooty Raven's jetty throat~~
The sooty Raven's, glossy throat
By night proclaims his tale of sin
O'er carrion croaking – horrid din:
While conscience in the ruffian's heart
Implanting deep the barbed dart
Aghast! his eye balls rowl: – he ~~stops~~ halts to hear;
Quick bends him wings – he flies the wretch of fear.

III

Such oily court night's murd'rous hour,
In search of Dens or gloomy Bower;
For Peace or Virtue never found,
Rest with soft sleep her eye-lid crowns:
Yet Genius led by heav'nly light
Dares all the mystic spells of night,
And void of sin gives mind the rein
Though Hecate sways creations plain;
Such Avalon thy minstrel proves
Who glowing with the theme he loves;
O'er rest unmindful wails ~~the~~ for, mutin rays
To shed on Holy Thorn their fav'ring blaze

IV

The watchful Minstrel, 'neath his tree,
Awaits the hour for Minstrelsy;
The morn awakes: — the grey light peeps,
With dapple fringing eastern steeps:
He tunes the Harp — he strikes the chord,
And hailing morn, salutes the Lord.
Slow in succession, gradual rise
The beamy tints that gild the skies
Till wide cerulean colour reigns,
And gold emblazons ether plains;
The Carol sounds — farewell each Pilgrim's dream
Cer joy'd he quits the ing; and greets the beam.

V

'Twas grand to view on spacious plane,
Encircling Thorn — the Monkish train;
With rev'rend Abbot in the van,
Tonsured on earth more Saint than Man.
Beside him stand in martial line
Champions of Holy Palestine
Jerusalem and Malta's Knights,
With glory crowned from Paynim fights:
In varied costume next we see
Bound to a life of sanctity;
Of sundry Orders Monks: — Religious Sons,
And with them Sisters maint: — Chaste veiled Nun

VI

In crowds to fill the ample space,
Lay Pilgrims next the circle grace;
From Squire in Chain of red red gold,
Array'd in velvets costly fold
Whose well lined Purse in Baldrick shows
He never felt the pauper's woes.
Eev'n to the lowest hind was seen,
In Jerkin grey – of woolen mean:
The towns folk then both high & low,
Adorn the ring – a comely show
And lastly jogelours from cunning's school,
With Mummers, Bards & eke the Abbot's Fool

VII

In wintry pride Apollo shone,
Engirdling earth with golden zone;
As if to honour Minstrel's Lay,
And hail the Eve of Christmas day.
Bertholdus now with inwrapp'd mind
Gives sounding prelude to the wind;
This signal heard ~~the~~ ~~too~~ they Bands prepare
To waft the Hymn through realms of air
While sprigs each hand waves in the breeze
Of Ivy, Holly, Myrtle Trees;
The Chord resounds; the Bard 'neath Holy Thorn
Throned in proud state – thus Carols to the Morn

Glastonbury Tales.

Carol

of

Glastonbury Thorn

Hail!
~~Th~~ glorious Sun; heav'n's beaming eye,
In splendor darting thro' the sky,
To honour thus thy Deity.
Hail! brilliant orbit hail!
This morn foretunes the sacred day,
That freed from sin the sons of clay
And pointed out Redemption's ray
Hail! blissful epoch; Hail!

The Godhead touch'd at mundane woe,
Fled realms of bright empyreal glow,
To share the pains of man below;
And bleeding, tortur'd, yield his breath:

In poverty chaste Mary gave,
To earth ~~that~~ thy Star that gilds the grave,
Since man no longer ranks the slave
Of Satan, Sin & Death:

Therefore thy mother bend the knee,
And Jesu's-heav'n's Divinity,
The Holy Ghost and Trinity,
Beyond weak mortal's ken:
To Mary chaffnt — in regions bright:
To blessed Martyrs; Hymns unite;
And be Saint Joseph, fore your sight,
Now, and for aye! — Amen!

Angels finite man befriending,
Seraphs on the Lord attending,
Waft the song of praise above,
To the Throne of boundless love:
To bright ~~culmen~~, whence the Lord
Issues his omniscient word
Lights on high each blazing gem
Studding heaven's blue diadem

Rules from Atom; boundless space;
Only source of Life & Grace,
~~Thus~~ All that is – owns one control,
~~Great~~ God the Universal Soul:
Cherubs bright impart the strain,
Sung on Avalon's plain,
Heav'n in grace ~~receive~~ accepts the pray'r
And takes each vot'ry to its care.

VIII

In revel mirth the day glides on,
To honour Judas's spotless Son;
The Convents portal open stands
To welcome in; the joyous bands:
The tables stores of viands grace
And flaggons filled with wine to chace
From sorrow's brow the stamp of care
Implanting smiles of Morning there:
The Jogelours display their arts
~~While~~ As ~~the~~ Mummers too enact their parts
And ehe by Minstrells, Bragaucts are sung
While Jests flow freely from the Fool's glib tongue.

IX

Amidst this scene of festive mirth,
To hail these jocund sons of earth
The Bells of Convent – verily
Send forth a peal right merrily:
The chime to joy still adds a store
Enhancing pleasures oer & oer;
It wafts the tidings far & wide
That Holy Glastonbury's pride
The Sacra Spina: gins to throw
Its buddings forth & blossoms show
In wild confusion all rush forth to see
The bloom miraculous of Joseph's tree.

X.

The concourse gains the spot renown'd,
With buddings Hawthorn boughs are crown'd;
The reign of withering winter's past,
A miracle controls the blast
An Angel shields the Holy Rod,
Revere'd on earth & lov'd of God:
Bertholdus now inspir'd, gives swing
To fancy fire; & strikes the string
Incessant shouts the air assail
A thousand tongues proclaim this tale
Let Christian souls adore with one accord,
And bless the sacred Tree of Christ the Lord.

XI

Ah! could the Druids but have seen,
These buddings of my Hawthorn green;
Then all had left the Oak forlorn
To bend before my blooming Thorn;
Forgot their Rites, abandon'd Thor
And chanted Hymns round cloud-capt Tor
One milk white blossom now I'll bear
To be our heav'nly Mother's care
A second Joseph shall be thine,
And rest upon the Altar Shrine
This snowy flower by Jesu will be blest'd
Sprung from his rod, who gave Christ's body rest.

XII

So sang the Bard who bowing lowly
Then made the sign of Cross most holy
And cull'd with reverential care
Two branches from the Hawthorn rare
Thrice round the tree in grand parade
He walks, while slow the cavalcade
Behind him marches; showing fair.
~~Thus~~ When all to Convent's Church repair:
On Altar's step the Abbot stands
To take the off'ring from his hands
While Pilgrims prostrate; chant Saint Josephs Song
Whose cadence echos sweet — the Aisles along.

XIII

From Eve till night Mirth holds the rein
The guardian Angel of the train:
Next morn commences solemn Mass
with ~~in~~ pomp, no grandeur can surpass
In Church & Chapels tapers gleam
That vie with Day's resplendant beam;
On Altars gems unnumberd shine
To honour Jesu's feast Divine
While vessels rare — of worth untold,
Show polish'd silver — glitt'ring gold:
In blaze of splendor thus Christ's Mass is sung
Filling with zeal the old — with awe the young.

XIV

Now Service ended from that hour,
Festivity holds sov'reign power;
Since twenty days are now assigned
To offer solace to the mind.
To ~~be~~ chary of the sanction'd treasure,
On ev'ry brow sits dimpled pleasure;
Age cloaths its furrows with a smile;
While youth estrang'd to mundane guile
With fev'rish current in the vein,
Paints ev'ry pleasure to attain;
Thus sex and age with one accord agree
Welcome glad Yule Tide — Welcome Jollity.

XV

From morning's meal till midday hour
The Mummers all exert their power
With Tapistry hung in spacious Hall
They first enact our Parents fall
And in due progress dayly tell
Whatever to Abra'am's race befell:
Five mornings past – They next begin
The life of Christ who vanquished Sin;
And having shown the Lords perfection
Tenth Day pourtrays the Resurrection
Hells pains and Purgatory then are seen
Till fifteenth morn concludes the ~~lamentable~~ fearful Scene.

XVI

Now ~~Lastly~~ ~~Faithfully~~ is told what heavenly Love,
Attends the Righteous Soul above,
And thus four Mysteries conclude
In Honour of the Saviour's Rood.
The scenes by cunning Clerk are told
In choicest poesy enrolled;
Thus Mummers merit applause ensure
From Noble, Yeoman and Boor;
The Dinner o'er, his roily ways
Each flippant Jogeloui displays
While pastime ever and anon to make
The Minstrells ditties on the Senses break.

XVII

Ere Curfew hour the Convent's board,
With Supper's smoking meal is stord;
There flesh & fowl substantial cheer
With seasond pasties – rich appear
While choicer dainties too invite
The guest of slender appetite.
At foremost Board in Honors Seat,
The goodly Abbot Lords the treat,
With whom the Pilgrims of renown
In comely order sit adown
And with them Glastonburys Elders too
Fathers appearing rev'rend to the view.

XVIII

The younger Monks spread far & wide
At sundry Tables too preside
Where Pilgrims maint are rang'd also
And guests invited many two.
So each man seated in his place
The pious Fromont utters Grace.
When prompted straight by hunger's call
The Knives & forks go one and all:
~~Now~~ The Meal concluded – pray'r is said
When to enliven heart and head,
Of precious metals Bowls & Mazers shine
Stord to the brim with generous sparkling wine.

XIX

A health to all good Fromont cries,
From benches guests forthwith arise,
And raising cups with one accord
Commend good Abbot to the Lord.
When boisterous cheers anon are giv'n
That seem to pierce the vault of heav'n;
Lo! Fromont speaks — respect profound
Enchains the lips of all around
For pastime & to please the throng
He claims the Pilgrims Tale or Song
Attention quick enchains the goodly Band
The abbot pledging Knight of Holy Land.

XX

Such Pageants Mirth & Feasts hold sway
Till glorious Sols resplendent ray
In Ocean sinking from the sight
Completes at length the twentieth Night:
Bertholdus chief of Minstrel Band
Bright Bard of Avalonias Land
Of Pilgrim notes each theme or strain
With feeling fraught & mirthful vein
That ages yet unborn may glory
In Glastonbury's Song and Story
Where fore Jerusalem's brave Knight Ithail
Who bows his head & thus begins his Tale

Glastonbury Tales

The Knight of Jerusalem's Tale

The clangor was heard — 'twas the din of defeat,
The Christians fore Saladin sounded retreat,
When low in the dust lay Sir Inglebert brave
His steed stiff beside him & ~~gory~~ crimson said his glare
That still own'd the grasp of that iron clad hand
For prowess far fam'd thro' Jerusalem's land,
But fate seem'd at length to have chill'd valour's heart
And launch'd at Sir Inglebert deaths icy dart.

His basnetum broken presented to view,
A visage still handsome tho' rob'd in pale hue;
'Twas a countenance manly, where honor shone bright
The mien of a chivalric true German Knight.

Glastonbury Tales

The chain of his Ashelon dank'd was with gore
And bloody the adventaile Inglebert wore
While of arm that supported broad shield on the plain
Was brast tho' its safe guard the rivet alamain.

From cornet still sounded the dolorous knell
And sad was the blast from the echoing swell
'Twas a death-note to bosoms of Christian souls all
Proclaiming Guy taen and Jerusalems fall:
For dread was the fight that ensanguined the field
To pagan impelling Christs soldiers to yield
Thy plains O! Tiberius enroll'd thus our loss
And gave up to Saladin Sons of the Cross.

The grey tints of evening now hung o'er the West
And no longer its expanse in crimson was dress'd
The Infidel bands from pursuit were returned
And for plunder the heart of the Saracen burn'd
Ferocious and dank'd with the blood of the slain
He strode like a fiend over Golgotha's plain
Thus lay bold Sir Inglebert food for the foe
His manhood exhausted & weapon laid low.

Canterbury Tales

Night's orbit of silver in splendor arose
And gleam'd on those heros fate doomed to repose
The tears of soft pity by Dian were shed,
And a cloud fleecy white caught these gems for the dead
Which distilled o'er the plain gave a transicent relief
To the hero expiring and languishing chief.
Refresh'd thus by Dew that descended from high
The Knight brave Sir Inglebert utter'd a sigh.

The moon shone in lustre, the drops fell no more
The cloud flew like film when bereft of its store:
A form now beside stout Sir Inglebert knelt
No wretch prain'd for plunder a Soul form'd to melt
For the tribute of sorrow bright blazon'd his cheek
And a bosom overflowing in vain strove to speak
'Twas a creature more worthy the realms of the good
Than to wander o'er plains fraught with horror & blood.

No trappings of war had the stranger to show
Pilgrim's ~~Rags~~, loose
A ~~[illegible]~~ tunic environ'd him low
The scowl of ferocity ne'er sullied his face
Where reign'd mental purity mingled with grace

He seemed like an Angel from regions above
By Mercy endued with the symbol of Love
And the dew of compassion that cours'd down his cheek
Prov'd sympathy's eloquence – silently meek

The tremulous hand of the stranger now press'd
The Aketon shielding Sir Ingleberts breast
And though faint the heart of the hero now beat
Life still lingerd there as its only retreat
For if ~~though~~ fail the casket enshrining the soul
It treasures the tenure till Death strikes the goal
For dread is the change that consigns to the grave
Since the flight to futurity palsies the brave.

The touch of the youth still seems eager to find
Some treasure to ease the keen pangs of the mind
In Ingleberts' bosom his fingers soft glide
A chain meets his touch upon Ingleberts' side
~~In terror~~ (Horror) he draws forth the gold links so bright
And appendant ~~enterrorrd~~ (in terror) a Cross meets his sight
With Diamonds beset (adorn'd) with an heart
Of Ruby:– pierc'd thro' with a jetty ~~barb'd~~ (barb'd) Dart.

The stranger look'd wildly a tear glaz'd his eye
And o'er his pale lips fled an heart-breaking sigh
And wan was his cheek as the Moons sickly beam
Or the Lilly that grows by the mead's shallow stream
The senses were palsied the heart scarce beat one
It seem'd of existance the last sand was run
~~The~~ Like the form of Despair sent to regions below
To teach frail Mortality: — exquisite woe.
The struggle was direful yet life held controul
As the words "Cruel Love" burst convuls'd from the soul.

Who is't beside the stranger form,
With look portending mental storm;
The Turban binds his swarthy front
Which ne'er was bless'd at Jesu's front;
His rolling eye balls flash disdain
That seem to speak the lover's pain.
And though a beard of raven die
Veils half his visage from the eye
The trembling lips at once reveal
The ashy stamp of passion's seal:
Who is the stranger prithee tell
'Tis Achmet sure the Infidel

Glastonbury Tales.

"Yes cruel! cruel! Love indeed"
"His lips exclaim" farewell thy creed"
"For whoso puts in thee his trust"
"Is doomed for aye, to be accurs'd"
"The fool who dares thy sweetness sip"
"Finds luscious honey to the lip"
"But let him once the heart entwall"
"And then his Honey turns to gall"
No more he spake but seiz'd amain
From grasp of youth the golden chain
And straight upon the ruby bent
A look that prov'd his hearth nigh rent.

And now his ~~look~~ glance surveys with care
The youth still fix'd in mute despair
And then he eyes the form inert
Of noble Knight Sir Ingelbert
When lo! his bosom seems full fraught
And lab'ring with some teemful thought
The hand obscures his brow oppress'd
And struggling thoughts convulse his breast.
So pent, the igneous flood below
Threatening convulsive overthrow
Rocks mountain high, & stately wood
The peaceful Dale and raging flood.

No more the mental conflict reigns,
~~That late inflicting~~
That late inflicted madd'ning pains
Revenge at Honour's call must yield,
And heavenly Virtue sway the field;
The Paynim's voice on vacuum rings
His mandate flies on breezy wings:
From far responsive sounds lethal flight
Returnd on pinions of the night.
When straight beside stern Helmet stand
Four swarthy Sons of Judah's Land,
Who pause with folded arms on breasts
To act whatever prove his behests.

—

Tho' shrinking with repugnant glow
The Saracen then bent him low
Ov'r wounded Knight — & gently pres'd
Of Ingelbert the blood stained ~~[illegible]~~ breast:
Awhile he felt, but all was still,
And clamm'y to the touch & chill;
Awhile his pressure nought repaid
But man in marble death array'd:
Yet soft! the streams from life's last seat
By warmth rekindled gin retreat
And thus to painim's hand impart
The faint pulsation of the heart.

Now back shrunk the Infidel, wild gleam'd his eyes
And his tongue utter'd frantic of anguish the cry;
The Cimeter's handle convulsive he clasp'd
As breathless with fury his lip quiv'ring gasp'd
'Twas the rage of a spirit by frenzy oppress'd
But the deed of dishonor neer cankered his breast
Like the hurricane transient that sweeps summers Plain
Restoring the bright beams to nature again.

Awakened in part from keen agony's spell,
The youth rushing on 'fore the ~~infidel~~ Sarracen fell;
"Hold, hold! Mercy, mercy!" in frenzy he cries
"O! never from earth shall this body arise,"
"Give wings to thy weapon & pierce my riv'd heart"
"Ere this Knight now expiring receives the chill dart,"
The Pairim admir'd while his breast hear'd a sigh
And a dew drop of pity emblazoned his eye.

The Infidel pointing to Christendom's chief,
Cried "Bear hence the body and yield it relief;"
Then gazing on robe of the Pilgrim so young
These accents quite softned distill'd from his tongue.

Glastonbury Tales

"O! Pilgrim thy feeling's not proffer'd in vain,"
"Go comfort yon Christian my souls' bitter bane"
"Whilst I torn with anguish no soother can find,"
"But sigh forth neglected my griefs to the wind!"

The Pilgrim then wafted his blessings in vain,
And low bent his knee on the blood-imbru'd plain,
For Achmet more swift than the Ostrich was sped
From this region of slaughter & grave of the dead:
"Tho' adverse to Jesu." the glowing youth cried
"Of Christendom Achmet might well rank the pride,"
"May the Cherub of Mercy enlighten his breast"
"And an angel from high bear his soul to the blest."

Now safe from the Field was Sr. Ingelbert borne,
The Pilgrim slow follow'd with Spirit forlorn
A secret portentous oppress'd his lone heart
Nor dar'd he the mystery hidden impart.
Which curdled in secret the bosom's warm flood
Till the canker corrosive had poison'd his blood
Thus sad was the stranger that wandered alone
The Pilgrim of Palestine young & ~~alone~~ unknown

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'mid light waving branches the Moon's pale light
At length partial gleaming presented to sight
The tents of the Pairim the forests dark maze
Enshrouded from all save the Sun's piercing rays.
Solemnity here held a silence profound
And darkness spread widely its empire around
'Twas a realm formd to nurture the black germ of care
And consign wretched man to the bourne of despair.

Now stretch'd was the Knight neath the tent spreading wide
And reft of his Mail straight the balm was applied;
As far from this scene lo! the pilgrim sat mute
Overwhelmd by the feelings of anguish acute
For timid his eye shunnd the couch of the brave
A prayr sent on high; his pure off'ring to save
The life of that hero; whose heart's crimson stream
Was shed in support of Christs tenet supreme.

A canopied couch veild Sir Ingleberts frame;
Whereon from a lamp beamd the steady bright flame
The Saracens all from the Tent now were gone
The pilgrim thus left with the Warrior alone:

The youth then arose & with heart beating high,
Nor broke reigning stillness by venting a sigh
Light light as the gossamer fillm was his tread
While traversing space to Sir Ingleberts' bed.

The lamp brightly shone on the Knights pale mien,
Whose eye lids were clos'd by a slumber screne;
His visage arrested the youth's eager gaze
Who stood for awhile lost in frenzied amaze:
"O! God 'tis no lover my sight now descries";
"Tis my brother; my brother: thus meets my fond eyes".
He tottered: he sank; while the pain in concealed
Flew to succour the youth & to sight was revealed.

A look of keen scrutiny Ashmet now cast
On him who like flowret sul'd'd by the blast
His arm safe supported; when drooping to view
A countenance shone beaming beauty's own hue
The Saracen gazing still felt more oppress'd
As ecstacy's torrent ŏerwhelming his breast
He sought to afford the sunk pilgrim relief
And list from his tongue the confession of grief.

And now as faint blue orbs unclose,
On Paninim's front their beams repose;
And straight their fringes meet anew,
While rosy tints the cheek imbue
As manly glow from Ashmet's eye
Awakes the blush of modesty.
O! speak & let thy grief be told
The secret of thine heart unfold;
Of yonder Knight the Tale proclaim
Announce to me thy brother's name:
Speak quickly speak I burn to know
Or be it weal, or be it woe.

=

The pilgrim freed from Paninim's arm,
Felt Ashmet's voice possess a charm;
His actions honour bright reveal,
As if on him she'd stamp'd her seal.
When bending low to earth the head
~~Anon~~ Forthwith the blushing youth, thus said:
"You ~~Knight~~ Chief in Ottle's heat laid low"
"Proclaim'd by thee a deadly foe"
"In Virtue's ~~glowing~~ tenets nurs'd"
Abhors the ~~, recreant~~
"~~Yea~~ ~~stand~~ ~~his soul~~ ~~by~~ deed accurs'd"
"For ne'er was Knight more true enroll'd"
"Than Inglebert the German bold."

The pennon from Baldrick drew,
The golden Chain; & instant flew,
To gaze upon the warrior Knight,
When lo! a Stranger met his sight;
'Twas not the ~~Santa~~ subtle form so fell
Of him who blighted friendship's spell
That Traitor ~~Of Otho~~, from whose wily tongue,
The oily tale of guile was sung;
Proclaiming her to faith untrue
Whose heart no second passion knew,
No 'twas a Stranger to his eye
~~Whom~~ So late, esteem'd ~~the~~ ~~thought~~ that enemy.

Thought crowds on thought in Aelmet's breast,
His heart by doubts & hopes oppress'd;
Anew his piercing eye surveys,
The pilgrim's form in rapt amaze,
His lab'ring mind with wonder teems,
As truth upon his bosom beams:
He pants the mystery to explain
But prudence checks with reason's rein
For lo! enrob'd in death's hue
A brother lov'd now blights the view
The tongue is mute, the lips are still
Impress'd by feeling's sacred thrill.

The pairiin owns this heav'nly plea
And bends to mental sympathy
With thoughts that quite overwhelm the brain,
He strives to speak, but toils in vain
And finding utt'rance thus denied
Awhile he turns his gaze aside
Then grasping firm the pilgrim's hand
Thus faulters forth this kind command.
"Attend sweet youth my prayer fulfill"
"For Ashmet now obeys thy will."
"His wealth; nay more his parting breath"
"He'd yield, to save you Knight from death."

He wav'd his hand, & look'd his last,
The mantling tear each orb o'ercast
He struck his breast & heav'd a sigh;
Then vanish'd from the pilgrim's eye:
The youth an air now bends the glance
While fancy's visions fore him dance
Yet ere the fond delusion flies,
The slaves of Ashmet greet his eyes;
Who bowing rev'rently to ground
Obeisance proffer most profound
For each his Lord's command obeys,
His best reward: — Ah Master's praise.

Now ceaseless by day & by night prov'd the care
Of brother so gentle & youth passing fair;
And rescued from death was the Hero so bright
The noble Sir Ingelbert Christendom's Knight:
Yet though time revolving had now fill'd complete
The Moon's pale orbit since Ackmet's retreat
Yet ne'er had the pilgrim his person discern'd
Who to proffer warm gratitude silently yearn'd.

The radiance of morning in bright saffron line
Sublimely burst forth tho' the expance of blue
It beam'd upon man as the harbinger sweet
That bad him prepare hidden transports to meet:
All Nature was tun'd to the Anthem sublime
For pleasure had ~~And Death said~~ ~~to~~ blunted the ~~the~~ weapon of time
The sand of his Glass seem'd no longer to run
And his frown was obscur'd by the rays of the Sun.

The Knight now recline'd on the couch spreading wide,
And Pilgrim so faithful sat close him beside;
Save whom none appear'd but a trusty old Moor,
Who ceaselessly had guarded the tent's sacred door;

Glastonbury Tales

The hand of the youth then Sir Inglebert pressed
As feelingly thus he the pilgrim addressed.
"Oh! how can I ever pay the debt that love"
"To thee sweetest youth & brave Helmet my foe?"

"No recompence ever to the Pilgrim is due",
"Who toils with the Saviour's example in view;"
"And this Saracen chief tho' to Christians opposed,"
"Is an angel in soul were the spirit disclosed."
To these words of the youth straight the Knight made reply
"Thine answer is worthy the records on high,"
"And the dictates impressive that flow from thy heart,"
"To my bosom the fond'rest emotions impart.

"O! yes they now picture anew to my mind,"
"The blessed natal hour of a spirit refined;"
"A sister whose fate I must ever deplore"
"~~Lo~~ Dear Iva Alas! I shall ~~never~~ see thee no more."
"This morn brightly glowing on children of earth"
"Renews the dear epoch that gave Iva birth"
"But Ah! she is fled from affections embrace"
"And I thus remain the lone branch of my race"

The youth trembled sore while his visage was wan,
As soft fleecy down on the breast of the Swan;
Then faultering exclaimed as he sunk to the ground;
" That Sister Sir Ingelbert still may be found"
" The youth who by thee was esteemed so benign"
" The vestments assumed of thy sex ~~so benign~~ shall resign."
" In me the poor Pilgrim lost Iva behold"
" Thy Sister whose arms thus a brother enfold."

The full tide of extacy now held controul,
Overflowing with rapture each pulse of the soul;
Till Reason tho' banish'd awhile from her sway
With pace never failing again shed the ray
Which brought to remembrance scenes tinctured
Like cloud when obscuring the sun-bright ~~red~~ with pain plain
For pleasures of man on this earth are but brief
And joy's beamy smile's the precursor of grief.

" O! tell me dear Iva brave Ingelbert cried,"
" Ah! where is Sir Conrad our parents' just pride;"
" That Knight who while absent was destined for thee"
" Whose fame though a stranger was dear unto me."

"Whose band as a brother I once thought to press,"
"Whose love as thy husband I panted to bless;"
"Then say my Dear Iva, Ah! where does he roam,"
"Shall Ingleberts' Turrets nêer yield him an home."

With visage in sorrow's dark vestment array
Poor Iva in tremulous accents thus said;
"When cold in the tomb lay ~~our~~ my mother revered"
"Whose loss ev'ry joy of our father had seared"
"'Twas then he rec'iv'd from a far distant land"
"Thy promise to yield brave Sir Conrad my hand"
"When he should return from the realm of Crusade"
"And thou gain our Castle in Martial parade."

"The vow thus rec'iv'd was soft balm to his breast"
"And the soul of our Sire fled to realms of the blest"
"While Iva lone mistress of Ingleberts' Tower"
"Of grief poignant grief ow'd the heart thrilling power"
"Ah! then 'twas my solace to damp death's chill Worm"
"And ~~invoke~~ pray dearest brother thy speed y return;
"While Love sov'reign Love o'er my heart reig'nd supreme
"And shed on the brow of dark sorrow:- his beam.

Glastonbury Tales

"Meantime noble Conrad deceiv'd by the smile"
"Of Otho fell traytor deep practis'd in guile"
"Of him who the vizor of friendship had worn"
"To poison the heart & leave ~~the heart~~ true love forlorn."
"From far distant land sent those tokens refin'd"
"Pure offsprings that flow'd from his love-entrancing mind"
"And with them an heart & a chain bright to see"
"Resembling the pledge which he erst had from me".

"But Ah! these dear offrings base Otho concealed"
"No tidings of Conrad by him were revealed;"
"~~While~~ and with bosom malign my fond heart to control"
"He pictured as base, the dear lord of my soul"
"While she to my lover was told the same tale"
"Of her whom base falsehood, shall never assail"
"Of Iva thy sister ~~who still felt~~ that felt cold disdain"
"For Otho; who ~~then~~ then breath'd his passion in vain."

By ignorance long was my bosom obscurid,
But never my faith from my Conrad allurid;
On the tale of his falsehood with anguish I dwelt
While soul-thrilling ~~and~~ Rayspoyt still taught me ~~taught my fond heart~~ to melt

Glastonbury Tales

At length the pure spirit that sanctions true love
In mercy descended from regions above
When the veil of deceit, which bright Truth had oppressed
Was torn from my sight and the ~~traytor~~ ~~[illegible]~~ friend stood confessed.

A Spirit of Mercy deputed from high
For realms of mortality, quitted the sky
O'er an inflexible bosom usurp'd ~~soft compassion~~ the command
~~Kind pity diffusing its beams o'er the soul~~ Soft Pity diffusing the balm from her hand
Though dark was the spirit proud Otho possess'd
And subtle the thoughts that pervaded his breast
Yet virtue won'd oftimes his senses engage
In guise of young Ludolph his tiny foot page.

Acute was the mind of the rosy cheek'd boy
He solv'd the sad ~~truth~~ that deprived me of joy
And read in the mind of his Lord every deed
That prov'd him the child of duplicity's creed
One night as I gaz'd from my turret so fair
On the moon whose pale beams ~~that~~ pierc'd the region of air
The tear drop then falling of anguish acute
These couplets soft flow'd to the strains of a Lute

Ah! fair Lady yield not so,
To the blighting touch of woe;
Though your breast has cause to pine,
Still to me the ear incline
Maiden check the briny flow
Lady, Lady weep not so.

Lovely Iva; Ah! beware,
Danger weaves for thee the snare;
Grief too soon will nought avail,
Nor those sighs that swell the gale;
Ah! then banish fruitless woe
Nerve thy breast and weep not so.

List the counsel of a friend,
From yon lofty Tow'r descend;
And beneath the yew trees shade
Search where now the Tablets laid
Whose contents may shield a blow
Deadlier than thy present woe.

Sweetest maid then dry the tear
For thy trial is severe
Trust to pity's soothing strain
Proffered to allay thy pain
Ah! be warn'd by feelings glow
Farewell maiden: weep not so.

Glastonbury Tales

Tho' feigned were the tones of the voice that I heard
Yet Ludolph the Page stood confess'd in each word.
"From lattice with bosom high beating I flew
And soon gain'd the shade of the Dark spreading Yew
Nor long did I seek for the tablet required
Mine eye quick discerning the record desired
When grasping the scroll: a soft tremulous flow
The cadence recall'd:— "Farewell weep not so"!

Unseen from the spot to my chamber I sped
Where soon by the gleam of my Lamp burning red
A Tale stood recorded to palsy with fears
For terrors chill touch froze the sluice of my tears.
The truth of Sir Conrad my heart's beloved Knight
And dark deeds of Otho quick blaz'd on my sight
His purpose then ripen'd; by force was to gain
The hand of poor Ida and lord thy Domain.

Nor then was the sum of his purpose complete
Fell murder predestined to veil dark deceit
Thy blood was to flow by some villain's dead hand
As homeward returning from Palestine's land

Thus girded for ever in death's chilly zone
His marriage bed scal'd thy possessions his own
The road to Ambition by Thelson was pav'd
And murder the last glow of feeling enslav'd.

The moments were precious, the danger was fell
Defenceless I stood amidst villany's spell
On tablet I traced all the cause of my woe
Unmasking the treason of Ingelbert's foe
And conveyd this foul record of Otho's disgrace
To the casket secreted from all save our race
That so dearest brother to thee might be known
Why thus a lone wand'rer poor Iva had flown.

Obscurd by the dark shrouding cloak of the night
Enrobe'd like a pilgrim I then gan my flight
Thro' forest, o'er mountain, wide heath & bleak moor
I sped unmolested for safe are the poor
Yet scenes to enhorror full oft met mine eyes
Souls slaughtered to yield savage Bandits the prize
The field wide ensanguined by battles dread heat
When Christian or Pagan had met dire defeat.