

THE MONK.

A Romance.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque.

HOR.

Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty pow'r,
Witches, and ghosts who rove at midnight hour.

VOL. I.

Waterford:

PRINTED FOR J. SAUNDERS.

1796.

which she played was soft and plaintive. Ambrosio, while he listened, felt his uneasiness subside, and a pleasing melancholy spread itself into his bosom. Suddenly Matilda changed the strain: with a hand bold and rapid, she struck a few loud martial chords, and then chanted the following ballad to an air at once simple and melodious:—

DURANDARTE AND BELERMA.

SAD and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight;
On those fatal plains of glory
Perish'd many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte: never
Verse a nobler chieftain nam'd;
He, before his lips for ever
Clos'd in silence, thus exclaim'd:—

“ Oh, Belerma! oh, my dear one!
For my pain and pleasure born!
Seven long years I serv'd thee, fair one;
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

“ And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

“ Ah ! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh ;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die !

“ Oh, my cousin Montesinos !
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has liv'd between us,
Now my last petition hear :—

“ When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

“ Say, I of my lands possessor
Nam'd her with my dying breath ;
Say, my lips I op'd to bless her,
Ere they clos'd for aye in death !

“ Twice a-week, too, how sincerely
I ador'd her, cousin, say :—
Twice a-week, for one who dearly
Lov'd her, cousin, bid her pray.

“ Montesinos, now the hour
 Mark'd by fate is near at hand ;
 Lo ! my arm has lost its power ;
 Lo ! I drop my trusty brand !

“ Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
 Homewards ne'er shall see me hie :
 Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
 Let me on thy bosom die.

“ Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
 Yet one favour I implore :
 Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
 When my heart shall throb no more.

“ So shall Jesus, still attending,
 Gracious to a Christian's vow,
 Pleas'd accept my ghost ascending,
 And a seat in heav'n allow.”

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte ;
 Soon his brave heart broke in twain :
 Greatly joy'd the Moorish party,
 That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
 Took from him his helm and glaive ;
 Bitter weeping, Montesinos
 Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast,
That Belerma, wretched lady !
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesino's heart; he
Felt distress his bosom rend.—

“ Oh, my cousin Durandarte,
Woe is me to view thy end !

“ Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight ;
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light.

“ Cousin, lo ! my tears bedew thee ;
How shall I thy loss survive !
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive ?”

While she sung, Ambrosio listened with delight : never had he heard a voice more harmonious, and he wondered how such heavenly sounds could be produced by any but angels. But though he indulged the sense of hearing, a single look convinced him that he must not trust to that