

THE SIGNAL.

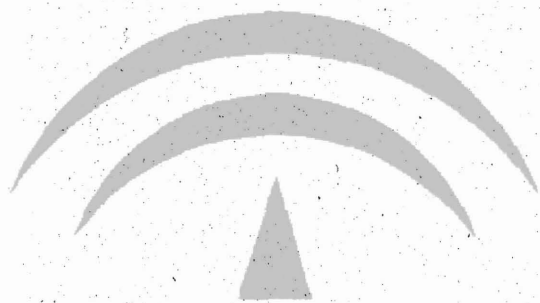
WHAT! have I caught thee, artful girl?
Fie! fie! a signal *thus* unfurl!
O modest maid! what shame to see!
She speaks——

“Why comest thou not to me?
I’ve waited long—and still she sleeps.”
“No, no, young dame, her watch she keeps;
Go on—go on! thy bait display—
No lover enters here to-day!”

“Where canst thou linger? Soon she’ll wake,—
Another eve—my heart *must* break!
Hour after golden hour is gone,
And I am still alone, alone!”

“Who e’er dreamed the child so bold?—
How times have changed since I’ve grown old!
Pride is no more—reserve is dead—
There’s ne’er a blush of proper red
On maiden’s cheek from year to year!
In, minion, in!”—

“O! saints, she’s here!”



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

PC Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA



G. CATHERMOLE.

H. COOK.

The Seville

GEMS OF BEAUTY, NO. II.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

Printed by H. Bury.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

y Generalife

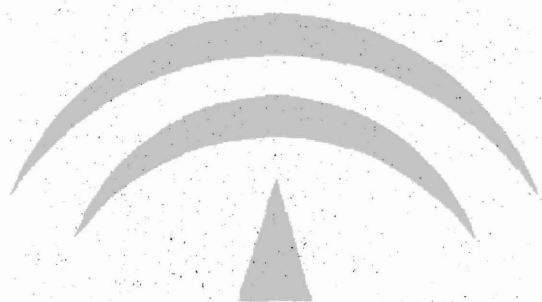
THE LETRILLA.

WHEN the knight to battle went,
Leaving her he loved so well,
How the maid grew pale and pined
None might witness, none could tell.
Weep! the while I sing!

Through the gardens like a ghost
All the evening she would creep;
Fears, not dreams, her pillow strewed—
Ah! that youth should fail to sleep!—
Weep! the while I sing!

Still she hoped—the tower would climb,
Whence she saw him ride away—
There to watch for casque and plume
Glancing in the evening ray.
Weep! the while I sing!

There she watched; but tidings came—
Wo is me!—by Moorish guile
Fell the knight!—A broken flower
Marks her tomb in minster-aisle!
Weep! my song is done!



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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G. CATTEMOLE.

H. COOK.

The Duenna.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

CHMS OF BEZTY, 1812

Printed by R. J. J. J.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Generalife

THE DUENNA.

SHE'S gone at last! Would she might ne'er return!
Fie! how it chafes my spirit! Morn or night
Never alone!—watched by her Argus' eyes
Fixed upon mine as she would read my thoughts.
My smiles (ah! now they're rare) summed strictly up—
Noted each blush—each heedless sigh set down!
Those noiseless steps no sleeping echo wake,
To warn me of her presence, as she creeps
Close to my side.—I cannot, *will* not bear it!
Why, better far some old Hidalgo wed,
To 'scape from this vile thraldom, and be free
To wander as I willed;—wed—and be free—
Ah, me! such freedom is but like the bird's,
Who, bound with pliant chain, disports herself
Among the summer's beams and rosy flowers,
On gladsome wings, a few blithe moments, till
Her master to a prison drags her back
With hand ungentle—and the pitiless chain
Loads neck and wing so much more heavily,
Because a while forgotten. Wed?—Ah, no!
Till he I saw last eve.....but, hark! she calls—
I come!....There's something reverent in his face:
Will he not pay his vesper vows this eve?

THE END.

LONDON:

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