

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED
BOOK OF LEGENDS.

Narrated in Antient Ballad Form.

WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC,

Arranged in an easy style, for Voice and Pianoforte, suited to little Folks or great Folks,
and Minstrels of all degrees.

*Each Story, or Legend, illustrated by a set of brilliant Pictures, designed in the
quaint spirit of Mediæval times, and printed in Colors and Gold,*

BY MARCUS WARD, ILLUMINATOR TO THE QUEEN.

SECOND



SERIES.

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

INDEX.

Pocahontas: a Tale of Old Virginie.

Told in verse by FRANCIS DAVIS; Music composed by B. HOBSON CARROLL.

Plate I.—Pocahontas Saveth the Life of Captain Smith.

„ II.—Pocahontas Overheareth the Council of War.

Plate III.—Pocahontas Forewarneth the Garrison of James-town.

„ IV.—Piping Times of Peace, Marriage of Pocahontas.

King Alfred and Othere (The Discoverer of the North Cape).

Poetry by LONGFELLOW. Issued in the United States by kind permission of Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD & Co., Publishers.

Music composed by B. HOBSON CARROLL.

Plate I. { “ Brought a snow-white Walrus-tooth,
 { Which he held in his brown right hand.”

„ II. { “ For the old seafaring men
 { Came to me now and then.”

Plate III. { “ Round in a fiery ring
 { Went the great sun, O King.”

„ IV. { “ We killed of them threescore,
 { And dragged them to the strand.”

The Marquis of Carabas; or, Puss in Boots.

Told anew, in verse, by FRANCIS DAVIS; Music composed by B. HOBSON CARROLL.

Plate I.—The Miller's Legacy.

„ II.—Puss Presenteth the Rabbit to the King.

Plate III.—Puss Visiteth the Ogre.

„ IV.—The Marriage Feast.

The Hind of the Forest; or, the Enchanted Princess.

Told anew, in verse, by FRANCIS DAVIS; Music composed by B. HOBSON CARROLL.

Plate I.—The Fairy Appareth to the Queen.

„ II.—Grizzel Deceiveth Prince Warrior.

Plate III.—The Hind Seeketh Refuge with Gillyflower.

„ IV.—End of the Enchantment.

POCAHONTAS:

A Tale of Old Virginie.

POCAHONTAS: A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIE.

TOLD IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

I.

Come hither, thou, our wingèd steed,
And fit thee for a flight,
We mean to blow our oaten reed
On Yankee land to-night.
To march with royal rhyming foot,
Where Raleigh learned, they say,
To whiff the weed and raise the root
We prize so high to-day!

II.

Where all for her, his Virgin Queen,
The lands he called and claimed,—
Poor Raleigh!—how he closed his scene,
Needs hardly here be named!
He had his day, for good or ill,
Whereof remains, we know,
For good or ill, a remnant still—
Eh, pipe of mine?—heigh-ho!

III.

Enough!—from him and his we pass,
Premising, by the way,
We're in the land where he, I guess,
Had been as safe to stay!
And from what's "ole Virginie," now,
We pluck the veiling years,
Till young *Virginia's* savage brow
With all its scars appears!

IV.

And Jamestown Fort, and Captain Smith,
Arise upon our view,
Where English lads, of pluck and pith,
At times look rather blue!
For cold and want, and petty feuds,
And Indian treacherie,
Cut up with bloody interludes,
That infant colonie.

V.

Till, like some streak of tinted light,
That sheds a soothing sheen,
Where all is drear, or almost night,
An Indian maid is seen!
Young Pocahontas, she whose name
Like sunlight sheets our song—
I wot, along the aisles of Fame
That name hath journey'd long!

VI.

A princess she, the fav'rite child
Of mighty Powhattan;
Oh, ne'er, where flowers were bright as wild,
Was brighter seen by man!
But, Powhattan!—ah, well! we know,
From many a scraggy tree,
A pleasant bough, at times may grow
And blossom fair to see!

VII.

Old Pow *had* ways, if one *must* tell,
"Good Templars" wont admire:
In sooth, such streams he loved too well
As largely smacked of fire!
Some other weaknesses he showed—
We call them such!—in fine,
He loved a *row*; and, when he could,
On some fat friend to dine!

VIII.

In sooth, his love for human ham,
And morsels in that way,
Was such, or half we say 's but sham,
As, sometimes, stept astray—
And yet, as oft regained its feet,
By logic which implied,
That friendship never tastes so sweet,
As when the friend is *fried*!—

IX.

Which learnèd view still suits a few,
In fifty forms to-day!
But, Jamestown Fort we've here anew,
Let's view it on our way!
A rugged spot, this, sure enough,
And colonized, we see,
With smoother some, and some as rough
As soldiers well can be.

X.

Brave fellows, though!—that Sergeant
A hero without guile, [Swaggs.
Though "not a man of boasts or brags!"
Doth swear—right *Flanders'* style!
"Our Captain's on a visit gone!"
Quoth he, "And, by—Pshaw!
If bring he not old Powhattan,
A pris'ner, beak and claw,

XI.

"Here's Swaggs, to squelch the varmint
Whatever hour ye will!— [breed,
Ye *know* one, Swaggs? *Not* ye, indeed—
His courage or his skill!
Why, see, my mates! by all—well, no!
You're right! I shall not swear!
But when in Holland—tally-ho!—
Hal Swaggs was *KNOWN out* there!"

XII.

Well, valour is a gift, no doubt,
And easy to be borne;
But if we wait to hear this out,
Our patience might be worn.
So, we the Indian village seek,
Where, lo! in his wig-wam,
The grand old chief, serene and sleek,
Hath dreams of human ham!

XIII.

Beside him sits his friend, a WHITE,
'Tis Captain Smith, we know;
And Pocahontas, young and bright,
There glideth to and fro!
Without, and red as rising day,
An Indian youth appears,
Who, by the way, in love, they say,
Is over head and ears.

XIV.

A fearful way, 'twould seem, to die;
But taste, of course, is all!
I think, with Smith, we still should try
To give this Love the wall!
For oft gives he, with foul intent,
As to this youth we've seen,
Such sight as sees—if not askant—
What poets mean by "green!"

XV.

He seeth Smith, and, right or wrong,
His eye this green assumes,
Poor Smith! for *you* it wont be long,
His Prairie Flower blooms!
He knows the tastes of Powhattan,
Of Pocahontas, too,—
He knows himself not quite the man
To suit the maiden's view;

XVI.

And so he contemplates a roast
Of what, however good
As living man, when done as toast,
Should still be doubtful food.
So, Powhattan he whistles on—
"I'll tell you what," said he,
"I think we should link on the pan—
The fire's not bad, I see!"

XVII.

"For me, in fact, the thing is this—
I feel I need a snack;
And think I see one, not amiss,
Along that white man's neck!"
"Oh, happy thought!" said Powhattan
Be scorned, the recreant day,
When Powhattan shall, as a man,
Say 'No!' unto his 'Yay!'"

XVIII.

So, straightway, on his braves he calls,
And, closing half an eye,
"I think, if nicely done, in smalls,
Yon friend of ours should fry!"
His braves a most approving nod
Upon their chief bestow,
And soon poor Smith, along the sod
Lies, waiting for the blow.

XIX.

And now, the clubs and tomahawks
Hang o'er the poor white man,
While, arms a-kimbo, stands or stalks,
Beside them, Powhattan.
The moment comes—the club is swung
Is just about to fall,
When Pocahontas—oh, that tongue!
That bound—that maid—that all!

XX.

She flees, she shrieks, and shrieking flees
And o'er the victim bends;
And, shielding him, upon her knees,
Her arm the maid extends.
"With Pocahontas, as thou wilt,
Be done!" she sternly said;
"But here is blood shall *not* be spilt—
This *white* man's heart is *red*!"

POCAHONTAS

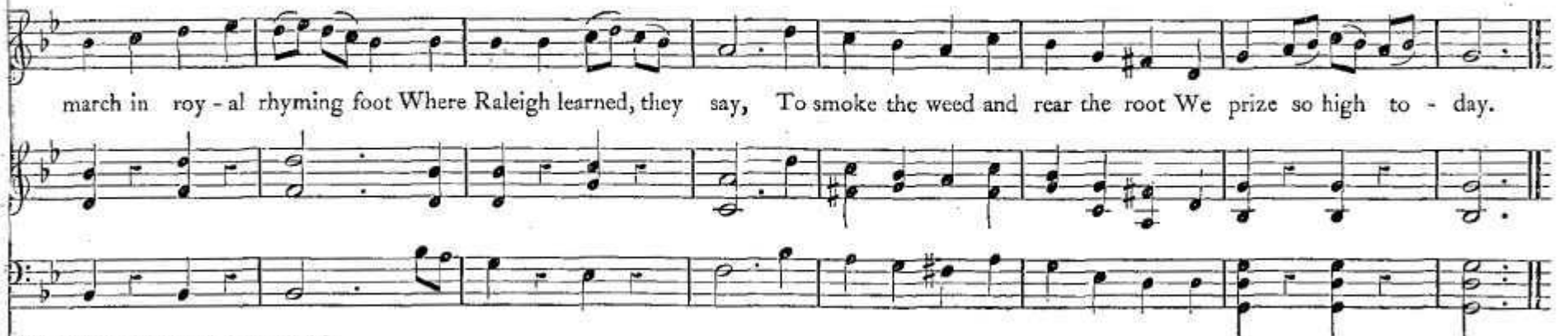
A Tale of Old Virginie.



Come hither thou, our wing-èd steed, And fit thee for a flight, We mean to blow our oat - en reed On Yan-kee land to - night, To



march in roy - al rhyming foot Where Raleigh learned, they say, To smoke the weed and rear the root We prize so high to - day.



POCAHONTAS

A Tale of Old Virginie.

The Antient music, arranged by B. Hobson Ca. rou



Poor girl! and could it be she loved This haughty English knight? If so, what then? hath he been proved More lovely, in God's sight? A

knight was he! —an English knight! God bless the mark—'tis grand! But who was SHE? In her own light, A PRINCESS of the land!

POCAHONTAS: A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIE—*Continued.*

TOLD IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

XXI.

Poor girl! and could it be she loved
This haughty English knight?
If so, what then? hath he been proved
More lovely, in God's sight?
A knight was he!—an English knight!
God bless the mark—'tis grand!
But who was SHE? In her own light,
A PRINCESS of the land!

XXII.

Away, away, with "if" and "and,"
We hold that man is man,
Nor more, nor less, howe'er he stand,
With knight or Powhattan!
And so, old Pow—who loved his child,
Besides a friend, to grill,
With appetite a little wild—
Was somewhat human still.

XXIII.

"Away!" said he, "we grant his life
To your misguided voice;
You yet may be a white man's wife—
To, maybe, rue your choice!"
Thus sentimental Pow had grown;
For us, we're not of mind,
In sentimental chat, alone,
To waste our honest wind!

XXIV.

So, turn to Jamestown Fort, I pray—
We can't forget our friends!
Though on our way, I grieve to say,
Are awkward odds and ends.
For instance, Smith set free, we find,
Has wrought the *Reds* despair:
They'll storm the Fort! Well, never mind,
One Sergeant Swaggs is there!

XXV.

We know he'll meet them, one for ten,
At least, he *swore* he would;
And surely we, as trustful men,
Believe whate'er we should!
A noble night for war or spree!
The moon is out, and lo!
A silver punch-bowl might she be,
For aught our neighbours know—

XXVI.

She shines so bright—so silvery white,
While stars of richest sheen,
Like golden goblets, left and right,
Complete the jovial scene!
Less *bright* beneath, the Council sits,
But wheels the bottle, free,
Mong chiefs and braves, while rolls, by fits,
Some huge-voiced melody!

XXVII.

And though the chiefs had dressed in haste,
Each brain its worth made clear,
And not alone its worth, but *taste*,
By aptly-regal gear!
And if some tastes dissentious be,
Our scullery bear the braid:
It aped to them our armourie,
On their most recent raid!

XXVIII.

Howe'er they're there, in royal state,
As, witness their attire;
Their very helms—like one, of late—
Have been baptized with fire!
One brow from 'neath a saucepan beams,
Whose handle brooks it well;
If *it* but act the horn it seems,
Queer news it yet may tell!

XXIX.

Another wears what horns he may;
But royal Powhattan—
A broth-pot, grandly stuffed with hay,
Reveals the kingly man!
Well, what are they—or what are we—
As shaped by time and tide?
Oh, could we see through wall or tree,
There might be less to chide!

XXX.

For trees, as well as *walls*, have ears;
And every evil vow,
Perhaps, some Pocahontas hears,
As doth that maiden now!
But strangers we to King and Court,
'Twere best to move our legs;
And, now behold, we're at the Fort,
And here's our noble Swaggs!

XXXI.

He sniffs a something in the wind—
Ah, well, he's well prepared;
O'er one to fear so bravely blind,
Our pity may be spared!
And still he straineth with those eyes,
Whene'er the branches shake,
Ye'd think his hair had tried to rise,
To keep itself awake!

XXXII.

A sound there steals along the gale—
The sound of sudden feet—
I did not think this Swaggs so pale,
When first our fate to meet!
Ah, well, at night, these northern airs
Are bleaching things, we know,
But Courage kills a thousand cares—
Now, Swaggs!—Ho-ho! Ho-ho!

XXXIII.

In vain—in vain! he's down like lead,
His feet are in the air;
The man—he surely is not dead!
Whatever dropped him there?
Behold, a red-skinned face there nears
The Fort, or outer wall—
'Tis Pocahontas' self appears—
A maiden, after all!

XXXIV.

Brave Swaggs he saw, and bravely thought
The Indians were around,
And how they might be better fought,
He'd gather from the ground.
Well, poets, some, I've heard them say,
Their jingles string in bed;
And may not Swaggs, as *brave* as they,
For study plank his head?

XXXV.

I know not did he e'er explain
What form of fight he planned;
But if he did my craven brain
Could hardly understand!
I only know, had I been Swaggs,
And dreams of danger there,
I'd, likely, too, have used my legs,
But—scarce so high in air!

XXXVI.

Howe'er, 'tis Pocahontas stands,
And soon her tale is told:
She telleth of the angry bands
About to storm the hold;
But Smith was not to be outdone
By Indian craft or guile—
The tale through many a stave might run—
Alternate tear and smile!

XXXVII.

But many staves, like many books,
Are weariness of brain;
So, many moons have crossed the brooks,
Yet Jamestown doth remain.
Yea, more, one eve, it looked as bright
As any English scene—
For Pocahontas, to a WHITE,
That morning wed had been!

XXXVIII.

And many a reeking pipe and dram
Went round both maid and man,
With never a sigh for human ham
From crump, old Powhattan!
From early morn till late at night,
They frisked it, heel and toe—
The bride, to Sergeant Swaggs' delight,
Still timing with her bow.

XXXIX.

But Smith's not there—some English bow'r
For him some white rose bore;
Though well he knew our prairie flow'r
Had loved him in her core!
And lo! in London when they met,
In long, long after years,
How oft her paling bloom was wet,
With true soul's chastest tears!

XL.

For though our tale, from Fancy's wing,
Some tinted down displays,
The beauteous Indian maid we sing,
Once charmed the London gaze!
"La Belle Sauvage!" there found she rest,
Oh, softly sleep may she!
And, radiant as the golden west,
Be flower'd her memorie!