

THE GLEE MAIDEN.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"Forth from the sanctuary!—thou smiling sin,
That would bewray men's hearts, as that foul witch,
That cold Herodian fiend, besought the blood
Of Him who made us Christian. Get thee forth,
Hark! from the moaning cloister every cell
Breathes malison on thy lewd heels and lighter thoughts,
Heaven's votaries cling to the altar's horns,
And shroud their outraged eyes—ev'n chaste Senanus
Trembles within the holy niche, and bids thee back
With solemn imprecation. Bride of God!
Deeper the shades seem in thy tender eyes,
As from the sunlit chancel thou look'st down,
On this impure and faithless—Get thee forth."

There was no still reproach in her sweet looks,
Thus driven like Him who brought "our life of life,"
To "publicans and sinners." The long lids
Of Aquitaine drooped o'er her dewy eyes,
And with a head forlorn she turned away,
Sweeping unconsciously her cittern's strings,
As if her heart were wandering with old dreams.
There was a flood of sunset that fell far
O'er the grey hills upon a gentle stream,
And on a mossy rock she leant her breast,
And thus mocked at its lullaby—Poor outcast!

They cannot still thee, dear companion! In our own true home,
Where trellices reach up the hills and envious bulbuls come,
To sun themselves 'mid gleaming grapes, and list the mandolin,
That bears a surge of happiness without a cloud of sin.
'Twas thus, with us, oh! *mignonnette*,—in our pleasant land of France,
When we chimed away the eventide on fields of green Provence.

When we hailed the nut-brown bosoms and the lithe and stag-like feet,
With the rolling burthen of Ronsard the *maternelles* to greet;
There were no dark-browed moralists to chide our joyance then,
We did not hide our simple mirth from cold unloving men;
When they leapt out, like a wild herd, from the sunny vines of France,
And chanting forth the old romaunt, our charm of green Provence.

My poor old lute! how proudly did I bind thee to my back,
Full sure thy ever tender voice would cheer my vagrant track,
And when we poured our parting lay beside the dancing Rhone,
I felt it seemed the strength of man, for I was not alone;
I still had thee, dear *voyageur*! to lead me home to France,
And nestle with me once again 'mid the garlands of Provence.

And this is thy reproach, dear lute! and they would drain my breast
Of Hope's wild bounding gushes, and old Memory's sheltered nest;
They would bank our sweet communion when the holy eventide
Draws us away on music's wings from hollowness and pride;
How could I gaze without thee on the velvet meads of France,
Or cheer the festive *lavoit* 'neath the vines of green Provence?

Old Friend! since beggars we have come, as beggars we can go,
The shame we'll bear together—the disgrace we'll never know;
The glad sunlight will embrace us, and the streams sing as of yore,
And the *sanctus* chaunted 'neath the shrines that hallow us once more,
Will leave no shade to dim the joy with which we hail our France,
Or the welcome that will rise for us in honest old Provence.