

**English 149 (Fall 2005)**  
**Dr. Katherine Harris**

**“The Brigand Leader and his Wife” by Mrs. Hemans (36)**  
***from Friendship’s Offering, A Literary Album (1827)***

Dark chieftain of the heath and height!  
Wild feaster on the hills by night!  
Seest thou the stormy sunset’s glow,  
Flung back by glancing spears below?  
Now, for one strife of stern despair!  
The foe hath track’d thee to thy lair.

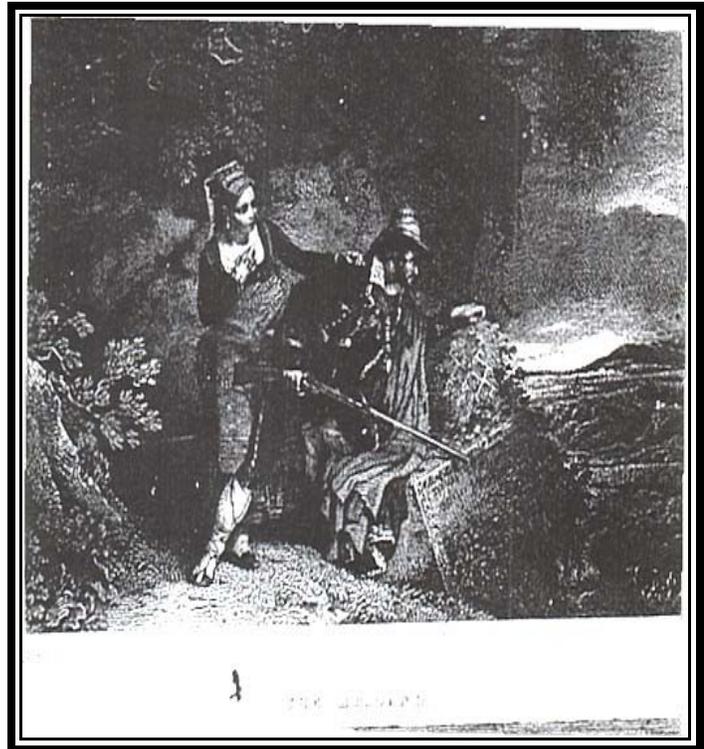
Thou, against whom the voice of blood,  
Hath risen from track and lonely wood,  
And in whose dreams a man should be,  
Not of the water, nor the tree;  
Haply, thine own last hour is nigh,  
Yet, shalt thou not forsaken die.

There’s one, that pale beside thee stands,  
More than all thy mountain bands!  
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,  
When the balls whistle round thy head;  
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye,  
No longer may to her’s reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace  
Hath faded from her soul and face;  
And many a thought, the fitting guest  
Of woman’s meek, religious breast,  
Hath perished, in her wanderings wide,  
Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,  
A flower upon a ruin’s wall,  
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast,  
Of lovely ones to be the last;  
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,  
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And, oh! not wholly lost the heart,  
Where that undying love hath part;  
Not worthless all, though far and long  
From home estranged, and guided wrong:  
Yet, may its depths by Heaven be sitr’d,  
Its prayer for thee, be pur’d and heard!



This engraving was published in the literary annual with Hemans’ poem. The engraving was created first and sent to Hemans with a request that she write a poem which reflected the action of the engraving.