

"Say, is he safe?" the pale Zenora cried—  
 "He is," replied the eunuch, and withdrew.  
 Oh! had the Knight but seen her now—but knew  
 That for his sake the lovely princess sigh'd;  
 He would again have cross'd the angry tide  
 That rolled between them; scorning to be free,  
 While she who freed him from captivity,  
 Writhed 'neath a pang no medicine could remove,  
 Nor leech could heal—deep disappointed love!

## XI.

Now pass we o'er some few short weeks;  
 The noble Knight no longer seeks  
 That home for which he often sighed,  
 For which he rather twice had died,  
 Than stay'd within the Emir's tower.  
 Another day, another hour,  
 A captive in the Moslems' power!  
 His native land before him lies,  
 He breathes the air of Europe's skies,  
 But his brow doth wear a more saddened gloom,  
 His cheeks have lost their healthful bloom.  
 In vain the beauteous fair ones smile,  
 There is nought can please in his native isle;  
 The Saracen beauty! for her he sighs—  
 "Oh! for one look from Zenora's eyes!  
 One moment's gaze on that face divine!  
 Enough! I'll return to Palestine!"

## XII.

Hail, Love! thou essence of the soul!  
 Gem! whose attractive rays control  
 The high—the low—the rich—the poor—  
 The Christian king—the savage Moor—  
 All hail! for at thy magic will,  
 The once-freed Knight is captive still!  
 He sat within his castle hall,  
 Thinking of the fair Princess;  
 Each word—each look—had fain recall,  
 Each blush of maiden bashfulness.  
 Entered his Squire—"My lord," quoth he  
 "There's a page without would speak with thee;  
 He seems in haste, and craves to bear  
 Some tidings of note to Limoges' heir."  
 "Then let him enter," said the knight—  
 "What tidings brings the urchin wight?  
 A billet mayhap from some love-sick dame,  
 Who wishes to change her maiden name!  
 A truce to such folly—none, none shall share,  
 The love that I feel for my Princess fair!"  
 The page appeared—the squire withdrew—  
 The Knight's gaze is fixed on the lovely hue  
 Of that delicate face, that seems too fair  
 For the page of a love-sick dame to wear.  
 He humbly doff'd his cap and stood  
 Before the minstrel Knight, until  
 To the brow of each rush'd the heart's warm blood,  
 Like the oozing forth of a buried rill,  
 One moment's pause—they meet—embrace—  
 "Zenora!" "Heart!" face to face  
 They've met again,  
 And like summer rain,  
 Like dew-drops in the morning's sun,  
 The salt tears down their cheeks do run,  
 On their faithful bosoms falling,  
 Thoughts of the weary past recalling.

## XIII.

"Tell me, Zenora!" said the Knight,  
 Their fond embrace of transport o'er.  
 "How didst thou reach this distant shore?  
 Why didst thou leave thine own dear land?"

"Ah!" she replied, o'erpowered quite,

And seizing Henri's hand,  
 "I have spent many a weary hour  
 Since you left that dark old tower,  
 Many a long and sleepless night  
 Since I took my hasty flight,  
 Leaving home and friends to be  
 Once more, Minstrel Knight, with thee.  
 And now, since I have found thee,—now  
 Oh! let me stay to cheer thy brow,  
 To be thy minstrel—aye! thy slave!  
 But do not bid me leave thee!" "How  
 Could I spurn her who thus would brave  
 All dangers both by land and wave,"  
 Replied the Knight, "that she might be  
 If I thought meet, a slave to me!  
 No, lovely, loving one," he cried,  
 "But thou shalt be mine own dear bride!"  
 Once more he clasped her to his breast,  
 Once more that lily hand he press'd,  
 And she, with cheerful, smiling face,  
 Fondly returned his warm embrace.

## XIV.

With what a joyous, wild delight,  
 Do those voices ring through the skies of night!  
 Some are merrily singing a jovial strain  
 That makes the old castle shake again.  
 Here sit a group of merry ones laughing,  
 Drowning all care with the wine they're quaffing.  
 There are others who love with the fair to mix,  
 There are merry old Knights, full of merry old tricks,  
 Who love to be gay in their good old age,  
 When their gray hairs tell they should be more sage.  
 Here sits the Beauty enchanting all;  
 Young love-stricken Knights obey her call,  
 And she reigns like one who long has been  
 The attractive star of each brilliant scene.  
 Why, at this silent, midnight hour,  
 Do those revellers meet in castle and bower?  
 Why gleam those thousand lights so brightly?  
 Why move those beautiful forms so lightly?  
 Long, long has that castle in silence stood,  
 Now its old sides shake in convulsive mood,  
 As if its silent reign was o'er,  
 And it lived again, as in times of yore.  
 Lords, Knights, and Nobles—a glittering throng,  
 Have met to swell the rejoicing song.  
 They have come to see Limoges wed.  
 The priest is there—the rites are said—  
 Many a beauteous fair one sigh'd  
 As she grasped the hand of the lovely Bride;  
 Many a youthful, blooming dame  
 Would have gladly borne Limoges name;  
 But now they gaze, with a gloomy air,  
 On the form of their stranger rival there.  
 The morn is dawning—the castle-halls  
 Are as silent now as its stout old walls;  
 The sounds of revelry long have ceas'd,  
 And the smiling fair  
 Are no longer there,  
 To gladden the sumptuous marriage feast.  
 The bridegroom and bride have retired to rest:  
 May their dreams be gentle! their life-time blest!

Kingston, C. W., 1845.