

Wilt thou go forth and break thy mother's heart,  
 And cause again the widow's tears to start,  
 Or raise the standard on that fatal field,  
 Stained with thy father's blood, his sword to wield ?  
 Oh no ! thou can'st not, cruel and unkind,  
 Leave for the faithless world thy all behind !"  
 With sudden start—the deep indignant glow  
 Of wounded pride flushed o'er Llewellyn's brow,  
 His quivering lip, and flashing eye revealing  
 More than he dared express of haughty feeling ;  
 But when on that fair girl his glance was thrown,  
 He quelled the storm, and spake in softened tone—  
 Dry up these precious tears—I cannot brook,  
 My gentle Elinor, that pleading look ;  
 Nor bid the fountains of thy heart o'erflow,  
 To shake my purpose ; dearest, I must go—  
 Yes, I must leave this solitary glen,  
 And seek in fellowship with other men  
 To slake this love of power—this thirst for fame,  
 That burns within my soul like living flame—  
 But think not, Elinor, the world can sever  
 My heart from thee—believe me thine for ever !—  
 Thou wilt console my mother for her son,  
 And when a few brief years have slowly run  
 Their tedious course, I shall return to claim  
 My Elinor, and boast a deathless name !"  
 "Never, Llewellyn, will I quit this spot,  
 These woods have charms for me the world has not ;  
 From infancy my steps have wandered far,  
 Through flowery fields, beneath Eve's dewy star,  
 Oft have I flung me on the earth's green breast,  
 Till my heart heaved against the sod I press'd,  
 And tears of rapture clouded fast the sight,  
 Of eyes that ached with fulness of delight—  
 In this our souls are kindred, for you love  
 The flowing corn-field, and the shady grove,  
 The balmy meadow, and the blossom'd thorn,  
 The cool, fresh breezes of the early morn,  
 The crimson banner which the glowing west,  
 Hangs o'er the day-king, ere he sinks to rest—  
 The witching beauty of the twilight hour,  
 In hazel copse, green dell, or wooded bower ;  
 The plaintive music of the wind stirr'd trees,  
 The song of birds, the melody of bees,—  
 The kine deep lowing on the marshy meer,  
 The sheep-bell tinkling on the common near ;  
 The reaper's shout, the sound of busy flail,  
 The milk-maid singing o'er her flowing pail,  
 The voice of ocean heaving in our view,  
 Revealed through waving boughs in robe of blue ;  
 Or when the moon has risen high and bright,  
 Girdling the east, with belt of living light—  
 'Mid nature's solitudes my days have pass'd,  
 Here would I live—here breathe in peace my last ;  
 And while my footsteps press my native sod,  
 My heart o'erflows with gratitude to God."  
 "Dear Elinor, no boyish wish to roam,  
 No love of pleasure lures me from my home ;

For I have love'd with thee to trace each flower,  
 That spring unfolded in the forest bower ;  
 To join thy matin and thy vesper hymn—  
 My heart is heavy, and my hope grows dim,  
 I look to Heaven !—but all frowns darkly there—  
 My soul is silent—will not form a prayer ;  
 Those sacred things which gave me once delight,  
 Spread o'er my spirit an Egyptian night ;  
 This world alone is ours—the next may be  
 A paradise for fools—but not for me !"  
 She stood with tearful eyes, and lips apart,  
 And hands tight pressed upon her heaving heart ;  
 And gazed upon him with a vacant glance,  
 Like one just waken'd from a deathlike trance ;  
 Whose eyes unclosing on the light, grow dim,  
 As objects round in strange confusion swim ;  
 She scarcely can believe her wakening sense,  
 And strives to chase the frightful vision thence—  
 Was it the dear companion of her youth,  
 Who dared to disavow the sacred truth ?  
 The offered mercy of the Saviour spurn,  
 And to the world's delusive idols turn !  
 She strove to speak ; upon her faltering tongue,  
 The accents died, and on his arm she hung ;  
 Raised her clasped hands imploringly above,  
 As if appealing to its sacred love,  
 From endless woe the Infidel to spare,  
 And in divine compassion hear her prayer.  
 Her kindling eye beams brightly through her tears,  
 As Faith's strong ray dispell'd the night of fears ;  
 Hope, to her grief-wrung bosom comfort gave,  
 And softly whispered—"God is strong to save."  
 "Unhappy, lost, misguided youth," she said,  
 "Go hence, and mingle with the living dead,  
 Renounce the paths of peace you long have trod,  
 Deny your Saviour, and forsake your God—  
 Home, and its sweet endearing ties resign,  
 A crown of thorns around your brows to twine ;  
 Go, taste the pleasures that to fame belong,  
 Go, and make one among the heartless throng,  
 Toil up the broad ascent of folly's hill,  
 And find thine aching heart a desert still !"  
 Llewellyn answered not—words could not melt  
 His soul's fixed purpose, and whate'er he felt  
 He proudly hid—like one resolved to dare  
 The worst, and bid defiance to despair.  
 She mark'd the fearful conflict—trembling saw,  
 His spirit spurn the terrors of the law,  
 Like Egypt's monarch, harden'd in his sin,  
 He drown'd the accusing voice that spake within.  
 With more than human eloquence she sought,  
 To change his views and turn the tide of thought  
 From doubt and error, to the ancient track—  
 And gently win the bold Apostate back ;  
 She show'd the narrow path to heavenly bliss,  
 And drew the contrast twixt that world and this :  
 What he would profit, if he gained the whole,  
 Of this earth's treasures, and yet lost his soul ;