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LUCILLA AND GODOLPHIN.

*A Scene of Bulwer's+*

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Dying, a wild, deserted dreamer lay,  
With one rude lamp to fling its fitful light  
Around her ruined beauty. On her brow,  
And in the starry darkness of her eyes,  
The chill and mist were gathering—but her heart,  
With the impassioned softness of the South,  
Heaved warm and fondly yet. Sadly she raised  
And listened for the music of *his* step—  
For, though the viewless armies of the Wind  
Warred with the ancient woods, and rushing rains  
Beat on the dark tents of the Night, she knew  
Godolphin would not stay. At last was heard  
The hurried trampling of a panting steed,  
And in a moment more her faint white arms  
Enclasped the long-lost idol of her youth!

*"Oh, Percy! it is thee!"*

Oft have the starry oracles of Heaven  
Foretold the meeting of this hour to me;  
And thro' the long, lone night, with prayers I've striven  
To draw it near—*though death was in its train*—  
That I might kiss thy lip and hear thy voice again!

My idol! never yet  
Wert thou so loved—not even when life was young,  
When by Egeria's storied fount we met,  
And listened where the Rose's minstrel sung,  
And breathed sweet Italy's love-haunted air—  
'Tis strange my mourning heart should *now* go wandering there.

Godolphin! hast not thou,  
In thy high destiny found clouds and tears?  
Yes, by the furrowed paleness of this brow,  
*Unsatisfied* thy heart beat thro' the years  
That were to bless thee so! Alas, alas,  
Bright *Dreamer*, well I knew, I knew—but let this pass.

*'Tis thee*—but thou art changed—  
Upon thy golden curls dark shadows lie—

Thy heart from its young romance is estranged;  
And, in the mournful splendors of thine eye,  
There is a glance whose anguish chills my breast—  
Oh, that my love—*her* love! had made thy bosom blest.

*Percy!* I go—I go !  
The stars with whom I've held bright commune long  
Demand my spirit from the scenes below—  
Soon I shall smile amid the angelic throng—  
And thou—the rush of waters sounds thy knell—  
Thou too will come this hour—*Percy!* till then, farewell.

+Lucilla and Godolphin are characters in Edward Bulwer-Lytton's satirical romance novel *Godolphin* (1833).