

## THE MINSTREL KNIGHT.

BY FUZ.

## I.

Within the walls of a Moslem Tower  
There sat a captive Christian Knight,  
Watching the quick and rapid flight  
Of each swiftly-passing hour.

Why sits he in that lonely mood,  
So pensive, sad,—though not alone?  
Have those massive walls of stone  
O'er his mind a charmed power?  
Or, are those sighs  
For his native skies?

Does he thing of the day when he nobly stood,  
In his country's cause, on the field of blood?  
He sighs when he thinks of his own dear home,  
For he fain would be at will to roam  
O'er the hills where in youth he play'd  
With some mirthful, dark-eyed maid;

His noble spirit grieves,  
And his bosom a deep sigh heaves,  
And he curses the fate that bade him yield  
To the foe, on that blood-stain'd battle-field.

## II.

There sits by his side a graceful form  
Gazing on him in tenderest love;  
Her cheeks are as fair as the blushing morn,  
With its thousand balmy sweets new-born,  
And eyes, that beam like gems new set  
In the rim of a priceless coronet,  
Shine like the orbs of darkest night,  
That scatter o'er earth their feeble light,  
From the realms of bliss above!  
Her full lips move: List! list! she speaks;  
What claim does the fair Zenora make,  
Or why do her quivering lips thus shake,  
As if fearing the humble boon she seeks,  
If asked, should be denied?

"Sing again, Christian, sing again!  
I love to hear that glad some strain;  
I can list to thy song for it cheers thy brow—  
Ah! see, that sad gloom is gone e'en now."  
"What shall I sing?" the Knight replied;  
"Shall the theme be Love,—Zenora! or  
Shall I sing of Captivity, or of War?"

## III.

A blush suffused her rosy cheek;  
Those eyes, expressive, pure and meek,  
Dwelt for a moment on the Knight,  
With gaze so tender, soft, and bright,  
That he had deem'd such looks scarce given  
By one who was not all of Heaven,  
Of undefiled, and hallowed birth,  
Too pure to tread this guilt-stained earth.  
"Sing not of War," the maiden cried,  
But oh! evoke some gaye r theme;  
Nor let thy mind o'er-burdened seem  
Though freedom be to thee denied—  
Some nobler strain those chords must move—  
Let it—Yes, let it be of—Love."

## IV.

The captive seiz'd his slumbering harp,  
His brow no longer looks so dark,  
And his eyes have a brighter glow,  
As those exquisite notes are stealing  
From the harp-strings, soft and low,  
To that tender heart appealing—  
That heart now well nigh breaking—  
For those wild-like sounds awaken  
A pang in her breast of snow:—

## IDA.

"Oh never yet has Angel dwelt  
In fairer form than thine,  
Or lover ever stood, or knelt,  
Before a lovelier shrine!

'And I would to thy heart appeal,  
And grasp thy hand so fair,  
While at thy feet I humbly kneel,  
And wait an answer there.

'IDA! I crave thy answer now—  
My life more blest would be,  
If maid, so passing fair as thou,  
Should cast her lot with me.'

'Sir Knight, I am but humbly born,'  
The blushing IDA cried:

'Thy haughty friends would look with scorn  
Upon thy lowly bride.

'A peasant's cot has ever been  
My humble, happy home:  
How could I leave each long-loved scene  
With thee, Sir Knight, to roam?'

'Oh! speak not thus,' the Knight replied;  
But leave thy humble cot;

Say thou wilt be my loving Bride,  
And share my earthly lot!'

Fair IDA blushed still deeper now,  
Nor ventured a reply;  
A flush o'er-spread her marble brow,  
She yielded with a sigh.

Long since that Knight has cross'd the wave,  
Back to his Fatherland;  
Oft doth he bless the hour that gave  
To him fair IDA's hand."

## V.

The song is ended, and the Knight,  
With heart more heavy, and eye less bright,  
Lets fall the harp, and vainly seeks  
To hide the tears that course his cheeks;  
The lovely Princess too doth sigh,  
Those tears have caught her woman's eye,  
And, starting, as if from a trance,  
Upon the Knight she cast a glance,  
Seized the pale hands that by his side  
Had fallen, and thus faintly said:

"Sir Minstrel, raise thy drooping head.

In vain those tears thou seek'st to hide;  
I know thy generous heart doth grieve  
This absence from thy native land.

Thou may'st not hope for a reprieve,  
The Emir's stern, unchang'd command,  
Is still enforced; but I would fain  
Break every link of thy captive chain,  
And risk my life to set thee free  
From long-endured captivity.

Say! canst thou reach the Christian camp,  
Where thy brave comrades are in arms?

If so, I'll free thee from these damp,  
These hated walls, and thou shalt be

As the wild waves of ocean, free,  
Enjoying liberty's sweet charms—

Then, Christian, then, oh! think on me!"

## VI.

"There is no peril but I would dare  
To see my home once more;  
No dangers abroad that I would not share  
To gain my native shore.  
Fain would I see my comrades brave,  
And the graves where my fathers sleep;