

**Classic Poetry Series**

**George Gordon Byron, Lord  
Byron**  
**- poems -**

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### **George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron (1788 - 1824)**

George Gordon Byron was the son of Captain John Byron by his marriage to the Scottish Catherine Gordon of Gight. He was born with a club foot of which he was very self-conscious and educated in Aberdeen, where his family had moved to escape their debts, and at Harrow and Cambridge. Byron inherited the family home, Newstead Abbey, following the deaths of his father in 1791 and grandfather in 1798. He took up his seat in the House of Lords in 1808 and then left to travel in Europe, at which time he began writing his immensely popular poem *Childe Harold*, returning to a political role again in 1813 when he spoke on liberal themes in the House. In 1815 he married Annabella Milbanke, but she left him soon afterwards, taking their child with her. Throughout his life he fathered several illegitimate children and had numerous scandalous affairs, the most notorious being with his half-sister Augusta, his father's daughter by an earlier marriage. This affair horrified English society and encouraged Byron in his decision to leave England for good in 1816. He stayed with the Shelleys in Geneva, where he wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*, then after a trip to Rome in 1817 he returned to Venice where he wrote *Beppo* his first work in a new ironic style. *Don Juan* was begun the following year. Fired by the Greek battle for independence from Turkey, Byron sailed to Missolonghi in 1824, where he gave money and inspiration to the rebels but died of a fever before seeing action.

## **A Spirit Passed Before Me**

From Job

A spirit passed before me: I beheld  
The face of immortality unveiled&mdash;  
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine&mdash;  
And there it stood,&mdash;all formless&mdash;but divine:  
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;  
And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake:

"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure  
Than He who deems even Seraphs insecure?  
Creatures of clay&mdash;vain dwellers in the dust!  
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?  
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,  
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!"

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Adieu, Adieu! My Native Land**

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o' ver the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land-Good Night!  
A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **'All Is Vanity,' Saith the Preacher**

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,  
And health and youth possessed me;  
My goblets blushed from every vine,  
And lovely forms caressed me;  
I sunned my heart in beauty' eyes,  
And felt my soul grow tender;  
All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days  
Remembrance can discover,  
Which all that life or earth displays  
Would lure me to live over.  
There rose no day, there rolled no hour  
Of pleasure unembittered;  
And not a trapping decked my power  
That galled not while it glittered.

The serpent of the field, by art  
And spells, is won from harming;  
But that which soils around the heart,  
Oh! who hath power of charming?  
It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
Nor music's voice can lure it;  
But there it stings for evermore  
The soul that must endure it.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **And Thou Art Dead, As Young and Fair**

And thou art dead, as young and fair  
As aught of mortal birth;  
And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
Too soon return'd to Earth!  
Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot;  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not:  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I lov'd, and long must love,  
Like common earth can rot;  
To me there needs no stone to tell,  
'T is Nothing that I lov'd so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
As fervently as thou,  
Who didst not change through all the past,  
And canst not alter now.  
The love where Death has set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow:  
And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
The worst can be but mine:  
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep;  
Nor need I to repine  
That all those charms have pass'd away,  
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
The leaves must drop away:  
And yet it were a greater grief  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it pluck'd to-day;  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade;

The night that follow'd such a morn  
Had worn a deeper shade:  
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,  
And thou wert lovely to the last,  
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed,  
To think I was not near to keep  
One vigil o'er thy bed;  
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head;  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain,  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught except its living years.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **And Wilt Thou Weep When I Am Low?**

And wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again:  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so---  
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,  
My blood runs coldly through my breast;  
And when I perish, thou alone  
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace  
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine:  
And for a while my sorrows cease,  
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blest be that tear---  
It falls for one who cannot weep;  
Such precious drops are doubly dear  
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm  
With every feeling soft as thine;  
But Beauty's self hath ceased to charm  
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again:  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so---  
I would not give that bosom pain.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## **Bride of Abydos, The**

"Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted." — Burns

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,  
THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,  
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT,  
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,  
  
BYRON.

### THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

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#### CANTO THE FIRST.

##### I.

Know ye the land where cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom; [1]  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun —  
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done? [2]  
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

##### II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,  
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,  
Awaiting each his lord's behest  
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,  
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:  
Deep thought was in his aged eye;

And though the face of Mussulman  
Not oft betrays to standers by  
The mind within, well skill'd to hide  
All but unconquerable pride,  
His pensive cheek and pondering brow  
Did more than he wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be clear'd." — The train disappear'd —  
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."  
With Giaffir is none but his only son,  
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.  
"Haroun — when all the crowd that wait  
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,  
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)  
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower:  
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:  
Yet not to her repeat my thought;  
By me alone be duty taught!"  
"Pacha! to hear is to obey."  
No more must slave to despot say —  
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,  
But here young Selim silence brake,  
First lowly rendering reverence meet!  
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,  
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:  
For son of Moslem must expire,  
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide  
My sister, or her sable guide,  
Know — for the fault, if fault there be,  
Was mine — then fall thy frowns on me —  
So lovelily the morning shone,  
That — let the old and weary sleep —  
I could not; and to view alone  
The fairest scenes of land and deep,  
With none to listen and reply  
To thoughts with which my heart beat high  
Were irksome — for whate'er my mood,  
In sooth I love not solitude;  
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,  
And as thou knowest that for me  
Soon turns the Haram's grating key,  
Before the guardian slaves awoke  
We to the cypress groves had flown,  
And made earth, main, and heaven our own!  
There linger'd we, beguil'd too long  
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song, [3]  
Till I, who heard the deep tambour [4]

Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,  
To thee, and to my duty true,  
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:  
But there Zuleika wanders yet —  
Nay, father, rage not — nor forget  
That none can pierce that secret bower  
But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave" — the Pacha said —  
"From unbelieving mother bred,  
Vain were a father's hope to see  
Aught that beseems a man in thee.  
Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,  
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,  
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,  
Must pore where babbling waters flow,  
And watch unfolding roses blow.  
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow  
Thy listless eyes so much admire,  
Would lend thee something of his fire!  
Thou, who wouldst see this battlement  
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;  
Nay, tamely view old Stamboul's wall  
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,  
Nor strike one stroke for life or death  
Against the curs of Nazareth!  
Go — let thy less than woman's hand  
Assume the distaff — not the brand.  
But, Haroun! — to my daughter speed:  
And hark — of thine own head take heed —  
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing —  
Thou see'st yon bow — it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,  
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,  
But every frown and every word  
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.  
"Son of a slave! — reproach'd with fear!  
Those gibes had cost another dear.  
Son of a slave! and who my sire?"  
Thus held his thoughts their dark career,  
And glances ev'n of more than ire  
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.  
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son  
And started; for within his eye  
He read how much his wrath had done;  
He saw rebellion there begun:  
"Come hither, boy — what, no reply?"

I mark thee — and I know thee too;  
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:  
But if thy beard had manlier length,  
And if thy hand had skill and strength,  
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,  
Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,  
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:  
That eye return'd him glance for glance,  
And proudly to his sire's was raised,  
Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance —  
And why — he felt, but durst not tell.  
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
Will one day work me more annoy:  
I never loved him from his birth,  
And — but his arm is little worth,  
And scarcely in the chase could cope  
With timid fawn or antelope,  
Far less would venture into strife  
Where man contends for fame and life —  
I would not trust that look or tone:  
No — nor the blood so near my own.

That blood — he hath not heard — no more —  
I'll watch him closer than before.  
He is an Arab to my sight, [5]  
Or Christian crouching in the fight —  
But hark! — I hear Zuleika's voice;  
Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:  
She is the offspring of my choice;  
Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,  
With all to hope, and nought to fear —  
My Peri! — ever welcome here!  
Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave,  
To lips just cool'd in time to save —  
Such to my longing sight art thou;  
Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine  
More thanks for life, than I for thine,  
Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,  
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,  
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind —  
But once beguiled — and evermore beguiling;  
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision  
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,  
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,  
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;  
Soft, as the memory of buried love;

Pure as the prayer which Childhood wafts above,  
Was she — the daughter of that rude old Chief,  
Who met the maid with tears — but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
The might — the majesty of Loveliness?  
Such was Zuleika — such around her shone  
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;  
The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the Music breathing from her face, [6]  
The heart whose softness harmonised the whole —  
And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
Across her gently-budding breast;  
At one kind word those arms extending  
To clasp the neck of him who blest  
His child caressing and carest,  
Zuleika came — Giaffir felt  
His purpose half within him melt;  
Not that against her fancied weal  
His heart though stern could ever feel;  
Affection chain'd her to that heart;  
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!  
How dear this very day must tell,  
When I forget my own distress,  
In losing what I love so well,  
To bid thee with another dwell:  
Another! and a braver man  
Was never seen in battle's van.  
We Moslems reck not much of blood;  
But yet the line of Carasman [7]  
Unchanged, unchangeable, hath stood  
First of the bold Timariot bands  
That won and well can keep their lands.  
Enough that he who comes to woo  
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:  
His years need scarce a thought employ:  
I would not have thee wed a boy.  
And thou shalt have a noble dower:  
And his and my united power  
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,  
Which others tremble but to scan,  
And teach the messenger what fate

The bearer of such boon may wait, [8]  
And now thy know'st thy father's will;  
All that thy sex hath need to know:  
'Twas mine to teach obedience still —  
The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;  
And if her eye was fill'd with tears  
That stifled feeling dare not shed,  
And changed her cheek to pale to red,  
And red to pale, as through her ears  
Those winged words like arrows sped,  
What could such be but maiden fears?  
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,  
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;  
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,  
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot;  
Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;  
Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed, [9]  
Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque, [10]  
And mounting featly for the mead,  
With Maugrabee [11] and Mamaluke,  
His way amid his Delis took, [12]  
To witness many an active deed  
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.  
The Kislar only and his Moors  
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,  
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water  
That swiftly glides and gently swells  
Between the winding Dardanelles;  
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,  
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band  
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,  
Careering cleave the folded felt [13]  
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;  
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,  
Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud [14] —  
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter!

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;  
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:  
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,

Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.  
 To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,  
 But little from his aspect learn'd;  
 Equal her grief, yet not the same:  
 Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:  
 But yet that heart, alarm'd, or weak,  
 She knew not why, forbade to speak.  
 Yet speak she must — but when essay?  
 "How strange he thus should turn away!  
 Not thus we e'er before have met;  
 Not thus shall be our parting yet."  
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room,  
 And watched his eye — it still was fix'd:  
 She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd  
 The Persian Atar-gúl's perfume, [15]  
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er  
 The pictured roof and marble floor: [16]  
 The drops, that through his glittering vest  
 The playful girl's appeal address'd,  
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,  
 As if that breast were marble too.  
 "What sullen yet? it must not be —  
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"  
 She saw in curious order set  
 The fairest flowers of Eastern land —  
 "He loved them once; may touch them yet  
 If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."  
 The childish thought was hardly breathed  
 Before the Rose was pluck'd and wreathed;  
 The next fond moment saw her seat  
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet:  
 "This rose to calm my brother's cares  
 A message from the Bulbul bears; [17]  
 It says to-night he will prolong  
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song;  
 And though his note is somewhat sad,  
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,  
 With some faint hope his alter'd lay  
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?  
 Nay then I am indeed unblest:  
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?  
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?  
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!  
 Say is it me thou hat'st or fearest?  
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,  
 And I will kiss thee into rest,  
 Since words of mine, and songs must fail  
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.

I knew our sire at times was stern,  
But this from thee had yet to learn:  
Too well I know he loves thee not;  
But is Zuleika's love forgot?  
Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan —  
This kinsman Bey of Carasman  
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine:  
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,  
If shrines that ne'er approach allow  
To woman's step admit her vow,  
Without thy free consent, command,  
The Sultan should not have my hand!  
Think'st though that I could bear to part  
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?  
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,  
Where were thy friend — and who my guide?  
Years have not seen, Time shall not see  
The hour that tears my soul from thee:  
Even Azrael, [18] from his deadly quiver  
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,  
That parts all else, shall doom for ever  
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

## XII.

He lived — he breathed — he moved — he felt;  
He raised the maid from where she knelt;  
His trance was gone — his keen eye shone  
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;  
With thoughts that burn — in rays that melt.  
As the streams late conceal'd  
By the fringe of its willows,  
When it rushes reveal'd  
In the light of its billows;  
As the bolt bursts on high  
From the black cloud that bound it,  
Flash'd the soul of that eye  
Through the long lashes round it.  
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,  
A lion roused by heedless hound,  
A tyrant waked to sudden strife  
By graze of ill-directed knife,  
Starts not to more convulsive life  
Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,  
And all, before repress'd, betray'd:

"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,  
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;  
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,  
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.  
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;  
That vow hath saved more heads than one:



But blench not thou — thy simplest tress  
 Claims more from me than tenderness;  
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair  
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,  
 For all the treasures buried far  
 Within the caves of Istakar. [19]  
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,  
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,  
 And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!  
 Now I have motive to be brave;  
 The son of his neglected slave —  
 Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave —  
 May shew, though little apt to vaunt,  
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.  
 His son, indeed! — yet, thanks to thee,  
 Perchance I am, at least shall be!  
 But let our plighted secret vow  
 Be only known to us as now.  
 I know the wretch who dares demand  
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;  
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul  
 Holds not a Musselim's control: [20]  
 Was he not bred in Egripo? [21]  
 A viler race let Israel show!  
 But let that pass — to none be told  
 Our oath; the rest let time unfold.  
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey;  
 I've partisans for peril's day:  
 Think not I am what I appear;  
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

### XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!  
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed:  
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest:  
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.  
 My love thou surely knew'st before,  
 It ne'er was less, nor can be more.  
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,  
 And hate the night, I know not why,  
 Save that we meet not but by day;  
 With thee to live, with thee to die,  
 I dare not to my hope deny:  
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,  
 Like this — and this — no more than this;  
 For, Allah! Sure thy lips are flame:  
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?  
 My own have nearly caught the same,  
 At least I feel my cheek too blushing.  
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,  
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,

Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,  
 And lighten half thy poverty;  
 Do all but close thy dying eye,  
 For that I could not live to try;  
 To these alone my thoughts aspire:  
 More can I do? or thou require?  
 But, Selim, thou must answer why  
 We need so much of mystery?  
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell,  
 But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;  
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'  
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.  
 I mean that Giaffir should have heard  
 The very vow I plighted thee;  
 His wrath would not revoke my word:  
 But surely he would leave me free.  
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,  
 To be what I have ever been?  
 What other hath Zuleika seen  
 From simple childhood's earliest hour?  
 What other can she seek to see  
 Than thee, companion of her bower,  
 The partner of her infancy?  
 These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,  
 Say, why must I no more avow?  
 What change is wrought to make me shun  
 The truth; my pride, and thine till now?  
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes  
 Our law, our creed, our God denies,  
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine  
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine:  
 No! happier made by that decree!  
 He left me all in leaving thee.  
 Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd  
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld:  
 This wherefore should I not reveal?  
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal!  
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood  
 To thee hath never boded good:  
 And he so often storms at naught,  
 Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!  
 And why I know not, but within  
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.  
 If then such secrecy be crime,  
 And such it feels while lurking here,  
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,  
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.  
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar, [22]  
 My father leaves the mimic war:  
 I tremble now to meet his eye —  
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika — to thy tower's retreat  
Betake thee — Giaffir I can greet:  
And now with him I fain must prate  
Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.  
There's fearful news from Danube's banks,  
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,  
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!  
Our sultan hath a shorter way  
Such costly triumph to repay.  
But, mark me, when the twilight drum  
Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,  
Unto thy cell will Selim come:  
Then softly from the Haram creep  
Where we may wander by the deep:  
Our garden-battlements are steep;  
Nor these will rash intruder climb  
To list our words, or stint our time;  
And if he doth, I want not steel  
Which some have felt, and more may feel.  
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more  
Than thou hast heard or thought before:  
Trust me, Zuleika — fear not me!  
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now  
Did word like this — "  
"Delay not thou;  
I keep the key — and Haroun's guard  
Have some, and hope of more reward.  
Tonight, Zuleika, thou shalt hear  
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:  
I am not, love! what I appear."

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CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,  
As on that night of stormy water,  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.  
Oh! when alone along the sky  
Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,  
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;  
And clouds aloft and tides below,  
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,

He could not see, he would not hear,  
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;  
His eye but saw the light of love,  
The only star it hail'd above;  
His ear but rang with Hero's song,  
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!" —  
That tale is old, but love anew  
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide  
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;  
And Night's descending shadows hide  
That field with blood bedew'd in vain,  
The desert of old Priam's pride;  
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,  
All — save immortal dreams that could beguile  
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet — for there my steps have been!  
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,  
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne —  
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,  
To trace again those fields of yore,  
Believing every hillock green  
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,  
And that around the undoubted scene  
Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes, [23]  
Be long my lot! and cold were he  
Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,  
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill  
That moon, which shoon on his high theme:  
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,  
But conscious shepherds bless it still.  
Their flocks are grazing on the mound  
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;  
That mighty heap of gather'd ground  
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round, [24]  
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,  
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!  
Within — thy dwelling-place how narrow?  
Without — can only strangers breathe  
The name of him that was beneath:  
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;  
But Thou — thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer  
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;  
Till then — no beacon on the cliff  
May shape the course of struggling skiff;  
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,  
All, one by one, have died away;  
The only lamp of this lone hour  
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.  
Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,  
And o'er her silken Ottoman  
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,  
O'er which her fairy fingers ran; [25]  
Near these, with emerald rays beset,  
(How could she thus that gem forget?)  
Her mother's sainted amulet, [26]  
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,  
Could smooth this life, and win the next;  
And by her Comboloio lies [27]  
A Koran of illumined dyes;  
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme  
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;  
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,  
Reclines her now neglected lute;  
And round her lamp of fretted gold  
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;  
The richest work of Iran's loom,  
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;  
All that can eye or sense delight  
Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:  
But yet it hath an air of gloom.  
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,  
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,  
Which none save noblest Moslems wear,  
To guard from winds of heaven the breast  
As heaven itself to Selim dear,  
With cautious steps the thicket threading,  
And starting oft, as through the glade  
The gust its hollow moanings made;  
Till on the smoother pathway treading,  
More free her timid bosom beat,  
The maid pursued her silent guide;  
And though her terror urged retreat,  
How could she quit her Selim's side?  
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn  
By nature, but enlarged by art,  
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,  
And oft her Koran conn'd apart:  
And oft in youthful reverie  
She dream'd what Paradise might be;  
Where woman's parted soul shall go  
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;  
But Selim's mansion was secure,  
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure  
His bower in other worlds of bliss,  
Without her, most beloved in this!  
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?  
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot  
Some change seem'd wrought within the grot;  
It might be only that the night  
Disguised things seen by better light:  
That brazen lamp but dimly threw  
A ray of no celestial hue:  
But in a nook within the cell  
Her eye on stranger objects fell.  
There arms were piled, not such as wield  
The turban'd Delis in the field;  
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,  
And one was red — perchance with guilt!  
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?  
A cup too on the board was set  
That did not seem to hold sherbet.  
What may this mean? she turn'd to see  
Her Selim — "Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,  
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore  
But in its stead a shawl of red,  
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:  
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem  
Were worthy of a diadem,  
No longer glitter'd at his waist,  
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;  
And from his belt a sabre swung,  
And from his shoulder loosely hung  
The cloak of white, the thin capote  
That decks the wandering Candiote:  
Beneath — his golden plated vest

Clung like a cuirass to his breast  
The greaves below his knee that wound  
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.  
But were it not that high command  
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,  
All that a careless eye could see  
In him was some young Galiongée. [28]

X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd;  
And now thou see'st my words were true:  
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,  
If sooth — its truth must others rue.  
My story now 'twere vain to hide,  
I must not see thee Osman's bride:  
But had not thine own lips declared  
How much of that young heart I shared,  
I could not, must not, yet have shown  
The darker secret of my own.  
In this I speak not now of love;  
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:  
But first — oh! never wed another —  
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother! — yet unsay —  
God! am I left alone on earth  
To mourn — I dare not curse the day  
That saw my solitary birth?  
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!  
My sinking heart foreboded ill;  
But know me all I was before,  
Thy sister — friend — Zuleika still.  
Thou ledd'st me hear perchance to kill;  
If thou hast cause for vengeance see  
My breast is offer'd — take thy fill!  
Far better with the dead to be  
Than live thus nothing now to thee;  
Perhaps far worse, for now I know  
Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;  
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,  
Form whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.  
If not thy sister — wouldst thou save  
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika! — nay, I'm thine;  
But, gentle love, this transport calm,  
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;

I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,  
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.  
So may the Koran verse display'd [29]  
Upon its steel direct my blade,  
In danger's hour to guard us both,  
As I preserve that awful oath!  
The name in which thy heart hath prided  
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,  
That tie is widen'd, not divided,  
Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.  
My father was to Giaffir all  
That Selim late was deem'd to thee;  
That brother wrought a brother's fall,  
But spared, at least, my infancy;  
And lull'd me with a vain deceit  
That yet a like return may meet.  
He rear'd me, not with tender help,  
But like the nephew of a Cain; [30]  
He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,  
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.  
My father's blood in every vein  
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake  
No present vengeance will I take;  
Though here I must no more remain.  
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear  
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

### XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,  
If love or envy made them foes,  
It matters little if I knew;  
In fiery spirits, slights, though few  
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.  
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,  
Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,  
And Paswan's rebel hordes attest [31]  
How little love they bore such guest:  
His death is all I need relate,  
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;  
And how my birth disclosed to me,  
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

### XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,  
At last for power, but first for life,  
In Widdin's walls too proudly sate,  
Our Pachas rallied round the state;  
Nor last nor least in high command,  
Each brother led a separate band;  
They gave their horse-tails to the wind, [32]



And mustering in Sophia's plain  
Their tents were pitch'd, their posts assign'd;  
To one, alas! assign'd in vain!  
What need of words? the deadly bowl,  
By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,  
With venom subtle as his soul,  
Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.  
Reclined and feverish in the bath,  
He, when the hunter's sport was up,  
But little deem'd a brother's wrath  
To quench his thirst had such a cup:  
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;  
He drank one draught, and nor needed more! [33]  
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,  
Call Haroun — he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud  
In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,  
Abdallah's Pachalic was gain'd: —  
Thou know'st not what in our Divan  
Can wealth procure for worse than man —  
Abdallah's honours were obtain'd  
By him a brother's murder stain'd;  
'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd  
His ill got treasure, soon replaced.  
Wouldst question whence? Survey the waste,  
And ask the squalid peasant how  
His gains repay his broiling brow! —  
Why me the stern usurper spared,  
Why thus with me the palace shared,  
I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,  
And little fear from infant's force;  
Besides, adoption of a son  
Of him whom Heaven accorded none,  
Or some unknown cabal, caprice,  
Preserved me thus; but not in peace;  
He cannot curb his haughty mood,  
Nor I forgive a father's blood!

XVI.

"Within thy father's house are foes;  
Not all who break his bread are true:  
To these should I my birth disclose,  
His days, his very hours, were few:  
They only want a heart to lead,  
A hand to point them to the deed.  
But Haroun only knows — or knew —  
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:  
He in Abdallah's palace grew,

And held that post in his Serai  
Which holds he here — he saw him die:  
But what could single slavery do?  
Avenge his lord? alas! too late;  
Or save his son from such a fate?  
He chose the last, and when elate  
With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,  
Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,  
He led me helpless to his gate,  
And not in vain it seems essay'd  
To save the life for which he pray'd.  
The knowledge of my birth secured  
From all and each, but most from me;  
Thus Giaffir's safety was insured.  
Removed he too from Roumelie  
To this our Asiatic side,  
Far from our seat by Danube's tide,  
With none but Haroun, who retains  
Such knowledge — and that Nubian feels  
A tyrant's secrets are but chains,  
From which the captive gladly steals,  
And this and more to me reveals:  
Such still to guilt just Allah sends —  
Slaves, tools, accomplices — no friends!

XVII.

"All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;  
But harsher still my tale must be:  
Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,  
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.  
I saw thee start this garb to see,  
Yet is it one I oft have worn,  
And long must wear: this Galiongée,  
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,  
Is leader of those pirate hordes,  
Whose laws and lives are on their swords;  
To hear whose desolating tale  
Would make thy waning cheek more pale:  
Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,  
The hands that wield are not remote;  
This cup too for the rugged knaves  
Is fill'd — once quaff'd, they ne'er repine:  
Our Prophet might forgive the slaves;  
They're only infidels in wine!

XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,  
And taunted to a wish to roam;  
And listless left — for Giaffir's fear  
Denied the courser and the spear —

Though oft — oh, Mohammed! how oft! —  
In full Divan the despot scoff'd,  
As if my weak unwilling hand  
Refused the bridle or the brand:  
He ever went to war alone,  
And pent me here untried — unknown;  
To Haroun's care with women left,  
By hope unblest, of fame bereft.  
While thou — whose softness long endear'd,  
Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd —  
To Brusa's walls for safety sent,  
Awaited'st there the field's event.  
Haroun, who saw my spirit pining  
Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,  
His captive, though with dread, resigning,  
My thralldom for a season broke,  
On promise to return before  
The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.  
'Tis vain — my tongue can not impart  
My almost drunkenness of heart,  
When first this liberated eye  
Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun and Sky,  
As if my spirit pierced them through,  
And all their inmost wonders knew!  
One word alone can paint to thee  
That more than feeling — I was Free!  
Ev'n for thy presence ceased to pine;  
The World — nay — Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor  
Convey'd me from this idle shore;  
I long'd to see the isles that gem  
Old Ocean's purple diadem:  
I sought by turns, and saw them all: [34]  
But when and where I join'd the crew,  
With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,  
When all that we design to do  
Is done, 'twill then be time more meet  
To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,  
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;  
With them hath found — may find — a place:  
But open speech, and ready hand,  
Obedience to their chief's command;  
A soul for every enterprise,  
That never sees with terror's eyes;  
Friendship for each, and faith to all,

And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,  
 Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than ev'n my own intents.  
 And some — and I have studied all  
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,  
 But chiefly to my council call  
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank —  
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,  
 The last of Lambro's patriots there [35]  
 Anticipated freedom share;  
 And oft around the cavern fire  
 On visionary schemes debate,  
 To snatch the Raya's from their fate. [36]  
 So let them ease their hearts with prate  
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;  
 I have a love of freedom too.  
 Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam, [37]  
 Or only known on land the Tartar's home! [38]  
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:  
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,  
 Across the desert, or before the gale,  
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!  
 But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!  
 Thou, my Zuleika! share and bless my bark;  
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!  
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,  
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
 The evening beam that smiles the cloud away,  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!  
 Blest — as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall  
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;  
 Soft — as the melody of youthful days,  
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;  
 Dear — as his native song to exile's ears,  
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.  
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower  
 Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour. [39]  
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,  
 Wait — wave — defend — destroy — at thy command!  
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,  
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.  
 The Haram's languid years of listless ease  
 Are well resign'd for cares — for joys like these:  
 Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,  
 Unnumber'd perils — but one only love!  
 Yet well my toils shall that fond beast repay,  
 Though fortune frown or falser friends betray.  
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,  
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!  
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;  
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;

To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,  
 Blend every thought, do all — but disunite!  
 Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;  
 Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:  
 Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd  
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:  
 Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!  
 He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace!  
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,  
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:  
 Power sways but by division — her resource  
 The blest alternative of fraud or force!  
 Ours be the last; in time deceit may come  
 When cities cage us in a social home:  
 There ev'n thy soul might err — how oft the heart  
 Corruption shakes which peril could not part!  
 And woman, more than man, when death or woe,  
 Or even disgrace, would lay her lover low,  
 Sunk in the lap of luxury will shame —  
 Away suspicion! — not Zuleika's name!  
 But life is hazard at the best; and here  
 No more remains to win, and much to fear:  
 Yes, fear! — the doubt, the dread of losing thee,  
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.  
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,  
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:  
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,  
 Their steps till roving, but their hearts at rest.  
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;  
 Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms!  
 Ay — let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,  
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck:  
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be  
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!  
 The war of elements no fears impart  
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:  
 There lie the only rocks our course can check;  
 Here moments menace — there are years of wreck!  
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!  
 This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.  
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close:  
 Of thine but one to waft us from our foes;  
 Yea — foes — to me will Giaffir's hate decline?  
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

"His head and faith from doubt and death  
 Return'd in time my guard to save;  
 Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave  
 From isle to isle I roved the while:  
 And since, though parted from my band

Too seldom now I leave the land,  
No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,  
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:  
I form the plan, decree the spoil,  
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.  
But now too long I've held thine ear;  
Time presses, floats my bark, and here  
We leave behind but hate and fear.  
To-morrow Osman with his train  
Arrives — to-night must break thy chain:  
And wouldst thou save that haughty Bey,  
Perchance, his life who gave the thine,  
With me this hour away — away!  
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,  
Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,  
Appall'd by truth imparted now,  
Here rest I — not to see thee wed:  
But be that peril on my head!"

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,  
Stood like that statue of distress,  
When, her last hope for ever gone,  
The mother harden'd into stone;  
All in the maid that eye could see  
Was but a younger Niobè.  
But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,  
Beneath the garden's wicket porch  
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!  
Another — and another — and another —  
"Oh! — no more — yet now my more than brother!"  
Far, wide, through every thicket spread,  
The fearful lights are gleaming red;  
Nor these alone — for each right hand  
Is ready with a sheathless brand.  
They part, pursue, return, and wheel  
With searching flambeau, shining steel;  
And last of all, his sabre waving,  
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:  
And now almost they touch the cave —  
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood — "'Tis come — soon past —  
One kiss, Zuleika — 'tis my last:  
But yet my band not far from shore  
May hear this signal, see the flash;  
Yet now too few — the attempt were rash:  
No matter — yet one effort more."

Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;  
His pistol's echo rang on high,  
Zuleika started not nor wept,  
Despair benumb'd her breast and eye! —  
"They hear me not, or if they ply  
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;  
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.  
Then forth my father's scimitar,  
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!  
Farewell, Zuleika! — Sweet! retire:  
Yet stay within — here linger safe,  
At thee his rage will only chafe.  
Stir not — lest even to thee perchance  
Some erring blade or ball should glance.  
Fear'st though for him? — may I expire  
If in this strife I seek thy sire!  
No — though by him that poison pour'd:  
No — though again he call me coward!  
But tamely shall I meet their steel?  
No — as each crest save his may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand:  
Already at his feet hath sunk  
The foremost of the prying band,  
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:  
Another falls — but round him close  
A swarming circle of his foes;  
From right to left his path he cleft,  
And almost met the meeting wave:  
His boat appears — not five oars' length —  
His comrades strain with desperate strength —  
Oh! are they yet in time to save?  
His feet the foremost breakers lave;  
His band are plunging in the bay,  
Their sabres glitter through the spray;  
We — wild — unwearied to the strand  
They struggle — now they touch the land!  
They come — 'tis but to add to slaughter —  
His heart's best blood is on the water!

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,  
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,  
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,  
To where the strand and billows met:  
There as his last step left the land,  
And the last death-blow dealt his hand —  
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look  
For her his eye but sought in vain?

That pause, that fatal gaze he took,  
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain.  
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
How late will Lover's hope remain!  
His back was to the dashing spray;  
Behind, but close, his comrades lay  
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball —  
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"  
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?  
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,  
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?  
'Tis thine — Abdallah's Murderer!  
The father slowly rued thy hate,  
The son hath found a quicker fate:  
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,  
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling —  
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,  
The rushing billows choked the tone!

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;  
Few trophies of the fight are there:  
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay  
Are silent; but some signs of fray  
That strand of strife may bear,  
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;  
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand  
The print of many a struggling hand  
May there be mark'd; nor far remote  
A broken torch, an oarless boat;  
And tangled on the weeds that heap  
The beach where shelving to the deep  
There lies a white capote!  
'Tis rent in twain — one dark-red stain  
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:  
But where is he who wore?  
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,  
Go, seek them where the surges sweep  
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep,  
And cast on Lemnos' shore:  
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,  
As shaken on his restless pillow,  
His head heaves with the heaving billow;  
That hand, whose motion is not life,  
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,  
Flung by the tossing tide on high,  
Then levell'd with the wave —  
What recks it, though that corse shall lie  
Within a living grave?  
The bird that tears that prostrate form



Hath only robb'd the meaner worm:  
The only heart, the only eye  
Had bled or wept to see him die,  
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
And mourn'd above his turban-stone, [40]  
That heart hath burst — that eye was closed —  
Yea — closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
And woman's eye is wet — man's cheek is pale:  
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,  
Thy destined lord is come too late:  
He sees not — ne'er shall see — thy face!  
Can he not hear  
The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear? [41]  
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,  
The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,  
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,  
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,  
Tell him thy tale!  
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!  
That fearful moment when he left the cave  
Thy heart grew chill:  
He was thy hope — thy joy — thy love — thine all —  
And that last thought on him thou couldst not save  
Sufficed to kill;

Burst forth in one wild cry — and all was still.  
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!  
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!  
That grief — though deep — though fatal — was thy first!  
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force  
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!  
And, oh! that pang where more than madness lies!  
The worm that will not sleep — and never dies;  
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,  
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,  
That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!  
Ah! wherefore not consume it — and depart!  
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!  
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,  
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs doth spread;  
By that same hand Abdallah — Selim — bled.  
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:  
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,  
Thy Daughter's dead!  
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,  
The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.  
What quench'd its ray? — the blood that thou hast shed!  
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:

"Where is my child?" — an Echo answers — "Where?" [42]

XVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above  
The sad but living cypress glooms,  
And withers not, though branch and leaf  
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,  
Like early unrequited Love,  
One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
Ev'n in that deadly grove —  
A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:  
It looks as planted by Despair —  
So white — so faint — the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high;  
And yet, though storms and blight assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem — in vain —  
To-morrow sees it bloom again!  
The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears;  
For well may maids of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,  
And buds unshelter'd by a bower;  
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,  
Nor woos the summer beam:  
To it the livelong night there sings  
A bird unseen — but not remote:  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Houri strings  
His long entrancing note!  
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,  
Though mournful, pours not such a strain:  
For they who listen cannot leave  
The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
As if they loved in vain!  
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,  
They scarce can bear the morn to break  
That melancholy spell,  
And longer yet would weep and wake,  
He sings so wild and well!  
But when the day-blush bursts from high  
Expires that magic melody.  
And some have been who could believe,  
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
Yet harsh be they that blame,)  
That note so piercing and profound  
Will shape and syllable its sound

Into Zuleika's name. [43]  
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,  
That melts in air the liquid word;  
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth  
That white rose takes its tender birth.  
There late was laid a marble stone;  
Eve saw it placed — the Morrow gone!  
It was no mortal arm that bore  
That deep fixed pillar to the shore;  
For there, as Helle's legends tell,  
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;  
Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
Denied his bones a holier grave:  
And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,  
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:  
And hence extended by the billow,  
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"  
Where first it lay that mourning flower  
Hath flourish'd; flourisheth this hour,  
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;  
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **By the Rivers of Babylon We Sat Down and Wept**

We sat down and wept by the waters  
Of Babel, and thought of the day  
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,  
Made Salem's high places his prey;  
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!  
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river  
Which rolled on in freedom below,  
They demanded the song; but, oh never  
That triumph the stranger shall know!  
May this right hand be withered for ever,  
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,  
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;  
And the hour when thy glories were  
ended  
But left me that token of thee:  
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended  
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Churchill's Grave

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed  
The comet of a season, and I saw  
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
With not the less of sorrow and of awe  
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,  
With name no clearer than the names unknown,  
Which lay unread around it; and asked  
The Gardener of that ground, why it might be  
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked  
Through the thick deaths of half a century;  
And thus he answered -"Well, I do not know  
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;  
He died before my day of sextonship,  
And I had not the digging of this grave."  
And is this all? I thought, -and do we rip  
The veil of Immortality? and crave  
I know not what of honour and of light  
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?  
So soon, and so successless? As I said,  
The Architect of all on which we tread,  
For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay  
To extricate remembrance from the clay,  
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,  
Were it not that all life must end in one,  
Of which we are but dreamers; -as he caught  
As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,  
Thus spoke he, -"I believe the man of whom  
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,  
Was a most famous writer in his day,  
And therefore travellers step from out their way  
To pay him honour, -and myself whate'er  
Your honour pleases," -then most pleased I shook  
From out my pocket's avaricious nook  
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere  
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare  
So much but inconveniently: -Ye smile,  
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,  
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.  
You are the fools, not I -for I did dwell  
With a deep thought, and with a softened eye,  
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,  
In which there was Obscurity and Fame, -  
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Damaetas**

In law an infant, and in years a boy,  
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;  
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd;  
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;  
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;  
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;  
Women his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;  
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;  
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,  
And found the goal when others just begin:  
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,  
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;  
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,  
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

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George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Darkness

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came and went--and came, and brought no day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:  
And they did live by watchfires--and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings--the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consum'd,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;  
Forests were set on fire--but hour by hour  
They fell and faded--and the crackling trunks  
Extinguish'd with a crash--and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd  
And twin'd themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless--they were slain for food.  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again: a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;  
All earth was but one thought--and that was death  
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails--men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;  
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lur'd their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,



And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answer'd not with a caress--he died.  
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies: they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place  
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they rak'd up,  
And shivering scrap'd with their cold skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects--saw, and shriek'd, and died--  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless--  
A lump of death--a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;  
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd  
They slept on the abyss without a surge--  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,  
The moon, their mistress, had expir'd before;  
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them--She was the Universe.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Destruction of Sennacherib, The**

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd,  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!  
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Dream, The

### I

Our life is twofold; Sleep hath its own world,  
A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality,  
And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past -they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have power -  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
They make us what we were not -what they will,  
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
The dread of vanished shadows -Are they so?  
Is not the past all shadow? -What are they?  
Creations of the mind? -The mind can make  
Substances, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
I would recall a vision which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep -for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.

### II

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green and of mild declivity, the last  
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men  
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs: the hill  
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:  
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
Gazing -the one on all that was beneath  
Fair as herself -but the boy gazed on her;  
And both were young, and one was beautiful:  
And both were young -yet not alike in youth.  
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye

There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him; he had looked  
Upon it till it could not pass away;  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers:  
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,  
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,  
Which coloured all his objects; -he had ceased  
To live within himself: she was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all; upon a tone,  
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
And his cheek change tempestuously -his heart  
Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
Even as a brother -but no more; 'twas much,  
For brotherless she was, save in the name  
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;  
Herself the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honoured race. -It was a name  
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not -and why?  
Time taught him a deep answer -when she loved  
Another; even now she loved another,  
And on the summit of that hill she stood  
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

### III

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
There was an ancient mansion, and before  
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:  
Within an antique Oratory stood  
The Boy of whom I spake; -he was alone,  
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon  
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced  
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned  
His bowed head on his hands and shook, as 'twere  
With a convulsion -then rose again,  
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
What he had written, but he shed no tears.  
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,  
The Lady of his love re-entered there;  
She was serene and smiling then, and yet  
She knew she was by him beloved; she knew -  
For quickly comes such knowledge -that his heart  
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.  
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face

A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;  
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps  
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,  
For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed  
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,  
And mounting on his steed he went his way;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

#### IV

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his Soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not  
Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer;  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side  
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man,  
Glad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumbered around:  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

#### V

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Lady of his love was wed with One  
Who did not love her better: in her home,  
A thousand leagues from his, -her native home,  
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,  
Daughters and sons of Beauty, -but behold!  
Upon her face there was a tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.  
What could her grief be? -she had all she loved,  
And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,  
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.  
What could her grief be? -she had loved him not,  
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,  
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed

Upon her mind -a spectre of the past.

## VI

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Wanderer was returned. -I saw him stand  
Before an altar -with a gentle bride;  
Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
The Starlight of his Boyhood; -as he stood  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock  
That in the antique Oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude; and then -  
As in that hour -a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced -and then it faded as it came,  
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
And all things reeled around him; he could see  
Not that which was, nor that which should have been -  
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,  
And the remembered chambers, and the place,  
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her who was his destiny, came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the light;  
What business had they there at such a time?

## VII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Lady of his love; -Oh! she was changed,  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things;  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.  
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise  
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;  
What is it but the telescope of truth?  
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
Making the cold reality too real!

## VIII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,

The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation, compassed round  
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mixed  
In all which was served up to him, until,  
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived  
Through that which had been death to many men,  
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars  
And the quick Spirit of the Universe  
He held his dialogues: and they did teach  
To him the magic of their mysteries;  
To him the book of Night was opened wide,  
And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
A marvel and a secret. -Be it so.

IX

My dream is past; it had no further change.  
It was of a strange order, that the doom  
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out  
Almost like a reality -the one  
To end in madness -both in misery.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Epistle To Augusta

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;  
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:  
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—  
A loved regret which I would not resign.  
There yet are two things in my destiny,—  
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,  
It were the haven of my happiness;  
But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
And mine is not the wish to make them less.  
A strange doom is thy father's sons's, and past  
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;  
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—  
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
In other elements, and on the rocks  
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,  
I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,  
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen  
My errors with defensive paradox;  
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,  
My whole life was a contest, since the day  
That gave me being, gave me that which marred  
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walked astray;  
And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:  
But now I fain would for a time survive,  
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;  
And when I look on this, the petty spray  
Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled  
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:  
Something—I know not what—does still uphold  
A spirit of slight patience,—not in vain,  
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me,—or perhaps of cold despair,  
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—  
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
(For even to this may change of soul refer,  
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)  
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not



The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,  
Which do remember me of where I dwelt,  
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,  
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
My heart with recognition of their looks;  
And even at moments I could think I see  
Some living thing to love&mdash;but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
A fund for contemplation;&mdash;to admire  
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;  
But something worthier do such scenes inspire.  
Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
For much I view which I could most desire,  
And, above all, a lake I can behold  
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me!&mdash;but I grow  
The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise is this but one regret;  
There may be others which I less may show,&mdash;  
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,  
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.  
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore;  
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,  
Ere that or thou can fade these eyes before;  
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are  
Resigned for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask  
Of Nature that with which she will comply&mdash;  
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask  
And never gaze on it with apathy.  
She was my early friend, and now shall be  
My sister&mdash;till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;  
And that I would not;&mdash;for at length I see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.  
The earliest&mdash;even the only paths for me&mdash;  
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,

I had been better than I now can be;  
The passions which have torn me would have slept:  
I had not suffered, and thou hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?  
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame!  
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,  
And made me all which they can make&mdash;a name.  
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over&mdash;I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may  
From me demand but little of my care;  
I have outlived myself by many a day:  
Having survived so many things that were;  
My years have been no slumber, but the prey  
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share  
Of life which might have filled a century,  
Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come,  
I am content; and for the past I feel  
Not thankless,&mdash;for within the crowded sum  
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,  
And for the present, I would not benumb  
My feelings farther.&mdash;Nor shall I conceal  
That with all this I still can look around,  
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;  
We were and are&mdash;I am, even as thou art&mdash;  
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its slow decline  
We are entwined&mdash;let death come slow or fast,  
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Euthanasia

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
Oblivion! may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:  
No maiden, with dishevelled hair,  
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
With no officious mourners near:  
I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
Might then exert its latest power  
In her who lives, and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last  
Thy features still serene to see:  
Forgetful of its struggles past,  
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish?for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;  
And women's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a groan;  
For thousands Death hath ceas'd to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown.

`Ay, but to die, and go,' alas!  
Where all have gone, and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Farewell To The Muse

Thou Power! who hast ruled me through Infancy's days,  
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part;  
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,  
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,  
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;  
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,  
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,  
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;  
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,  
My visions are flown, to return,---alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,  
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!  
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,  
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,  
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign ?  
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown ?  
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?  
Ah, surely Affection ennobles the strain!  
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,  
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,  
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?  
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!  
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast---  
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavors are o'er;  
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,  
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,  
Since early affection and love is o'er-cast:  
Oh! blest had my Fate been, and happy my lot,  
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;  
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:  
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet---  
The present---which seals our eternal Adieu.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## For Music

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Giaour, The

### A Fragment of a Turkish Tale

The tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the 'olden time', or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff  
High o'er the land he saved in vain;  
When shall such Hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the Eastern wave:  
And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That waves and wafts the odours there!  
For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,  
Far from winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by Nature given  
In soft incense back to Heaven;  
And gratefu yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that Love might share,

And many a grotto, meant by rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar  
Is heard, and seen the Evening Star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turns to groan his roudelay.  
Strande--that where Nature loved to trace,  
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,  
And every charm and grace hath mixed  
Within the Paradise she fixed,  
There man, enarmoured of distress,  
Shoul mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one labourious hour;  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To blood along the fairy land,  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him--but to spare!  
Strange--that where all is Peace beside,  
There Passion riots in her pride,  
And Lust and Rapine wildly reign  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the Fiends prevailed  
Against the Seraphs they assailed,  
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
The freed inheritors of Hell;  
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of Death is fled,  
The first dark day of Nothingness,  
The last of Danger and Distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,)  
And marked the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of Repose that's there,  
The fixed yet tender thraits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And--but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,

Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,

Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by Death revealed!  
Such is the aspect of his shore;  
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for Soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:  
Say, is this not Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,--  
Of servile offspring of the free--  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story yet unknown;  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your Sires  
The embers of their former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame:  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a namesless pyramid,  
Thy Heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of thy native land!  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die!  
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,



Each step from Splendour to Disgrace;  
Enough--no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;  
Yet! Self-abasement paved the way  
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who tread thy shore?  
No legend of thine olden time,  
No theme on which the Muse might soar  
High as thine own days of yore,  
When man was worthy of thy clime.  
The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
The fiery souls that might have led  
Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
Now crawl from cradle to the Grave,  
Slaves--nay, the bondsmen of a Slave,  
And callous, save to crime.  
Stained with each evil that pollutes  
Mankind, where least above the brutes;  
Without even savage virtue blest,  
Without one free or valiant breast,  
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft  
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;  
In this subtle Greek is found,  
For this, and this alone, renowned.  
In vain might Liberty invoke  
The spirit to its bondage broke  
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:  
No more her sorrows I bewail,  
Yet this will be a mournful tale,  
And they who listen may believe,  
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,  
The shadows of the rocks advancing  
Start on the fisher's eye like boat  
Of island-pirate or Mainote;  
And fearful for his light caïque,  
He shuns the near but doubtful creek:  
Though worn and weary with his toil,  
And cumbered with his scaly spoil,  
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,  
Till Port Leone's safer shore  
Receives him by the lovely light  
That best becomes an Eastern night.

... Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
With slackened bit and hoof of speed?  
Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
The caverned echoes wake around  
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;

The foam that streaks the courser's side  
Seems gathered from the ocean-tide:  
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
There's none within his rider's breast;  
And though tomorrow's tempest lower,  
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!  
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
But in thy lineaments I trace  
What time shall strengthen, not efface:  
Though young and pale, that sallow front  
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;  
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,  
As meteor-like thou glidest by,  
Right well I view thee and deem thee one  
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On - on he hastened, and he drew  
My gaze of wonder as he flew:  
Though like a demon of the night  
He passed, and vanished from my sight,  
His aspect and his air impressed  
A troubled memory on my breast,  
And long upon my startled ear  
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.  
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,  
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;  
He winds around; he hurries by;  
The rock relieves him from mine eye;  
For, well I ween, unwelcome he  
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;  
And not a start that shines too bright  
On him who takes such timeless flight.  
He wound along; but ere he passed  
One glance he snatched, as if his last,  
A moment checked his wheeling steed,  
A moment breathed him from his speed,  
A moment on his stirrup stood -  
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?  
The crescent glimmers on the hill,  
The mosque's high lamps are quivering still  
Though too remote for sound to wake  
In echoes of far tophaike,  
The flashes of each joyous peal  
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,  
Tonight, set Rhamazani's sun;  
Tonight the Bairam feast's begun;  
Tonight - but who and what art thou  
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?  
That thou should'st either pause or flee?

He stood - some dread was on his face,  
Soon hatred settled in its place:  
It rose not with the reddening flush  
Of transient anger's hasty blush,  
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.  
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;  
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,  
And sternly shook his hand on high,  
As doubting to return or fly;  
Impatient of his flight delayed,  
Here loud his raven charger neighed -  
Down glanced that hand and, and grasped his blade;  
That sound had burst his waking dream,  
As slumber starts at owl's scream.  
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;  
Away, away, for life he rides:  
Swift as the hurled on high jerreed  
Springs to the touch his startled steed;  
The rock is doubled, and the shore  
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;  
The crag is won, no more is seen  
His Christian crest and haughty mien.  
'Twas but an instant he restrained  
That fiery barb so sternly reined;  
'Twas but a moment that he stood,  
Then sped as if by death pursued;  
But in that instant o'er his soul  
Winters of memory seemed to roll,  
And gather in that drop of time  
A life of pain, an age of crime.  
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moment pours the grief of years:  
What felt he then, at once opprest  
By all that most distracts the breast?  
That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,  
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!  
Though in time's record nearly nought,  
It was eternity to thought!  
For infinite as boundless space  
The thought that conscience must embrace,  
Which in itself can comprehend  
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;  
And did he fly or fall alone?  
Woe to that hour he came or went!  
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent  
To turn a palace to a tomb:  
He came, he went, like the Simoom,  
That harbinger of fate and gloom,

Beneath whose widely - wasting breath  
The very cypress droops to death -  
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,  
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall;  
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;  
The lonely spider's thin grey pall  
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;  
The bat builds in his harem bower,  
And in the fortress of his power  
The owl usurps the beacon-tower;  
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,  
With baffled thirst and famine, grim;  
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.  
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
And chase the sultriness of day,  
As springing high the silver dew  
In whirls fantastically flew,  
And flung luxurious coolness round  
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.  
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
To view the wave of watery light,  
And hear its melody by night.  
And oft had Hassan's childhood played  
Around the verge of that cascade;  
And oft upon his mother's breast  
That sound had harmonized his rest;  
And oft had Hassan's youth along  
Its bank been soothed by beauty's song;  
And softer seem'd each melting tone  
Of music mingled with its own.  
But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose  
Along the brink at twilight's close:  
The stream that filled that font is fled -  
The blood that warmed his heart is shed!  
And here no more shall human voice  
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.  
The last sad note that swelled the gale  
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:  
That quenched in silence all is still,  
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:  
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
No hand shall clasp its clasp again.  
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
The rudest steps of fellow man,  
So here the very voice of grief  
Might wake an echo like relief -  
At least 'twould say, 'All are not gone;  
There lingers life, though but in one' -

For many a gilded chamber's there,  
Which solitude might well forbear;  
Within that dome as yet decay  
Hath slowly worked her cankering way -  
But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,  
Nor there the fakir's self will wait;  
Nor there will wandering dervise stay,  
For bounty cheers not his delay;  
Nor there will weary stranger halt  
To bless the sacred 'bread and salt'.  
Alike must wealth and poverty  
Pass heedless and unheeded by,  
For courtesy and pity died  
With Hassan on the mountain side.  
His roof, that refuge unto men,  
Is desolation's hungry den.  
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,  
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre!

I hear the sound of coming feet,  
But not a voice mine ear to greet;  
More near - each turban I can scan,  
And silver-sheathed ataghan;  
The foremost of the band is seen  
An emir by his garb of green:  
'Ho! Who art thou?' - 'This low salam  
Replies of Moslem faith I am.'  
'The burden ye so gently bear,  
Seems one that claims your utmost care,  
And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,  
My humble bark would gladly wait.'

'Thou speakest sooth; they skiff unmoor,  
And waft us from the silent shore;  
Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply  
The nearest oar that's scattered by,  
And midway to those rocks where sleep  
The channeled waters dark and deep.  
Rest from your task - so - bravely done,  
Of course had been right swiftly run;  
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,  
That one of -

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
The calm wave rippled to the bank;  
I watched it as it sank, methought  
Some motion from the current caught  
Bestirred it more, - 'twas but the beam  
That checkered o'er the living stream:

I gazed, till vanishing from view,  
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;  
Still less and less, a speck of white  
That gemmed the tide, then mocked the sight;  
And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
Known but to Genii of the deep,  
Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
They dare not whisper to the waves.

As rising on its purple wing  
The insect-queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild:  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play and man's caprice:  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Hath lost its charm by being caught,  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
Ah! Where shall either victim rest?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower?  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim  
Except an erring sister's shame.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire;  
In circle narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till inly searched by thousand throes,  
And maddening in her ire,

One sad and sole relief she knows,  
The sting she nourished for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain,  
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;  
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around it flame, within it death!

Black Hassan from the harem flies,  
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;  
The unwonted chase each hour employs,  
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.  
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.  
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?  
That tale can only Hassan tell:  
Strange rumours in our city say  
Upon that eve she fled away  
When Rhamazan's last sun was set,  
And flashing from each minaret  
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast  
Of Bairam through the boundless East.  
'Twas then she went as to the bath,  
Which Hassan vainly searched in wrath;  
For she was flown her master's rage  
In likeness of a Georgian page,  
And far beyond the Moslem's power  
Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour.  
Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed;  
But still so fond, so fair she seemed,  
Too well he trusted to the slave  
Whose treachery deserved a grave:  
And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,  
Who did not watch their charge too well;  
But others say, that on that night,  
By pale Phingari's trembling light,  
The Giaour upon his jet-black steed  
Was seen, but seen alone to speed  
With bloody spur along the shore,  
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well;  
As large, as languishingly dark,

But soul beamed forth in every spark  
 That darted from beneath the lid,  
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschild.  
 Yea, Soul, and should our prophet say  
 That form was nought but breathing clay,  
 By Allah! I would answer nay;  
 Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
 With Paradise within my view,  
 And all his Houris beckoning through.  
 Oh! Who young Leila's glance could read  
 And keep that portion of his creed,  
 Which saith that woman is but dust,  
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?  
 On her might Muftis might gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new;  
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow,  
 When left to roll its folds below,  
 As midst her handmaids in the hall  
 She stood superior to them all,  
 Hath swept the marble where her feet  
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
 The cygnet nobly walks the water;  
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!  
 As rears her crest the ruffled swan,  
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
 When pass the steps of stranger man  
 Along the banks that bound her tide;  
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:-  
 Thus armed with beauty would she check  
 Intrusion's glance, till folly's gaze  
 Shrank from the charms it meant to praise:  
 Thus high and graceful as her gait;  
 Her heart as tender to her mate;  
 Her mate - stern Hassan, who was he?  
 Alas! That name was not for thee!

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en  
 With twenty vassals in his train,  
 Each armed, as best becomes a man,  
 With arquebuss and ataghan;  
 The chief before, as decked for war,  
 Bears in his belt the scimitar  
 Stain'd with the best of Amaut blood  
 When in the pass the rebels stood,



And few returned to tell the tale  
Of what befell in Parne's vale.  
The pistols which his girdle bore  
Were those that once a pasha wore,  
Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,  
Even robbers tremble to behold.  
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride  
More true than her who left his side;  
The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
And - worse than faithless - for a Giaour!

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,  
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:  
Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek  
In cities lodged too near his lord,  
And trembling for his secret hoard -  
Here may he rest where none can see,  
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;  
And with forbidden wine may stain  
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,  
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;  
The rest in lengthening line the while  
Wind slowly through the long defile:  
Above, the mountain rears a peak,  
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,  
And theirs may be a feast tonight,  
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;  
Beneath, a river's wintry stream  
Has shrunk before the summer beam,  
And left a channel bleak and bare,  
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:  
Each side the midway path there lay  
Small broken crags of granite grey  
By time, or mountain lightning, riven  
From summits clad in mists of heaven;  
For where is he that hath beheld  
The peak of Liakura unveiled?

They reach the grove of pine at last:  
'Bismillah! now the peril's past;  
For yonder view the opening plain,  
And there we'll prick our steeds amain.'  
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
A bullet whistled o'er his head;

The foremost Tartar bites the ground!  
Scarce had they time to check the rein,  
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;  
But three shall never mount again:  
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,  
The dying ask revenge in vain.  
With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,  
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,  
Half sheltered by the steed;  
Some fly behind the nearest rock,  
And there await the coming shock,  
Nor tamely stand to bleed  
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,  
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.  
Stern Hassan only from his horse  
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,  
Till fiery flashes in the van  
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan  
Have well secured the only way  
Could now avail the promised prey;  
Then curled his very beard with ire,  
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:  
'Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this.'  
And now the foe their covert quit,  
And call his vassals to submit;  
But Hassan's frown and furious word  
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,  
Nor of his little band a man  
Resigned carbine or ataghan,  
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!  
In fuller sight, more near and near,  
The lately ambushed foes appear,  
And, issuing from the grove, advance  
Some who on battle-charger prance.  
Who leads them on with foreign brand,  
Far flashing in his red right hand?  
'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;  
I know him by his pallid brow;  
I know him by the evil eye  
That aids his envious treachery;  
I know him by his jet-black barb:  
Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb  
Apostate from his own vile faith,  
It shall not save him from the death:  
'Tis he! well met in any hour,  
Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!

As rolls the river into ocean,  
In sable torrent wildly streaming;  
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,

In azure column Proudly gleaming  
Beats back the current many a rood,  
In curling foam and mingling flood,  
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,  
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;  
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,  
The lightnings of the waters flash  
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,  
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;  
Thus - as the stream, and Ocean greet,  
With waves that madden as they meet -  
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,  
And fate, and fury, drive along.  
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;  
And pealing wide or ringing near  
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,  
The deathshot hissing from afar;  
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,  
Reverberate along that vale  
More suited to the shepherds tale:  
Though few the numbers - theirs the strife  
That neither spares nor speaks for life!  
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,  
To seize and share the dear caress;  
But love itself could never pant  
For all that beauty sighs to grant  
With half the fervour hate bestows  
Upon the last embrace of foes,  
When grappling in the fight they fold  
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:  
Friends meet to part; love laughs at faith;  
True foes, once met, are joined till death!

With sabre shivered to the hilt,  
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
Yet strained within the severed hand  
Which quivers round that faithless brand;  
His turban far behind him rolled,  
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;  
His flowing robe by falchion torn,  
And crimson as those clouds of morn  
That, streaked with dusky red, portend  
The day shall have a stormy end;  
A stain on every bush that bore  
A fragment of his palampore  
His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
Fallen Hassan lies - his unclosed eye  
Yet lowering on his enemy,  
As if the hour that sealed his fate  
Surviving left his quenchless hate;

And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
As dark as his that bled below.

'Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,  
But his shall be a redder grave;  
Her spirit pointed well the steel  
Which taught that felon heart to feel.  
He called the Prophet, but his power  
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:  
He called on Allah - but the word  
Arose unheeded or unheard.  
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer  
Be passed, and thine accorded there?  
I watched my time, I leagued with these,  
The traitor in his turn to seize;  
My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,  
And now I go - but go alone.'

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling:  
His mother looked from her lattice high -  
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling  
The pasture green beneath her eye,  
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:  
"Tis twilight - sure his train is nigh.'  
She could not rest in the garden-bower,  
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:  
'Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;  
Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift?  
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?  
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now  
Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,  
And warily the steep descends,  
And now within the valley bends;  
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow  
How could I deem his courser slow?  
Right well my largess shall repay  
His welcome speed, and weary way.'  
The Tartar lighted at the gate,  
But scarce upheld his fainting weight!  
His swarthy visage spake distress,  
But this might be from weariness;  
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,  
But these might be from his courser's side;  
He drew the token from his vest -  
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!  
His calpac rent - his caftan red -  
'Lady, a fearful bride thy son hath wed:  
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,  
But this empurpled pledge to bear.

Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:  
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt.'

A turban carved in coarsest stone,  
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,  
Whereon can now be scarcely read  
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,  
Point out the spot where Hassan fell  
A victim in that lonely dell.  
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie  
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;  
As ever scorned forbidden wine,  
Or prayed with face towards the shrine,  
In orisons resumed anew  
At solemn sound of 'Allah Hu!'  
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,  
And stranger in his native land;  
Yet died he as in arms he stood,  
And unavenged, at least in blood.  
But him the maids of Paradise  
Impatient to their halls invite,  
And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes  
On him shall glance for ever bright;  
They come - their kerchiefs green they wave,  
And welcome with a kiss the brave!  
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour  
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe  
Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe;  
And from its torment 'scape alone  
To wander round lost Eblis' throne;  
And fire unquenched, unquenchable,  
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;  
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell  
The tortures of that inward hell!  
But first, on earth as vampire sent,  
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:  
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
And suck the blood of all thy race;  
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
At midnight drain the stream of life;  
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
Must feed thy livid living corse:  
Thy victims ere they yet expire  
Shall know the demon for their sire,  
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.  
But one that for thy crime must fall,  
The youngest, most beloved of all,

Shall bless thee with a father's name -  
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,  
And the last glassy glance must view  
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;  
Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear  
The tresses of her yellow hair,  
Of which in life a lock when shorn  
Affection's fondest pledge was worn,  
But now is borne away by thee,  
Memorial of thine agony!  
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip  
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;  
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,  
Go - and with Gouls and Afrits rave;  
Till these in horror shrink away  
From spectre more accursed than they!

'How name ye yon lone Caloyer?  
His features I have scanned before  
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,  
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,  
I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
As ever served a horseman's need.  
But once I saw that face, yet then  
It was so marked with inward pain,  
I could not pass it by again;  
It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
As death were stamped upon his brow.

"Tis twice three years at summer tide  
Since first among our freres he came;  
And here it soothes him to abide  
For some dark deed he will not name.  
But never at our vesper prayer,  
Nor e'er before confession chair  
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
Incense or anthem to the skies,  
But broods within his cell alone,  
His faith and race alike unknown.  
The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
And here ascended from the coast;  
Yet seems he not of Othman race,  
But only Christian in his face:  
I'd judge him some stray renegade,  
Repentant of the change he made,  
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,  
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.  
Great largess to these walls he brought,

And thus our abbot's favour bought;  
But were I prior, not a day  
Should brook such stranger's further stay,  
Or pent within our penance cell  
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
Much in his visions mutters he  
Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea;  
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,  
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.  
On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
And rave as to some bloody hand  
Fresh severed from its parent limb,  
Invisible to all but him,  
Which beckons onward to his grave,  
And lures to leap into the wave.'

Dark and unearthly is the scowl  
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:  
The flash of that dilating eye  
Reveals too much of times gone by;  
Though varying, indistinct its hue,  
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,  
For in it lurks that nameless spell,  
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,  
A spirit yet unquelled and high,  
That claims and keeps ascendancy;  
And like the bird whose pinions quake,  
But cannot fly the gazing snake,  
Will others quail beneath his look,  
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.  
From him the half-affrighted friar  
When met alone would fain retire,  
As if that eye and bitter smile  
Transferred to others fear and guile:  
Not oft to smile descendeth he,  
And when he doth 'tis sad to see  
That he but mocks at misery.  
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!  
Then fix once more as if for ever;  
As if his sorrow or disdain  
Forbade him e'er to smile again.  
Well were it so - such ghastly mirth  
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.  
But sadder still it were to trace  
What once were feelings in that face:  
Time hath not yet the features fixed,  
But brighter traits with evil mixed;  
And there are hues not always faded,  
Which speak a mind not all degraded  
Even by the crimes through which it waded:  
The common crowd but see the gloom

Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;  
The close observer can espy  
A noble soul, and lineage high:  
Alas! though both bestowed in vain,  
Which grief could change, and guilt could stain,  
It was no vulgar tenement  
To which such lofty gifts were lent,  
And still with little less than dread  
On such the sight is riveted.  
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,  
Will scarce delay the passer-by;  
The tower by war or tempest bent,  
While yet may frown one battlement,  
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;  
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,  
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

'His floating robe around him folding,  
Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle;  
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding  
The rites that sanctify the pile.  
But when the anthem shakes the choir,  
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;  
By yonder lone and wavering torch  
His aspect glares within the porch;  
There will he pause till all is done -  
And hear the prayer, but utter none.  
See - by the half-illumined wall  
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,  
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,  
As if the Gorgon there had bound  
The sablest of the serpent-braid  
That o'er her fearful forehead strayed:  
For he declines the convent oath  
And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,  
But wears our garb in all beside;  
And, not from piety but pride,  
Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
Of his one holy vow nor word.  
Lo! - mark ye, as the harmony  
Peals louder praises to the sky,  
That livid cheek, that stony air  
Of mixed defiance and despair!  
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!  
Else may we dread the wrath divine  
Made manifest by awful sign.  
If ever evil angel bore  
The form of mortal, such he wore:  
By all my hope of sins forgiven,  
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!'



To love the softest hearts are prone,  
But such can ne'er be all his own;  
Too timid in his woes to share,  
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;  
And sterner hearts alone may feel  
The wound that time can never heal.  
The rugged metal of the mine,  
Must burn before its surface shine,  
But plunged within the furnace-flame,  
It bends and melts - though still the same;  
Then tempered to thy want, or will,  
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;  
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,  
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;  
But if a dagger's form it bear,  
Let those who shape its edge, beware!  
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,  
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;  
From these its form and tone are ta'en,  
And what they make it, must remain,  
But break - before it bend again.

If solitude succeed to grief,  
Release from pain is slight relief;  
The vacant bosom's wilderness  
Might thank the pang that made it less.  
We loathe what none are left to share:  
Even bliss - 'twere woe alone to bear;  
The heart once left thus desolate  
Must fly at last for ease - to hate.  
It is as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around them steal,  
And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,  
Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay I  
It is as if the desert-bird,  
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream  
To still her famished nestlings' scream,  
Nor mourns a life to them transferred,  
Should rend her rash devoted breast,  
And find them flown her empty nest.  
The keenest pangs the wretched find  
Are rapture to the dreary void,  
The leafless desert of the mind,  
The waste of feelings unemployed.  
Who would be doomed to gaze upon  
A sky without a cloud or sun?  
Less hideous far the tempest's roar  
Than ne'er to brave the billows more -

Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,  
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
Unseen to drop by dull decay; -  
Better to sink beneath the shock  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

'Father! thy days have passed in peace,  
'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;  
To bid the sins of others cease  
Thyself without a crime or care,  
Save transient ills that all must bear,  
Has been thy lot from youth to age;  
And thou wilt bless thee from the rage  
Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,  
Such as thy penitents unfold,  
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest  
Within thy pure and pitying breast. My days, though few, have passed below  
In much of joy, but more of woe;  
Yet still in hours of love or strife,  
I've 'scaped the weariness of life:  
Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,  
I loathed the languor of repose.  
Now nothing left to love or hate,  
No more with hope or pride elate,  
I'd rather be the thing that crawls  
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,  
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
Condemned to meditate and gaze.  
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast  
For rest - but not to feel 'tis rest  
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;  
And I shall sleep without the dream  
Of what I was, and would be still,  
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:  
My memory now is but the tomb  
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:  
Though better to have died with those  
Than bear a life of lingering woes.  
My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
Of ancient fool and modern knave:  
Yet death I have not feared to meet;  
And the field it had been sweet,  
Had danger wooed me on to move  
The slave of glory, not of love.  
I've braved it - not for honour's boast;  
I smile at laurels won or lost;  
To such let others carve their way,  
For high renown, or hireling pay:

But place again before my eyes  
Aught that I deem a worthy prize  
The maid I love, the man I hate,  
And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
To save or slay, as these require,  
Through rending steel, and rolling fire:  
Nor needest thou doubt this speech from one  
Who would but do ~ what he hath done.  
Death is but what the haughty brave,  
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;  
Then let life go to him who gave:  
I have not quailed to danger's brow  
When high and happy - need I now?

'I loved her, Friar! nay, adored -  
But these are words that all can use -  
I proved it more in deed than word;  
There's blood upon that dinted sword,  
A stain its steel can never lose:  
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,  
It warmed the heart of one abhorred:  
Nay, start not - no - nor bend thy knee,  
Nor midst my sins such act record;  
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
For he was hostile to thy creed!  
The very name of Nazarene  
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.  
Ungrateful fool! since but for brands  
Well wielded in some hardy hands,  
And wounds by Galileans given -  
The surest pass to Turkish heaven  
For him his Houris still might wait  
Impatient at the Prophet's gate.  
I loved her - love will find its way  
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;  
And if it dares enough, 'twere hard  
If passion met not some reward -  
No matter how, or where, or why,  
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:  
Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain  
I wish she had not loved again.  
She died - I dare not tell thee how;  
But look - 'tis written on my brow!  
There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
In characters unworn by time:  
Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;  
Not mine the act, though I the cause.  
Yet did he but what I had done  
Had she been false to more than one.  
Faithless to him, he gave the blow;  
But true to me, I laid him low:

Howe'er deserved her doom might be,  
Her treachery was truth to me;  
To me she gave her heart, that all  
Which tyranny can ne'er enthral;  
And I, alas! too late to save!  
Yet all I then could give, I gave,  
'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.  
His death sits lightly; but her fate  
Has made me - what thou well mayest hate.  
His doom was sealed - he knew it well  
Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,  
Deep in whose darkly boding ear  
The deathshot pealed of murder near,  
As filed the troop to where they fell!  
He died too in the battle broil,  
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;  
One cry to Mahomet for aid,  
One prayer to Allah all he made:  
He knew and crossed me in the fray -  
I gazed upon him where he lay,  
And watched his spirit ebb away:  
Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,  
He felt not half that now I feel.  
I searched, but vainly searched, to find  
The workings of a wounded mind;  
Each feature of that sullen corse  
Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.  
Oh, what had vengeance given to trace  
Despair upon his dying face I  
The late repentance of that hour,  
When penitence hath lost her power  
To tear one terror from the grave,  
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

'The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
But mine was like a lava flood  
That boils in Etna's breast of flame.  
I cannot prate in puling strain  
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:  
If changing cheek, and searching vein,  
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,  
If bursting heart, and maddening brain,  
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
And all that I have felt, and feel,  
Betoken love - that love was mine,  
And shown by many a bitter sign.  
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
I knew but to obtain or die.  
I die - but first I have possessed,  
And come what may, I have been blessed.

Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?  
No - reft of all, yet undismayed  
But for the thought of Leila slain,  
Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
So would I live and love again.  
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
For him who dies, but her who died:  
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave  
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
This breaking heart and throbbing head  
Should seek and share her narrow bed.  
She was a form of life and light,  
That, seen, became a part of sight;  
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
The morning-star of memory!

'Yes, love indeed is light from heaven..  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Allah given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But Heaven itself descends in love;  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought;  
A ray of him who formed the whole;  
A glory circling round the soul !  
I grant my love imperfect, all  
That mortals by the name miscall;  
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;  
But say, oh say, hers was not guilt !  
She was my life's unerring light:  
That quenched, what beam shall break my night?  
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,  
Although to death or deadliest ill!  
Why marvel ye, if they who lose  
This present joy, this future hope,  
No more with sorrow meekly cope;  
In phrensy then their fate accuse;  
In madness do those fearful deeds  
That seem to add but guilt to woe?  
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds  
Hath nought to dread from outward blow;  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
Cares little into what abyss.  
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now  
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:  
I read abhorrence on thy brow,  
And this too was I born to bear!  
'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,  
With havock have I marked my way:  
But this was taught me by the dove,

To die - and know no second love.  
This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.  
And let the fool still prone to range,  
And sneer on all who cannot change,  
Partake his jest with boasting boys;  
I envy not his varied joys,  
But deem such feeble, heartless man,  
Less than yon solitary swan;  
Far, far beneath the shallow maid  
He left believing and betrayed.  
Such shame at least was never mine -  
Leila! each thought was only thine!  
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,  
My hope on high - my all below.  
Earth holds no other like to thee,  
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:  
For worlds I dare not view the dame  
Resembling thee, yet not the same.  
The very crimes that mar my youth,  
This bed of death - attest my truth!  
'Tis all too late - thou wert, thou art  
The cherished madness of my heart!

'And she was lost - and yet I breathed,  
But not the breath of human life:  
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
And stung my every thought to strife.  
Alike all time, abhorred all place,  
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,  
Where every hue that charmed before  
The blackness of my bosom wore.  
The rest thou dost already know,  
And all my sins, and half my woe.  
But talk no more of penitence;  
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:  
And if thy holy tale were true,  
The deed that's done canst thou undo?  
Think me not thankless - but this grief  
Looks not to priesthood for relief.  
My soul's estate in secret guess:  
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.  
When thou canst bid my Leila live,  
Then will I sue thee to forgive;  
Then plead my cause in that high place  
Where purchased masses proffer grace.  
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
From forest-cave her shrieking young,

And calm the lonely lioness:  
But soothe not - mock not my distress!

'In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
When heart with heart delights to blend,  
Where bloom my native valley's bowers  
I had - Ah! have I now? - a friend!  
To him this pledge I charge thee send,  
Memorial of a youthful vow;  
I would remind him of my end:  
Though souls absorbed like mine allow  
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,  
Yet dear to him my blighted name.  
'Tis strange - he prophesied my doom,  
And I have smiled - I then could smile -  
When prudence would his voice assume,  
And warn - I recked not what - the while:  
But now remembrance whispers o'er  
Those accents scarcely marked before.  
Say - that his bodings came to pass,  
And he will start to hear their truth,  
And wish his words had not been sooth:  
Tell him, unheeding as I was,  
Through many a busy bitter scene  
Of all our golden youth had been,  
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried  
To bless his memory ere I died;  
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,  
If guilt should for the guiltless pray.  
I do not ask him not to blame,  
Too gentle he to wound my name;  
And what have I to do with fame?  
I do not ask him not to mourn,  
Such cold request might sound like scorn;  
And what than friendship's manly tear  
May better grace a brother's bier?  
But bear this ring, his own of old,  
And tell him - what thou dost behold!  
The withered frame, the ruined mind,  
The wrack by passion left behind,  
A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,  
Seared by the autumn blast of grief!

'Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,  
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;  
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep.  
I only watched, and wished to weep;  
But could not, for my burning brow  
Throbbled to the very brain as now:  
I wished but for a single tear,  
As something welcome, new, and dear-;

I wished it then, I wish it still;  
 Despair is stronger than my will.  
 Waste not thine orison, despair  
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer:  
 I would not if I might, be blest;  
 I want no paradise, but rest.  
 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then  
 I saw her; yes, she lived again;  
 And shining in her white symar,  
 As through yon pale grey cloud the star  
 Which now I gaze on, as on her,  
 Who looked and looks far lovelier;  
 Dimly I view its trembling spark;  
 Tomorrow's night shall be more dark;  
 And I, before its rays appear,  
 That lifeless thing the living fear.  
 I wander, father! for my soul  
 Is fleeting towards the final goal.  
 I saw her, friar! and I rose  
 Forgetful of our former woes;  
 And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
 And clasp her to my desperate heart;  
 I clasp - what is it that I clasp?  
 No breathing form within my grasp,  
 No heart that beats reply to mine,  
 Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!  
 And art thou, dearest, changed so much,  
 As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?  
 Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
 I care not; so my arms enfold  
 The all they ever wished to hold.  
 Alas! around a shadow prest,  
 They shrink upon my lonely breast;  
 Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,  
 And beckons with beseeching hands!  
 With braided hair, and bright black eye -  
 I knew 'twas false - she could not die!  
 But he is dead! within the dell  
 I saw him buried where he fell;  
 He comes not, for he cannot break  
 From earth; why then art thou awake?  
 They told me wild waves rolled above  
 The face I view, the form I love;  
 They told me - 'twas a hideous tale I  
 I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:  
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave  
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;  
 Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
 This brow that then will burn no more;  
 Or place them on my hopeless heart:  
 But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,  
 In mercy ne'er again depart!



Or farther with thee bear my soul  
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

'Such is my name, and such my tale.  
Confessor ! to thy secret ear  
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
And thank thee for the generous tear  
This glazing eye could never shed.  
Then lay me with the humblest dead,  
And, save the cross above my head,  
Be neither name nor emblem spread,  
By prying stranger to be read,  
Or stay the passing pilgrims tread.'

He passed - nor of his name and race  
Hath left a token or a trace,  
Save what the father must not say  
Who shrived him on his dying day:  
This broken tale was all we knew  
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **I Saw Thee Weep**

I saw thee weep---the big bright tear  
    Came o'er that eye of blue;  
And then methought it did appear  
    A violet dropping dew:  
I saw thee smile---the sapphire's blaze  
    Beside thee ceased to shine;  
It could not match the living rays  
    That filled that glance of thine.  
As clouds from yonder sun receive  
    A deep and mellow dye,  
Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
    Can banish from the sky,  
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
    Their own pure joy impart;  
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
    That lightens o'er the heart.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **I Speak Not**

I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name;  
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame;  
But the tear that now burns on my cheek may impart  
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.  
Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,  
Were those hours - can their joy or their bitterness cease?  
We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain, -  
We will part, we will fly to - unite it again!  
Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!  
Forgive me, adored one! - forsake if thou wilt;  
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,  
And man shall not break it - whatever thou may'st.  
And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,  
This soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;  
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,  
With thee at my side, than with worlds at our feet.  
One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,  
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove.  
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign -  
Thy lips shall reply, not to them, but to mine.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **I Would I Were a Careless Child**

I would I were a careless child,  
Still dwelling in my highland cave,  
Or roaming through the dusky wild,  
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;  
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride  
Accords not with the freeborn soul,  
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,  
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,  
Take back this name of splendid sound!  
I hate the touch of servile hands,  
I hate the slaves that cringe around.  
Place me among the rocks I love,  
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;  
I ask but this -- again to rove  
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel  
The world was ne'er designed for me:  
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal  
The hour when man must cease to be?  
Once I beheld a splendid dream,  
A visionary scene of bliss:  
Truth! -- wherefore did thy hated beam  
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved -- but those I loved are gone;  
Had friends -- my early friends are fled:  
How cheerless feels the heart alone  
When all its former hopes are dead!  
Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;  
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,  
The heart -- the heart -- is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those  
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,  
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,  
Associates of the festive hour.  
Give me again a faithful few,  
In years and feelings still the same,  
And I will fly the midnight crew,  
Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,  
My hope, my comforter, my all!  
How cold must be my bosom now,  
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!  
Without a sigh I would resign  
This busy scene of splendid woe,  
To make that calm contentment mine,

Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men--  
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;  
My breast requires the sullen glen,  
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.  
Oh! that to me the wings were given  
Which bear the turtle to her nest!  
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,  
To flee away and be at rest.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **I would to heaven that I were so much clay**

I would to heaven that I were so much clay,  
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling -  
Because at least the past were passed away -  
And for the future - (but I write this reeling,  
Having got drunk exceedingly today,  
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)  
I say - the future is a serious matter -  
And so - for God's sake - hock and soda water!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Isles of Greece, The

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus  
sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set...

The mountains look on Marathon--  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations--all were his!  
He counted them at break of day--  
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou?  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now--  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among a fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush--for Greece a tear....

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade--  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning teardrop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine--  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **It Is the Hour**

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour -- when lover's vows  
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;  
And gentle winds and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.  
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the Heaven that clear obscure  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
That follows the decline of day  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## **John Keats**

Who killed John Keats?  
'I,' says the Quarterly,  
So savage and Tartarly;  
"Twas one of my feats.'

Who shot the arrow?  
'The poet-priest Milman  
(So ready to kill man),  
Or Southey or Barrow.'

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Lachin Y Gair

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye garden of roses!  
In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
Restore me to the rocks, where the snowflake reposes,  
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:  
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,  
Round their white summits though elements war;  
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,  
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;  
My cap was teh bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,  
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade;  
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,  
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices  
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"  
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.  
Rouch Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,  
Winter presides in his cold icy car:  
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;  
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding  
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"  
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,  
Victory crowned not your fall with applause:  
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,  
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;  
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,  
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,  
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:  
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,  
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.  
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:  
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!  
The steep frowning glories of the dark Loch na Garr.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Lara

LARA. [1]

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

The Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain, [2]  
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain;  
He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord —  
The long self-exil'd chieftain is restored:  
There be bright faces in the busy hall,  
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;  
Far chequering o'er the pictured window, plays  
The unwonted fagots' hospitable blaze;  
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,  
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

The chief of Lara is return'd again:  
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main?  
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself; — that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest! —  
With none to check, and few to point in time  
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;  
Then, when he most required commandment, then  
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.  
It skills not, boots not, step by step to trace  
His youth through all the mazes of its race;  
Short was the course his restlessness had run,  
But long enough to leave him half undone.

III.

And Lara left in youth his fatherland;  
But from the hour he waved his parting hand  
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all  
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.  
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,  
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there;  
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew  
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.  
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,  
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,  
Another chief consoled his destined bride,  
The young forgot him, and the old had died;  
"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the impatient heir,  
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.  
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace  
The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place;

But one is absent from the mouldering file,  
That now were welcome to that Gothic pile.

IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,  
And whence they know not, why they need not guess;  
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,  
Not that he came, but came not long before:  
No train is his beyond a single page,  
Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.  
Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away  
To those that wander as to those that stay;  
But lack of tidings from another clime  
Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.  
They see, they recognise, yet almost deem  
The present dubious, or the past a dream.

He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,  
Though sear'd by toil, and something touch'd by time;  
His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,  
Might be untaught him by his varied lot;  
Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name  
Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame.  
His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins  
No more than pleasure from the stripling wins;  
And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,  
Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

V.

And they indeed were changed — 'tis quickly seen,  
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been:  
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,  
And spake of passions, but of passion past;  
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;  
A high demeanour, and a glance that took  
Their thoughts from others by a single look;  
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,  
That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
And makes those feel that will not own the wound:  
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath  
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.  
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim  
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,  
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,  
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;  
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace  
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past,  
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,  
In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,  
And — as himself would have it seem — unknown:  
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,  
Nor glean experience from his fellow-man;  
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,  
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;  
If still more prying such inquiry grew,  
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

VII.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,  
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;  
Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,  
He mingled with the magnates of his land;  
Join'd the carousals of the great and gay,  
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away;  
But still he only saw, and did not share  
The common pleasure or the general care;  
He did not follow what they all pursued,  
With hope still baffled, still to be renew'd;  
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,  
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:  
Around him some mysterious circle thrown  
Repell'd approach, and showed him still alone;  
Upon his eye sate something of reproof,  
That kept at least frivolity aloof;  
And things more timid that beheld him near,  
In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear;  
And they the wiser, friendlier few confess'd  
They deem'd him better than his air express'd.

VIII.

'Twas strange — in youth all action and all life,  
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;  
Woman — the field — the ocean — all that gave  
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,  
In turn he tried — he ransack'd all below,  
And found his recompence in joy or woe,  
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought  
In that intenseness an escape from thought:  
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed  
On that the feebler elements hath raised;  
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,  
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:  
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,  
How woke he from the wildness of that dream?

Alas! he told not — but he did awake  
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

IX.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,  
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,  
And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day  
From all communion he would start away:  
And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,  
Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread  
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd  
In rude but antique portraiture around.  
They heard, but whisper'd — "/that/ must not be known —  
The sound of words less earthly than his own.  
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen  
They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.  
Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head  
Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead,  
That still beside his open'd volume lay,  
As if to startle all save him away?  
Why slept he not when others were at rest?  
Why heard no music, and received no guest?  
All was not well, they deem'd — but where the wrong?  
Some knew perchance — but 'twere a tale too long;  
And such besides were too discreetly wise,  
To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;  
But if they would — they could" — around the board,  
Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

X.

It was the night — and Lara's glassy stream  
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam:  
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
And yet they glide like happiness away;  
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high  
The immortal lights that live along the sky:  
Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,  
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;  
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,  
And Innocence would offer to her love.  
These deck the shore; the waves their channel make  
In windings bright and mazy like the snake.  
All was so still, so soft in earth and air,  
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;  
Secure that nought of evil could delight  
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!  
It was a moment only for the good:  
So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,  
But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;  
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate.

Such scene reminded him of other days,  
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,  
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now —  
No — no — the storm may beat upon his brow,  
Unfelt — unsparing — but a night like this,  
A night of beauty mock'd such breast as his.

XI.

He turn'd within his solitary hall,  
And his high shadow shot along the wall;  
There were the painted forms of other times,  
'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults  
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;  
And half a column of the pompous page,  
That speeds the specious tale from age to age:  
When history's pen its praise or blame supplies,  
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.  
He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone  
Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,  
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there  
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,  
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,  
Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;  
His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,  
And the wide waving of his shaken plume,  
Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave  
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

XII.

'Twas midnight — all was slumber; the lone light  
Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.  
Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall —  
A sound — voice — a shriek — a fearful call!  
A long, loud shriek — and silence — did they hear  
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?  
They heard and rose, and tremulously brave  
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save;  
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,  
And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands.

XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,  
Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,  
Was Lara stretch'd; his half-drawn sabre near,  
Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;  
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,  
And still defiance knit his gather'd brow;  
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,

There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;  
Some half-form'd threat in utterance there had died,  
Some imprecation of despairing pride;  
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook  
Even in its trance the gladiator's look,  
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,  
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.  
They raise him — bear him: hush! he breathes, he speaks!  
The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,  
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,  
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb  
Recalls its function, but his words are strung  
In terms that seem not of his native tongue;  
Distinct but strange, enough they understand  
To deem them accents of another land,  
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear  
That hears him not — alas! that cannot hear!

#### XIV.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd  
To know the import of the words they heard;  
And by the changes of his cheek and brow  
They were not such as Lara should avow,  
Nor he interpret, yet with less surprise  
Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes,  
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,  
And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied,  
And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem  
To soothe away the horrors of his dream;  
If dream it were, that thus could overthrow  
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

#### XV.

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye beheld,  
If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,  
Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,  
And breathed new vigour in his shaking frame;  
And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,  
And soon the same in movement and in speech  
As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,  
Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lours  
Than these were wont; and if the coming night  
Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,  
He to his marvelling vassals shew'd it not,  
Whose shuddering proved /their/ fear was less forgot.  
In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl  
The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;  
The waving banner, and the clapping door;  
The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;  
The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,



The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;  
Aught they behold or hear their thought appals  
As evening saddens o'er the dark gray walls.

XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravell'd gloom  
Came not again, or Lara could assume  
A seeming of forgetfulness that made  
His vassals more amazed nor less afraid —  
Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?  
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord  
Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these  
That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.  
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke  
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke  
Their slumber? his the oppress'd o'er-labour'd heart  
That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?  
Could he who thus had suffer'd, so forget  
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?  
Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd  
Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd  
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws  
The heart to shew the effect, but not the cause?  
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,  
Nor common gazers could discern the growth  
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;  
They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

XVII.

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd  
Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd;  
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,  
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;  
His silence form'd a theme for others' prate —  
They guess'd — they gazed — they fain would know his fate.  
What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,  
Who walk'd their world, his lineage only known?  
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,  
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;  
But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,  
Waned in its mirth and wither'd to a sneer;  
That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,  
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:  
Yet there was softness too in his regard,  
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,  
But once perceived, his spirit seem'd to chide  
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,  
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem  
One doubt from others' half withheld esteem;  
In self-inflicted penance of a breast

Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest;  
In vigilance of grief that would compel  
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:  
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,  
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,  
An erring spirit from another hurled;  
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped  
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;  
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet  
His mind would half exult and half regret:  
With more capacity for love than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,  
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,  
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth;  
With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,  
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;  
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath  
In hurried desolation o'er his path,  
And left the better feelings all at strife  
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;  
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,  
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,  
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form  
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;  
'Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
And half mistook for fate the acts of will:  
Too high for common selfishness, he could  
At times resign his own for others' good,  
But not in pity, not because he ought,  
But in some strange perversity of thought,  
That sway'd him onward with a secret pride  
To do what few or none would do beside;  
And this same impulse would, in tempting time,  
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;  
So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath  
The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,  
And long'd by good or ill to separate  
Himself from all who shared his mortal state;  
His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne  
Far from the world, in regions of her own;  
Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,  
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:  
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,  
But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd:  
'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,  
And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,  
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,  
His madness was not of the head, but heart;

And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew  
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,  
And seeming gladness to remain unseen,  
He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art  
Of fixing memory on another's heart:  
It was not love, perchance — nor hate — nor aught  
That words can image to express the thought;  
But they who saw him did not see in vain,  
And once beheld, would ask of him again:  
And those to whom he spake remember'd well,  
And on the words, however light, would dwell.  
None knew nor how, nor why, but he entwined  
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;  
There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,  
If greeted once; however brief the date  
That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,  
Still there within the inmost thought he grew.  
You could not penetrate his soul, but found  
Despite your wonder, to your own he wound.  
His presence haunted still; and from the breast  
He forced an all-unwilling interest;  
Vain was the struggle in that mental net,  
His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget!

XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,  
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,  
Appear — a high-born and a welcomed guest  
To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.  
The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,  
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;  
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train  
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:  
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands  
That mingle there in well according bands;  
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,  
And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,  
And Youth forget such hour was pass'd on earth,  
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

XXI.

And Lara gazed on these sedately glad,  
His brow belied him if his soul was sad,  
And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair,  
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there:  
He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh

With folded arms and long attentive eye,  
Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his,  
Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:  
At length he caught it, 'tis a face unknown,  
But seems as searching his, and his alone;  
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,  
Who still till now had gazed on him unseen;  
At length encountering meets the mutual gaze  
Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze;  
On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,  
As if distrusting that the stranger threw;  
Along the stranger's aspect fix'd and stern  
Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.

XXII.

"'Tis he!" the stranger cried, and those that heard  
Re-echo'd fast and far the whisper'd word.  
"'Tis he!" — "'Tis who?" they question far and near,  
Till louder accents rang on Lara's ear;  
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook  
The general marvel, or that single look;  
But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the surprise  
That sprung at first to his arrested eyes  
Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor raised  
Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed;  
And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with haughty sneer,  
"'Tis he! — how came he thence? — what doth he here?"

XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by  
Such question, so repeated fierce and high;  
With look collected, but with accent cold,  
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,  
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone —  
"My name is Lara! — when thine own is known,  
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite  
The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.  
'Tis Lara! — further wouldst thou mark or ask?  
I shun no question, and I wear no mask."  
"Thou shunn'st no question! Ponder — is there none  
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?  
And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!  
At least thy memory was not given in vain.  
Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,  
Eternity forbids thee to forget."  
With slow and searching glance upon his face  
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace  
They knew, or chose to know — with dubious look  
He deign'd no answer, but his head he shook,  
And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away;

But the stern stranger motion'd him to stay.  
"A word! — I charge thee stay, and answer here  
To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,  
But as thou wast and art — nay, frown not, lord,  
If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word —  
But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,  
Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.  
Art thou not he? whose deeds — "

"Whate'er I be,  
Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,  
I list no further; those with whom they weigh  
May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay  
The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,  
Which thus begins courteously and well.  
Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,  
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be express'd."  
And here their wondering host hath interposed —  
"Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,  
This is no time nor fitting place to mar  
The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.  
If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast ought to show  
Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,  
To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best  
Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;  
I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,  
Though, like Count Lara, now return'd alone  
From other lands, almost a stranger grown;  
And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth  
I augur right of courage and of worth,  
He will not that untainted line belie,  
Nor aught that knighthood may accord deny."  
"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,  
"And here our several worth and truth be tried:  
I gage my life, my falchion to attest  
My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"

What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk  
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;  
The words of many, and the eyes of all  
That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall;  
But his were silent, his appear'd to stray  
In far forgetfulness away — away —  
Alas! that heedlessness of all around  
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

XXIV.

"To-morrow! — ay, to-morrow!" — further word  
Than those repeated none from Lara heard;  
Upon his brow no outward passion spoke,  
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;

Yet there was something fix'd in that low tone  
Which shew'd resolve, determined, though unknown.  
He seized his cloak — his head he slightly bow'd,  
And passing Ezzelin he left the crowd;  
And as he pass'd him, smiling met the frown  
With which that chieftain's brow would bear him down:  
It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride  
That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide;  
But that of one in his own heart secure  
Of all that he would do, or could endure.  
Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?  
Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?  
Alas! too like in confidence are each  
For man to trust to mortal look or speech;  
From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern  
Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn.

XXV.

And Lara call'd his page, and went his way —  
Well could that stripling word or sign obey:  
His only follower from those climes afar  
Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;  
For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,  
In duty patient, and sedate though young;  
Silent as him he served, his fate appears  
Above his station, and beyond his years.  
Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,  
In such from him he rarely heard command;  
But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,  
When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home:  
Those accents, as his native mountains dear,  
Awake their absent echoes in his ear,  
Friends', kindreds', parents', wonted voice recall,  
Now lost, abjured, for one — his friend, his all:  
For him earth now disclosed no other guide;  
What marvel then he rarely left his side?

XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate  
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,  
But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,  
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through;  
Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show  
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;  
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care  
That for a burning moment fever'd there;  
And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught  
From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,  
Though its black orb those long low lashes' fringe  
Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge;

Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,  
Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share:  
And pleased not him the sports that please his age,  
The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page;  
For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,  
As all-forgotten in that watchful trance;  
And from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd lone,  
Brief were his answers, and his questions none;  
His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book;  
His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook;  
He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart  
From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart;  
To know no brotherhood; and take from earth  
No gift beyond that bitter boon — our birth.

XXVII.

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara; but was shown  
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;  
In mute attention; and his care, which guess'd  
Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue express'd.  
Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid;  
His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,  
In act alone obeys, his air commands;  
As if 'twas Lara's less than /his/ desire  
That thus he served, but surely not for hire.  
Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,  
To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;  
To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,  
On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;  
But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,  
To whom he shew'd not deference nor disdain,  
But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew  
No sympathy with that familiar crew:  
His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,  
Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.  
Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,  
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,  
So femininely white it might bespeak  
Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,  
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;  
A latent fierceness that far more became  
His fiery climate than his tender frame:  
True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.  
Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore  
Another ere he left his mountain shore;  
For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,  
That name repeated loud without reply,  
As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,

Start to the sound, as but remember'd then;  
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,  
For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,  
And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all;  
And when the crowd around and near him told  
Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,  
Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore  
Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,  
The colour of young Kaled went and came,  
The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;  
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw  
The sickening iciness of that cold dew  
That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.  
Yes — there be things which we must dream and dare  
And execute ere thought be half aware:  
Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow  
To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.  
He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast  
That sidelong smile upon on the knight he pass'd;  
When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,  
As if on something recognised right well;  
His memory read in such a meaning more  
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore.  
Forward he sprung — a moment, both were gone,  
And all within that hall seem'd left alone;  
Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,  
All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene,  
That when his long dark shadow through the porch  
No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,  
Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem  
To bound as doubting from too black a dream,  
Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,  
Because the worst is ever nearest truth.  
And they are gone — but Ezzelin is there,  
With thoughtful visage and imperious air;  
But long remain'd not; ere an hour expired  
He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;  
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,  
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep  
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,  
And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,  
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:  
There lie love's feverish hope. and cunning's guile,



Hate's working brain and lull'd ambition's wile;  
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.  
What better name may slumber's bed become?  
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,  
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,  
Alike in naked helplessness recline;  
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,  
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,  
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,  
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

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CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

Night wanes — the vapours round the mountains curl'd,  
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.  
Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near to little, but his last;  
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,  
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;  
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.  
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,  
And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine!"  
Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see,  
A morrow comes when they are not for thee;  
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,  
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;  
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,  
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;  
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,  
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

II.

'Tis morn — 'tis noon — assembled in the hall,  
The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call:  
'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim  
The life or death of Lara's future fame;  
When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,  
And whatsoever the tale, it must be told.  
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,  
To meet it in the eye of man and Heaven.  
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,  
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,  
With self-confiding, coldly patient air;  
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,  
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'er-cast,  
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,  
If yet he be on earth, expect him here;  
The roof that held him in the valley stands  
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;  
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,  
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,  
But that some previous proof forbade his stay,  
And urged him to prepare against to-day;  
The word I pledge for his I pledge again,  
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."

He ceased — and Lara answer'd, "I am here  
To lend at thy demand a listening ear,  
To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,  
Whose words already might my heart have wrung,  
But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,  
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.  
I know him not — but me it seems he knew  
In lands where — but I must not trifle too:  
Produce this babbler — or redeem the pledge;  
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw  
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.  
"The last alternative befits me best,  
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,  
However near his own or other's tomb;  
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke  
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke;  
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,  
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.  
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,  
For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed;  
And from his lip those words of insult fell —  
His sword is good who can maintain them well.

#### IV.

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,  
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:  
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,  
Stretch'd by a dextrous sleight along the ground.  
"Demand thy life!" He answer'd not: and then  
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,  
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew  
Almost to blackness in its demon hue;

And fiercer shook his angry falchion now  
Than when his foe's was levell'd at his brow;  
Then all was stern collectedness and art,  
Now rose the unleaven'd hatred of his heart;  
So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,  
That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld  
He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those  
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;  
But to a moment's thought that purpose bent;  
Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,  
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife  
That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life;  
As if to search how far the wound he gave  
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the Leech  
Forbade all present question, sign, and speech;  
The others met within a neighbouring hall,  
And he, incensed and heedless of them all,  
The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,  
In haughty silence slowly strode away;  
He back'd his steed, his homeward path he took,  
Nor cast on Otho's tower a single look.

VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,  
Who menaced but to disappear with light.  
Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went  
To leave no other trace of his intent.  
He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,  
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn  
He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;  
But there he was not, and with coming day  
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought  
Except the absence of the chief it sought.  
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,  
His host alarm'd, his murmuring squires distress'd:  
Their search extends along, around the path,  
In dread to met the marks of prowlers' wrath:  
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne  
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;  
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,  
Which still retains a mark where murder was;  
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,  
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,  
When agonised hands that cease to guard,  
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sward.  
Some such had been, if here a life was reft,  
But these were not; and doubting hope is left;

And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,  
Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame;  
Then sudden silent when his form appear'd,  
Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd;  
Again its wonted wondering to renew,  
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,  
But not his pride; and hate no more conceal'd:  
He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,  
The friend of all who sought to work him woe,  
And from his country's justice now demands  
Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.  
Who else than Lara could have cause to fear  
His presence? who had made him disappear,  
If not the man on whom his menaced charge  
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?  
The general rumour ignorantly loud,  
The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;  
The seeming friendlessness of him who strove  
To win no confidence, and wake no love;  
The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,  
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;  
Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?  
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?  
For it was not the blind capricious rage  
A word can kindle and a word assuage;  
But the deep working of a soul unmix'd  
With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd;  
Such as long power and overgorged success  
Concentrates into all that's merciless:  
These, link'd with that desire which ever sways  
Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,  
'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,  
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,  
And he must answer for the absent head  
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,  
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;  
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,  
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law;  
Long war without and frequent broil within  
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,  
That waited but a signal to begin  
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,  
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends;  
Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,

In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'd.  
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,  
And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands;  
But that long absence from his native clime  
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,  
And now, diverted by his milder sway,  
All dread by slow degrees had worn away;  
The menials felt their usual awe alone,  
But more for him than them that fear was grown;  
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first  
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,  
And each long restless night, and silent mood,  
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:  
And though his lonely habits threw of late  
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;  
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,  
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.  
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,  
The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye;  
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof  
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.  
And they who watch'd might mark that, day by day,  
Some new retainers gather'd to his sway;  
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,  
He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host:  
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread  
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;  
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains  
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.  
If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,  
The million judg'd but of him as they found;  
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven  
They but required a shelter, and 'twas given.  
By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,  
And scarce the serf could murmur o'er his lot;  
With him old avarice found its hoard secure,  
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;  
Youth present cheer and promised recompense  
Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence:  
To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,  
The deep reversion of delay'd revenge;  
To love, long baffled by the unequal match,  
The well-won charms success was sure to snatch.  
All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim  
That slavery nothing which was still a name.  
The moment came, the hour when Otho thought  
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought  
His summons found the destined criminal  
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,  
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,  
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.  
That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves

Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!  
Such is their cry — some watchword for the fight  
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right;  
Religion — freedom — vengeance — what you will,  
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;  
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,  
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had gain'd  
Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;  
Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,  
The serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both:  
They waited but a leader, and they found  
One to their cause inseparably bound;  
By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,  
In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.  
Cut off by some mysterious fate from those  
Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,  
Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,  
Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:  
Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun  
Inquiry into deeds at distance done;  
By mingling with his own the cause of all,  
E'en if he fail'd, he still delay'd his fall.  
The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,  
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,  
Roused by events that seem'd foredoom'd to urge  
His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,  
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,  
And is again; he only changed the scene.  
Light care had he for life, and less for fame,  
But not less fitted for the desperate game:  
He deem'd himself mark'd out for others' hate,  
And mock'd at ruin, so they shared his fate.  
What cared he for the freedom of the crowd?  
He raised the humble but to bend the proud.  
He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,  
But man and destiny beset him there:  
Inured to hunters, he was found at bay;  
And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.  
Stern, unambitious, silent he had been  
Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;  
But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood  
A leader not unequal to the feud;  
In voice — mien — gesture — savage nature spoke,  
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,

The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?  
The varying fortune of each separate field,  
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?  
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?  
In this the struggle was the same with all;  
Save that distemper'd passions lent their force  
In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.  
None sued, for Mercy know her cry was vain,  
The captive died upon the battle-slain:  
In either cause, one rage alone possess'd  
The empire of the alternate victor's breast;  
And they that smote for freedom or for sway,  
Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.  
It was too late to check the wasting brand,  
And Desolation reap'd the famish'd land;  
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,  
And Carnage smiled upon her daily bread.

XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,  
The first success to Lara's numbers clung:  
But that vain victory hath ruin'd all;  
They form no longer to their leader's call:  
In blind confusion on the foe they press,  
And think to snatch is to secure success.  
The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,  
Lure on the broken brigands to their fate:  
In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,  
To check the headlong fury of that crew,  
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,  
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame.  
The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,  
And shewn their rashness to that erring brood:  
The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambuscade,  
The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,  
The long privation of the hoped supply,  
The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,  
The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,  
And palls the patience of his baffled heart,  
Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day  
They could encounter as a veteran may;  
But more preferr'd the fury of the strife,  
And present death, to hourly suffering life:  
And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away  
His numbers melting fast from their array;  
Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,  
And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent:  
But few remain to aid his voice and hand,  
And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:  
Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd  
To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.

One hope survives, the frontier is not far,  
And thence they may escape from native war;  
And bear within them to the neighbouring state  
An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:  
Hard is the task their fatherland to quit,  
But harder still to perish or submit.

XII.

It is resolved — they march — consenting Night  
Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight;  
Already they perceive its tranquil beam  
Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;  
Already they descry — Is yon the bank?  
Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.  
Return or fly! — What glitters in the rear?  
'Tis Otho's banner — the pursuer's spear!  
Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?  
Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight:  
Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,  
Less blood, perchance, hath bought a richer spoil!

XIII.

A moment's pause — 'tis but to breathe their band  
Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?  
It matters little — if they charge the foes  
Who by their border-stream their march oppose,  
Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,  
However link'd to baffle such design.  
"The charge be ours! to wait for their assault  
Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."  
Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,  
And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:  
In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath  
How many shall but hear the voice of death!

XIV.

His blade is bared — in him there is an air  
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;  
A something of indifference more than then  
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.  
He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,  
And still too faithful to betray one fear;  
Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw  
Along his aspect an unwonted hue  
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint express'd  
The truth, and not the terror of his breast.  
This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:  
It trembled not in such an hour as this;  
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,



His eye alone proclaim'd —  
"We will not part!  
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,  
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,  
Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven;  
Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,  
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;  
Outnumber'd, not outbraved, they still oppose  
Despair to daring, and a front to foes;  
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,  
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,  
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,  
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,  
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.  
None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain,  
But those that waver turn to smite again,  
While yet they find the firmest of the foe  
Recoil before their leader's look and blow;  
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,  
He foils their ranks, or reunites his own;  
Himself he spared not — once they seem'd to fly —  
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,  
And shook — Why sudden droops that plumed crest?  
The shaft is sped — the arrow's in his breast!  
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,  
And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.  
The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;  
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!  
But yet the sword instinctively retains,  
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;  
These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,  
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow  
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page  
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:  
Meantime his followers charge and charge again;  
Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head;  
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth:  
And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,  
The heel that urged him, and the hand that rein'd:  
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,

Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;  
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath  
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
One drop — the last — to cool it for the grave;  
With feeble and convulsive effort swept  
Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept:  
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,  
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste:  
They feel its freshness, and almost partake —  
Why pause? — No further thirst have they to slake —  
It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not —  
It was an agony — but now forgot!

XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,  
Where but for him that strife had never been,  
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:  
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.  
His follower once, and now his only guide,  
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,  
And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush  
With each convulsion in a blacker gush;  
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,  
In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:  
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,  
And merely adds another throb to pain.  
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,  
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,  
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,  
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;  
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,  
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,  
Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;  
They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,  
And he regards them with a calm disdain,  
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,  
And that escape to death from living hate:  
And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,  
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,  
And questions of his state; he answers not,  
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,  
And turns to Kaled: — each remaining word,  
They understood not, if distinctly heard;  
His dying tones are in that other tongue,  
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.  
They spake of other scenes, but what — is known

To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;  
And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,  
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:  
They seem'd even then — that twain — unto the last  
To half forget the present in the past;  
To share between themselves some separate fate,  
Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

XIX.

Their words though faint were many — from the tone  
Their import those who heard could judge alone;  
From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's death  
More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,  
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke  
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;  
But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear  
And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely near:  
But from his visage little could we guess,  
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,  
Save that when struggling nearer to his last,  
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;  
And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,  
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:  
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high  
Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,  
Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene  
That raised his arm to point where such had been,  
Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,  
As if his heart abhorr'd that coming day,  
And shrunk his glance before that morning light  
To look on Lara's brow — where all grew night.  
Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss;  
For when one near display'd the absolving cross,  
And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,  
Of which his parting soul might own the need,  
He look'd upon it with an eye profane,  
And smiled — Heaven pardon! if 'twere with disdain;  
And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew  
From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,  
With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,  
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,  
As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,  
Nor seem'd to know his life but /then/ began,  
The life immortal infinite, secure,  
To all for whom that cross hath made it sure!

XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,  
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;  
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er

The weak yet still untiring knee that bore:  
He press'd the hand he held upon his heart —  
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part  
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,  
For that faint throb which answers not again.  
"It beats!" — Away, thou dreamer! he is gone —  
It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

XXI.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away  
The haughty spirit of that humble clay;  
And those around have roused him from his trance,  
But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;  
And when in raising him from where he bore  
Within his arms the form that felt no more,  
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,  
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;  
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear  
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,  
But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,  
Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.  
Than that /he/ lov'd! Oh! never yet beneath  
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!  
That trying moment hath at once reveal'd  
The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;  
In baring to revive that lifeless breast,  
Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd;  
And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame —  
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?

XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,  
But where he died his grave was dug as deep;  
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,  
Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd the mound;  
And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,  
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.  
Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,  
And vain e'en menace — silent to the last;  
She told nor whence nor why she left behind  
Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.  
Why did she love him? Curious fool! — be still —  
Is human love the growth of human will?  
To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,  
And when they love, your smilers guess not how  
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.  
They were not common links that form'd the chain  
That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;  
But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,

And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

XXIII.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,  
Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,  
They found the scattered dints of many a scar  
Which were not planted there in recent war:  
Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life,  
It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;  
But all unknown his glory or his guilt,  
These only told that somewhere blood was spilt.  
And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,  
Return'd no more — that night appear'd his last.

XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)  
A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,  
When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,  
And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;  
A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,  
And hew the bough that bought his children's food,  
Pass'd by the river that divides the plain  
Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:  
He heard a tramp — a horse and horseman broke  
From out the wood — before him was a cloak  
Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,  
Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.  
Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,  
And some foreboding that it might be crime,  
Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,  
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,  
And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,  
Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore, [3]  
Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd to watch,  
And still another hurried glance would snatch,  
And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,  
As if even yet too much its surface show'd:  
At once he started, stoop'd, around him strewn  
The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;  
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,  
And slung them with a more than common care.  
Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen  
Himself might safely mark what this might mean.  
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,  
And something glitter'd starlike on the vest,  
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,  
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:  
It rose again, but indistinct to view,  
And left the waters of a purple hue,  
Then deeply disappear'd: the horseman gazed

Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised;  
Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,  
And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.  
His face was mask'd — the features of the dead,  
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;  
But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,  
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,  
And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn  
Upon the night that led to such a morn.  
If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul!  
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;  
And charity upon the hope would dwell  
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

XXV.

And Kaled — Lara — Ezzelin, are gone,  
Alike without their monumental stone!  
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean  
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been.  
Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,  
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;  
But furious would you tear her from the spot  
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,  
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire  
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire;  
But left to waste her weary moments there,  
She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,  
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,  
And woos to listen to her fond complaints;  
And she would sit beneath the very tree,  
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;  
And in that posture where she saw him fall,  
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;  
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,  
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,  
And fold and press it gently to the ground,  
As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.  
Herself would question, and for him reply;  
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly  
From some imagined spectre in pursuit;  
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,  
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,  
Or trace strange characters along the sand. —  
This could not last — she lies by him she loved;  
Her tale untold — her truth too dearly proved.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Lines Inscribed Upon A Cup Formed From A Skull

Start not&mdash;nor deem my spirit fled:  
In me behold the only skull  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed like thee;  
I died: let earth my bones resign:  
Fill up&mdash;thou canst not injure me;  
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape  
Than nurse the earthworm's slimy brood,  
And circle in the goblet's shape  
The drink of gods than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,  
In aid of others' let me shine;  
And when, alas! our brains are gone,  
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst; another race,  
When thou and thine like me are sped,  
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,  
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not&mdash;since through life's little day  
Our heads such sad effects produce?  
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,  
This chance is theirs to be of use.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Lines Written Beneath An Elm In The Churchyard Of Harrow

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,  
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;  
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,  
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;  
With those who, scattered far, perchance deplore,  
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:  
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,  
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,  
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,  
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;  
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,  
But ah! without the thoughts which then were mine.  
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,  
Invite the bosom to recall the past,  
And seem to whisper, as the gently swell,  
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell!"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fevered breast,  
And calm its cares and passions into rest,  
Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying hour, &mdash;  
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power, &mdash;  
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,  
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell.  
With this fond dream, methinks, 'twere sweet to die &mdash;  
And here it lingered, here my heart might lie;  
Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,  
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;  
For ever stretched beneath this mantling shade,  
Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played;  
Wrapped by the soil that veils the spot I loved,  
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;  
Blest by the tongues that charmed my youthful ear,  
Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here;  
Deplored by those in early days allied,  
And unremembered by the world beside.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## Lines, On Hearing That Lady Byron Was Ill

And thou wert sad&mdash;yet I was not with thee!  
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;  
Methought that joy and health alone could be  
Where I was not&mdash;and pain and sorrow here.  
And is it thus?&mdash;it is as I foretold,  
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils  
Upon itself, and the wrecked heart lies cold,  
While heaviness collects the shattered spoils.  
It is not in the storm nor in the strife  
We feel benumbed, and wish to be no more,  
But in the after-silence on the shore,  
When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!&mdash;but 'twas my right;  
Whate'er my sins might be, thou wert not sent  
To be the Nemesis who should requite&mdash;  
Nor did heaven choose so near an instrument.  
Mercy is for the merciful!&mdash;if thou  
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.  
Thy nights are banished from the realms of sleep!&mdash;  
Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel  
A hollow agony which will not heal,  
For thou art pillowed on a curse too deep;  
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap  
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!  
I have had many foes, but none like thee;  
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,  
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;  
But thou in safe implacability  
Hadst nought to dread&mdash;in thy own weakness shielded,  
And in my love which hath but too much yielded,  
And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare&mdash;  
And thus upon the world&mdash;trust in thy truth&mdash;  
And the wild fame of my ungoverned youth&mdash;  
On things that were not, and on things that are&mdash;  
Even upon such a basis hast thou built  
A monument whose cement hath been guilt!  
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,  
And hewed down, with an unsuspected sword,  
Fame, peace, and hope&mdash;and all the better life  
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,  
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,  
And found a nobler duty than to part.  
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,  
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,  
For present anger, and for future gold&mdash;  
And buying other's grief at any price.  
And thus once entered into crooked ways,  
The early truth, which was thy proper praise,  
Did not still walk beside thee&mdash;but at times,  
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,  
Deceit, averments incompatible,

Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell  
In Janus-spirits—the significant eye  
Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext  
Of Prudence, with advantages annexed—  
The acquiescence in all things which tend,  
No matter how, to the desired end—  
All found a place in thy philosophy.  
The means were worthy, and the end is won—  
I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Love's Last Adieu

The roses of Love glad the garden of life,  
Though nurtur'd 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,  
Till Time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,  
Or prunes them for ever, in Love's last adieu!

In vain, with endearments, we soothe the sad heart,  
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;  
The chance of an hour may command us to part,  
Or Death disunite us, in Love's last adieu!

Still Hope, breathing peace, through the grief-swollen breast,  
Will whisper, O Our meeting we yet may renew: O  
With this dream of deceit, half our sorrow's repress,  
Nor taste we the poison, of Love's last adieu!

Oh! mark you yon pair, in the sunshine of youth,  
Love twin'd round their childhood his flow'rs as they grew;  
They flourish awhile, in the season of truth,  
Till chill'd by the winter of Love's last adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way,  
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue?  
Yet why do I ask?---to distraction a prey,  
Thy reason has perish'd, with Love's last adieu!

Oh! who is yon Misanthrope, shunning mankind?  
From cities to caves of the forest he flew:  
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind;  
The mountains reverberate Love's last adieu!

Now Hate rules a heart which in Love's easy chains,  
Once Passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;  
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins,  
He ponders, in frenzy, on Love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch, with a soul wrapt in steel!  
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,  
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,  
And dreads not the anguish of Love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast;  
No more, with Love's former devotion, we sue:  
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast;  
The shroud of affection is Love's last adieu!

In this life of probation, for rapture divine,  
Astrea declares that some penance is due;  
From him, who has worshipp'd at Love's gentle shrine,  
The atonement is ample, in Love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the God, on his altar of light  
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:

His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight,  
His cypress, the garland of Love's last adieu!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Maid of Athens, ere we part**

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
Zoë mou sas agapo.

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooed by each Aegean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
Zoë mou sas agapo.

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
Zoë mou sas agapo.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
Zoë mou sas agapo.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Mazeppa

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,  
When fortune left the royal Swede -  
Around a slaughtered army lay,  
No more to combat and to bleed.  
The power and glory of the war,  
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,  
Had passed to the triumphant Czar,  
And Moscow's walls were safe again -  
Until a day more dark and drear,  
And a more memorable year,  
Should give to slaughter and to shame  
A mightier host and haughtier name;  
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,  
A shock to one - a thunderbolt to all.

### II

Such was the hazard Of the die;  
The wounded Charles was taught to fly  
By day and night through field and flood,  
Stained with his own and subjects' blood;  
For thousands fell that flight to aid:  
And not a voice was heard to upbraid  
Ambition in his humbled hour,  
When truth had nought to dread from power,  
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave  
His own - and died the Russians' slave.  
This too sinks after many a league  
Of well sustained, but vain fatigue;  
And in the depth of forests darkling,  
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling -  
The beacons of surrounding foes -  
A king must lay his limbs at length.  
Are these the laurels and repose  
For which the nations strain their strength?  
They laid him by a savage tree,  
In outworn nature's agony;  
His wounds were stiff, his limbs were stark,  
The heavy hour was chill and dark;  
The fever in his blood forbade  
A transient slumber's fitful aid:  
And thus it was; but yet through all,  
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,  
And made, in this extreme of ill,  
His pangs the vassals of his will:  
All silent and subdued were they,  
As owe the nations round him lay.

### III

A band of chiefs! - alas! how few,

Since but the fleeting of a day  
Had thinned it; but this wreck was true  
And chivalrous: upon the clay  
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,  
Beside his monarch and his steed;  
For danger levels man and brute,  
And all are fellows in their need.  
Among the rest, Mazeppa made  
His pillow in an old oak's shade -  
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,  
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold:  
But first, outspent with this long course,  
The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse,  
And made for him a leafy bed,  
And smoothed his fetlocks and his mane,  
And slacked his girth, and stripped his rein,  
And joyed to see how well he fed;  
For until now he had the dread  
His wearied courser might refuse  
To browse beneath the midnight dews:  
But he was hardy as his lord,  
And little cared for bed and board;  
But spirited and docile too,  
Whate'er was to be done, would do.  
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,  
All Tartar-like he carried him;  
Obeyed his voice, and came to call,  
And knew him in the midst of all.  
Though thousands were around, - and night,  
Without a star, pursued her flight, -  
That steed from sunset until dawn  
His chief would follow like a fawn.

#### IV

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,  
And laid his lance beneath his oak,  
Felt if his arms in order good  
The long day's march had well withstood -  
If still the powder filled the pan,  
And flints unloosened kept their lock -  
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,  
And whether they had chafed his belt;  
And next the venerable man,  
From out his haversack and can,  
Prepared and spread his slender stock  
And to the monarch and his men  
The whole or portion offered then  
With far less of inquietude  
Than courtiers at a banquet would.  
And Charles of this his slender share  
With smiles partook a moment there,

To force of cheer a greater show,  
 And seem above both wounds and woe;-  
 And then he said -'Of all our band,  
 Though firm of heart and strong of hand,  
 In skirmish, march, or forage, none  
 Can less have said or more have done  
 Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth  
 So fit a pair had never birth,  
 Since Alexander's days till now,  
 As thy Bucephalus and thou:  
 All Scythia's fame to thine should yield  
 For pricking on o'er flood and field.'  
 Mazeppa answered - " Ill betide  
 The school wherein I learned to ride!  
 Quoth Charles -'Old Hetman, wherefore so,  
 Since thou hast learned the art so well?  
 Mazeppa said - "Twere long to tell;  
 And we have many a league to go,  
 With every now and then a blow,  
 And ten to one at least the foe,  
 Before our steeds may graze at ease,  
 Beyond the swift Borysthenes:  
 And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,  
 And I will be the sentinel  
 Of this your troop.' -'But I request,'  
 Said Sweden's monarch, 'thou wilt tell  
 This tale of thine, and I may reap,  
 Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;  
 For at this moment from my eyes  
 The hope of present slumber flies.'  
 'Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track  
 My seventy years of memory back:  
 I think 'twas in my twentieth spring, -  
 Ay, 'twas, - when Casimir was king -  
 John Casimir, - I was his page  
 Six summers, in my earlier age:  
 A learned monarch, faith! was he,  
 And most unlike your majesty:  
 He made no wars, and did not gain  
 New realms to lose them back again;  
 And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)  
 He reigned in most unseemly quiet;  
 Not that he had no cares to vex,  
 He loved the muses and the sex;  
 And sometimes these so froward are,  
 They made him wish himself at war;  
 But soon his wrath being o'er, he took  
 Another mistress - or new book;  
 And then he gave prodigious fetes -  
 All Warsaw gathered round his gates  
 To gaze upon his splendid court,  
 And dames, and chiefs, of princely port.



He was the Polish Solomon,  
So sung his poets, all but one,  
Who, being unpensioned, made a satire,  
And boasted that he could not flatter  
It was a court of jousts and mimes,  
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;  
Even I for once produced some verses,  
And signed my odes "Despairing Thyrsis."  
There was a certain Palatine,  
A Count of far and high descent,  
Rich as a salt or silver mine;  
And he was proud, ye may divine,  
As if from heaven he had been sent:  
He had such wealth in blood and ore  
As few could match beneath the throne;  
And he would gaze upon his store,  
And o'er his pedigree would pore,  
Until by some confusion led,  
Which almost looked like want of head,  
He thought their merits were his own.  
His wife was not of his opinion;  
His junior she by thirty years;  
Grew daily tired of his dominion;  
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,  
To virtue a few farewell tears,  
A restless dream or two, some glances  
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,  
Awaited but the usual chances,  
Those happy accidents which render  
The coldest dames so very tender,  
To deck her Count with titles given,  
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;  
But, strange to say, they rarely boast  
Of these, who have deserved them most.

V

'I was a goodly stripling then;  
At seventy years I so may say,  
That there were few, or boys or men,  
Who, in my dawning time of day,  
Of vassal or of knight's degree,  
Could vie in vanities with me;  
For I had strength, youth, gaiety,  
A port, not like to this ye see,  
But smooth, as all is rugged now;  
For time, and care, and war, have ploughed  
My very soul from out my brow;  
And thus I should be disavowed  
By all my kind and kin, could they  
Compare my day and yesterday;  
This change was wrought, too, long ere age

Had ta'en my features for his page:  
With years, ye know, have not declined  
My strength, my courage, or my mind,  
Or at this hour I should not be  
Telling old tales beneath a tree,  
With starless skies my canopy.  
But let me on: Theresa's form -  
Methinks it glides before me now,  
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,  
The memory is so quick and warm;  
And yet I find no words to tell  
The shape of her I loved so well:  
She had the Asiatic eye,  
Such as our, Turkish neighbourhood,  
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,  
Dark as above us is the sky;  
But through it stole a tender light,  
Like the first moonrise of midnight;  
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,  
Which seemed to melt to its own beam;  
All love, half langour, and half fire,  
Like saints that at the stake expire,  
And lift their raptured looks on high,  
As though it were a joy to die.  
A brow like a midsummer lake,  
Transparent with the sun therein,  
When waves no murmur dare to make,  
And heaven beholds her face within.  
A cheek and lip - but why proceed?  
I loved her then - I love her still;  
And such as I am, love indeed  
In fierce extremes - in good and ill.  
But still we love even in our rage,  
And haunted to our very age  
With the vain shadow of the past,  
As is Mazeppa to the last

## VI

'We met - we gazed - I saw, and sighed,  
She did not speak, and yet replied;  
There are ten thousand tones and signs  
We hear and see, but none defines -  
Involuntary sparks of thought,  
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,  
And form a strange intelligence,  
Alike mysterious and intense,  
Which link the burning chain that binds,  
Without their will, young hearts and minds  
Conveying, as the electric wire,  
We know not how, the absorbing fire.  
I saw, and sighed - in silence wept,

And still reluctant distance kept,  
Until I was made known to her,  
And we might then and there confer  
Without suspicion - then, even then,  
I longed, and was resolved to speak;  
But on my lips they died again,  
The accents tremulous and weak,  
Until one hour. - There is a game,  
A frivolous and foolish play,  
Wherewith we while away the day;  
It is - I have forgot the name -  
And we to this, it seems, were set,  
By some strange chance, which I forget:  
I reck'd not if I won or lost,  
It was enough for me to be  
So near to hear, and oh! to see  
The being whom I loved the most. -  
I watched her as a sentinel,  
(May ours this dark night watch as well!)  
Until I saw, and thus it was,  
That she was pensive, nor perceived  
Her occupation, nor was grieved  
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still  
Played on for hours, as if her win  
Yet bound her to the place, though not  
That hers might be the winning lot.  
Then through my brain the thought did pass  
Even as a flash of lightning there,  
That there was something in her air  
Which would not doom me to despair;  
And on the thought my words broke forth,  
All incoherent as they were -  
Their eloquence was little worth,  
But yet she listened - 'tis enough -  
Who listens once will listen twice;  
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,  
And one refusal no rebuff.

## VII

I loved, and was beloved again -  
They tell me, Sire, you never knew  
Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,  
I shorten all my joy or pain;  
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain  
But all men are not born to reign,  
Or o'er their passions, or as you  
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.  
I am - or rather was - a prince,  
A chief of thousands, and could lead  
Them on where each would foremost bleed;  
But could not o'er myself evince

The like control - but to resume:  
I loved, and was beloved again;  
In sooth, it is a happy doom,  
But yet where happiest ends in pain. -  
We met in secret, and the hour  
Which led me to that lady's bower  
Was fiery expectation's dower.  
My days and nights were nothing - all  
Except that hour which doth recall  
In the long lapse from youth to age  
No other like itself - I'd give  
The Ukraine back again to live  
It o'er once more - and be a page,  
The happy page, who was the lord  
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,  
And had no other gem nor wealth  
Save nature's gift of youth and health.  
We met in secret - doubly sweet,  
Some say, they find it so to meet;  
I know not that - I would have given  
My life but to have called her mine  
In the full view of earth and heaven;  
For I did oft and long repine  
That we could only meet by stealth.

### VIII

'For lovers there are many eyes,  
And such there were on us; the devil  
On such occasions should be civil -  
The devil! - I'm loth to do him wrong,  
It might be some untoward saint,  
Who would not be at rest too long,  
But to his pious bile gave vent -  
But one fair night, some lurking spies  
Surprised and seized us both.  
The Count was something more than wroth -  
I was unarmed; but if in steel,  
All cap from head to heel,  
What 'gainst their numbers could I do?  
'Twas near his castle, far away  
From city or from succour near,  
And almost on the break of day;  
I did not think to see another,  
My moments seemed reduced to few;  
And with one prayer to Mary Mother,  
And, it may be, a saint or two,  
As I resigned me to my fate,  
They led me to the castle gate:  
Teresa's doom I never knew,  
Our lot was henceforth separate.  
An angry man, ye may opine,

Was he, the proud Count Palatine;  
And he had reason good to be,  
But he was most enraged lest such  
An accident should chance to touch  
Upon his future pedigree;  
Nor less amazed, that such a blot  
His noble 'scutcheon should have got,  
While he was highest of his line  
Because unto himself he seemed  
The first of men, nor less he deemed  
In others' eyes, and most in mine.  
'Sdeath! with a page - perchance a king  
Had reconciled him to the thing;  
But with a stripling of a page -  
I felt - but cannot paint his rage.

## IX

"Bring forth the horse!" - the horse was brought;  
In truth, he was a noble steed,  
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,  
Who looked as though the speed of thought  
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,  
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,  
With spur and bridle undefiled -  
'Twas but a day he had been caught;  
And snorting, with erected mane,  
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,  
In the full foam of wrath and dread  
To me the desert-born was led:  
They bound me on, that menial throng,  
Upon his back with many a thong;  
They loosed him with a sudden lash -  
Away! - away! - and on we dash! -  
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

## X

'Away! - away! - my breath was gone -  
I saw not where he hurried on:  
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
And on he foamed - away! - away! -  
The last of human sounds which rose,  
As I was darted from my foes,  
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
Which on the wind came roaring after  
A moment from that rabble rout:  
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,  
And snapped the cord, which to the mane  
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,

And, writhing half my form about,  
Howled back my curse; but 'midst the tread,  
The thunder of my courser's speed,  
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:  
It vexes me - for I would fain  
Have paid their insult back again.  
I paid it well in after days:  
There is not of that castle gate.  
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,  
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;  
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,  
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,  
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;  
And many a time ye there might pass,  
Nor dream that e'er the fortress was.  
I saw its turrets in a blaze,  
Their crackling battlements all cleft,  
And the hot lead pour down like rain  
From off the scorched and blackening roof,  
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.  
They little thought that day of pain,  
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,  
They bade me to destruction dash,  
That one day I should come again,  
With twice five thousand horse, to thank  
The Count for his uncourteous ride.  
They played me then a bitter prank,  
'When, with the wild horse for my guide,  
The bound me to his foaming flank:  
At length I played them one as frank -  
For time at last sets all things even -  
And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

## XI

'Away, away, my steed and I,  
Upon the pinions of the wind.  
All human dwellings left behind,  
We sped like meteors through the sky,  
When with its crackling sound the night  
Is chequered with the northern light:  
Town - village - none were on our track,  
But a wild plain of far extent,  
And bounded by a forest black;  
And, save the scarce seen battlement  
On distant heights of some strong hold,  
Against the Tartars built of old,  
No trace of man. The year before

A Turkish army had marched o'er;  
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,  
The verdure flies the bloody sod: -  
The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,  
And a low breeze crept moaning by -  
I could have answered with a sigh -  
But fast we fled, away, away -  
And I could neither sigh nor pray -  
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain  
Upon the courser's bristling mane;  
But, snorting still with rage and fear,  
He flew upon his far career:  
At times I almost thought, indeed,  
He must have slackened in his speed;  
But no - my bound and slender frame  
Was nothing to his angry might,  
And merely like a spur became:  
Each motion which I made to free  
My swoln limbs from their agony  
Increased his fury and affright:  
I tried my voice, - 'twas faint and low,  
But yet he swerved as from a blow;  
And, starting to each accent, sprang  
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:  
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,  
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;  
And in my tongue the thirst became  
A something fierier far than flame.

## XII

'We neared the wild wood - 'twas so wide,  
I saw no bounds on either side;  
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,  
That bent not to the roughest breeze  
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,  
And strips the forest in its haste, -  
But these were few and far between,  
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,  
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,  
Ere strown by those autumnal eves  
That nip the forest's foliage dead,  
Discoloured with a lifeless red,  
Which stands thereon like stiffened gore  
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,  
And some long winter's night hath shed  
Its frost o'er every tombless head,  
So cold and stark, the raven's beak  
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:  
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,  
And here and there a chestnut stood,  
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;

But far apart - and well it were,  
Or else a different lot were mine -  
The boughs gave way, and did not tear  
My limbs; and I found strength to bear  
My wounds, already scarred with cold -  
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.  
We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;  
By night I heard them on the track,  
Their troop came hard upon our back,  
With their long gallop, which can tire  
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:  
Where'er we flew they followed on,  
Nor left us with the morning sun;  
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,  
At day-break winding through the wood,  
And through the night had heard their feet  
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.  
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,  
At least to die amidst the horde,  
And perish - if it must be so -  
At bay, destroying many a foe  
When first my courser's race begun,  
I wished the goal already won;  
But now I doubted strength and speed:  
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed  
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe -  
Nor faster falls the blinding snow  
Which whelms the peasant near the door  
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,  
Bewildered with the dazzling blast,  
Than through the forest-paths he passed -  
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;  
All furious as a favoured child  
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still  
A woman piqued - who has her will.

### XIII

'The wood was passed; 'twas more than noon,  
But chill the air, although in June;  
Or it might be my veins ran cold -  
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;  
And I was then not what I seem,  
But headlong as a wintry stream,  
And wore my feelings out before  
I well could count their causes o'er:  
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,  
The tortures which beset my path,  
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,  
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;  
Sprung from a race whose rising blood



When stirred beyond its calmer mood,  
And trodden hard upon, is like  
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike -  
What marvel if this worn-out trunk  
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?  
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,  
I seemed to sink upon the ground;  
But erred, for I was fastly bound.  
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,  
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more:  
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;  
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,  
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,  
Which saw no farther. He who dies  
Can die no more than then I died;  
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.  
I felt the blackness come and go,  
And strove to wake; but could not make  
My senses climb up from below:  
I felt as on a plank at sea,  
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,  
At the same time upheave and whelm,  
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.  
My undulating life was as  
The fancied lights that flitting pass  
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when  
Fever begins upon the brain;  
But soon it passed, with little pain,  
But a confusion worse than such:  
I own that I should deem it much,  
Dying, to feel the same again;  
And yet I do suppose we must  
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:  
No matter; I have bared my brow  
Full in Death's face - before - and now.

#### XIV

'My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,  
And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse  
Life reassumed its lingering hold,  
And throb by throb - till grown a pang;  
Which for a moment would convulse,  
My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;  
My ear with uncouth noises rang,  
My heart began once more to thrill;  
My sight returned, though dim; alas!  
And thickened, as it were, with glass.  
Methought the dash of waves was nigh.,  
There was a gleam too of the sky  
Studded with stars; - it is no dream;  
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!

The bright broad river's gushing tide  
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,  
And we are half-way, struggling o'er  
To yon unknown and silent shore.  
The waters broke my hollow trance,  
And with a temporary strength  
My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.  
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,  
And dashes off the ascending waves,  
And onward we advance  
We reach the slippery shore at length,  
A haven I but little prized,  
For all behind was dark and drear  
And all before was night and fear.  
How many hours of night or day  
In those suspended pangs I lay,  
I could not tell; I scarcely knew  
If this were human breath I drew.

XV

'With glossy skin, and dripping mane,  
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,  
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
Up the repelling bank.  
We gain the top. a boundless plain  
Spreads through the shadow of the night,  
And onward, onward, onward, seems,  
Like precipices in our dreams,  
To stretch beyond the sight;  
And here and there a speck of white,  
Or scattered spot of dusky green,  
In masses broke into the light,  
As rose the moon upon my right:  
But nought distinctly seen  
In the dim waste would indicate  
The omen of a cottage gate;  
No twinkling taper from afar  
Stood like a hospitable star;'  
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose  
To make him merry with my woes:  
That very cheat had cheered me then!  
Although detected, welcome still,  
Reminding me, through every ill,  
Of the abodes of men.

XVI

'Onward we went - but slack and slow  
His savage force at length o'erspent,  
The drooping courser, faint and low,  
All feebly foaming went.

A sickly infant had had power  
To guide him forward in that hour!  
But, useless all to me,  
His new-born tameness nought availed -  
My limbs were bound; my force had failed,  
Perchance, had they been free.  
With feeble effort still I tried  
To rend the bonds so starkly tied,  
But still it was in vain;  
My limbs were only wrung the more,  
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,  
Which but prolonged their pain:  
The dizzy race seemed almost done,  
Although no goal was nearly won.  
Some streaks announced the coming sun -  
How slow, alas! he came!  
Methought that mist of dawning grey  
Would never dapple into day;  
How heavily it rolled away -  
Before the eastern flame  
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,  
And called the radiance from their cars,  
And filled the earth, from his deep throne,  
With lonely lustre, all his own.

## XVII

'Up rose the sun; the mists were curled  
Back from the solitary world  
Which lay around - behind - before;  
What booted it to traverse o'er  
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,  
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;  
No sign of travel - none of toll;  
The very air was mute:  
And not an insect's shrill small horn,  
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne  
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,  
Panting as if his heart would burst,  
The weary brute still staggered on;  
And still we were - or seemed - alone:  
At length, while reeling on our way,  
Methought I heard a courser neigh,  
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.  
Is it the wind those branches stirs?  
No, no! from out the forest prance  
A trampling troop; I see them come I  
In one vast squadron they advance!  
I strove to cry - my lips were dumb.  
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;

But where are they the reins to guide?  
A thousand horse - and none to ride!  
With flowing tail, and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils never stretched by pain,  
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,  
And feet that iron never shod,  
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,  
Came thickly thundering on,  
As if our faint approach to meet;  
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,  
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
A moment, with a faint low neigh,  
He answered, and then fell!  
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
And reeking limbs immoveable,  
His first and last career is done!  
On came the troop - they saw him stoop,  
They saw me strangely bound along  
His back with many a bloody thong.  
They stop - they start - they snuff the air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,  
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
Headed by one black mighty steed,  
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,  
Without a single speck or hair  
Of white upon his shaggy hide;  
They snort - they foam - neigh - swerve aside,  
And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.  
They left me there to my despair,  
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,  
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,  
Relieved from that unwonted weight,  
From whence I could not extricate  
Nor him nor me - and there we lay  
The dying on the dead!  
I little deemed another day  
Would see my houseless, helpless head.  
And there from morn till twilight bound,  
I felt the heavy hours toll round,  
With just enough of life to see  
My last of suns go down on me,  
In hopeless certainty of mind,  
That makes us feel at length resigned  
To that which our foreboding years  
Presents the worst and last of fears  
Inevitable - even a boon,  
Nor more unkind for coming soon,  
Yet shunned and dreaded with such care,

As if it only were a snare  
That prudence might escape:  
At times both wished for and implored,  
At times sought with self-pointed sword,  
Yet still a dark and hideous close  
To even intolerable woes,  
And welcome in no shape.  
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,  
They who have revelled beyond measure  
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,  
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he  
Whose heritage was misery.  
For he who hath in turn run through  
All that was beautiful and new,  
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;  
And, save the future, (which is viewed  
Not quite as men are base or good,  
But as their nerves may be endued,)  
With nought perhaps to grieve:  
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,  
And death, whom he should deem his friend,  
Appears, to his distempered eyes,  
Arrived to rob him of his prize,  
The tree of his new Paradise.  
Tomorrow would have given him all,  
Repaid his pangs, repaired his fall;  
Tomorrow would have been the first  
Of days no more deplored or curst,  
But bright, and long, and beckoning years,  
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,  
Guerdon of many a painful hour;  
Tomorrow would have given him power  
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save -  
And must it dawn upon his grave?

### XVIII

'The sun was sinking - still I lay  
Chained to the chill and stiffening steed,  
I thought to mingle there our clay;  
And my dim eyes of death had need,  
No hope arose of being freed.  
I cast my last looks up the sky,  
And there between me and the sun  
I saw the expecting raven fly,  
Who scarce would wait till both should die,  
Ere his repast begun;  
He flew, and perched, then flew once more,  
And each time nearer than before;  
I saw his wing through twilight flit,  
And once so near me he alit

I could have smote, but lacked the strength;  
But the slight motion of my hand,  
And feeble scratching of the sand,  
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,  
Which scarcely could be called a voice,  
Together scared him off at length.  
I know no more - my latest dream  
Is something of a lovely star  
Which fixed my dull eyes from afar,  
And went and came with wandering beam,  
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense,  
Sensation of recurring sense,  
And then subsiding back to death,  
And then again a little breath,  
A little thrill, a short suspense,  
An icy sickness curdling o'er  
My heart, and sparks that crossed my brain  
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,  
A sigh, and nothing more.

#### XIX

'I woke - where was I? - Do I see  
A human face look down on me?  
And doth a roof above me close?  
Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
Is this a chamber where I lie  
And is it mortal yon bright eye,  
That watches me with gentle glance?  
I closed my own again once more,  
As doubtful that the former trance  
Could not as yet be o'er.  
A slender girl, long-haired, and tall,  
Sate watching by the cottage wall.  
The sparkle of her eye I caught  
Even with my first return of thought;  
For ever and anon she threw  
A prying, pitying glance on me  
With her black eyes so wild and free:  
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew  
No vision it could be, -  
But that I lived, and was released  
From adding to the vulture's feast:  
And when the Cossack maid beheld  
My heavy eyes at length unsealed,  
She smiled - and I essayed to speak,  
But failed - and she approached, and made  
With lip and finger signs that said,  
I must not strive as yet to break  
The silence, till my strength should be  
Enough to leave my accents free;  
And then her hand on mine she laid,

And smoothed the pillow for my head,  
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,  
 And gently oped the door, and spake  
 In whispers - ne'er was voice so sweet!  
 Even music followed her light feet.  
 But those she called were not awake,  
 And she went forth; but, ere she passed,  
 Another look on me she cast,  
 Another sign she made, to say,  
 That I had nought to fear, that all  
 Were near, at my command or call,  
 And she would not delay  
 Her due return:- while she was gone,  
 Methought I felt too much alone.  
 "She came with mother and with sire -  
 What need of more? - I will not tire  
 With long recital of the rest,  
 Since I became the Cossack's guest.  
 They found me senseless on the plain.  
 They bore me to the nearest hut,  
 They brought me into life again  
 Me - one day o'er their realm to reign!  
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
 His rage, refining on my pain,  
 Sent me forth to the wilderness,  
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
 To pass the desert to a throne, -  
 What mortal his own doom may guess?  
 Let none despond, let none despair!  
 Tomorrow the Borysthenes  
 May see our coursers graze at ease  
 Upon his Turkish bank, - and never  
 Had I such welcome for a river  
 As I shall yield when safely there.  
 Comrades good night!' - The Hetman threw  
 His length beneath the oak-tree shade,  
 With leafy couch already made,  
 A bed nor comfortless nor new  
 To him, who took his rest whene'er  
 The hour arrived, no matter where:  
 His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.  
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot  
 To thank his tale, he wondered not, -  
 The king had been an hour asleep.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **My Soul is Dark**

My soul is dark - Oh! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That sound shall charm it forth again:  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst;  
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
And ached in sleepless silence, long;  
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,  
And break at once - or yield to song.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte

I

'Tis done -- but yesterday a King!  
And arm'd with Kings to strive --  
And now thou art a nameless thing:  
So abject -- yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind  
Who bow'd so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestion'd, -- power to save, --  
Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
To those that worshipp'd thee;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness!

III

Thanks for that lesson -- It will teach  
To after-warriors more,  
Than high Philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preach'd before.  
That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre sway  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV

The triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife --  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seem'd made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife --  
All quell'd! -- Dark Spirit! what must be  
The madness of thy memory!

V

The Desolator desolate!  
The Victor overthrown!  
The Arbiter of others' fate  
A Suppliant for his own!  
Is it some yet imperial hope  
That with such change can calmly cope?  
Or dread of death alone?

To die a prince -- or live a slave --  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI

He who of old would rend the oak,  
Dream'd not of the rebound:  
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke --  
Alone -- how look'd he round?  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found:  
He fell, the forest prowler's prey;  
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII

The Roman, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger -- dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home --  
He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom!  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well:  
Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX

But thou -- from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung --  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung;  
All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own!  
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,  
And thank'd him for a throne!  
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,

When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain --  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain:  
If thou hadst died as honour dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again --  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night?

XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay;  
Thy scales, Mortality! are just  
To all that pass away:  
But yet methought the living great  
Some higher sparks should animate,  
To dazzle and dismay:  
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth  
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
Thy still imperial bride;  
How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
Still clings she to thy side?  
Must she too bend, must she too share  
Thy late repentance, long despair,  
Thou throneless Homicide?  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem, --  
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
And gaze upon the sea;  
That element may meet thy smile --  
It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
Or trace with thine all idle hand  
In loitering mood upon the sand  
That Earth is now as free!  
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

XV

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage  
What thought will there be thine,

While brooding in thy prison'd rage?  
But one -- "The word was mine!"  
Unless, like he of Babylon,  
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
Life will not long confine  
That spirit pour'd so widely forth--  
So long obey'd -- so little worth!

XVI

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,  
Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
His vulture and his rock!  
Foredoom'd by God -- by man accurst,  
And that last act, though not thy worst,  
The very Fiend's arch mock;  
He in his fall preserved his pride,  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

XVII

There was a day -- there was an hour,  
While earth was Gaul's -- Gaul thine --  
When that immeasurable power  
Unsatiated to resign  
Had been an act of purer fame  
Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
And gilded thy decline,  
Through the long twilight of all time,  
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a king,  
And don the purple vest,  
As if that foolish robe could wring  
Remembrance from thy breast.  
Where is that faded garment? where  
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
The star, the string, the crest?  
Vain froward child of empire! say,  
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the Great;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes --one--the first--the last--the best--  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Ode To Napoleon Buonaparte

'Tis done---but yesterday a King!  
And armed with Kings to strive---  
And now thou art a nameless thing:  
So abject---yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star [Lucifer],  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind  
Who bowed so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestioned,---power to save,---  
Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshipped thee;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson---it will teach  
To after-warriors more  
Than high Philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preached before.  
That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife---  
The earthquake-voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seemed made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife---  
All quelled!---Dark Spirit! what must be  
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!  
The Victor overthrown!  
The Arbiter of others' fate  
A Suppliant for his own!  
Is it some yet imperial hope  
That with such change can calmly cope?  
Or dread of death alone ?  
To die a Prince---or live a slave---  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old [Milo] would rend the oak,  
Dreamed not of the rebound;

Chained by the trunk he vainly broke---  
Alone---how looked he round?  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found:  
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;  
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman [Sylla], when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger---dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home.---  
He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom!  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard [Charles V], when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well:  
Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou---from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung---  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung;  
All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own!  
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,  
And thanked him for a throne!  
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,  
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain---  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain:

If thou hadst died as Honor dies.  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
    To shame the world again---  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
    Is vile as vulgar clay;  
Thy scales, Mortality! are just  
    To all that pass away:  
But yet methought the living great  
Some higher sparks should animate,  
    To dazzle and dismay:  
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth  
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
    Thy still imperial bride;  
How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
    Still clings she to thy side ?  
Must she too bend, must she too share  
Thy late repentance, long despair,  
    Thou throneless Homicide?  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,---  
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
    And gaze upon the sea;  
That element may meet thy smile---  
    It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
Or trace with thine all idle hand  
In loitering mood upon the sand  
    That Earth is now as free!  
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage  
    What thoughts will there be thine,  
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?  
    But one---OThe world was mine!O  
Unless, like he of Babylon,  
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
    Life will not long confine  
That spirit poured so widely forth---  
So long obeyed---so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire [Prometheus] from heaven,  
    Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
    His vulture and his rock!  
Foredoomed by God---by man accurst,  
And that last act, though not thy worst,



The very Fiend's arch mock;  
He in his fall preserved his pride,  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day---there was an hour,  
While earth was Gaul's---Gaul thine---  
When that immeasurable power  
Unsated to resign  
Had been an act of purer fame  
Than gathers round Marengo's name  
And gilded thy decline,  
Through the long twilight of all time,  
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a King  
And don the purple vest,  
As if that foolish robe could wring  
Remembrance from thy breast  
Where is that faded garment? where  
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
The star, the string, the crest?  
Vain froward child of Empire! say,  
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the Great;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes---One---the first---the last---the best---  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom Envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one!

Yes! better to have stood the storm,  
A Monarch to the last!  
Although that heartless fireless form  
Had crumbled in the blast:  
Than stoop to drag out Life's last years,  
The nights of terror, days of tears  
For all the splendour past;  
Then,---after ages would have read  
Thy awful death with more than dread.

A lion in the conquering hour!  
In wild defeat a hare!  
Thy mind hath vanished with thy power,  
For Danger brought despair.  
The dreams of sceptres now depart,  
And leave thy desolated heart  
The Capitol of care!  
Dark Corsican, 'tis strange to trace

Thy long deceit and last disgrace.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom**

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
    But on thy turf shall roses rear  
    Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
And the wild cypress wave in tender  
    gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
    Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,  
And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
    And lingering pause and lightly tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the  
    dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
    That death nor heeds nor hears distress:  
Will this unteach us to complain?  
    Or make one mourner weep the less?  
And thou - who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Oh! Weep for Those**

I.

Oh! Weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream,  
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell--  
Mourn -- where their God that dwelt--the Godless dwell!

II.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?  
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?  
And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

III.

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast!  
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!  
The wild-dove hath her nest-- the fox his cave--  
Mankind their Country -- Israel but the grave.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## On A Distant View Of Harrow

Ye scenes of my childhood, whose lov'd recollection  
Embitters the present, compar'd with the past;  
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,  
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last;

Where fancy, yet, joys to retrace the resemblance  
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;  
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,  
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is deny'd!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,  
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;  
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,  
To pore o'er the precepts by Pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,  
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay;  
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,  
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,  
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;  
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,  
I fancied that Mossop himself was outshone.

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,  
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason depriv'd;  
Till, fir'd by loud plaudits and self-adulation,  
I regarded myself as a Garrick reviv'd.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!  
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;  
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you:  
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,  
While Fate shall the shades of the future unroll!  
Since Darkness o'er shadows the prospect before me,  
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul!

But if, through the course of the years which await me,  
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,  
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,  
Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## On Chillon

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art;  
For there thy habitation is the heart&mdash;  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,  
- To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom&mdash;  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor and altar, for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace,  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard.&mdash;May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **On the Castle of Chillon**

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind.  
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,  
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place  
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief,  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?  
The land of honourable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.



George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Prisoner of Chillon, The

I  
My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears:  
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,  
But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those  
To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are bann'd, and barr'd - forbidden fare;  
But this was for my father's faith  
I suffer'd chains and courted death;  
That father perish'd at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;  
And for the same his lineal race  
In darkness found a dwelling-place;  
We were seven - who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finish'd as they had begun,  
Proud of Persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and two in field,  
Their belief with blood have seal'd,  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;  
Three were in a dungeon cast,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II  
There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and grey,  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years - I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score  
When my last brother drooped and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,  
And we were three - yet, each alone;  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight:  
And thus together - yet apart,  
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,  
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope, or legend old,  
So song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took on a dreary tone,  
And echo of the dungeon stone,  
A grating sound, not full and free,  
As they of yore were wont to be;  
It might be fancy - but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

#### IV

I was the eldest of the three,  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do - and did my best -  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven -  
For him my soul was sorely moved:  
And truly might it be distress'd  
To see such a bird in such a nest;  
For he was as beautiful as day -  
(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles, being free) -  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:  
And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for nought but other's ills,  
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

#### V

The other was as pure of mind,  
But form'd to combat with his kind;  
Strong in frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,

And perish'd in the foremost rank  
With joy: - but not in chains to pine:  
His spirit wither'd with their clank,  
I saw it silently decline -  
And so perchance in sooth did mine:  
But yet I forced it on to cheer  
Those relics of a home so dear.  
He was a hunter of the hills,  
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;  
To him this dungeon was a gulf,  
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

#### VI

Lake Lemane lies by Chillon's walls:  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow:  
Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
Which round about the wave intrals:  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made - and like a living grave  
Below the surface of the lake  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,  
We heard it ripple night and day;  
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;  
And I have felt the winter's spray  
Wash through the bars when winds were high  
And wanton in the happy sky;  
And then the very rock hath rock'd,  
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,  
Because I could have smiled to see  
The death that would have set me free.

#### VII

I said my nearer brother pined,  
I said his mighty heart declined,  
He loathed and put away his food;  
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunter's fare,  
And for the like had little care:  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat,  
Our bread was such as captives' tears  
Have moisten'd many a thousand years  
Since man first pent his fellow men  
Like brutes within an iron den;  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain's side;

But why delay the truth? - he died.  
I saw, and could not hold his head,  
Nor reach his dying hand - nor dead, -  
Though hard I strove, but stove in vain  
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
He died - and they unlock'd his chain,  
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave  
Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay  
His corse in dust whereon the day  
Might shine - it was a foolish thought,  
But then within my brain it wrought,  
That even in death his freeborn breast  
In such a dungeon could not rest.  
I might have spared my idle prayer -  
They coldly laugh'd - and laid him there:  
The flat and turfless earth above  
The being we so much did love;  
His empty chain above it leant,  
Such murder's fitting monument!

#### VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,  
His mother's image in fair face,  
The infant love of all his race,  
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,  
My latest care, for whom I sought  
To hoard my life, that his might be  
Less wretched now, and one day free;  
He, too, who yet had held untired  
A spirit natural or inspired -  
He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was wither'd on the stalk away.  
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
To see the human soul take wing  
In any shape, in any mood:  
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
Of Sin delirious with its dread:  
But those were horrors - this was woe  
Unmix'd with such - but sure and slow;  
He faded, and so calm and meek,  
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,  
And grieved for those he left behind;  
With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
Whose tints as gently sunk away  
As a departing rainbow's ray;

An eye of most transparent light,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur - not  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, -  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 For I was sunk in silence - lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:  
 I listen'd, but I could not hear;  
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;  
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished;  
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound -  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rush'd to him: - I found him not,  
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,  
 I only lived, I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;  
 The last, the sole, the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.  
 One on earth, and one beneath -  
 My brothers - both had ceased to breathe:  
 I took that hand that lay so still,  
 Alas! my own was full as chill;  
 I had not the strength to stir, or strive,  
 But felt that I was still alive -  
 A frantic feeling, when we know  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
 I know not why  
 I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope - but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death.

## IX

What next befell me then and there  
 I know not well - I never knew -  
 First came the loss of light, and air,  
 And then of darkness too:  
 I had no thought, no feeling - none -  
 Among the stones I stood a stone,  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey;  
 It was not night - it was day;  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,

And fixedness - without a place;  
There were no stars - no earth - no time -  
No check - no change - no good, no crime -  
But silence, and a stirless breath  
Which neither was of life nor death;  
A sea of stagnant idleness,  
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X

A light broke in upon my brain, -  
It was the carol of a bird;  
It ceased, and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
And mine was thankful till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise,  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery;  
But then by dull degrees came back  
My senses to their wonted track;  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me as before,  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done,  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,  
And tamer than upon the tree;  
A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seem'd to say them all for me!  
I never saw its like before,  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:  
It seem'd to me to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate,  
And it was come to love me when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.  
I know not if it late were free,  
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
But knowing well captivity.  
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!  
Or if it were, in winged guise,  
A visitant from Paradise;  
For - Heaven forgive that thought; the while  
Which made me both to weep and smile -  
I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me;  
But then at last away it flew,  
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone, -  
Lone as the corpse within its shroud,

Lone as a solitary cloud,  
A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate,  
My keepers grew compassionate;  
I know not what had made them so,  
They were inured to sights of woe,  
But so it was; - my broken chain  
With links unfasten'd did remain,  
And it was to liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk begun,  
Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod;  
For if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed,  
My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,  
I was not there from to escape,  
For I had buried one and all  
Who loved me in a human shape;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me:  
No child - no sire - no kin had I  
No partner in my misery;  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barr'd windows, and to bend  
Once more, upon the mountains high,  
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them - and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in frame;  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
Oh high - their wide long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;  
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,



And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view;  
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing,  
Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seem'd joyous each and all;  
The eagle rode the rising blast,  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seem'd to fly;  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled - and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain;  
And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save, -  
And yet my glance, too much opprest,  
Had almost need of such a rest.

#### XIV

It might be months, or years, or days -  
I kept no count, I took no note -  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
And clear them of their dreary mote;  
At last men came to set me free;  
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;  
It was at length the same to me,  
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,  
I learn'd to love despair.  
And thus when they appear'd at last,  
And all my bond aside were cast,  
These heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage - and all my own!  
And half I felt as they were come  
To tear me from a second home:  
With spiders I had friendship made,  
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,  
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
And why should I feel less than they?  
We were all inmates of one place,  
And I, the monarch of each race,  
Had power to kill - yet, strange to tell!  
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;  
My very chains and I grew friends,

So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are: - even I  
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Prometheus

Titan! to whose immortal eyes  
The sufferings of mortality,  
Seen in their sad reality,  
Were not as things that gods despise;  
What was thy pity's recompense?  
A silent suffering, and intense;  
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,  
All that the proud can feel of pain,  
The agony they do not show,  
The suffocating sense of woe,  
Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
And then is jealous lest the sky  
Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given  
Between the suffering and the will,  
Which torture where they cannot kill;  
And the inexorable Heaven,  
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
The ruling principle of Hate,  
Which for its pleasure doth create  
The things it may annihilate,  
Refus'd thee even the boon to die:  
The wretched gift Eternity  
Was thine--and thou hast borne it well.  
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee  
Was but the menace which flung back  
On him the torments of thy rack;  
The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
But would not to appease him tell;  
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
And in his Soul a vain repentance,  
And evil dread so ill dissembled,  
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
To render with thy precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness,  
And strengthen Man with his own mind;  
But baffled as thou wert from high,  
Still in thy patient energy,  
In the endurance, and repulse  
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,  
A mighty lesson we inherit:  
Thou art a symbol and a sign  
To Mortals of their fate and force;  
Like thee, Man is in part divine,  
A troubled stream from a pure source;  
And Man in portions can foresee  
His own funereal destiny;

His wretchedness, and his resistance,  
And his sad unallied existence:  
To which his Spirit may oppose  
Itself--and equal to all woes,  
And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
Which even in torture can descry  
Its own concenter'd recompense,  
Triumphant where it dares defy,  
And making Death a Victory.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Remember Him, Whom Passion's Power

Remember him, whom Passion's power  
Severely---deeply---vainly proved:  
Remember thou that dangerous hour,  
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,  
Too much invited to be blessed:  
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,  
The wilder wish reproved, repressed.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost  
But saved thee all that Conscience fears;  
And blush for every pang it cost  
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,  
Whose busy accents whisper blame,  
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,  
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou  
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:  
I bless thy purer soul even now,  
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,  
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;  
When thou hadst loved without a crime,  
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,  
From this our gaudy world be past!  
And that too bitter moment o'er,  
Oh! may such trial be thy last.

This heart, alas! perverted long,  
Itself destroyed might there destroy;  
To meet thee in the glittering throng,  
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,  
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,  
That world resign---such scenes forego,  
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness---  
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;  
From what even here hath passed, may guess  
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,  
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,

My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;  
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,  
The thought that we no more may meet;  
Yet I deserve the stern decree,  
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still---had I loved thee less---my heart  
Had then less sacrificed to thine;  
It felt not half so much to part  
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Remind Me Not, Remind Me Not**

Remind me not, remind me not,  
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,  
When all my soul was given to thee;  
Hours that may never be forgot,  
Till Time unnerves our vital powers,  
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget---canst thou forget,  
When playing with thy golden hair,  
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?  
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,  
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,  
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,  
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,  
As half reproach'd yet rais'd desire,  
And still we near and nearer prest,  
And still our glowing lips would meet,  
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,  
And bid their lids each other seek,  
Veiling the azure orbs below;  
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss  
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,  
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,  
And, sooth to say, that very dream  
Was sweeter in its phantasy,  
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,  
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam  
In Rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,  
Of hours which, though for ever gone,  
Can still a pleasing dream restore,  
Till Thou and I shall be forgot,  
And senseless, as the mouldering stone  
Which tells that we shall be no more.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

### **Reply to Some Verses of J.M.B. Pigot, Esq.**

Why, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,  
Why thus in despair do you fret?  
For months you may try, yet, believe me, a sigh  
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time seem to rove;  
At first she may frown in a pet;  
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,  
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful fairs,  
They think all our homage a debt:  
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,  
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,  
And seem her hauteur to regret;  
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny,  
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,  
This whimsical virgin forget;  
Some other adiaire, who will melt with your fire,  
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me I adore some twenty or more,  
And love them most dearly but yet  
Though my heart they enthral, I'd abandon them all,  
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,  
And break through her slight-woven net;  
Away with despair, no longer forbear  
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend your bosom defend,  
Ere quite with her snares you're beset;  
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart,  
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## Saul

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the prophet's form appear.  
'Samuel, raise thy buried head!  
King, behold the phantom seer!'

Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.  
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye:  
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;  
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,  
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;  
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
At once, and blasted by the thunderstroke.

'Why is my sleep disquieted?  
Who is he that calls the dead?  
Is it thou, O King? Behold,  
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:  
Such are mine; and such shall be  
Thine to-morrow, when with me:  
Ere the coming day is done,  
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
Fare thee well, but for a day,  
Then we mix our mouldering clay.  
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,  
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
And the falchion by thy side  
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:  
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
Son and sire, the house of Saul!'

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **She Walks in Beauty**

She walks in beauty like the night  
of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
meets in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
had half impair'd the nameless grace  
which waves in every raven tress,  
or softly lightens o'er her face -  
where thoughts serenely sweet express  
how pure, how dear their dwelling - place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
so soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
the smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
but tells in days of goodness spent,  
a mind at peace with all below,  
a heart whose love is innocent.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Siege and Conquest of Alhama, The

The Moorish King rides up and down,  
Through Granada's royal town;  
From Elvira's gate to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama's city fell:  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.  
Woe is me, Albamal

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,  
And through the street directs his course;  
Through the street of Zacatin  
To the Alhambra spurring in.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,  
On the moment he ordain'd  
That the trumpet straight should sound  
With the silver clarion round.  
Woe is me, Alhamal

And when the hollow drums of war  
Beat the loud alarm afar,  
That the Moors of town and plain  
Might answer to the martial strain.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware,  
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,  
One by one, and two by two,  
To a mighty squadron grew.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor  
In these words the king before,  
'Wherefore call on us, oh King?  
What may mean this gathering?'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Friends! ye have, alas! to know  
Of a most disastrous blow;  
That the Christians, stern and bold,  
Have obtain'd Albania's hold.'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
With his beard so white to see,  
'Good King! thou art justly served,  
Good King! this thou hast deserved.

Woe is me, Alhama!

'By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;  
And strangers were received by thee  
Of Cordova the Chivalry.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'And for this, oh King! is sent  
On thee a double chastisement:  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone.'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire crashed from out the old Moor's eyes,  
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,  
Because he answer'd, and because  
He spake exceeding well of laws.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings:  
'Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!  
Though thy beard so hoary be,  
The King hath sent to have thee seized,  
For Alhama's loss displeas'd.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
That thus for thee should be the law,  
And others tremble when they saw.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Cavalier, and man of worth!  
Let these words of mine go forth!  
Let the Moorish Monarch know,  
That to him I nothing owe.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
And on my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land hath lost,  
Yet others may have lost the most.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
And think her ransom cheap that day.'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They sever'd from the trunk his head;  
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed  
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls;  
The King weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Siege of Corinth, The

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND.

January 22, 1816.

### ADVERTISEMENT

"The grand army of the Turks, (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country, [1] thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley; but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish army, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war." — History of the Turks, vol. iii. p. 151.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

I.

Many a vanish'd year and age,  
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,  
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands  
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.  
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock  
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,  
The keystone of a land, which still,  
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,  
The landmark to the double tide  
That purpling rolls on either side,  
As if their waters chafed to meet,  
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.  
But could the blood before her shed  
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,  
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,  
Arise from out the earth which drank  
The stream of slaughter as it sank,  
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow

Her isthmus idly spread below:  
Or could the bones of all the slain,  
Who perish'd there, be piled again,  
That rival pyramid would rise  
More mountain-like, through those clear skies  
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,  
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

## II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears  
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears,  
And downward to the Isthmian plain,  
From shore to shore of either main,  
The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines  
Along the Moslem's leaguering lines;  
And the dusk Spahi's bands advance  
Beneath each bearded pacha's glance;  
And far and wide as eye can reach  
The turban'd cohorts throng the beach;  
And there the Arab's camel kneels,  
And there his steed the Tartar wheels;  
The Turcoman hath left his herd, [2]  
The sabre round his loins to gird;  
And there the volleying thunders pour,  
Till waves grow smoother to the roar.  
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath  
Wings the far hissing globe of death;  
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,  
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;  
And from that wall the foe replies,  
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,  
With fires that answer fast and well  
The summons of the Infidel.

## III.

But near and nearest to the wall  
Of those who wish and work its fall,  
With deeper skill in war's black art  
Than Othman's sons, and high of heart  
As any chief that ever stood  
Triumphant in the fields of blood;  
From post to post, and deed to deed,  
Fast spurring on his reeking steed,  
Where sallying ranks the trench assail,  
And make the foremost Moslem quail;  
Or where the battery, guarded well,  
Remains as yet impregnable,  
Alighting cheerly to inspire  
The soldier slackening in his fire;  
The first and freshest of the host

Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast  
To guide the follower o'er the field,  
To point the tube, the lance to wield,  
Or whirl around the bickering blade; —  
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!

IV.

From Venice — once a race of worth  
His gentle sires — he drew his birth;  
But late an exile from her shore,  
Against his countrymen he bore  
The arms they taught to bear; and now  
The turban girt his shaven brow.  
Through many a change had Corinth pass'd  
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;  
And here, before her walls, with those  
To Greece and Venice equal foes,  
He stood a foe, with all the zeal  
Which young and fiery converts feel,  
Within whose heated bosom throngs  
The memory of a thousand wrongs.  
To him had Venice ceased to be  
Her ancient civic boast — "the Free;"  
And in the palace of St Mark  
Unnamed accusers in the dark  
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed  
A charge against him uneffaced:  
He fled in time, and saved his life,  
To waste his future years in strife,  
That taught his land how great her loss  
In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,  
'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent high,  
And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi — he whose closing scene [3]  
Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,  
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,  
The last and mightiest of the slain,  
He sank, regretting not to die,  
But cursed the Christian's victory —  
Coumourgi — can his glory cease,  
That latest conqueror of Greece,  
Till Christian hands to Greece restore  
The freedom Venice gave of yore?  
A hundred years have roll'd away  
Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway,  
And now he led the Mussulman,  
And gave the guidance of the van  
To Alp, who well repaid the trust



By cities levell'd with the dust;  
And proved, by many a deed of death,  
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot  
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,  
With unabating fury sent,  
From battery to battlement;  
And thunder-like the pealing din  
Rose from each heated culverin;  
And here and there some crackling dome  
Was fired before the exploding bomb;  
And as the fabric sank beneath  
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,  
In red and wreathing columns flash'd  
The flame as loud the ruin crash'd,  
Or into countless meteors driven,  
Its earth-stars melted into heaven;  
Whose clouds that day grew doubly d[un?]  
Impervious to the hidden sun,  
With volumed smoke that slowly grew  
To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,  
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,  
The Moslem warriors sternly teach  
His skill to pierce the promised breach:  
Within those walls a maid was pent  
His hope would win, without consent  
Of that inexorable sire,  
Whose heart refused him in its ire,  
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,  
Her virgin hand aspired to claim.  
In happier mood, and earlier time,  
While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,  
Gayest in gondola or hall,  
He glitter'd through the Carnival;  
And tuned the softest serenade  
That e'er on Adria's waters play'd  
At midnight to Italian maid.

VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won;  
For sought by numbers, given to none,  
Had young Francesca's hand remain'd  
Still by the church's bond unchain'd:  
And when the Adriatic bore

Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,  
Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,  
And pensive wax'd the maid and pale;  
More constant at confessional,  
More rare at masque and festival;  
Or seen at such with downcast eyes,  
Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize!  
With listless look she seems to gaze;  
With humbler care her form arrays;  
Her voice less lively in the song;  
Her step, though light, less fleet among  
The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance  
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,  
(Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,  
While Sobieski tamed his pride  
By Buda's wall and Danube's side,  
The chiefs of Venice wrung away  
From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)  
Minotti held in Corinth's towers  
The Doge's delegated powers,  
While yet the pitying eye of Peace  
Smiled o'er her long-forgotten Greece:  
And ere that faithless truce was broke  
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,  
With him his gentle daughter came;  
Nor there, since Menelaus' dame  
Forsook her lord and land, to prove  
What woes await on lawless love,  
Had fairer form adorn'd the shore  
Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn,  
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault  
The foremost of the fierce assault.  
The bands are rank'd; the chosen van  
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,  
The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"  
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,  
And win their way with falchion's force,  
Or pave the path with many a corse,  
O'er which the following brave may rise,  
Their stepping-stone — the last who dies!

XI.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown  
The cold, round moon shines deeply down:  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright;  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turn'd to earth without repining,  
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray?  
The waves on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.  
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;  
The banners droop'd along their staves,  
And, as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,  
And echo answer'd from the hill,  
And the wide hum of that wild host,  
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
In midnight call to wonted prayer;  
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
And take a long-unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
It seem'd to those within the wall  
A cry prophetic of their fall:  
It struck even the besieger's ear  
An undefined and sudden thrill,  
Which makes the heart a moment still,  
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed:  
Such as a sudden passing-bell  
Wakes though but for a stranger's knell.

## XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;  
The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er;  
The watch was set, the night-round made,  
All mandates issued and obey'd:  
'Tis but another anxious night,  
His pains the morrow may requite  
With all revenge and love can pay,

In guerdon for their long delay.  
 Few hours remain, and he hath need  
 Of rest, to nerve for many a deed  
 Of slaughter; but within his soul  
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll.  
 He stood alone among the host;  
 Not his the loud fanatic boast  
 To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross  
 Or risk a life with little loss,  
 Secure in Paradise to be  
 By Houris loved immortally:  
 Nor his, what burning patriots feel,  
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,  
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,  
 When battling on the parent soil.  
 He stood alone — a renegade  
 Against the country he betray'd.  
 He stood alone amidst his band,  
 Without a trusted heart or hand:  
 They follow'd him, for he was brave,  
 And great the spoil he got and gave;  
 They crouch'd to him, for he had skill  
 To warp and wield the vulgar will:  
 But still his Christian origin  
 With them was little less than sin.  
 They envied even the faithless fame  
 He earn'd beneath a Moslem name:  
 Since he, their mightiest chief had been  
 In youth, a bitter Nazarene.  
 They did not know how pride can stoop,  
 When baffled feelings withering droop;  
 They did not know how hate can burn  
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern;  
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal  
 The convert of revenge can feel.  
 He ruled them — man may rule the worst  
 By ever daring to be first:  
 So lions o'er the jackal sway;  
 The jackal points, he fells the prey,  
 Then on the vulgar yelling press,  
 To gorge the relics of success.

### XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse  
 The quick successive throbs convulse;  
 In vain from side to side he throws  
 His form, in courtship of repose;  
 Or if he dozed, a sound, a start  
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.  
 The turban on his hot brow press'd,  
 The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,

Though oft and long beneath its weight  
Upon his eyes had slumber sate,  
Without or couch or canopy,  
Except a rougher field and sky  
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,  
Than now along the heaven was spread.  
He could not rest, he could not stay  
Within his tent to wait for day,  
But walk'd him forth along the sand,  
Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand.  
What pillow'd them? and why should he  
More wakeful than the humblest be?  
Since more their peril, worse their toil,  
And yet they fearless dream of spoil;  
While he alone, where thousands pass'd  
A night of sleep, perchance their last,  
In sickly vigil wander'd on,  
And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light  
Beneath the freshness of the night.  
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,  
And bathed his brow with airy balm:  
Behind, the camp — before him lay,  
In many a winding creek and bay,  
Lepanto's gulf; and on the brow  
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,  
High and eternal, such as shone  
Through thousand summers brightly gone.  
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;  
It will not melt, like man, to time;  
Tyrant and slave are swept away,  
Less form'd to wear the before the ray;  
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,  
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,  
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;  
In form a peak, in height a cloud,  
In texture like a hovering shroud,  
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,  
As from her fond abode she fled,  
And linger'd on the spot, where long  
Her prophet spirit spake in song.  
Oh! still her step at moments falters  
O'er wither'd fields, and ruined altars,  
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,  
By pointing to each glorious token.  
But vain her voice, till better days  
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,  
Which shone upon the Persian flying,  
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times  
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;  
And through this night, as on he wander'd,  
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,  
And thought upon the glorious dead  
Who there in better cause had bled,  
He felt how faint and feebly dim  
The fame that could accrue to him,  
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword  
A traitor in a turban'd horde;  
And led them to the lawless siege,  
Whose best success were sacrilege.  
Not so had those his fancy number'd,  
The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;  
Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,  
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.  
They fell devoted, but undying;  
The very gale their names seem'd sighing:  
The waters murmur'd of their name;  
The woods were peopled with their fame;  
The silent pillar, lone and gray,  
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;  
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,  
Their memory sparkled o'er the mountain,  
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.  
Despite of every yoke she bears,  
That land is glory's still, and theirs!  
When man would do a deed of worth  
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,  
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head:  
He looks to her, and rushes on  
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,  
And woo'd the freshness night diffused.  
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea, [3]  
Which changeless rolls eternally;  
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,  
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;  
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,  
Heedless if she come or go:  
Calm or high, in main or bay,  
On their course she hath no sway.  
The rock unworn its base doth bare,  
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there;  
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,

On the line that it left long ages ago:  
A smooth short space of yellow sand  
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,  
Till within the range of a carbine's reach  
Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him not,  
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot,  
Did traitors lurk in the Christian's hold?  
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold,  
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall  
There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,  
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,  
That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town;  
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell  
The sullen words of the sentinel,  
As his measured step on the stone below  
Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;  
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,  
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb!  
They were too busy to bark at him!  
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,  
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;  
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull, [4]  
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,  
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;  
So well had they broken a lingering fast  
With those who had fall'n for that night's repast.  
And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,  
The foremost of these were the best of his band:  
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,  
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair, [5]  
All the rest was shaven and bare.  
The scalps were in the wild-dog's maw,  
The hair was tangled round his jaw.  
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,  
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,  
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,  
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;  
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,  
Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight:  
Never had shaken his nerves in fight;  
Be he better could brook to behold the dying,  
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,  
Scorch'd with death-thirst, and writing in vain,  
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.

There is something of pride in the perilous hour,  
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lour;  
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,  
And Honour's eye on daring deeds!  
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread  
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,  
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,  
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;  
All regarding man as their prey,  
All rejoicing in his decay.

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,  
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;  
Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!  
Out upon Time! it will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things before!  
But enough of the past for the future to grieve  
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be!  
What we have seen, our sons shall see;  
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,  
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,  
And pass'd his hand athwart his face;  
Like one in dreary musing mood,  
Declining was his attitude;  
His head was drooping on his breast,  
Fever'd, throbbing, and opprest;  
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,  
Oft his beating fingers went,  
Hurriedly, as you may see  
Your own run over the ivory key,  
Ere the measured tone is taken,  
By the chords you would awaken.  
There he sate all heavily,  
As he heard the night-wind sigh.  
Was it the wind, through some hollow stone, [6]  
Sent that soft and tender moan?  
He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,  
But it was unrippled as glass may be;  
He look'd on the long grass — it waved not a blade;  
How was that gentle sound convey'd?  
He look'd to the banners — each flag lay still,  
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;  
What did that sudden sound bespeak?  
He turn'd to the left — is he sure of sight?



There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

XX.

He started up with more of fear  
Than if an armed foe were near.  
"God of my fathers! what is here?  
Who art thou, and wherefore sent  
So near a hostile armament?"  
His trembling hands refused to sign  
The cross he deem'd no more divine:  
He had resumed it in that hour,  
But conscience wrung away the power.  
He gazed — he saw: he knew the face  
Of beauty, and the form of grace;  
It was Francesca by his side,  
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,  
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:  
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?  
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.  
The ocean's calm within their view,  
Beside her eye had less of blue;  
But like that cold wave it stood still,  
And its glance, though clear, was chill.  
Around her form a thin robe twining,  
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;  
Through the parting of her hair,  
Floating darkly downward there,  
Her rounded arm shew'd white and bare:  
And ere yet she made reply,  
Once she raised her hand on high;  
It was so wan and transparent of hue,  
You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,  
That I may be happy, and he may be blest.  
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;  
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.  
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee  
From a maid in the pride of her purity;  
And the Power on high, that can shield the good  
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,  
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well  
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.  
I come — and if I come in vain,  
Never, oh never, we meet again!  
Thou hast done a fearful deed  
In falling away from thy fathers' creed:

But dash that turban to earth, and sign  
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;  
Wring the black drop from thy heart,  
And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal-couch be spread?  
In the midst of the dying and the dead?  
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame  
The sons and shrines of the Christian name.  
None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,  
Shall be left upon the morn:  
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,  
Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.  
There thou yet shall be my bride,  
When once again I've quell'd the pride  
Of Venice: and her hated race  
Have felt the arm they would debase  
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those  
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own —  
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,  
And shot a chillness to his heart,  
Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.  
Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,  
He could not lose him from its hold:  
But never did clasp of one so dear  
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,  
As those thin fingers, long and white,  
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.  
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,  
As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,  
So deeply changed from what he knew:  
Fair but faint — without the ray  
Of mind, that made each feature play  
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;  
And her motionless lips lay still as death,  
And her words came forth without her breath,  
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,  
And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.  
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,  
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd  
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem  
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream:  
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,  
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,  
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,  
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;  
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down  
From the shadowy wall where their images frown;  
Fearfully flitting to and fro,

As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.  
 "If not for the love of me be given  
 Thus much, then, for the love of Heaven, —  
 Again I say — that turban tear  
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear  
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,  
 Or thou art lost; and never shalt see —  
 Not earth — that's past — but heaven or me.  
 If this thou dost accord, albeit  
 A heavy doom 'tis thine to me,  
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,  
 And mercy's gate may receive within;  
 But pause one moment more, and take  
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake;  
 And look once more to heaven, and see  
 Its love for ever shut from thee.  
 There is a light cloud by the moon — [7]  
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon —  
 If, by the time its vapoury sail  
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,  
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,  
 Then God and man are both avenged;  
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still  
 Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high  
 The sign she spake of in the sky;  
 But his heart was swell'n, and turn'd aside,  
 By deep interminable pride.  
 This first false passion of his breast  
 Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.  
 He sue for mercy! He dismay'd  
 By wild words of a timid maid!  
 He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save  
 Her sons, devoted to the grave!  
 No — though that cloud were thunder's worst,  
 And charged to crush him — let it burst!  
 He look'd upon it earnestly,  
 Without an accent of reply;  
 He watch'd it passing: it is flown:  
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone.  
 And thus he spake — "Whate'er my fate,  
 I am no changeling — 'tis too late:  
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,  
 Then rise again; the tree must shiver.  
 What Venice made me, I must be,  
 Her foe in all, save love to thee:  
 But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"  
 He turn'd, but she is gone!  
 Nothing is there but the column stone.  
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?  
 He saw not — he knew not — but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun  
As if that morn were a jocund one.  
Lightly and brightly breaks away  
The Morning from her mantle gray,  
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.  
Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,  
And the clash and the shout, "They come, they come!"  
The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword  
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.  
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,  
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;  
Mount ye, spur ye, skirt the plain,  
That the fugitive may flee in vain,  
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,  
Aged or young in Christian shape;  
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,  
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.  
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;  
Curved is each neck, and flowing each main;  
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:  
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;  
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,  
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:  
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;  
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,  
So is the blade of his scimitar;  
The khan and the pachas are all at their post:  
The vizier himself at the head of the host.  
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;  
Leave not in Corinth a living one —  
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,  
A hearth in her mansions, a stone in her walls.  
God and the prophet — Allah Hu!  
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!

"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale  
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?  
He who first downs with the red cross may crave  
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"  
Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;  
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,  
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire: —  
Silence — hark to the signal — fire!

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go  
On the stately buffalo,  
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,  
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,  
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high  
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die;  
Thus against the wall they went,  
Thus the first were backward bent;  
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,  
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,  
Shiver'd by the shot, that tore  
The ground whereon they moved no more:  
Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,  
When is work is done on the levell'd plain;  
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy splash,  
From the cliffs invading dash  
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,  
Till white and thundering down they go,  
Like the avalanche's snow  
On the Alpine vales below;  
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,  
Corinth's sons were downward borne  
By the long and oft-renew'd  
Charge of the Moslem multitude.  
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,  
Heap'd, by the host of the infidel,  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:  
Nothing there, save death, was mute;  
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry  
For quarter, or for victory,  
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,  
Which makes the distant cities wonder  
How the sounding battle goes,  
If with them, or for their foes;  
If they must mourn, or may rejoice  
In that annihilating voice,  
Which pierces the deep hills through and through  
With an echo dread and new:  
You might have heard it, on that day,  
O'er Salamis and Megara;  
(We have heard the hearers say,)  
Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,  
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt:

But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun  
And all but the after carnage done.  
Shriller shrieks now mingling come  
From within the plunder'd dome:  
Hark to the haste of flying feet,  
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;  
But here and there, where 'vantage ground  
Against the foe may still be found,  
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,  
Make a pause, and turn again —  
With banded backs against the wall,  
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man — his hairs were white,  
But his veteran arm was full of might:  
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,  
The dead before him on that day,  
In a semicircle lay;  
Still he combated unwounded,  
Though retreating, unsurrounded.  
Many a scar of former fight  
Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright;  
But of every wound his body bore,  
Each and all had been ta'en before:  
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,  
Few of our youth could cope with him;  
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,  
Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver gray.  
From right to left his sabre swept:  
Many an Othman mother wept  
Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd  
His weapon first in Moslem gore,  
Ere his years could count a score.  
Of all he might have been the sire  
Who fell that day beneath his ire:  
For, sonless left long years ago,  
His wrath made many a childless foe;  
And since the day, when in the strait [8]  
His only boy had met his fate,  
His parent's iron hand did doom  
More than a human hecatomb.  
If shades by carnage be appeased,  
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased  
Than his, Minotti's son, who died  
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide,  
Buried he lay, where thousands before  
For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore;  
What of them is left, to tell  
Where they lie, and how they fell?  
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;  
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout! a band  
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand:  
Their leader's nervous arm is bare,  
Swifter to smite, and never to spare —  
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;  
Thus in the fight is he ever known:  
Others a gaudier garb may show,  
To them the spoil of the greedy foe;  
Many a hand's on a richer hilt,  
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;  
Many a loftier turban may wear, —  
Alp is but known by the white arm bare;  
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!  
There is not a standard on the shore  
So well advanced the ranks before;  
There is not a banner in Moslem war  
Will lure the Delis half so far;  
It glances like a falling star!  
Where'er that mighty arm is seen,  
The bravest be, or late have been;  
There the craven cries for quarter  
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;  
Or the hero, silent lying,  
Scorns to yield a groan in dying;  
Mustering his last feeble blow  
'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,  
Though faint beneath the mutual wound,  
Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,  
And Alp's career a moment check'd.  
"Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,  
For thine own, thy daughter's sake."

"Never, renegado, never!  
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."

"Francesca! — oh, my promised bride:  
Must she too perish by thy pride?"

"She is safe." — "Where? where?" — "In heaven;  
From whence thy traitor soul is driven —  
Far from thee, and undefiled."  
Grimly then Minotti smiled,  
As he saw Alp staggering bow  
Before his words, as with a blow.

"O God! when died she?" — "Yesternight —

Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:  
None of my pure race shall be  
Slaves to Mohammed and thee —  
Come on!" That challenge is in vain —  
Alp's already with the slain!

While Minotti's words were wreaking  
More revenge in bitter speaking  
Than his falchion's point had found,  
Had the time allow'd to wound,  
From within the neighbouring porch  
Of a long-defended church,  
Where the last and desperate few  
Would the failing fight renew,  
The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground;  
Ere an eye could view the wound  
That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,  
Round he spun, and down he fell;  
A flash like fire within his eyes  
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,  
And then eternal darkness sunk  
Through all the palpitating trunk;  
Nought of life left, save a quivering  
Where his limbs were slightly shivering:  
They turn'd him on his back; his breast  
And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,  
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,  
From its deep veins lately loosed;  
But in his pulse there was no throb,  
Nor on his lips one dying sob;  
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath  
Heralded his way to death:  
Ere his very thought could pray,  
Unanel'd he pass'd away,  
Without a hope from mercy's aid, —  
To the last — a Renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose  
Of his followers, and his foes;  
These in joy, in fury those:  
Then again in conflict mixing,  
Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,  
Interchanged the blow and thrust,  
Hurling warriors in the dust.  
Street by street, and foot by foot,  
Still Minotti dares dispute  
The latest portion of the land  
Left beneath his high command;  
With him, aiding heart and hand,  
The remnant of his gallant band.



Still the church is tenable,  
Whence issued the fated ball  
That half avenged the city's fall,  
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell:  
Thither bending sternly back,  
They leave before a bloody track;  
And, with their faces to the foe,  
Dealing wounds with every blow,  
The chief, and his retreating train,  
Join to those within the fane;  
There they yet may breathe awhile,  
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,  
With added ranks and raging boast,  
Press onwards with such strength and heat,  
Their numbers balk their own retreat;  
For narrow the way that led to the spot  
Where still the Christians yielded not;  
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try  
Through the massy column to turn and fly;  
They perforce must do or die.  
They die: but ere their eyes could close,  
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;  
Fresh and furious, fast they fill  
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still:  
And faint the weary Christians wax  
Before the still renew'd attacks:  
And now the Othmans gain the gate;  
Still resists its iron weight,  
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,  
From every crevice comes the shot;  
From every shatter'd window pour  
The volleys of the sulphurous shower:  
But the portal wavering grows and weak —  
The iron yields, the hinges creak —  
It bends — and falls — and all is o'er;  
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

Dark, sternly, and all alone,  
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone:  
Madonna's face upon him shone,  
Painted in heavenly hues above,  
With eyes of light and looks of love;  
And placed upon that holy shrine  
To fix our thoughts on things divine,  
When pictured there we kneeling see  
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,

Smiling sweetly on each prayer  
To heaven, as if to waft it there.  
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,  
Though slaughter streams along her aisles:  
Minotti lifted his aged eye,  
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,  
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;  
And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,  
Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone  
Contain'd the dead of ages gone:  
Their names were on the graven floor,  
But now illegible with gore;  
The carved crests, and curious hues  
The varied marble's veins diffuse,  
Were smear'd, and slippery — stain'd, and strown  
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown:  
There were dead above, and the dead below  
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row;  
You might see them piled in sable state,  
By a pale light through a gloomy grate:  
But War had enter'd their dark caves,  
And stored along the vaulted graves  
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread  
In masses by the fleshless dead:  
Here, throughout the siege, had been  
The Christians' chiefest magazine;  
To these a late-form'd train now led,  
Minotti's last and stern resource,  
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain  
To strive, and those must strive in vain:  
For lack of further lives, to slake  
The thirst of vengeance now awake,  
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,  
And lop the already lifeless head,  
And fell the statues from their niche,  
And spoil the shrine of offerings rich,  
And from each other's rude hands wrest  
The silver vessels saints had bless'd.  
To the high altar on they go;  
Oh, but it made a glorious show!  
On its table still behold  
The cup of consecrated gold;  
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,  
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:

That morn it held the holy wine,  
Converted by Christ to His blood so divine,  
Which His worshippers drank at the break of day  
To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray,  
Still a few drops within it lay;  
And round the sacred table glow  
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,  
From the purest metal cast;  
A spoil — the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd  
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd  
When old Minotti's hand  
Touch'd with a torch the train —  
'Tis fired!  
Spire, vaults, and shrine, the spoil, the slain,  
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,  
All that of living or dead remain,  
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,  
In one wild roar expired!  
The shatter'd town — the walls thrown down —  
The waves a moment backward bent —  
The hills that shake, although unrent,  
As if an earthquake pass'd —  
The thousand shapeless things all driven  
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,  
By that tremendous blast —  
Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er  
On that too long afflicted shore!  
Up to the sky like rockets go  
All that mingled there below:  
Many a tall and goodly man,  
Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,  
When he fell to earth again  
Like a cinder strew'd the plain:  
Down the ashes shower like rain;  
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles  
With a thousand circling wrinkles;  
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,  
Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay;  
Christian or Moslem, which be they?  
Let their mothers see and say!  
When in cradled rest they lay,  
And each nursing mother smiled  
On the sweet sleep of her child,  
Little deem'd she such a day  
Would rend those tender limbs away.  
Not the matrons that them bore  
Could discern their offspring more;  
That one moment left no trace

More of human form or face  
Save a scatter'd scalp or bone:  
And down came blazing rafters, strown  
Around, and many a falling stone,  
Deeply dinted in the clay,  
All blacken'd there and reeking lay.  
All the living things that heard  
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd.  
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,  
And howling left the unburied dead;  
The camels from their keepers broke;  
The distant steer forsook the yoke —  
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,  
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;  
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,  
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;  
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill  
Where echo roll'd in thunder still;  
The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry, [8]  
Bay'd from afar complainingly,  
With mix'd and mournful sound,  
Like crying babe, and beaten hound:  
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,  
The eagle left his rocky nest,  
And mounted nearer to the sun,  
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun  
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,  
And made him higher soar and shriek —  
Thus was Corinth lost and won!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **So We'll Go No More a-Roving**

So we'll go no more a-roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart still be as loving,  
And the moon still be as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul outwears the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a-roving  
By the light of the moon.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Solitude

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hurry, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,  
And roam alone, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
Of all the flattered, followed, sought and sued;  
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Song of Saul Before His Last Battle**

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword  
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
Heed not the corse, though a king's in your path:  
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!  
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!  
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Sonnet - to Genevra

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,  
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush  
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,  
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:  
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes---but, oh!  
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,  
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,  
Soft as the last drops round Heaven's airy bow.  
For, though thy long dark lashes low depending,  
The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
Gleams like a Seraph from the sky descending,  
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;  
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,  
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## Sonnet to Lake Lemman

Rousseau -- Voltaire -- our Gibbon -- De Staël --  
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,  
Thy shore of names like these! wert thou no more,  
Their memory thy remembrance would recall:  
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,  
But they have made them lovelier, for the lore  
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core  
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall  
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by thee  
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,  
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,  
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,  
Which of the heirs of immortality  
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Stanzas Composed During A Thunderstorm

Chill and mirk is the nightly blast,  
Where Pindus' mountains rise,  
And angry clouds are pouring fast  
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,  
And lightnings, as they play,  
But show where rocks our path have crost,  
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?  
When lightning broke the gloom---  
How welcome were its shade!---ah, no!  
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,  
I hear a voice exclaim---  
My way-worn countryman, who calls  
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired---by foe or friend?  
Another---'tis to tell  
The mountain-peasants to descend,  
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare  
To tempt the wilderness?  
And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear  
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise  
To try the dubious road?  
Nor rather deem from nightly cries  
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!  
More fiercely pours the storm!  
Yet here one thought has still the power  
To keep my bosom warm.

While wandering through each broken path,  
O'er brake and craggy brow;  
While elements exhaust their wrath,  
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea---  
Thy bark hath long been gone:  
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,  
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,  
When last I pressed thy lip;

And long ere now, with foaming shock,  
Impelled thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now  
Hast trod the shore of Spain;  
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou  
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee  
In darkness and in dread,  
As in those hours of revelry  
Which Mirth and Music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,  
If Cadiz yet be free,  
At times from out her latticed halls  
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,  
Endeared by days gone by;  
To others give a thousand smiles,  
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark  
The paleness of thy face,  
A half-formed tear, a transient spark  
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun  
Some coxcomb's raillery;  
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,  
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,  
When severed hearts repine  
My spirit flies o'er Mount and Main  
And mourns in search of thine.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Stanzas For Music

There be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed Ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lulled winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight Moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Stanzas For Music: There's Not A Joy The World Can Give**

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess:  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest,  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath&mdash;  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,  
So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Stanzas To A Lady, On Leaving England

'Tis done---and shivering in the gale  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;  
And whistling o'er the bending mast,  
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;  
And I must from this land be gone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,  
And could I see what I have seen---  
Could I repose upon the breast  
Which once my warmest wishes blest---  
I should not seek another zone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye  
Which gave me bliss or misery;  
And I have striven, but in vain,  
Never to think of it again:  
For though I fly from Albion,  
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,  
My weary heart is desolate;  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face,  
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,  
And I will seek a foreign home;  
Till I forget a false fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,  
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth  
Still finds some hospitable hearth,  
Where Friendship's or Love's softer glow  
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;  
But friend or leman I have none,  
Because I cannot love but one.

I go---but wheresoe'er I flee  
There's not an eye will weep for me;  
There's not a kind congenial heart,  
Where I can claim the meanest part;  
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,  
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,  
Of what we are, and what we've been,  
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe---

But mine, alas! has stood the blow;  
Yet still beats on as it begun,  
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear lov'd one may be,  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see;  
And why that early love was cross'd,  
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,  
With charms perchance as fair to view;  
And I would fain have loved as well,  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him that wanders o'er the deep;  
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,  
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Stanzas To Augusta

When all around grew drear and dark,  
And reason half withheld her ray&mdash;  
And hope but shed a dying spark  
Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,  
And that internal strife of heart,  
When dreading to be deemed too kind,  
The weak despair&mdash;the cold depart;

When fortune changed&mdash;and love fled far,  
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,  
Thou wert the solitary star  
Which rose, and set not to the last.

Oh, blest be thine unbroken light!  
That watched me as a seraph's eye,  
And stood between me and the night,  
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,  
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray&mdash;  
Then purer spread its gentle flame,  
And dashed the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,  
And teach it what to brave or brook&mdash;  
There's more in one soft word of thine  
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st as stands a lovely tree  
That, still unbroke though gently bent,  
Still waves with fond fidelity  
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend, the skies might pour,  
But there thou wert&mdash;and still wouldst be  
Devoted in the stormiest hour  
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,  
Whatever fate on me may fall;  
For heaven in sunshine will requite  
The kind&mdash;and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love  
Be broken&mdash;thine will never break;  
Thy heart can feel&mdash;but will not move;  
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,  
Were found, and still are fixed in thee;&mdash;



And bearing still a breast so tried,  
Earth is no desert&mdash;e'en to me.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Stanzas To Jessy

There is a mystic thread of life  
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,  
That Destiny's relentless knife  
At once must sever both, or none.

There is a Form on which these eyes  
Have fondly gazed with such delight---  
By day, that Form their joy supplies,  
And Dreams restore it, through the night.

There is a Voice whose tones inspire  
Such softened feelings in my breast,  
I would not hear a Seraph Choir,  
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a Face whose Blushes tell  
Affection's tale upon the cheek,  
But pallid at our fond farewell,  
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a Lip, which mine has prest,  
But none had ever prest before;  
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,  
That mine alone should press it more.

There is a Bosom all my own,  
Has pillow'd oft this aching head,  
A Mouth which smiles on me alone,  
An Eye, whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two Hearts whose movements thrill,  
In unison so closely sweet,  
That Pulse to Pulse responsive still  
They Both must heave, or cease to beat.

There are two Souls, whose equal flow  
In gentle stream so calmly run,  
That when they part---they part?---ah no!  
They cannot part---those Souls are One.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Stanzas To The Po

River, that rollest by the ancient walls,  
Where dwells the Lady of my love, when she  
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls  
A faint and fleeting memory of me:

What if thy deep and ample stream should be  
A mirror of my heart, where she may read  
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,  
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

What do I say---a mirror of my heart?  
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?  
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;  
And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them,---not for ever  
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye  
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!  
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away:

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,  
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move:  
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,  
And I---to loving one I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath  
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;  
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe  
The twilight air, unharmed by summer's heat.

She will look on thee,---I have looked on thee,  
Full of that thought: and, from that moment, ne'er  
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,  
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,---  
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:  
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,  
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:  
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?---  
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,  
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not  
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,  
But the distraction of a various lot,  
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves the Lady of the land;  
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood

Is all meridian, as if never fanned  
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not  
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,  
In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot  
A slave again of love,---at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle---let me perish young---  
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;  
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,  
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Stanzas Written On The Road Between Florence And Pisa

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!&mdash;if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Sun of the Sleepless!**

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!  
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,  
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,  
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!

So gleams the past, the light of other days,  
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;  
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,  
Distinct but distant -- clear -- but, oh how cold!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Tear, The

When Friendship or Love  
Our sympathies move;  
When Truth, in a glance, should appear,  
The lips may beguile,  
With a dimple or smile,  
But the test of affection's a Tear:

Too oft is a smile  
But the hypocrite's wile,  
To mask detestation, or fear;  
Give me the soft sigh,  
Whilst the soultelling eye  
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear:

Mild Charity's glow,  
To us mortals below,  
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;  
Compassion will melt,  
Where this virtue is felt,  
And its dew is diffused in a Tear:

The man, doom'd to sail  
With the blast of the gale,  
Through billows Atlantic to steer,  
As he bends o'er the wave  
Which may soon be his grave,  
The green sparkles bright with a Tear;

The Soldier braves death  
For a fanciful wreath  
In Glory's romantic career;  
But he raises the foe  
When in battle laid low,  
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If, with high-bounding pride,  
He return to his bride!  
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;  
All his toils are repaid  
When, embracing the maid,  
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth!  
Seat of Friendship and Truth,  
Where Love chas'd each fast-fleeting year  
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,  
For a last look I turn'd,  
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear:

Though my vows I can pour,  
To my Mary no more,  
My Mary, to Love once so dear,

In the shade of her bow'r,  
I remember the hour,  
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest,  
May she live ever blest!  
Her name still my heart must revere:  
With a sigh I resign,  
What I once thought was mine,  
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,  
Ere from you I depart,  
This hope to my breast is most near:  
If again we shall meet,  
In this rural retreat,  
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight  
To the regions of night,  
And my corse shall recline on its bier;  
As ye pass by the tomb,  
Where my ashes consume,  
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## The Bride of Abydos

"Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted." — Burns

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,  
THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,  
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT,  
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,  
  
BYRON.

### THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

---

#### CANTO THE FIRST.

##### I.

Know ye the land where cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom; [1]  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun —  
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done? [2]  
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

##### II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,  
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,  
Awaiting each his lord's behest  
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,  
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:  
Deep thought was in his aged eye;

And though the face of Mussulman  
Not oft betrays to standers by  
The mind within, well skill'd to hide  
All but unconquerable pride,  
His pensive cheek and pondering brow  
Did more than he wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be clear'd." — The train disappear'd —  
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."  
With Giaffir is none but his only son,  
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.  
"Haroun — when all the crowd that wait  
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,  
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)  
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower:  
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:  
Yet not to her repeat my thought;  
By me alone be duty taught!"  
"Pacha! to hear is to obey."  
No more must slave to despot say —  
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,  
But here young Selim silence brake,  
First lowly rendering reverence meet!  
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,  
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:  
For son of Moslem must expire,  
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide  
My sister, or her sable guide,  
Know — for the fault, if fault there be,  
Was mine — then fall thy frowns on me —  
So lovelily the morning shone,  
That — let the old and weary sleep —  
I could not; and to view alone  
The fairest scenes of land and deep,  
With none to listen and reply  
To thoughts with which my heart beat high  
Were irksome — for whate'er my mood,  
In sooth I love not solitude;  
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,  
And as thou knowest that for me  
Soon turns the Haram's grating key,  
Before the guardian slaves awoke  
We to the cypress groves had flown,  
And made earth, main, and heaven our own!  
There linger'd we, beguil'd too long  
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song, [3]  
Till I, who heard the deep tambour [4]

Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,  
To thee, and to my duty true,  
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:  
But there Zuleika wanders yet —  
Nay, father, rage not — nor forget  
That none can pierce that secret bower  
But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave" — the Pacha said —  
"From unbelieving mother bred,  
Vain were a father's hope to see  
Aught that beseems a man in thee.  
Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,  
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,  
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,  
Must pore where babbling waters flow,  
And watch unfolding roses blow.  
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow  
Thy listless eyes so much admire,  
Would lend thee something of his fire!  
Thou, who wouldst see this battlement  
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;  
Nay, tamely view old Stamboul's wall  
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,  
Nor strike one stroke for life or death  
Against the curs of Nazareth!  
Go — let thy less than woman's hand  
Assume the distaff — not the brand.  
But, Haroun! — to my daughter speed:  
And hark — of thine own head take heed —  
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing —  
Thou see'st yon bow — it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,  
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,  
But every frown and every word  
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.  
"Son of a slave! — reproach'd with fear!  
Those gibes had cost another dear.  
Son of a slave! and who my sire?"  
Thus held his thoughts their dark career,  
And glances ev'n of more than ire  
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.  
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son  
And started; for within his eye  
He read how much his wrath had done;  
He saw rebellion there begun:  
"Come hither, boy — what, no reply?"

I mark thee — and I know thee too;  
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:  
But if thy beard had manlier length,  
And if thy hand had skill and strength,  
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,  
Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,  
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:  
That eye return'd him glance for glance,  
And proudly to his sire's was raised,  
Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance —  
And why — he felt, but durst not tell.  
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
Will one day work me more annoy:  
I never loved him from his birth,  
And — but his arm is little worth,  
And scarcely in the chase could cope  
With timid fawn or antelope,  
Far less would venture into strife  
Where man contends for fame and life —  
I would not trust that look or tone:  
No — nor the blood so near my own.

That blood — he hath not heard — no more —  
I'll watch him closer than before.  
He is an Arab to my sight, [5]  
Or Christian crouching in the fight —  
But hark! — I hear Zuleika's voice;  
Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:  
She is the offspring of my choice;  
Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,  
With all to hope, and nought to fear —  
My Peri! — ever welcome here!  
Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave,  
To lips just cool'd in time to save —  
Such to my longing sight art thou;  
Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine  
More thanks for life, than I for thine,  
Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,  
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,  
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind —  
But once beguiled — and evermore beguiling;  
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision  
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,  
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,  
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;  
Soft, as the memory of buried love;

Pure as the prayer which Childhood wafts above,  
Was she — the daughter of that rude old Chief,  
Who met the maid with tears — but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
The might — the majesty of Loveliness?  
Such was Zuleika — such around her shone  
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;  
The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the Music breathing from her face, [6]  
The heart whose softness harmonised the whole —  
And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
Across her gently-budding breast;  
At one kind word those arms extending  
To clasp the neck of him who blest  
His child caressing and carest,  
Zuleika came — Giaffir felt  
His purpose half within him melt;  
Not that against her fancied weal  
His heart though stern could ever feel;  
Affection chain'd her to that heart;  
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!  
How dear this very day must tell,  
When I forget my own distress,  
In losing what I love so well,  
To bid thee with another dwell:  
Another! and a braver man  
Was never seen in battle's van.  
We Moslems reck not much of blood;  
But yet the line of Carasman [7]  
Unchanged, unchangeable, hath stood  
First of the bold Timariot bands  
That won and well can keep their lands.  
Enough that he who comes to woo  
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:  
His years need scarce a thought employ:  
I would not have thee wed a boy.  
And thou shalt have a noble dower:  
And his and my united power  
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,  
Which others tremble but to scan,  
And teach the messenger what fate

The bearer of such boon may wait, [8]  
And now thy know'st thy father's will;  
All that thy sex hath need to know:  
'Twas mine to teach obedience still —  
The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;  
And if her eye was fill'd with tears  
That stifled feeling dare not shed,  
And changed her cheek to pale to red,  
And red to pale, as through her ears  
Those winged words like arrows sped,  
What could such be but maiden fears?  
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,  
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;  
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,  
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot;  
Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;  
Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed, [9]  
Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque, [10]  
And mounting featly for the mead,  
With Maugrabee [11] and Mamaluke,  
His way amid his Delis took, [12]  
To witness many an active deed  
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.  
The Kislars only and his Moors  
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,  
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water  
That swiftly glides and gently swells  
Between the winding Dardanelles;  
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,  
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band  
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,  
Careering cleave the folded felt [13]  
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;  
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,  
Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud [14] —  
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter!

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;  
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:  
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,

Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.  
 To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,  
 But little from his aspect learn'd;  
 Equal her grief, yet not the same:  
 Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:  
 But yet that heart, alarm'd, or weak,  
 She knew not why, forbade to speak.  
 Yet speak she must — but when essay?  
 "How strange he thus should turn away!  
 Not thus we e'er before have met;  
 Not thus shall be our parting yet."  
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room,  
 And watched his eye — it still was fix'd:  
 She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd  
 The Persian Atar-gúl's perfume, [15]  
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er  
 The pictured roof and marble floor: [16]  
 The drops, that through his glittering vest  
 The playful girl's appeal address'd,  
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,  
 As if that breast were marble too.  
 "What sullen yet? it must not be —  
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"  
 She saw in curious order set  
 The fairest flowers of Eastern land —  
 "He loved them once; may touch them yet  
 If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."  
 The childish thought was hardly breathed  
 Before the Rose was pluck'd and wreathed;  
 The next fond moment saw her seat  
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet:  
 "This rose to calm my brother's cares  
 A message from the Bulbul bears; [17]  
 It says to-night he will prolong  
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song;  
 And though his note is somewhat sad,  
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,  
 With some faint hope his alter'd lay  
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?  
 Nay then I am indeed unblest:  
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?  
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?  
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!  
 Say is it me thou hat'st or fearest?  
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,  
 And I will kiss thee into rest,  
 Since words of mine, and songs must fail  
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.

I knew our sire at times was stern,  
But this from thee had yet to learn:  
Too well I know he loves thee not;  
But is Zuleika's love forgot?  
Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan —  
This kinsman Bey of Carasman  
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine:  
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,  
If shrines that ne'er approach allow  
To woman's step admit her vow,  
Without thy free consent, command,  
The Sultan should not have my hand!  
Think'st though that I could bear to part  
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?  
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,  
Where were thy friend — and who my guide?  
Years have not seen, Time shall not see  
The hour that tears my soul from thee:  
Even Azrael, [18] from his deadly quiver  
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,  
That parts all else, shall doom for ever  
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

## XII.

He lived — he breathed — he moved — he felt;  
He raised the maid from where she knelt;  
His trance was gone — his keen eye shone  
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;  
With thoughts that burn — in rays that melt.  
As the streams late conceal'd  
By the fringe of its willows,  
When it rushes reveal'd  
In the light of its billows;  
As the bolt bursts on high  
From the black cloud that bound it,  
Flash'd the soul of that eye  
Through the long lashes round it.  
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,  
A lion roused by heedless hound,  
A tyrant waked to sudden strife  
By graze of ill-directed knife,  
Starts not to more convulsive life  
Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,  
And all, before repress'd, betray'd:

"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,  
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;  
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,  
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.  
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;  
That vow hath saved more heads than one:



But blench not thou — thy simplest tress  
 Claims more from me than tenderness;  
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair  
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,  
 For all the treasures buried far  
 Within the caves of Istakar. [19]  
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,  
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,  
 And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!  
 Now I have motive to be brave;  
 The son of his neglected slave —  
 Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave —  
 May shew, though little apt to vaunt,  
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.  
 His son, indeed! — yet, thanks to thee,  
 Perchance I am, at least shall be!  
 But let our plighted secret vow  
 Be only known to us as now.  
 I know the wretch who dares demand  
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;  
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul  
 Holds not a Musselim's control: [20]  
 Was he not bred in Egripo? [21]  
 A viler race let Israel show!  
 But let that pass — to none be told  
 Our oath; the rest let time unfold.  
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey;  
 I've partisans for peril's day:  
 Think not I am what I appear;  
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

### XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!  
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed:  
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest:  
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.  
 My love thou surely knew'st before,  
 It ne'er was less, nor can be more.  
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,  
 And hate the night, I know not why,  
 Save that we meet not but by day;  
 With thee to live, with thee to die,  
 I dare not to my hope deny:  
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,  
 Like this — and this — no more than this;  
 For, Allah! Sure thy lips are flame:  
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?  
 My own have nearly caught the same,  
 At least I feel my cheek too blushing.  
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,  
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,

Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,  
 And lighten half thy poverty;  
 Do all but close thy dying eye,  
 For that I could not live to try;  
 To these alone my thoughts aspire:  
 More can I do? or thou require?  
 But, Selim, thou must answer why  
 We need so much of mystery?  
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell,  
 But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;  
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'  
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.  
 I mean that Giaffir should have heard  
 The very vow I plighted thee;  
 His wrath would not revoke my word:  
 But surely he would leave me free.  
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,  
 To be what I have ever been?  
 What other hath Zuleika seen  
 From simple childhood's earliest hour?  
 What other can she seek to see  
 Than thee, companion of her bower,  
 The partner of her infancy?  
 These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,  
 Say, why must I no more avow?  
 What change is wrought to make me shun  
 The truth; my pride, and thine till now?  
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes  
 Our law, our creed, our God denies,  
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine  
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine:  
 No! happier made by that decree!  
 He left me all in leaving thee.  
 Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd  
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld:  
 This wherefore should I not reveal?  
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal!  
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood  
 To thee hath never boded good:  
 And he so often storms at naught,  
 Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!  
 And why I know not, but within  
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.  
 If then such secrecy be crime,  
 And such it feels while lurking here,  
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,  
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.  
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar, [22]  
 My father leaves the mimic war:  
 I tremble now to meet his eye —  
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika — to thy tower's retreat  
Betake thee — Giaffir I can greet:  
And now with him I fain must prate  
Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.  
There's fearful news from Danube's banks,  
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,  
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!  
Our sultan hath a shorter way  
Such costly triumph to repay.  
But, mark me, when the twilight drum  
Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,  
Unto thy cell will Selim come:  
Then softly from the Haram creep  
Where we may wander by the deep:  
Our garden-battlements are steep;  
Nor these will rash intruder climb  
To list our words, or stint our time;  
And if he doth, I want not steel  
Which some have felt, and more may feel.  
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more  
Than thou hast heard or thought before:  
Trust me, Zuleika — fear not me!  
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now  
Did word like this — "  
"Delay not thou;  
I keep the key — and Haroun's guard  
Have some, and hope of more reward.  
Tonight, Zuleika, thou shalt hear  
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:  
I am not, love! what I appear."

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CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,  
As on that night of stormy water,  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.  
Oh! when alone along the sky  
Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,  
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;  
And clouds aloft and tides below,  
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,

He could not see, he would not hear,  
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;  
His eye but saw the light of love,  
The only star it hail'd above;  
His ear but rang with Hero's song,  
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!" —  
That tale is old, but love anew  
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide  
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;  
And Night's descending shadows hide  
That field with blood bedew'd in vain,  
The desert of old Priam's pride;  
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,  
All — save immortal dreams that could beguile  
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet — for there my steps have been!  
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,  
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne —  
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,  
To trace again those fields of yore,  
Believing every hillock green  
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,  
And that around the undoubted scene  
Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes, [23]  
Be long my lot! and cold were he  
Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,  
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill  
That moon, which shoon on his high theme:  
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,  
But conscious shepherds bless it still.  
Their flocks are grazing on the mound  
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;  
That mighty heap of gather'd ground  
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round, [24]  
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,  
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!  
Within — thy dwelling-place how narrow?  
Without — can only strangers breathe  
The name of him that was beneath:  
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;  
But Thou — thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer  
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;  
Till then — no beacon on the cliff  
May shape the course of struggling skiff;  
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,  
All, one by one, have died away;  
The only lamp of this lone hour  
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.  
Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,  
And o'er her silken Ottoman  
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,  
O'er which her fairy fingers ran; [25]  
Near these, with emerald rays beset,  
(How could she thus that gem forget?)  
Her mother's sainted amulet, [26]  
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,  
Could smooth this life, and win the next;  
And by her Comboloio lies [27]  
A Koran of illumined dyes;  
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme  
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;  
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,  
Reclines her now neglected lute;  
And round her lamp of fretted gold  
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;  
The richest work of Iran's loom,  
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;  
All that can eye or sense delight  
Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:  
But yet it hath an air of gloom.  
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,  
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,  
Which none save noblest Moslems wear,  
To guard from winds of heaven the breast  
As heaven itself to Selim dear,  
With cautious steps the thicket threading,  
And starting oft, as through the glade  
The gust its hollow moanings made;  
Till on the smoother pathway treading,  
More free her timid bosom beat,  
The maid pursued her silent guide;  
And though her terror urged retreat,  
How could she quit her Selim's side?  
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn  
By nature, but enlarged by art,  
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,  
And oft her Koran conn'd apart:  
And oft in youthful reverie  
She dream'd what Paradise might be;  
Where woman's parted soul shall go  
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;  
But Selim's mansion was secure,  
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure  
His bower in other worlds of bliss,  
Without her, most beloved in this!  
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?  
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot  
Some change seem'd wrought within the grot;  
It might be only that the night  
Disguised things seen by better light:  
That brazen lamp but dimly threw  
A ray of no celestial hue:  
But in a nook within the cell  
Her eye on stranger objects fell.  
There arms were piled, not such as wield  
The turban'd Delis in the field;  
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,  
And one was red — perchance with guilt!  
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?  
A cup too on the board was set  
That did not seem to hold sherbet.  
What may this mean? she turn'd to see  
Her Selim — "Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,  
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore  
But in its stead a shawl of red,  
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:  
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem  
Were worthy of a diadem,  
No longer glitter'd at his waist,  
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;  
And from his belt a sabre swung,  
And from his shoulder loosely hung  
The cloak of white, the thin capote  
That decks the wandering Candiote:  
Beneath — his golden plated vest

Clung like a cuirass to his breast  
The greaves below his knee that wound  
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.  
But were it not that high command  
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,  
All that a careless eye could see  
In him was some young Galiongée. [28]

X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd;  
And now thou see'st my words were true:  
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,  
If sooth — its truth must others rue.  
My story now 'twere vain to hide,  
I must not see thee Osman's bride:  
But had not thine own lips declared  
How much of that young heart I shared,  
I could not, must not, yet have shown  
The darker secret of my own.  
In this I speak not now of love;  
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:  
But first — oh! never wed another —  
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother! — yet unsay —  
God! am I left alone on earth  
To mourn — I dare not curse the day  
That saw my solitary birth?  
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!  
My sinking heart foreboded ill;  
But know me all I was before,  
Thy sister — friend — Zuleika still.  
Thou ledd'st me hear perchance to kill;  
If thou hast cause for vengeance see  
My breast is offer'd — take thy fill!  
Far better with the dead to be  
Than live thus nothing now to thee;  
Perhaps far worse, for now I know  
Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;  
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,  
From whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.  
If not thy sister — wouldst thou save  
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika! — nay, I'm thine;  
But, gentle love, this transport calm,  
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;

I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,  
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.  
So may the Koran verse display'd [29]  
Upon its steel direct my blade,  
In danger's hour to guard us both,  
As I preserve that awful oath!  
The name in which thy heart hath prided  
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,  
That tie is widen'd, not divided,  
Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.  
My father was to Giaffir all  
That Selim late was deem'd to thee;  
That brother wrought a brother's fall,  
But spared, at least, my infancy;  
And lull'd me with a vain deceit  
That yet a like return may meet.  
He rear'd me, not with tender help,  
But like the nephew of a Cain; [30]  
He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,  
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.  
My father's blood in every vein  
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake  
No present vengeance will I take;  
Though here I must no more remain.  
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear  
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

### XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,  
If love or envy made them foes,  
It matters little if I knew;  
In fiery spirits, slights, though few  
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.  
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,  
Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,  
And Paswan's rebel hordes attest [31]  
How little love they bore such guest:  
His death is all I need relate,  
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;  
And how my birth disclosed to me,  
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

### XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,  
At last for power, but first for life,  
In Widdin's walls too proudly sate,  
Our Pachas rallied round the state;  
Nor last nor least in high command,  
Each brother led a separate band;  
They gave their horse-tails to the wind, [32]



And mustering in Sophia's plain  
Their tents were pitch'd, their posts assign'd;  
To one, alas! assign'd in vain!  
What need of words? the deadly bowl,  
By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,  
With venom subtle as his soul,  
Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.  
Reclined and feverish in the bath,  
He, when the hunter's sport was up,  
But little deem'd a brother's wrath  
To quench his thirst had such a cup:  
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;  
He drank one draught, and nor needed more! [33]  
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,  
Call Haroun — he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud  
In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,  
Abdallah's Pachalic was gain'd: —  
Thou know'st not what in our Divan  
Can wealth procure for worse than man —  
Abdallah's honours were obtain'd  
By him a brother's murder stain'd;  
'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd  
His ill got treasure, soon replaced.  
Wouldst question whence? Survey the waste,  
And ask the squalid peasant how  
His gains repay his broiling brow! —  
Why me the stern usurper spared,  
Why thus with me the palace shared,  
I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,  
And little fear from infant's force;  
Besides, adoption of a son  
Of him whom Heaven accorded none,  
Or some unknown cabal, caprice,  
Preserved me thus; but not in peace;  
He cannot curb his haughty mood,  
Nor I forgive a father's blood!

XVI.

"Within thy father's house are foes;  
Not all who break his bread are true:  
To these should I my birth disclose,  
His days, his very hours, were few:  
They only want a heart to lead,  
A hand to point them to the deed.  
But Haroun only knows — or knew —  
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:  
He in Abdallah's palace grew,

And held that post in his Serai  
Which holds he here — he saw him die:  
But what could single slavery do?  
Avenge his lord? alas! too late;  
Or save his son from such a fate?  
He chose the last, and when elate  
With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,  
Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,  
He led me helpless to his gate,  
And not in vain it seems essay'd  
To save the life for which he pray'd.  
The knowledge of my birth secured  
From all and each, but most from me;  
Thus Giaffir's safety was insured.  
Removed he too from Roumelie  
To this our Asiatic side,  
Far from our seat by Danube's tide,  
With none but Haroun, who retains  
Such knowledge — and that Nubian feels  
A tyrant's secrets are but chains,  
From which the captive gladly steals,  
And this and more to me reveals:  
Such still to guilt just Allah sends —  
Slaves, tools, accomplices — no friends!

XVII.

"All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;  
But harsher still my tale must be:  
Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,  
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.  
I saw thee start this garb to see,  
Yet is it one I oft have worn,  
And long must wear: this Galiongée,  
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,  
Is leader of those pirate hordes,  
Whose laws and lives are on their swords;  
To hear whose desolating tale  
Would make thy waning cheek more pale:  
Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,  
The hands that wield are not remote;  
This cup too for the rugged knaves  
Is fill'd — once quaff'd, they ne'er repine:  
Our Prophet might forgive the slaves;  
They're only infidels in wine!

XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,  
And taunted to a wish to roam;  
And listless left — for Giaffir's fear  
Denied the courser and the spear —

Though oft — oh, Mohammed! how oft! —  
In full Divan the despot scoff'd,  
As if my weak unwilling hand  
Refused the bridle or the brand:  
He ever went to war alone,  
And pent me here untried — unknown;  
To Haroun's care with women left,  
By hope unblest, of fame bereft.  
While thou — whose softness long endear'd,  
Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd —  
To Brusa's walls for safety sent,  
Awaited'st there the field's event.  
Haroun, who saw my spirit pining  
Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,  
His captive, though with dread, resigning,  
My thralldom for a season broke,  
On promise to return before  
The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.  
'Tis vain — my tongue can not impart  
My almost drunkenness of heart,  
When first this liberated eye  
Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun and Sky,  
As if my spirit pierced them through,  
And all their inmost wonders knew!  
One word alone can paint to thee  
That more than feeling — I was Free!  
Ev'n for thy presence ceased to pine;  
The World — nay — Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor  
Convey'd me from this idle shore;  
I long'd to see the isles that gem  
Old Ocean's purple diadem:  
I sought by turns, and saw them all: [34]  
But when and where I join'd the crew,  
With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,  
When all that we design to do  
Is done, 'twill then be time more meet  
To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,  
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;  
With them hath found — may find — a place:  
But open speech, and ready hand,  
Obedience to their chief's command;  
A soul for every enterprise,  
That never sees with terror's eyes;  
Friendship for each, and faith to all,

And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,  
 Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than ev'n my own intents.  
 And some — and I have studied all  
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,  
 But chiefly to my council call  
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank —  
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,  
 The last of Lambro's patriots there [35]  
 Anticipated freedom share;  
 And oft around the cavern fire  
 On visionary schemes debate,  
 To snatch the Raya's from their fate. [36]  
 So let them ease their hearts with prate  
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;  
 I have a love of freedom too.  
 Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam, [37]  
 Or only known on land the Tartar's home! [38]  
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:  
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,  
 Across the desert, or before the gale,  
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!  
 But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!  
 Thou, my Zuleika! share and bless my bark;  
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!  
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,  
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
 The evening beam that smiles the cloud away,  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!  
 Blest — as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall  
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;  
 Soft — as the melody of youthful days,  
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;  
 Dear — as his native song to exile's ears,  
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.  
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower  
 Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour. [39]  
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,  
 Wait — wave — defend — destroy — at thy command!  
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,  
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.  
 The Haram's languid years of listless ease  
 Are well resign'd for cares — for joys like these:  
 Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,  
 Unnumber'd perils — but one only love!  
 Yet well my toils shall that fond beast repay,  
 Though fortune frown or falser friends betray.  
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,  
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!  
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;  
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;

To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,  
 Blend every thought, do all — but disunite!  
 Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;  
 Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:  
 Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd  
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:  
 Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!  
 He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace!  
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,  
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:  
 Power sways but by division — her resource  
 The blest alternative of fraud or force!  
 Ours be the last; in time deceit may come  
 When cities cage us in a social home:  
 There ev'n thy soul might err — how oft the heart  
 Corruption shakes which peril could not part!  
 And woman, more than man, when death or woe,  
 Or even disgrace, would lay her lover low,  
 Sunk in the lap of luxury will shame —  
 Away suspicion! — not Zuleika's name!  
 But life is hazard at the best; and here  
 No more remains to win, and much to fear:  
 Yes, fear! — the doubt, the dread of losing thee,  
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.  
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,  
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:  
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,  
 Their steps till roving, but their hearts at rest.  
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;  
 Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms!  
 Ay — let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,  
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck:  
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be  
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!  
 The war of elements no fears impart  
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:  
 There lie the only rocks our course can check;  
 Here moments menace — there are years of wreck!  
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!  
 This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.  
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close:  
 Of thine but one to waft us from our foes;  
 Yea — foes — to me will Giaffir's hate decline?  
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

"His head and faith from doubt and death  
 Return'd in time my guard to save;  
 Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave  
 From isle to isle I roved the while:  
 And since, though parted from my band

Too seldom now I leave the land,  
No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,  
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:  
I form the plan, decree the spoil,  
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.  
But now too long I've held thine ear;  
Time presses, floats my bark, and here  
We leave behind but hate and fear.  
To-morrow Osman with his train  
Arrives — to-night must break thy chain:  
And wouldst thou save that haughty Bey,  
Perchance, his life who gave the thine,  
With me this hour away — away!  
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,  
Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,  
Appall'd by truth imparted now,  
Here rest I — not to see thee wed:  
But be that peril on my head!"

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,  
Stood like that statue of distress,  
When, her last hope for ever gone,  
The mother harden'd into stone;  
All in the maid that eye could see  
Was but a younger Niobè.  
But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,  
Beneath the garden's wicket porch  
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!  
Another — and another — and another —  
"Oh! — no more — yet now my more than brother!"  
Far, wide, through every thicket spread,  
The fearful lights are gleaming red;  
Nor these alone — for each right hand  
Is ready with a sheathless brand.  
They part, pursue, return, and wheel  
With searching flambeau, shining steel;  
And last of all, his sabre waving,  
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:  
And now almost they touch the cave —  
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood — "'Tis come — soon past —  
One kiss, Zuleika — 'tis my last:  
But yet my band not far from shore  
May hear this signal, see the flash;  
Yet now too few — the attempt were rash:  
No matter — yet one effort more."

Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;  
His pistol's echo rang on high,  
Zuleika started not nor wept,  
Despair benumb'd her breast and eye! —  
"They hear me not, or if they ply  
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;  
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.  
Then forth my father's scimitar,  
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!  
Farewell, Zuleika! — Sweet! retire:  
Yet stay within — here linger safe,  
At thee his rage will only chafe.  
Stir not — lest even to thee perchance  
Some erring blade or ball should glance.  
Fear'st though for him? — may I expire  
If in this strife I seek thy sire!  
No — though by him that poison pour'd:  
No — though again he call me coward!  
But tamely shall I meet their steel?  
No — as each crest save his may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand:  
Already at his feet hath sunk  
The foremost of the prying band,  
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:  
Another falls — but round him close  
A swarming circle of his foes;  
From right to left his path he cleft,  
And almost met the meeting wave:  
His boat appears — not five oars' length —  
His comrades strain with desperate strength —  
Oh! are they yet in time to save?  
His feet the foremost breakers lave;  
His band are plunging in the bay,  
Their sabres glitter through the spray;  
We — wild — unwearied to the strand  
They struggle — now they touch the land!  
They come — 'tis but to add to slaughter —  
His heart's best blood is on the water!

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,  
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,  
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,  
To where the strand and billows met:  
There as his last step left the land,  
And the last death-blow dealt his hand —  
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look  
For her his eye but sought in vain?

That pause, that fatal gaze he took,  
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain.  
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
How late will Lover's hope remain!  
His back was to the dashing spray;  
Behind, but close, his comrades lay  
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball —  
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"  
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?  
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,  
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?  
'Tis thine — Abdallah's Murderer!  
The father slowly rued thy hate,  
The son hath found a quicker fate:  
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,  
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling —  
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,  
The rushing billows choked the tone!

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;  
Few trophies of the fight are there:  
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay  
Are silent; but some signs of fray  
That strand of strife may bear,  
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;  
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand  
The print of many a struggling hand  
May there be mark'd; nor far remote  
A broken torch, an oarless boat;  
And tangled on the weeds that heap  
The beach where shelving to the deep  
There lies a white capote!  
'Tis rent in twain — one dark-red stain  
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:  
But where is he who wore?  
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,  
Go, seek them where the surges sweep  
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep,  
And cast on Lemnos' shore:  
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,  
As shaken on his restless pillow,  
His head heaves with the heaving billow;  
That hand, whose motion is not life,  
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,  
Flung by the tossing tide on high,  
Then levell'd with the wave —  
What recks it, though that corse shall lie  
Within a living grave?  
The bird that tears that prostrate form



Hath only robb'd the meaner worm:  
The only heart, the only eye  
Had bled or wept to see him die,  
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
And mourn'd above his turban-stone, [40]  
That heart hath burst — that eye was closed —  
Yea — closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
And woman's eye is wet — man's cheek is pale:  
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,  
Thy destined lord is come too late:  
He sees not — ne'er shall see — thy face!  
Can he not hear  
The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear? [41]  
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,  
The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,  
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,  
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,  
Tell him thy tale!  
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!  
That fearful moment when he left the cave  
Thy heart grew chill:  
He was thy hope — thy joy — thy love — thine all —  
And that last thought on him thou couldst not save  
Sufficed to kill;

Burst forth in one wild cry — and all was still.  
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!  
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!  
That grief — though deep — though fatal — was thy first!  
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force  
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!  
And, oh! that pang where more than madness lies!  
The worm that will not sleep — and never dies;  
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,  
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,  
That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!  
Ah! wherefore not consume it — and depart!  
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!  
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,  
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs doth spread;  
By that same hand Abdallah — Selim — bled.  
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:  
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,  
Thy Daughter's dead!  
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,  
The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.  
What quench'd its ray? — the blood that thou hast shed!  
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:

"Where is my child?" — an Echo answers — "Where?" [42]

XVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above  
The sad but living cypress glooms,  
And withers not, though branch and leaf  
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,  
Like early unrequited Love,  
One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
Ev'n in that deadly grove —  
A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:  
It looks as planted by Despair —  
So white — so faint — the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high;  
And yet, though storms and blight assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem — in vain —  
To-morrow sees it bloom again!  
The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears;  
For well may maids of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,  
And buds unshelter'd by a bower;  
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,  
Nor woos the summer beam:  
To it the livelong night there sings  
A bird unseen — but not remote:  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Houri strings  
His long entrancing note!  
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,  
Though mournful, pours not such a strain:  
For they who listen cannot leave  
The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
As if they loved in vain!  
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,  
They scarce can bear the morn to break  
That melancholy spell,  
And longer yet would weep and wake,  
He sings so wild and well!  
But when the day-blush bursts from high  
Expires that magic melody.  
And some have been who could believe,  
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
Yet harsh be they that blame,)  
That note so piercing and profound  
Will shape and syllable its sound

Into Zuleika's name. [43]  
 'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,  
 That melts in air the liquid word;  
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth  
 That white rose takes its tender birth.  
 There late was laid a marble stone;  
 Eve saw it placed — the Morrow gone!  
 It was no mortal arm that bore  
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore;  
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,  
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;  
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
 Denied his bones a holier grave:  
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,  
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:  
 And hence extended by the billow,  
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"  
 Where first it lay that mourning flower  
 Hath flourish'd; flourisheth this hour,  
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;  
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale.

(1) "Gúl," the rose.

(2) "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,  
 With whom revenge is virtue." — YOUNG'S "REVENGE."

(3) Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral set of Persia.

(4) "Tambour," Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, none, and twilight.

(5) The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred-fold) even more than they hate the Christians.

(6) This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10, "De L'Allemagne." And is not this connexion still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still, I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied.

(7) Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principle landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia. Those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots; they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory,

and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

(8) When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of "these presents" were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate: among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdad, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

(9) Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

(10) "Chibouque," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

(11) "Maugrabee," Moorish mercenaries.

(12) "Delis," bravoes who form the forlorn-hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

(13) A twisted fold of felt is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

(14) "Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the "Leilles," as the Spanish poets call them; the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

(15) "Atar-gúl," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

(16) The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principle feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, &c., are generally fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

(17) It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose are sad or merry; and Mr Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare [m?]alleum," &c., if Mr Fox was mistaken.

[Transcriber's note: the print impression I am working from is poor and in places not entirely intelligible.]

(18) "Azrael," the angel of death.

(19) The treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans. See D'Herbelot, article Istakar.

(20) "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

(21) "Egripo" — the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egrip, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens are the worst of their respective races.

(22) "Tchocadar," one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

(23) The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont," or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself by swimming across it in the meantime, and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the word {ἀπειρος} [in Greek]: probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time, and when he talks of the boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says eternal attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

(24) Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antilochos: the first is in the center of the plain.

(25) When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable.

(26) The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second chapter of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

(27) "Combolio," a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "blues" might not be the worse for bleaching.

(28) "Galiongée," or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of incog. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

(29) The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very

broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

(30) It is to be observed, that every allusion to anything or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mohammed. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

(31) Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin; who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

(32) "Horse-tail," the standard of a Pacha.

(33) Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

(34) The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

(35) Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at St Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

(36) "Rayahs," all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."

(37) This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

(38) The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.

(39) "Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

(40) A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only.

(41) The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complain in public.

(42) "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?'" — From an Arabic MS.

The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader — it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of "The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

(43) "And airy tongues that syllable men's names." — MILTON.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see Orford's "Reminiscences"), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see Orford's "Letters."

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **The Destruction of Sennacherib**

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd,  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!  
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## The Dream

### I

Our life is twofold; Sleep hath its own world,  
A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality,  
And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past -they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have power -  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
They make us what we were not -what they will,  
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
The dread of vanished shadows -Are they so?  
Is not the past all shadow? -What are they?  
Creations of the mind? -The mind can make  
Substances, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
I would recall a vision which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep -for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.

### II

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green and of mild declivity, the last  
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men  
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs: the hill  
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:  
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
Gazing -the one on all that was beneath  
Fair as herself -but the boy gazed on her;  
And both were young, and one was beautiful:  
And both were young -yet not alike in youth.  
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye

There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him; he had looked  
Upon it till it could not pass away;  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers:  
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,  
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,  
Which coloured all his objects; -he had ceased  
To live within himself: she was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all; upon a tone,  
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
And his cheek change tempestuously -his heart  
Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
Even as a brother -but no more; 'twas much,  
For brotherless she was, save in the name  
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;  
Herself the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honoured race. -It was a name  
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not -and why?  
Time taught him a deep answer -when she loved  
Another; even now she loved another,  
And on the summit of that hill she stood  
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

### III

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
There was an ancient mansion, and before  
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:  
Within an antique Oratory stood  
The Boy of whom I spake; -he was alone,  
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon  
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced  
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned  
His bowed head on his hands and shook, as 'twere  
With a convulsion -then rose again,  
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
What he had written, but he shed no tears.  
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,  
The Lady of his love re-entered there;  
She was serene and smiling then, and yet  
She knew she was by him beloved; she knew -  
For quickly comes such knowledge -that his heart  
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.  
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face

A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;  
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps  
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,  
For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed  
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,  
And mounting on his steed he went his way;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

#### IV

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his Soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not  
Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer;  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side  
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man,  
Glad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumbered around:  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

#### V

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Lady of his love was wed with One  
Who did not love her better: in her home,  
A thousand leagues from his, -her native home,  
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,  
Daughters and sons of Beauty, -but behold!  
Upon her face there was a tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.  
What could her grief be? -she had all she loved,  
And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,  
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.  
What could her grief be? -she had loved him not,  
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,  
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed

Upon her mind -a spectre of the past.

## VI

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Wanderer was returned. -I saw him stand  
Before an altar -with a gentle bride;  
Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
The Starlight of his Boyhood; -as he stood  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock  
That in the antique Oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude; and then -  
As in that hour -a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced -and then it faded as it came,  
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
And all things reeled around him; he could see  
Not that which was, nor that which should have been -  
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,  
And the remembered chambers, and the place,  
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her who was his destiny, came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the light;  
What business had they there at such a time?

## VII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Lady of his love; -Oh! she was changed,  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things;  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.  
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise  
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;  
What is it but the telescope of truth?  
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
Making the cold reality too real!

## VIII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,

The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation, compassed round  
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mixed  
In all which was served up to him, until,  
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived  
Through that which had been death to many men,  
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars  
And the quick Spirit of the Universe  
He held his dialogues: and they did teach  
To him the magic of their mysteries;  
To him the book of Night was opened wide,  
And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
A marvel and a secret. -Be it so.

IX

My dream is past; it had no further change.  
It was of a strange order, that the doom  
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out  
Almost like a reality -the one  
To end in madness -both in misery.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## The Giaour

### A Fragment of a Turkish Tale

The tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the 'olden time', or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff  
High o'er the land he saved in vain;  
When shall such Hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the Eastern wave:  
And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That waves and wafts the odours there!  
For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,  
Far from winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by Nature given  
In soft incense back to Heaven;  
And gratefully yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that Love might share,

And many a grotto, meant by rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar  
Is heard, and seen the Evening Star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turns to groan his roudelay.  
Strande--that where Nature loved to trace,  
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,  
And every charm and grace hath mixed  
Within the Paradise she fixed,  
There man, enarmoured of distress,  
Shoul mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one labourious hour;  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To blood along the fairy land,  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him--but to spare!  
Strange--that where all is Peace beside,  
There Passion riots in her pride,  
And Lust and Rapine wildly reign  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the Fiends prevailed  
Against the Seraphs they assailed,  
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
The freed inheritors of Hell;  
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of Death is fled,  
The first dark day of Nothingness,  
The last of Danger and Distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,)  
And marked the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of Repose that's there,  
The fixed yet tender thraits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And--but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,

Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,

Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by Death revealed!  
Such is the aspect of his shore;  
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for Soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom;s home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:  
Say, is this not Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,--  
Of servile offspring of the free--  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story yet unknown;  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your Sires  
The embers of their former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame:  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a namesless pyramid,  
Thy Heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of thy native land!  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die!  
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,



Each step from Splendour to Disgrace;  
Enough--no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;  
Yet! Self-abasement paved the way  
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who tread thy shore?  
No legend of thine olden time,  
No theme on which the Muse might soar  
High as thine own days of yore,  
When man was worthy of thy clime.  
The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
The fiery souls that might have led  
Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
Now crawl from cradle to the Grave,  
Slaves--nay, the bondsmen of a Slave,  
And callous, save to crime.  
Stained with each evil that pollutes  
Mankind, where least above the brutes;  
Without even savage virtue blest,  
Without one free or valiant breast,  
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft  
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;  
In this subtle Greek is found,  
For this, and this alone, renowned.  
In vain might Liberty invoke  
The spirit to its bondage broke  
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:  
No more her sorrows I bewail,  
Yet this will be a mournful tale,  
And they who listen may believe,  
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,  
The shadows of the rocks advancing  
Start on the fisher's eye like boat  
Of island-pirate or Mainote;  
And fearful for his light caïque,  
He shuns the near but doubtful creek:  
Though worn and weary with his toil,  
And cumbered with his scaly spoil,  
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,  
Till Port Leone's safer shore  
Receives him by the lovely light  
That best becomes an Eastern night.

... Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
With slackened bit and hoof of speed?  
Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
The caverned echoes wake around  
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;

The foam that streaks the courser's side  
Seems gathered from the ocean-tide:  
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
There's none within his rider's breast;  
And though tomorrow's tempest lower,  
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!  
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
But in thy lineaments I trace  
What time shall strengthen, not efface:  
Though young and pale, that sallow front  
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;  
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,  
As meteor-like thou glidest by,  
Right well I view thee and deem thee one  
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On - on he hastened, and he drew  
My gaze of wonder as he flew:  
Though like a demon of the night  
He passed, and vanished from my sight,  
His aspect and his air impressed  
A troubled memory on my breast,  
And long upon my startled ear  
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.  
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,  
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;  
He winds around; he hurries by;  
The rock relieves him from mine eye;  
For, well I ween, unwelcome he  
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;  
And not a start that shines too bright  
On him who takes such timeless flight.  
He wound along; but ere he passed  
One glance he snatched, as if his last,  
A moment checked his wheeling steed,  
A moment breathed him from his speed,  
A moment on his stirrup stood -  
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?  
The crescent glimmers on the hill,  
The mosque's high lamps are quivering still  
Though too remote for sound to wake  
In echoes of far tophaike,  
The flashes of each joyous peal  
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,  
Tonight, set Rhamazani's sun;  
Tonight the Bairam feast's begun;  
Tonight - but who and what art thou  
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?  
That thou should'st either pause or flee?

He stood - some dread was on his face,  
Soon hatred settled in its place:  
It rose not with the reddening flush  
Of transient anger's hasty blush,  
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.  
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;  
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,  
And sternly shook his hand on high,  
As doubting to return or fly;  
Impatient of his flight delayed,  
Here loud his raven charger neighed -  
Down glanced that hand and, and grasped his blade;  
That sound had burst his waking dream,  
As slumber starts at owl's scream.  
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;  
Away, away, for life he rides:  
Swift as the hurled on high jerreed  
Springs to the touch his startled steed;  
The rock is doubled, and the shore  
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;  
The crag is won, no more is seen  
His Christian crest and haughty mien.  
'Twas but an instant he restrained  
That fiery barb so sternly reined;  
'Twas but a moment that he stood,  
Then sped as if by death pursued;  
But in that instant o'er his soul  
Winters of memory seemed to roll,  
And gather in that drop of time  
A life of pain, an age of crime.  
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moment pours the grief of years:  
What felt he then, at once opprest  
By all that most distracts the breast?  
That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,  
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!  
Though in time's record nearly nought,  
It was eternity to thought!  
For infinite as boundless space  
The thought that conscience must embrace,  
Which in itself can comprehend  
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;  
And did he fly or fall alone?  
Woe to that hour he came or went!  
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent  
To turn a palace to a tomb:  
He came, he went, like the Simoom,  
That harbinger of fate and gloom,

Beneath whose widely - wasting breath  
The very cypress droops to death -  
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,  
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall;  
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;  
The lonely spider's thin grey pall  
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;  
The bat builds in his harem bower,  
And in the fortress of his power  
The owl usurps the beacon-tower;  
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,  
With baffled thirst and famine, grim;  
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.  
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
And chase the sultriness of day,  
As springing high the silver dew  
In whirls fantastically flew,  
And flung luxurious coolness round  
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.  
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
To view the wave of watery light,  
And hear its melody by night.  
And oft had Hassan's childhood played  
Around the verge of that cascade;  
And oft upon his mother's breast  
That sound had harmonized his rest;  
And oft had Hassan's youth along  
Its bank been soothed by beauty's song;  
And softer seem'd each melting tone  
Of music mingled with its own.  
But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose  
Along the brink at twilight's close:  
The stream that filled that font is fled -  
The blood that warmed his heart is shed!  
And here no more shall human voice  
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.  
The last sad note that swelled the gale  
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:  
That quenched in silence all is still,  
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:  
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
No hand shall clasp its clasp again.  
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
The rudest steps of fellow man,  
So here the very voice of grief  
Might wake an echo like relief -  
At least 'twould say, 'All are not gone;  
There lingers life, though but in one' -

For many a gilded chamber's there,  
Which solitude might well forbear;  
Within that dome as yet decay  
Hath slowly worked her cankering way -  
But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,  
Nor there the fakir's self will wait;  
Nor there will wandering dervise stay,  
For bounty cheers not his delay;  
Nor there will weary stranger halt  
To bless the sacred 'bread and salt'.  
Alike must wealth and poverty  
Pass heedless and unheeded by,  
For courtesy and pity died  
With Hassan on the mountain side.  
His roof, that refuge unto men,  
Is desolation's hungry den.  
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,  
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre!

I hear the sound of coming feet,  
But not a voice mine ear to greet;  
More near - each turban I can scan,  
And silver-sheathed ataghan;  
The foremost of the band is seen  
An emir by his garb of green:  
'Ho! Who art thou?' - 'This low salam  
Replies of Moslem faith I am.'  
'The burden ye so gently bear,  
Seems one that claims your utmost care,  
And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,  
My humble bark would gladly wait.'

'Thou speakest sooth; they skiff unmoor,  
And waft us from the silent shore;  
Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply  
The nearest oar that's scattered by,  
And midway to those rocks where sleep  
The channeled waters dark and deep.  
Rest from your task - so - bravely done,  
Of course had been right swiftly run;  
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,  
That one of -

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
The calm wave rippled to the bank;  
I watched it as it sank, methought  
Some motion from the current caught  
Bestirred it more, - 'twas but the beam  
That checkered o'er the living stream:

I gazed, till vanishing from view,  
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;  
Still less and less, a speck of white  
That gemmed the tide, then mocked the sight;  
And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
Known but to Genii of the deep,  
Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
They dare not whisper to the waves.

As rising on its purple wing  
The insect-queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild:  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play and man's caprice:  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Hath lost its charm by being caught,  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
Ah! Where shall either victim rest?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower?  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim  
Except an erring sister's shame.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire;  
In circle narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till inly searched by thousand throes,  
And maddening in her ire,

One sad and sole relief she knows,  
The sting she nourished for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain,  
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;  
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around it flame, within it death!

Black Hassan from the harem flies,  
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;  
The unwonted chase each hour employs,  
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.  
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.  
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?  
That tale can only Hassan tell:  
Strange rumours in our city say  
Upon that eve she fled away  
When Rhamazan's last sun was set,  
And flashing from each minaret  
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast  
Of Bairam through the boundless East.  
'Twas then she went as to the bath,  
Which Hassan vainly searched in wrath;  
For she was flown her master's rage  
In likeness of a Georgian page,  
And far beyond the Moslem's power  
Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour.  
Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed;  
But still so fond, so fair she seemed,  
Too well he trusted to the slave  
Whose treachery deserved a grave:  
And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,  
Who did not watch their charge too well;  
But others say, that on that night,  
By pale Phingari's trembling light,  
The Giaour upon his jet-black steed  
Was seen, but seen alone to speed  
With bloody spur along the shore,  
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well;  
As large, as languishingly dark,

But soul beamed forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Giamschild.  
Yea, Soul, and should our prophet say  
That form was nought but breathing clay,  
By Allah! I would answer nay;  
Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,  
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
With Paradise within my view,  
And all his Houris beckoning through.  
Oh! Who young Leila's glance could read  
And keep that portion of his creed,  
Which saith that woman is but dust,  
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?  
On her might Muftis might gaze, and own  
That through her eye the Immortal shone;  
On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
The young pomegranate's blossoms strew  
Their bloom in blushes ever new;  
Her hair in hyacinthine flow,  
When left to roll its folds below,  
As midst her handmaids in the hall  
She stood superior to them all,  
Hath swept the marble where her feet  
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet  
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
The cygnet nobly walks the water;  
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
The loveliest bird of Franguestan!  
As rears her crest the ruffled swan,  
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
When pass the steps of stranger man  
Along the banks that bound her tide;  
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:-  
Thus armed with beauty would she check  
Intrusion's glance, till folly's gaze  
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise:  
Thus high and graceful as her gait;  
Her heart as tender to her mate;  
Her mate - stern Hassan, who was he?  
Alas! That name was not for thee!

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en  
With twenty vassals in his train,  
Each armed, as best becomes a man,  
With arquebuss and ataghan;  
The chief before, as decked for war,  
Bears in his belt the scimitar  
Stain'd with the best of Amaut blood  
When in the pass the rebels stood,



And few returned to tell the tale  
Of what befell in Parne's vale.  
The pistols which his girdle bore  
Were those that once a pasha wore,  
Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,  
Even robbers tremble to behold.  
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride  
More true than her who left his side;  
The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
And - worse than faithless - for a Giaour!

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,  
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:  
Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek  
In cities lodged too near his lord,  
And trembling for his secret hoard -  
Here may he rest where none can see,  
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;  
And with forbidden wine may stain  
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,  
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;  
The rest in lengthening line the while  
Wind slowly through the long defile:  
Above, the mountain rears a peak,  
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,  
And theirs may be a feast tonight,  
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;  
Beneath, a river's wintry stream  
Has shrunk before the summer beam,  
And left a channel bleak and bare,  
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:  
Each side the midway path there lay  
Small broken crags of granite grey  
By time, or mountain lightning, riven  
From summits clad in mists of heaven;  
For where is he that hath beheld  
The peak of Liakura unveiled?

They reach the grove of pine at last:  
'Bismillah! now the peril's past;  
For yonder view the opening plain,  
And there we'll prick our steeds amain.'  
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
A bullet whistled o'er his head;

The foremost Tartar bites the ground!  
 Scarce had they time to check the rein,  
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound;  
 But three shall never mount again:  
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,  
 The dying ask revenge in vain.  
 With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,  
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant,  
 Half sheltered by the steed;  
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,  
 And there await the coming shock,  
 Nor tamely stand to bleed  
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,  
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.  
 Stern Hassan only from his horse  
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,  
 Till fiery flashes in the van  
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan  
 Have well secured the only way  
 Could now avail the promised prey;  
 Then curled his very beard with ire,  
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire:  
 'Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
 I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this.'  
 And now the foe their covert quit,  
 And call his vassals to submit;  
 But Hassan's frown and furious word  
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,  
 Nor of his little band a man  
 Resigned carbine or ataghan,  
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!  
 In fuller sight, more near and near,  
 The lately ambushed foes appear,  
 And, issuing from the grove, advance  
 Some who on battle-charger prance.  
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,  
 Far flashing in his red right hand?  
 'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;  
 I know him by his pallid brow;  
 I know him by the evil eye  
 That aids his envious treachery;  
 I know him by his jet-black barb:  
 Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb  
 Apostate from his own vile faith,  
 It shall not save him from the death:  
 'Tis he! well met in any hour,  
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!

As rolls the river into ocean,  
 In sable torrent wildly streaming;  
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,

In azure column Proudly gleaming  
Beats back the current many a rood,  
In curling foam and mingling flood,  
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,  
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;  
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,  
The lightnings of the waters flash  
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,  
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;  
Thus - as the stream, and Ocean greet,  
With waves that madden as they meet -  
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,  
And fate, and fury, drive along.  
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;  
And pealing wide or ringing near  
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,  
The deathshot hissing from afar;  
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,  
Reverberate along that vale  
More suited to the shepherds tale:  
Though few the numbers - theirs the strife  
That neither spares nor speaks for life!  
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,  
To seize and share the dear caress;  
But love itself could never pant  
For all that beauty sighs to grant  
With half the fervour hate bestows  
Upon the last embrace of foes,  
When grappling in the fight they fold  
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:  
Friends meet to part; love laughs at faith;  
True foes, once met, are joined till death!

With sabre shivered to the hilt,  
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
Yet strained within the severed hand  
Which quivers round that faithless brand;  
His turban far behind him rolled,  
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;  
His flowing robe by falchion torn,  
And crimson as those clouds of morn  
That, streaked with dusky red, portend  
The day shall have a stormy end;  
A stain on every bush that bore  
A fragment of his palampore  
His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
Fallen Hassan lies - his unclosed eye  
Yet lowering on his enemy,  
As if the hour that sealed his fate  
Surviving left his quenchless hate;

And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
As dark as his that bled below.

'Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,  
But his shall be a redder grave;  
Her spirit pointed well the steel  
Which taught that felon heart to feel.  
He called the Prophet, but his power  
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:  
He called on Allah - but the word  
Arose unheeded or unheard.  
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer  
Be passed, and thine accorded there?  
I watched my time, I leagued with these,  
The traitor in his turn to seize;  
My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,  
And now I go - but go alone.'

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling:  
His mother looked from her lattice high -  
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling  
The pasture green beneath her eye,  
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:  
"Tis twilight - sure his train is nigh.'  
She could not rest in the garden-bower,  
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:  
'Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;  
Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift?  
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?  
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now  
Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,  
And warily the steep descends,  
And now within the valley bends;  
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow  
How could I deem his courser slow?  
Right well my largess shall repay  
His welcome speed, and weary way.'  
The Tartar lighted at the gate,  
But scarce upheld his fainting weight!  
His swarthy visage spake distress,  
But this might be from weariness;  
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,  
But these might be from his courser's side;  
He drew the token from his vest -  
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!  
His calpac rent - his caftan red -  
'Lady, a fearful bride thy son hath wed:  
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,  
But this empurpled pledge to bear.

Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:  
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt.'

A turban carved in coarsest stone,  
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,  
Whereon can now be scarcely read  
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,  
Point out the spot where Hassan fell  
A victim in that lonely dell.  
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie  
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;  
As ever scorned forbidden wine,  
Or prayed with face towards the shrine,  
In orisons resumed anew  
At solemn sound of 'Allah Hu!'  
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,  
And stranger in his native land;  
Yet died he as in arms he stood,  
And unavenged, at least in blood.  
But him the maids of Paradise  
Impatient to their halls invite,  
And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes  
On him shall glance for ever bright;  
They come - their kerchiefs green they wave,  
And welcome with a kiss the brave!  
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour  
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe  
Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe;  
And from its torment 'scape alone  
To wander round lost Eblis' throne;  
And fire unquenched, unquenchable,  
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;  
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell  
The tortures of that inward hell!  
But first, on earth as vampire sent,  
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:  
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
And suck the blood of all thy race;  
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
At midnight drain the stream of life;  
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
Must feed thy livid living corse:  
Thy victims ere they yet expire  
Shall know the demon for their sire,  
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.  
But one that for thy crime must fall,  
The youngest, most beloved of all,

Shall bless thee with a father's name -  
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,  
And the last glassy glance must view  
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;  
Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear  
The tresses of her yellow hair,  
Of which in life a lock when shorn  
Affection's fondest pledge was worn,  
But now is borne away by thee,  
Memorial of thine agony!  
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip  
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;  
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,  
Go - and with Gouls and Afrits rave;  
Till these in horror shrink away  
From spectre more accursed than they!

'How name ye yon lone Caloyer?  
His features I have scanned before  
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,  
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,  
I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
As ever served a horseman's need.  
But once I saw that face, yet then  
It was so marked with inward pain,  
I could not pass it by again;  
It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
As death were stamped upon his brow.

"Tis twice three years at summer tide  
Since first among our freres he came;  
And here it soothes him to abide  
For some dark deed he will not name.  
But never at our vesper prayer,  
Nor e'er before confession chair  
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
Incense or anthem to the skies,  
But broods within his cell alone,  
His faith and race alike unknown.  
The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
And here ascended from the coast;  
Yet seems he not of Othman race,  
But only Christian in his face:  
I'd judge him some stray renegade,  
Repentant of the change he made,  
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,  
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.  
Great largess to these walls he brought,

And thus our abbot's favour bought;  
But were I prior, not a day  
Should brook such stranger's further stay,  
Or pent within our penance cell  
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
Much in his visions mutters he  
Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea;  
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,  
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.  
On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
And rave as to some bloody hand  
Fresh severed from its parent limb,  
Invisible to all but him,  
Which beckons onward to his grave,  
And lures to leap into the wave.'

Dark and unearthly is the scowl  
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:  
The flash of that dilating eye  
Reveals too much of times gone by;  
Though varying, indistinct its hue,  
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,  
For in it lurks that nameless spell,  
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,  
A spirit yet unquelled and high,  
That claims and keeps ascendancy;  
And like the bird whose pinions quake,  
But cannot fly the gazing snake,  
Will others quail beneath his look,  
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.  
From him the half-affrighted friar  
When met alone would fain retire,  
As if that eye and bitter smile  
Transferred to others fear and guile:  
Not oft to smile descendeth he,  
And when he doth 'tis sad to see  
That he but mocks at misery.  
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!  
Then fix once more as if for ever;  
As if his sorrow or disdain  
Forbade him e'er to smile again.  
Well were it so - such ghastly mirth  
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.  
But sadder still it were to trace  
What once were feelings in that face:  
Time hath not yet the features fixed,  
But brighter traits with evil mixed;  
And there are hues not always faded,  
Which speak a mind not all degraded  
Even by the crimes through which it waded:  
The common crowd but see the gloom

Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;  
The close observer can espy  
A noble soul, and lineage high:  
Alas! though both bestowed in vain,  
Which grief could change, and guilt could stain,  
It was no vulgar tenement  
To which such lofty gifts were lent,  
And still with little less than dread  
On such the sight is riveted.  
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,  
Will scarce delay the passer-by;  
The tower by war or tempest bent,  
While yet may frown one battlement,  
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;  
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,  
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

'His floating robe around him folding,  
Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle;  
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding  
The rites that sanctify the pile.  
But when the anthem shakes the choir,  
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;  
By yonder lone and wavering torch  
His aspect glares within the porch;  
There will he pause till all is done -  
And hear the prayer, but utter none.  
See - by the half-illumined wall  
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,  
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,  
As if the Gorgon there had bound  
The sablest of the serpent-braid  
That o'er her fearful forehead strayed:  
For he declines the convent oath  
And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,  
But wears our garb in all beside;  
And, not from piety but pride,  
Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
Of his one holy vow nor word.  
Lo! - mark ye, as the harmony  
Peals louder praises to the sky,  
That livid cheek, that stony air  
Of mixed defiance and despair!  
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!  
Else may we dread the wrath divine  
Made manifest by awful sign.  
If ever evil angel bore  
The form of mortal, such he wore:  
By all my hope of sins forgiven,  
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!'



To love the softest hearts are prone,  
But such can ne'er be all his own;  
Too timid in his woes to share,  
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;  
And sterner hearts alone may feel  
The wound that time can never heal.  
The rugged metal of the mine,  
Must burn before its surface shine,  
But plunged within the furnace-flame,  
It bends and melts - though still the same;  
Then tempered to thy want, or will,  
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;  
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,  
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;  
But if a dagger's form it bear,  
Let those who shape its edge, beware!  
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,  
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;  
From these its form and tone are ta'en,  
And what they make it, must remain,  
But break - before it bend again.

If solitude succeed to grief,  
Release from pain is slight relief;  
The vacant bosom's wilderness  
Might thank the pang that made it less.  
We loathe what none are left to share:  
Even bliss - 'twere woe alone to bear;  
The heart once left thus desolate  
Must fly at last for ease - to hate.  
It is as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around them steal,  
And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,  
Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay I  
It is as if the desert-bird,  
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream  
To still her famished nestlings' scream,  
Nor mourns a life to them transferred,  
Should rend her rash devoted breast,  
And find them flown her empty nest.  
The keenest pangs the wretched find  
Are rapture to the dreary void,  
The leafless desert of the mind,  
The waste of feelings unemployed.  
Who would be doomed to gaze upon  
A sky without a cloud or sun?  
Less hideous far the tempest's roar  
Than ne'er to brave the billows more -

Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,  
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
Unseen to drop by dull decay; -  
Better to sink beneath the shock  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

'Father! thy days have passed in peace,  
'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;  
To bid the sins of others cease  
Thyself without a crime or care,  
Save transient ills that all must bear,  
Has been thy lot from youth to age;  
And thou wilt bless thee from the rage  
Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,  
Such as thy penitents unfold,  
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest  
Within thy pure and pitying breast. My days, though few, have passed below  
In much of joy, but more of woe;  
Yet still in hours of love or strife,  
I've 'scaped the weariness of life:  
Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,  
I loathed the languor of repose.  
Now nothing left to love or hate,  
No more with hope or pride elate,  
I'd rather be the thing that crawls  
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,  
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
Condemned to meditate and gaze.  
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast  
For rest - but not to feel 'tis rest  
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;  
And I shall sleep without the dream  
Of what I was, and would be still,  
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:  
My memory now is but the tomb  
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:  
Though better to have died with those  
Than bear a life of lingering woes.  
My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
Of ancient fool and modern knave:  
Yet death I have not feared to meet;  
And the field it had been sweet,  
Had danger wooed me on to move  
The slave of glory, not of love.  
I've braved it - not for honour's boast;  
I smile at laurels won or lost;  
To such let others carve their way,  
For high renown, or hireling pay:

But place again before my eyes  
Aught that I deem a worthy prize  
The maid I love, the man I hate,  
And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
To save or slay, as these require,  
Through rending steel, and rolling fire:  
Nor needest thou doubt this speech from one  
Who would but do ~ what he hath done.  
Death is but what the haughty brave,  
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;  
Then let life go to him who gave:  
I have not quailed to danger's brow  
When high and happy - need I now?

'I loved her, Friar! nay, adored -  
But these are words that all can use -  
I proved it more in deed than word;  
There's blood upon that dinted sword,  
A stain its steel can never lose:  
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,  
It warmed the heart of one abhorred:  
Nay, start not - no - nor bend thy knee,  
Nor midst my sins such act record;  
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
For he was hostile to thy creed!  
The very name of Nazarene  
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.  
Ungrateful fool! since but for brands  
Well wielded in some hardy hands,  
And wounds by Galileans given -  
The surest pass to Turkish heaven  
For him his Houris still might wait  
Impatient at the Prophet's gate.  
I loved her - love will find its way  
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;  
And if it dares enough, 'twere hard  
If passion met not some reward -  
No matter how, or where, or why,  
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:  
Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain  
I wish she had not loved again.  
She died - I dare not tell thee how;  
But look - 'tis written on my brow!  
There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
In characters unworn by time:  
Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;  
Not mine the act, though I the cause.  
Yet did he but what I had done  
Had she been false to more than one.  
Faithless to him, he gave the blow;  
But true to me, I laid him low:

Howe'er deserved her doom might be,  
Her treachery was truth to me;  
To me she gave her heart, that all  
Which tyranny can ne'er enthral;  
And I, alas! too late to save!  
Yet all I then could give, I gave,  
'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.  
His death sits lightly; but her fate  
Has made me - what thou well mayest hate.  
His doom was sealed - he knew it well  
Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,  
Deep in whose darkly boding ear  
The deathshot pealed of murder near,  
As filed the troop to where they fell!  
He died too in the battle broil,  
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;  
One cry to Mahomet for aid,  
One prayer to Allah all he made:  
He knew and crossed me in the fray -  
I gazed upon him where he lay,  
And watched his spirit ebb away:  
Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,  
He felt not half that now I feel.  
I searched, but vainly searched, to find  
The workings of a wounded mind;  
Each feature of that sullen corse  
Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.  
Oh, what had vengeance given to trace  
Despair upon his dying face I  
The late repentance of that hour,  
When penitence hath lost her power  
To tear one terror from the grave,  
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

'The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
But mine was like a lava flood  
That boils in Etna's breast of flame.  
I cannot prate in puling strain  
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:  
If changing cheek, and searching vein,  
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,  
If bursting heart, and maddening brain,  
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
And all that I have felt, and feel,  
Betoken love - that love was mine,  
And shown by many a bitter sign.  
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
I knew but to obtain or die.  
I die - but first I have possessed,  
And come what may, I have been blessed.

Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?  
No - reft of all, yet undismayed  
But for the thought of Leila slain,  
Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
So would I live and love again.  
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
For him who dies, but her who died:  
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave  
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
This breaking heart and throbbing head  
Should seek and share her narrow bed.  
She was a form of life and light,  
That, seen, became a part of sight;  
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
The morning-star of memory!

'Yes, love indeed is light from heaven..  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Allah given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But Heaven itself descends in love;  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought;  
A ray of him who formed the whole;  
A glory circling round the soul !  
I grant my love imperfect, all  
That mortals by the name miscall;  
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;  
But say, oh say, hers was not guilt !  
She was my life's unerring light:  
That quenched, what beam shall break my night?  
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,  
Although to death or deadliest ill!  
Why marvel ye, if they who lose  
This present joy, this future hope,  
No more with sorrow meekly cope;  
In phrensy then their fate accuse;  
In madness do those fearful deeds  
That seem to add but guilt to woe?  
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds  
Hath nought to dread from outward blow;  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
Cares little into what abyss.  
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now  
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:  
I read abhorrence on thy brow,  
And this too was I born to bear!  
'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,  
With havock have I marked my way:  
But this was taught me by the dove,

To die - and know no second love.  
This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.  
And let the fool still prone to range,  
And sneer on all who cannot change,  
Partake his jest with boasting boys;  
I envy not his varied joys,  
But deem such feeble, heartless man,  
Less than yon solitary swan;  
Far, far beneath the shallow maid  
He left believing and betrayed.  
Such shame at least was never mine -  
Leila! each thought was only thine!  
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,  
My hope on high - my all below.  
Earth holds no other like to thee,  
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:  
For worlds I dare not view the dame  
Resembling thee, yet not the same.  
The very crimes that mar my youth,  
This bed of death - attest my truth!  
'Tis all too late - thou wert, thou art  
The cherished madness of my heart!

'And she was lost - and yet I breathed,  
But not the breath of human life:  
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
And stung my every thought to strife.  
Alike all time, abhorred all place,  
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,  
Where every hue that charmed before  
The blackness of my bosom wore.  
The rest thou dost already know,  
And all my sins, and half my woe.  
But talk no more of penitence;  
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:  
And if thy holy tale were true,  
The deed that's done canst thou undo?  
Think me not thankless - but this grief  
Looks not to priesthood for relief.  
My soul's estate in secret guess:  
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.  
When thou canst bid my Leila live,  
Then will I sue thee to forgive;  
Then plead my cause in that high place  
Where purchased masses proffer grace.  
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
From forest-cave her shrieking young,

And calm the lonely lioness:  
But soothe not - mock not my distress!

'In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
When heart with heart delights to blend,  
Where bloom my native valley's bowers  
I had - Ah! have I now? - a friend!  
To him this pledge I charge thee send,  
Memorial of a youthful vow;  
I would remind him of my end:  
Though souls absorbed like mine allow  
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,  
Yet dear to him my blighted name.  
'Tis strange - he prophesied my doom,  
And I have smiled - I then could smile -  
When prudence would his voice assume,  
And warn - I recked not what - the while:  
But now remembrance whispers o'er  
Those accents scarcely marked before.  
Say - that his bodings came to pass,  
And he will start to hear their truth,  
And wish his words had not been sooth:  
Tell him, unheeding as I was,  
Through many a busy bitter scene  
Of all our golden youth had been,  
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried  
To bless his memory ere I died;  
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,  
If guilt should for the guiltless pray.  
I do not ask him not to blame,  
Too gentle he to wound my name;  
And what have I to do with fame?  
I do not ask him not to mourn,  
Such cold request might sound like scorn;  
And what than friendship's manly tear  
May better grace a brother's bier?  
But bear this ring, his own of old,  
And tell him - what thou dost behold!  
The withered frame, the ruined mind,  
The wrack by passion left behind,  
A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,  
Seared by the autumn blast of grief!

'Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,  
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;  
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep.  
I only watched, and wished to weep;  
But could not, for my burning brow  
Throbbled to the very brain as now:  
I wished but for a single tear,  
As something welcome, new, and dear-;

I wished it then, I wish it still;  
Despair is stronger than my will.  
Waste not thine orison, despair  
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:  
I would not if I might, be blest;  
I want no paradise, but rest.  
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then  
I saw her; yes, she lived again;  
And shining in her white symar,  
As through yon pale grey cloud the star  
Which now I gaze on, as on her,  
Who looked and looks far lovelier;  
Dimly I view its trembling spark;  
Tomorrow's night shall be more dark;  
And I, before its rays appear,  
That lifeless thing the living fear.  
I wander, father! for my soul  
Is fleeting towards the final goal.  
I saw her, friar! and I rose  
Forgetful of our former woes;  
And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
And clasp her to my desperate heart;  
I clasp - what is it that I clasp?  
No breathing form within my grasp,  
No heart that beats reply to mine,  
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!  
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,  
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?  
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
I care not; so my arms enfold  
The all they ever wished to hold.  
Alas! around a shadow prest,  
They shrink upon my lonely breast;  
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,  
And beckons with beseeching hands!  
With braided hair, and bright black eye -  
I knew 'twas false - she could not die!  
But he is dead! within the dell  
I saw him buried where he fell;  
He comes not, for he cannot break  
From earth; why then art thou awake?  
They told me wild waves rolled above  
The face I view, the form I love;  
They told me - 'twas a hideous tale I  
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:  
If true, and from thine ocean-cave  
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;  
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
This brow that then will burn no more;  
Or place them on my hopeless heart:  
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,  
In mercy ne'er again depart!



Or farther with thee bear my soul  
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

'Such is my name, and such my tale.  
Confessor ! to thy secret ear  
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
And thank thee for the generous tear  
This glazing eye could never shed.  
Then lay me with the humblest dead,  
And, save the cross above my head,  
Be neither name nor emblem spread,  
By prying stranger to be read,  
Or stay the passing pilgrims tread.'

He passed - nor of his name and race  
Hath left a token or a trace,  
Save what the father must not say  
Who shrived him on his dying day:  
This broken tale was all we knew  
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## The Isles of Greece

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus  
sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set...

The mountains look on Marathon--  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations--all were his!  
He counted them at break of day--  
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou?  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now--  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among a fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush--for Greece a tear....

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade--  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning teardrop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine--  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## The Prisoner of Chillon

I  
My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears:  
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,  
But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those  
To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are bann'd, and barr'd - forbidden fare;  
But this was for my father's faith  
I suffer'd chains and courted death;  
That father perish'd at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;  
And for the same his lineal race  
In darkness found a dwelling-place;  
We were seven - who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finish'd as they had begun,  
Proud of Persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and two in field,  
Their belief with blood have seal'd,  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;  
Three were in a dungeon cast,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II  
There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and grey,  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years - I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score  
When my last brother drooped and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,  
And we were three - yet, each alone;  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight:  
And thus together - yet apart,  
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,  
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope, or legend old,  
So song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took on a dreary tone,  
And echo of the dungeon stone,  
A grating sound, not full and free,  
As they of yore were wont to be;  
It might be fancy - but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

#### IV

I was the eldest of the three,  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do - and did my best -  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven -  
For him my soul was sorely moved:  
And truly might it be distress'd  
To see such a bird in such a nest;  
For he was as beautiful as day -  
(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles, being free) -  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:  
And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for nought but other's ills,  
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

#### V

The other was as pure of mind,  
But form'd to combat with his kind;  
Strong in frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,

And perish'd in the foremost rank  
With joy: - but not in chains to pine:  
His spirit wither'd with their clank,  
I saw it silently decline -  
And so perchance in sooth did mine:  
But yet I forced it on to cheer  
Those relics of a home so dear.  
He was a hunter of the hills,  
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;  
To him this dungeon was a gulf,  
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

#### VI

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow:  
Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
Which round about the wave intrals:  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made - and like a living grave  
Below the surface of the lake  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,  
We heard it ripple night and day;  
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;  
And I have felt the winter's spray  
Wash through the bars when winds were high  
And wanton in the happy sky;  
And then the very rock hath rock'd,  
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,  
Because I could have smiled to see  
The death that would have set me free.

#### VII

I said my nearer brother pined,  
I said his mighty heart declined,  
He loathed and put away his food;  
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunter's fare,  
And for the like had little care:  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat,  
Our bread was such as captives' tears  
Have moisten'd many a thousand years  
Since man first pent his fellow men  
Like brutes within an iron den;  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain's side;

But why delay the truth? - he died.  
I saw, and could not hold his head,  
Nor reach his dying hand - nor dead, -  
Though hard I strove, but stove in vain  
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
He died - and they unlock'd his chain,  
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave  
Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay  
His corse in dust whereon the day  
Might shine - it was a foolish thought,  
But then within my brain it wrought,  
That even in death his freeborn breast  
In such a dungeon could not rest.  
I might have spared my idle prayer -  
They coldly laugh'd - and laid him there:  
The flat and turfless earth above  
The being we so much did love;  
His empty chain above it leant,  
Such murder's fitting monument!

#### VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,  
His mother's image in fair face,  
The infant love of all his race,  
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,  
My latest care, for whom I sought  
To hoard my life, that his might be  
Less wretched now, and one day free;  
He, too, who yet had held untired  
A spirit natural or inspired -  
He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was wither'd on the stalk away.  
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
To see the human soul take wing  
In any shape, in any mood:  
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
Of Sin delirious with its dread:  
But those were horrors - this was woe  
Unmix'd with such - but sure and slow;  
He faded, and so calm and meek,  
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,  
And grieved for those he left behind;  
With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
Whose tints as gently sunk away  
As a departing rainbow's ray;

An eye of most transparent light,  
That almost made the dungeon bright,  
And not a word of murmur - not  
A groan o'er his untimely lot, -  
A little talk of better days,  
A little hope my own to raise,  
For I was sunk in silence - lost  
In this last loss, of all the most;  
And then the sighs he would suppress  
Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:  
I listen'd, but I could not hear;  
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;  
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
Would not be thus admonished;  
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound -  
I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
And rush'd to him: - I found him not,  
I only stirr'd in this black spot,  
I only lived, I only drew  
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;  
The last, the sole, the dearest link  
Between me and the eternal brink,  
Which bound me to my failing race,  
Was broken in this fatal place.  
One on earth, and one beneath -  
My brothers - both had ceased to breathe:  
I took that hand that lay so still,  
Alas! my own was full as chill;  
I had not the strength to stir, or strive,  
But felt that I was still alive -  
A frantic feeling, when we know  
That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
I know not why  
I could not die,  
I had no earthly hope - but faith,  
And that forbade a selfish death.

## IX

What next befell me then and there  
I know not well - I never knew -  
First came the loss of light, and air,  
And then of darkness too:  
I had no thought, no feeling - none -  
Among the stones I stood a stone,  
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
As shrubless crags within the mist;  
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey;  
It was not night - it was day;  
It was not even the dungeon-light,  
So hateful to my heavy sight,  
But vacancy absorbing space,

And fixedness - without a place;  
There were no stars - no earth - no time -  
No check - no change - no good, no crime -  
But silence, and a stirless breath  
Which neither was of life nor death;  
A sea of stagnant idleness,  
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X

A light broke in upon my brain, -  
It was the carol of a bird;  
It ceased, and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
And mine was thankful till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise,  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery;  
But then by dull degrees came back  
My senses to their wonted track;  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me as before,  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done,  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,  
And tamer than upon the tree;  
A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seem'd to say them all for me!  
I never saw its like before,  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:  
It seem'd to me to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate,  
And it was come to love me when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.  
I know not if it late were free,  
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
But knowing well captivity.  
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!  
Or if it were, in winged guise,  
A visitant from Paradise;  
For - Heaven forgive that thought; the while  
Which made me both to weep and smile -  
I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me;  
But then at last away it flew,  
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone, -  
Lone as the corpse within its shroud,



Lone as a solitary cloud,  
A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate,  
My keepers grew compassionate;  
I know not what had made them so,  
They were inured to sights of woe,  
But so it was; - my broken chain  
With links unfasten'd did remain,  
And it was to liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk begun,  
Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod;  
For if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed,  
My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,  
I was not there from to escape,  
For I had buried one and all  
Who loved me in a human shape;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me:  
No child - no sire - no kin had I  
No partner in my misery;  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barr'd windows, and to bend  
Once more, upon the mountains high,  
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them - and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in frame;  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
Oh high - their wide long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;  
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,

And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view;  
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing,  
Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seem'd joyous each and all;  
The eagle rode the rising blast,  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seem'd to fly;  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled - and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain;  
And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save, -  
And yet my glance, too much opprest,  
Had almost need of such a rest.

#### XIV

It might be months, or years, or days -  
I kept no count, I took no note -  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
And clear them of their dreary mote;  
At last men came to set me free;  
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;  
It was at length the same to me,  
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,  
I learn'd to love despair.  
And thus when they appear'd at last,  
And all my bond aside were cast,  
These heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage - and all my own!  
And half I felt as they were come  
To tear me from a second home:  
With spiders I had friendship made,  
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,  
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
And why should I feel less than they?  
We were all inmates of one place,  
And I, the monarch of each race,  
Had power to kill - yet, strange to tell!  
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;  
My very chains and I grew friends,

So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are: - even I  
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## The Siege and Conquest of Alhama

The Moorish King rides up and down,  
Through Granada's royal town;  
From Elvira's gate to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama's city fell:  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.  
Woe is me, Albamal

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,  
And through the street directs his course;  
Through the street of Zacatin  
To the Alhambra spurring in.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,  
On the moment he ordain'd  
That the trumpet straight should sound  
With the silver clarion round.  
Woe is me, Alhamal

And when the hollow drums of war  
Beat the loud alarm afar,  
That the Moors of town and plain  
Might answer to the martial strain.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware,  
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,  
One by one, and two by two,  
To a mighty squadron grew.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor  
In these words the king before,  
'Wherefore call on us, oh King?  
What may mean this gathering?'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Friends! ye have, alas! to know  
Of a most disastrous blow;  
That the Christians, stern and bold,  
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold.'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
With his beard so white to see,  
'Good King! thou art justly served,  
Good King! this thou hast deserved.

Woe is me, Alhama!

'By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;  
And strangers were received by thee  
Of Cordova the Chivalry.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'And for this, oh King! is sent  
On thee a double chastisement:  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone.'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire crashed from out the old Moor's eyes,  
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,  
Because he answer'd, and because  
He spake exceeding well of laws.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings:  
'Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!  
Though thy beard so hoary be,  
The King hath sent to have thee seized,  
For Alhama's loss displeas'd.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
That thus for thee should be the law,  
And others tremble when they saw.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Cavalier, and man of worth!  
Let these words of mine go forth!  
Let the Moorish Monarch know,  
That to him I nothing owe.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
And on my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land hath lost,  
Yet others may have lost the most.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

'I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
And think her ransom cheap that day.'  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They sever'd from the trunk his head;  
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed  
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls;  
The King weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## The Siege of Corinth

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND.

January 22, 1816.

### ADVERTISEMENT

"The grand army of the Turks, (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country, [1] thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley; but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish army, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war." — History of the Turks, vol. iii. p. 151.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

I.

Many a vanish'd year and age,  
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,  
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands  
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.  
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock  
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,  
The keystone of a land, which still,  
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,  
The landmark to the double tide  
That purpling rolls on either side,  
As if their waters chafed to meet,  
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.  
But could the blood before her shed  
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,  
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,  
Arise from out the earth which drank  
The stream of slaughter as it sank,  
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow

Her isthmus idly spread below:  
Or could the bones of all the slain,  
Who perish'd there, be piled again,  
That rival pyramid would rise  
More mountain-like, through those clear skies  
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,  
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears  
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears,  
And downward to the Isthmian plain,  
From shore to shore of either main,  
The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines  
Along the Moslem's leaguering lines;  
And the dusk Spahi's bands advance  
Beneath each bearded pacha's glance;  
And far and wide as eye can reach  
The turban'd cohorts throng the beach;  
And there the Arab's camel kneels,  
And there his steed the Tartar wheels;  
The Turcoman hath left his herd, [2]  
The sabre round his loins to gird;  
And there the volleying thunders pour,  
Till waves grow smoother to the roar.  
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath  
Wings the far hissing globe of death;  
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,  
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;  
And from that wall the foe replies,  
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,  
With fires that answer fast and well  
The summons of the Infidel.

III.

But near and nearest to the wall  
Of those who wish and work its fall,  
With deeper skill in war's black art  
Than Othman's sons, and high of heart  
As any chief that ever stood  
Triumphant in the fields of blood;  
From post to post, and deed to deed,  
Fast spurring on his reeking steed,  
Where sallying ranks the trench assail,  
And make the foremost Moslem quail;  
Or where the battery, guarded well,  
Remains as yet impregnable,  
Alighting cheerly to inspire  
The soldier slackening in his fire;  
The first and freshest of the host



Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast  
To guide the follower o'er the field,  
To point the tube, the lance to wield,  
Or whirl around the bickering blade; —  
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!

IV.

From Venice — once a race of worth  
His gentle sires — he drew his birth;  
But late an exile from her shore,  
Against his countrymen he bore  
The arms they taught to bear; and now  
The turban girt his shaven brow.  
Through many a change had Corinth pass'd  
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;  
And here, before her walls, with those  
To Greece and Venice equal foes,  
He stood a foe, with all the zeal  
Which young and fiery converts feel,  
Within whose heated bosom throngs  
The memory of a thousand wrongs.  
To him had Venice ceased to be  
Her ancient civic boast — "the Free;"  
And in the palace of St Mark  
Unnamed accusers in the dark  
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed  
A charge against him uneffaced:  
He fled in time, and saved his life,  
To waste his future years in strife,  
That taught his land how great her loss  
In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,  
'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent high,  
And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi — he whose closing scene [3]  
Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,  
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,  
The last and mightiest of the slain,  
He sank, regretting not to die,  
But cursed the Christian's victory —  
Coumourgi — can his glory cease,  
That latest conqueror of Greece,  
Till Christian hands to Greece restore  
The freedom Venice gave of yore?  
A hundred years have roll'd away  
Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway,  
And now he led the Mussulman,  
And gave the guidance of the van  
To Alp, who well repaid the trust

By cities levell'd with the dust;  
And proved, by many a deed of death,  
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot  
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,  
With unabating fury sent,  
From battery to battlement;  
And thunder-like the pealing din  
Rose from each heated culverin;  
And here and there some crackling dome  
Was fired before the exploding bomb;  
And as the fabric sank beneath  
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,  
In red and wreathing columns flash'd  
The flame as loud the ruin crash'd,  
Or into countless meteors driven,  
Its earth-stars melted into heaven;  
Whose clouds that day grew doubly d[un?]  
Impervious to the hidden sun,  
With volumed smoke that slowly grew  
To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,  
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,  
The Moslem warriors sternly teach  
His skill to pierce the promised breach:  
Within those walls a maid was pent  
His hope would win, without consent  
Of that inexorable sire,  
Whose heart refused him in its ire,  
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,  
Her virgin hand aspired to claim.  
In happier mood, and earlier time,  
While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,  
Gayest in gondola or hall,  
He glitter'd through the Carnival;  
And tuned the softest serenade  
That e'er on Adria's waters play'd  
At midnight to Italian maid.

VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won;  
For sought by numbers, given to none,  
Had young Francesca's hand remain'd  
Still by the church's bond unchain'd:  
And when the Adriatic bore

Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,  
Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,  
And pensive wax'd the maid and pale;  
More constant at confessional,  
More rare at masque and festival;  
Or seen at such with downcast eyes,  
Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize!  
With listless look she seems to gaze;  
With humbler care her form arrays;  
Her voice less lively in the song;  
Her step, though light, less fleet among  
The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance  
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,  
(Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,  
While Sobieski tamed his pride  
By Buda's wall and Danube's side,  
The chiefs of Venice wrung away  
From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)  
Minotti held in Corinth's towers  
The Doge's delegated powers,  
While yet the pitying eye of Peace  
Smiled o'er her long-forgotten Greece:  
And ere that faithless truce was broke  
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,  
With him his gentle daughter came;  
Nor there, since Menelaus' dame  
Forsook her lord and land, to prove  
What woes await on lawless love,  
Had fairer form adorn'd the shore  
Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn,  
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault  
The foremost of the fierce assault.  
The bands are rank'd; the chosen van  
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,  
The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"  
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,  
And win their way with falchion's force,  
Or pave the path with many a corse,  
O'er which the following brave may rise,  
Their stepping-stone — the last who dies!

XI.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown  
The cold, round moon shines deeply down:  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright;  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turn'd to earth without repining,  
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray?  
The waves on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.  
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;  
The banners droop'd along their staves,  
And, as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,  
And echo answer'd from the hill,  
And the wide hum of that wild host,  
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
In midnight call to wonted prayer;  
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
And take a long-unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
It seem'd to those within the wall  
A cry prophetic of their fall:  
It struck even the besieger's ear  
An undefined and sudden thrill,  
Which makes the heart a moment still,  
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed:  
Such as a sudden passing-bell  
Wakes though but for a stranger's knell.

## XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;  
The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er;  
The watch was set, the night-round made,  
All mandates issued and obey'd:  
'Tis but another anxious night,  
His pains the morrow may requite  
With all revenge and love can pay,

In guerdon for their long delay.  
Few hours remain, and he hath need  
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed  
Of slaughter; but within his soul  
The thoughts like troubled waters roll.  
He stood alone among the host;  
Not his the loud fanatic boast  
To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross  
Or risk a life with little loss,  
Secure in Paradise to be  
By Houris loved immortally:  
Nor his, what burning patriots feel,  
The stern exaltedness of zeal,  
Profuse of blood, untired in toil,  
When battling on the parent soil.  
He stood alone — a renegade  
Against the country he betray'd.  
He stood alone amidst his band,  
Without a trusted heart or hand:  
They follow'd him, for he was brave,  
And great the spoil he got and gave;  
They crouch'd to him, for he had skill  
To warp and wield the vulgar will:  
But still his Christian origin  
With them was little less than sin.  
They envied even the faithless fame  
He earn'd beneath a Moslem name:  
Since he, their mightiest chief had been  
In youth, a bitter Nazarene.  
They did not know how pride can stoop,  
When baffled feelings withering droop;  
They did not know how hate can burn  
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;  
Nor all the false and fatal zeal  
The convert of revenge can feel.  
He ruled them — man may rule the worst  
By ever daring to be first:  
So lions o'er the jackal sway;  
The jackal points, he fells the prey,  
Then on the vulgar yelling press,  
To gorge the relics of success.

### XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse  
The quick successive throbs convulse;  
In vain from side to side he throws  
His form, in courtship of repose;  
Or if he dozed, a sound, a start  
Awoke him with a sunken heart.  
The turban on his hot brow press'd,  
The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,

Though oft and long beneath its weight  
Upon his eyes had slumber sate,  
Without or couch or canopy,  
Except a rougher field and sky  
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,  
Than now along the heaven was spread.  
He could not rest, he could not stay  
Within his tent to wait for day,  
But walk'd him forth along the sand,  
Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand.  
What pillow'd them? and why should he  
More wakeful than the humblest be?  
Since more their peril, worse their toil,  
And yet they fearless dream of spoil;  
While he alone, where thousands pass'd  
A night of sleep, perchance their last,  
In sickly vigil wander'd on,  
And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light  
Beneath the freshness of the night.  
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,  
And bathed his brow with airy balm:  
Behind, the camp — before him lay,  
In many a winding creek and bay,  
Lepanto's gulf; and on the brow  
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,  
High and eternal, such as shone  
Through thousand summers brightly gone.  
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;  
It will not melt, like man, to time;  
Tyrant and slave are swept away,  
Less form'd to wear the before the ray;  
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,  
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,  
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;  
In form a peak, in height a cloud,  
In texture like a hovering shroud,  
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,  
As from her fond abode she fled,  
And linger'd on the spot, where long  
Her prophet spirit spake in song.  
Oh! still her step at moments falters  
O'er wither'd fields, and ruined altars,  
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,  
By pointing to each glorious token.  
But vain her voice, till better days  
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,  
Which shone upon the Persian flying,  
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times  
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;  
And through this night, as on he wander'd,  
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,  
And thought upon the glorious dead  
Who there in better cause had bled,  
He felt how faint and feebly dim  
The fame that could accrue to him,  
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword  
A traitor in a turban'd horde;  
And led them to the lawless siege,  
Whose best success were sacrilege.  
Not so had those his fancy number'd,  
The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;  
Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,  
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.  
They fell devoted, but undying;  
The very gale their names seem'd sighing:  
The waters murmur'd of their name;  
The woods were peopled with their fame;  
The silent pillar, lone and gray,  
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;  
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,  
Their memory sparkled o'er the mountain,  
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.  
Despite of every yoke she bears,  
That land is glory's still, and theirs!  
When man would do a deed of worth  
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,  
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head:  
He looks to her, and rushes on  
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,  
And woo'd the freshness night diffused.  
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea, [3]  
Which changeless rolls eternally;  
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,  
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;  
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,  
Heedless if she come or go:  
Calm or high, in main or bay,  
On their course she hath no sway.  
The rock unworn its base doth bare,  
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there;  
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,

On the line that it left long ages ago:  
A smooth short space of yellow sand  
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,  
Till within the range of a carbine's reach  
Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him not,  
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot,  
Did traitors lurk in the Christian's hold?  
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold,  
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall  
There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,  
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,  
That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town;  
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell  
The sullen words of the sentinel,  
As his measured step on the stone below  
Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;  
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,  
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb!  
They were too busy to bark at him!  
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,  
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;  
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull, [4]  
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,  
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;  
So well had they broken a lingering fast  
With those who had fall'n for that night's repast.  
And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,  
The foremost of these were the best of his band:  
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,  
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair, [5]  
All the rest was shaven and bare.  
The scalps were in the wild-dog's maw,  
The hair was tangled round his jaw.  
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,  
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,  
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,  
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;  
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,  
Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight:  
Never had shaken his nerves in fight;  
Be he better could brook to behold the dying,  
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,  
Scorch'd with death-thirst, and writing in vain,  
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.



There is something of pride in the perilous hour,  
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lour;  
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,  
And Honour's eye on daring deeds!  
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread  
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,  
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,  
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;  
All regarding man as their prey,  
All rejoicing in his decay.

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,  
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;  
Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!  
Out upon Time! it will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things before!  
But enough of the past for the future to grieve  
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be!  
What we have seen, our sons shall see;  
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,  
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,  
And pass'd his hand athwart his face;  
Like one in dreary musing mood,  
Declining was his attitude;  
His head was drooping on his breast,  
Fever'd, throbbing, and opprest;  
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,  
Oft his beating fingers went,  
Hurriedly, as you may see  
Your own run over the ivory key,  
Ere the measured tone is taken,  
By the chords you would awaken.  
There he sate all heavily,  
As he heard the night-wind sigh.  
Was it the wind, through some hollow stone, [6]  
Sent that soft and tender moan?  
He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,  
But it was unrippled as glass may be;  
He look'd on the long grass — it waved not a blade;  
How was that gentle sound convey'd?  
He look'd to the banners — each flag lay still,  
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;  
What did that sudden sound bespeak?  
He turn'd to the left — is he sure of sight?

There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

XX.

He started up with more of fear  
Than if an armed foe were near.  
"God of my fathers! what is here?  
Who art thou, and wherefore sent  
So near a hostile armament?"  
His trembling hands refused to sign  
The cross he deem'd no more divine:  
He had resumed it in that hour,  
But conscience wrung away the power.  
He gazed — he saw: he knew the face  
Of beauty, and the form of grace;  
It was Francesca by his side,  
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,  
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:  
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?  
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.  
The ocean's calm within their view,  
Beside her eye had less of blue;  
But like that cold wave it stood still,  
And its glance, though clear, was chill.  
Around her form a thin robe twining,  
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;  
Through the parting of her hair,  
Floating darkly downward there,  
Her rounded arm shew'd white and bare:  
And ere yet she made reply,  
Once she raised her hand on high;  
It was so wan and transparent of hue,  
You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,  
That I may be happy, and he may be blest.  
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;  
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.  
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee  
From a maid in the pride of her purity;  
And the Power on high, that can shield the good  
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,  
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well  
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.  
I come — and if I come in vain,  
Never, oh never, we meet again!  
Thou hast done a fearful deed  
In falling away from thy fathers' creed:

But dash that turban to earth, and sign  
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;  
Wring the black drop from thy heart,  
And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal-couch be spread?  
In the midst of the dying and the dead?  
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame  
The sons and shrines of the Christian name.  
None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,  
Shall be left upon the morn:  
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,  
Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.  
There thou yet shall be my bride,  
When once again I've quell'd the pride  
Of Venice: and her hated race  
Have felt the arm they would debase  
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those  
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own —  
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,  
And shot a chillness to his heart,  
Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.  
Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,  
He could not lose him from its hold:  
But never did clasp of one so dear  
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,  
As those thin fingers, long and white,  
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.  
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,  
As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,  
So deeply changed from what he knew:  
Fair but faint — without the ray  
Of mind, that made each feature play  
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;  
And her motionless lips lay still as death,  
And her words came forth without her breath,  
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,  
And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.  
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,  
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd  
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem  
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream:  
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,  
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,  
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,  
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;  
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down  
From the shadowy wall where their images frown;  
Fearfully flitting to and fro,

As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.  
"If not for the love of me be given  
Thus much, then, for the love of Heaven, —  
Again I say — that turban tear  
From off thy faithless brow, and swear  
Thine injured country's sons to spare,  
Or thou art lost; and never shalt see —  
Not earth — that's past — but heaven or me.  
If this thou dost accord, albeit  
A heavy doom 'tis thine to me,  
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,  
And mercy's gate may receive within;  
But pause one moment more, and take  
The curse of Him thou didst forsake;  
And look once more to heaven, and see  
Its love for ever shut from thee.  
There is a light cloud by the moon — [7]  
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon —  
If, by the time its vapoury sail  
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,  
Thy heart within thee is not changed,  
Then God and man are both avenged;  
Dark will thy doom be, darker still  
Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high  
The sign she spake of in the sky;  
But his heart was swell'n, and turn'd aside,  
By deep interminable pride.  
This first false passion of his breast  
Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.  
He sue for mercy! He dismay'd  
By wild words of a timid maid!  
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save  
Her sons, devoted to the grave!  
No — though that cloud were thunder's worst,  
And charged to crush him — let it burst!  
He look'd upon it earnestly,  
Without an accent of reply;  
He watch'd it passing: it is flown:  
Full on his eye the clear moon shone.  
And thus he spake — "Whate'er my fate,  
I am no changeling — 'tis too late:  
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,  
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.  
What Venice made me, I must be,  
Her foe in all, save love to thee:  
But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"  
He turn'd, but she is gone!  
Nothing is there but the column stone.  
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?  
He saw not — he knew not — but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun  
As if that morn were a jocund one.  
Lightly and brightly breaks away  
The Morning from her mantle gray,  
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.  
Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,  
And the clash and the shout, "They come, they come!"  
The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword  
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.  
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,  
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;  
Mount ye, spur ye, skirt the plain,  
That the fugitive may flee in vain,  
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,  
Aged or young in Christian shape;  
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,  
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.  
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;  
Curved is each neck, and flowing each main;  
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:  
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;  
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,  
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:  
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;  
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,  
So is the blade of his scimitar;  
The khan and the pachas are all at their post:  
The vizier himself at the head of the host.  
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;  
Leave not in Corinth a living one —  
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,  
A hearth in her mansions, a stone in her walls.  
God and the prophet — Allah Hu!  
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!

"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale  
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?  
He who first downs with the red cross may crave  
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"  
Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;  
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,  
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire: —  
Silence — hark to the signal — fire!

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go  
On the stately buffalo,  
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,  
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,  
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high  
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die;  
Thus against the wall they went,  
Thus the first were backward bent;  
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,  
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,  
Shiver'd by the shot, that tore  
The ground whereon they moved no more:  
Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,  
When is work is done on the levell'd plain;  
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy splash,  
From the cliffs invading dash  
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,  
Till white and thundering down they go,  
Like the avalanche's snow  
On the Alpine vales below;  
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,  
Corinth's sons were downward borne  
By the long and oft-renew'd  
Charge of the Moslem multitude.  
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,  
Heap'd, by the host of the infidel,  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:  
Nothing there, save death, was mute;  
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry  
For quarter, or for victory,  
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,  
Which makes the distant cities wonder  
How the sounding battle goes,  
If with them, or for their foes;  
If they must mourn, or may rejoice  
In that annihilating voice,  
Which pierces the deep hills through and through  
With an echo dread and new:  
You might have heard it, on that day,  
O'er Salamis and Megara;  
(We have heard the hearers say,)  
Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,  
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt:

But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun  
And all but the after carnage done.  
Shriller shrieks now mingling come  
From within the plunder'd dome:  
Hark to the haste of flying feet,  
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;  
But here and there, where 'vantage ground  
Against the foe may still be found,  
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,  
Make a pause, and turn again —  
With banded backs against the wall,  
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man — his hairs were white,  
But his veteran arm was full of might:  
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,  
The dead before him on that day,  
In a semicircle lay;  
Still he combated unwounded,  
Though retreating, unsurrounded.  
Many a scar of former fight  
Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright;  
But of every wound his body bore,  
Each and all had been ta'en before:  
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,  
Few of our youth could cope with him;  
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,  
Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver gray.  
From right to left his sabre swept:  
Many an Othman mother wept  
Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd  
His weapon first in Moslem gore,  
Ere his years could count a score.  
Of all he might have been the sire  
Who fell that day beneath his ire:  
For, sonless left long years ago,  
His wrath made many a childless foe;  
And since the day, when in the strait [8]  
His only boy had met his fate,  
His parent's iron hand did doom  
More than a human hecatomb.  
If shades by carnage be appeased,  
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased  
Than his, Minotti's son, who died  
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide,  
Buried he lay, where thousands before  
For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore;  
What of them is left, to tell  
Where they lie, and how they fell?  
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;  
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout! a band  
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand:  
Their leader's nervous arm is bare,  
Swifter to smite, and never to spare —  
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;  
Thus in the fight is he ever known:  
Others a gaudier garb may show,  
To them the spoil of the greedy foe;  
Many a hand's on a richer hilt,  
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;  
Many a loftier turban may wear, —  
Alp is but known by the white arm bare;  
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!  
There is not a standard on the shore  
So well advanced the ranks before;  
There is not a banner in Moslem war  
Will lure the Delis half so far;  
It glances like a falling star!  
Where'er that mighty arm is seen,  
The bravest be, or late have been;  
There the craven cries for quarter  
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;  
Or the hero, silent lying,  
Scorns to yield a groan in dying;  
Mustering his last feeble blow  
'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,  
Though faint beneath the mutual wound,  
Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,  
And Alp's career a moment check'd.  
"Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,  
For thine own, thy daughter's sake."

"Never, renegado, never!  
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."

"Francesca! — oh, my promised bride:  
Must she too perish by thy pride?"

"She is safe." — "Where? where?" — "In heaven;  
From whence thy traitor soul is driven —  
Far from thee, and undefiled."  
Grimly then Minotti smiled,  
As he saw Alp staggering bow  
Before his words, as with a blow.

"O God! when died she?" — "Yesternight —



Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:  
None of my pure race shall be  
Slaves to Mohammed and thee —  
Come on!" That challenge is in vain —  
Alp's already with the slain!

While Minotti's words were wreaking  
More revenge in bitter speaking  
Than his falchion's point had found,  
Had the time allow'd to wound,  
From within the neighbouring porch  
Of a long-defended church,  
Where the last and desperate few  
Would the failing fight renew,  
The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground;  
Ere an eye could view the wound  
That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,  
Round he spun, and down he fell;  
A flash like fire within his eyes  
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,  
And then eternal darkness sunk  
Through all the palpitating trunk;  
Nought of life left, save a quivering  
Where his limbs were slightly shivering:  
They turn'd him on his back; his breast  
And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,  
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,  
From its deep veins lately loosed;  
But in his pulse there was no throb,  
Nor on his lips one dying sob;  
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath  
Heralded his way to death:  
Ere his very thought could pray,  
Unanel'd he pass'd away,  
Without a hope from mercy's aid, —  
To the last — a Renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose  
Of his followers, and his foes;  
These in joy, in fury those:  
Then again in conflict mixing,  
Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,  
Interchanged the blow and thrust,  
Hurling warriors in the dust.  
Street by street, and foot by foot,  
Still Minotti dares dispute  
The latest portion of the land  
Left beneath his high command;  
With him, aiding heart and hand,  
The remnant of his gallant band.

Still the church is tenable,  
Whence issued the fated ball  
That half avenged the city's fall,  
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell:  
Thither bending sternly back,  
They leave before a bloody track;  
And, with their faces to the foe,  
Dealing wounds with every blow,  
The chief, and his retreating train,  
Join to those within the fane;  
There they yet may breathe awhile,  
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,  
With added ranks and raging boast,  
Press onwards with such strength and heat,  
Their numbers balk their own retreat;  
For narrow the way that led to the spot  
Where still the Christians yielded not;  
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try  
Through the massy column to turn and fly;  
They perforce must do or die.  
They die: but ere their eyes could close,  
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;  
Fresh and furious, fast they fill  
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still:  
And faint the weary Christians wax  
Before the still renew'd attacks:  
And now the Othmans gain the gate;  
Still resists its iron weight,  
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,  
From every crevice comes the shot;  
From every shatter'd window pour  
The volleys of the sulphurous shower:  
But the portal wavering grows and weak —  
The iron yields, the hinges creak —  
It bends — and falls — and all is o'er;  
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

Dark, sternly, and all alone,  
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone:  
Madonna's face upon him shone,  
Painted in heavenly hues above,  
With eyes of light and looks of love;  
And placed upon that holy shrine  
To fix our thoughts on things divine,  
When pictured there we kneeling see  
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,

Smiling sweetly on each prayer  
To heaven, as if to waft it there.  
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,  
Though slaughter streams along her aisles:  
Minotti lifted his aged eye,  
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,  
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;  
And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,  
Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone  
Contain'd the dead of ages gone:  
Their names were on the graven floor,  
But now illegible with gore;  
The carved crests, and curious hues  
The varied marble's veins diffuse,  
Were smear'd, and slippery — stain'd, and strown  
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown:  
There were dead above, and the dead below  
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row;  
You might see them piled in sable state,  
By a pale light through a gloomy grate:  
But War had enter'd their dark caves,  
And stored along the vaulted graves  
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread  
In masses by the fleshless dead:  
Here, throughout the siege, had been  
The Christians' chiefest magazine;  
To these a late-form'd train now led,  
Minotti's last and stern resource,  
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain  
To strive, and those must strive in vain:  
For lack of further lives, to slake  
The thirst of vengeance now awake,  
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,  
And lop the already lifeless head,  
And fell the statues from their niche,  
And spoil the shrine of offerings rich,  
And from each other's rude hands wrest  
The silver vessels saints had bless'd.  
To the high altar on they go;  
Oh, but it made a glorious show!  
On its table still behold  
The cup of consecrated gold;  
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,  
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:

That morn it held the holy wine,  
Converted by Christ to His blood so divine,  
Which His worshippers drank at the break of day  
To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray,  
Still a few drops within it lay;  
And round the sacred table glow  
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,  
From the purest metal cast;  
A spoil — the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd  
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd  
When old Minotti's hand  
Touch'd with a torch the train —  
'Tis fired!  
Spire, vaults, and shrine, the spoil, the slain,  
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,  
All that of living or dead remain,  
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,  
In one wild roar expired!  
The shatter'd town — the walls thrown down —  
The waves a moment backward bent —  
The hills that shake, although unrent,  
As if an earthquake pass'd —  
The thousand shapeless things all driven  
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,  
By that tremendous blast —  
Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er  
On that too long afflicted shore!  
Up to the sky like rockets go  
All that mingled there below:  
Many a tall and goodly man,  
Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,  
When he fell to earth again  
Like a cinder strew'd the plain:  
Down the ashes shower like rain;  
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles  
With a thousand circling wrinkles;  
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,  
Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay;  
Christian or Moslem, which be they?  
Let their mothers see and say!  
When in cradled rest they lay,  
And each nursing mother smiled  
On the sweet sleep of her child,  
Little deem'd she such a day  
Would rend those tender limbs away.  
Not the matrons that them bore  
Could discern their offspring more;  
That one moment left no trace

More of human form or face  
 Save a scatter'd scalp or bone:  
 And down came blazing rafters, strown  
 Around, and many a falling stone,  
 Deeply dinted in the clay,  
 All blacken'd there and reeking lay.  
 All the living things that heard  
 That deadly earth-shock disappear'd.  
 The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,  
 And howling left the unburied dead;  
 The camels from their keepers broke;  
 The distant steer forsook the yoke —  
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,  
 And burst his girth, and tore his rein;  
 The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,  
 Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;  
 The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill  
 Where echo roll'd in thunder still;  
 The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry, [8]  
 Bay'd from afar complainingly,  
 With mix'd and mournful sound,  
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound:  
 With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,  
 The eagle left his rocky nest,  
 And mounted nearer to the sun,  
 The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun  
 Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,  
 And made him higher soar and shriek —  
 Thus was Corinth lost and won!

(1) Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11; and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different; that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poro, &c. and the coast of the continent.

(2) of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in  
 [sic. Transcriber's note: this is all that appears of Byron's note in the edition from which I am rendering this electronic text.]

(3) The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

(4) This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorous in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's Travels. The bodies were probably those of some refractory

Janizaries.

(5) This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mohammed will draw them into paradise by it.

(6) I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr Coleridge, called "Christabel." It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited: and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

(7) I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it: but it is not original — at least not mine; it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-184 of the English version of "Vathek" (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.

(8) I believe I have taken a poetical license to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins, and follow armies.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## The Tear

When Friendship or Love  
Our sympathies move;  
When Truth, in a glance, should appear,  
The lips may beguile,  
With a dimple or smile,  
But the test of affection's a Tear:

Too oft is a smile  
But the hypocrite's wile,  
To mask detestation, or fear;  
Give me the soft sigh,  
Whilst the soultelling eye  
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear:

Mild Charity's glow,  
To us mortals below,  
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;  
Compassion will melt,  
Where this virtue is felt,  
And its dew is diffused in a Tear:

The man, doom'd to sail  
With the blast of the gale,  
Through billows Atlantic to steer,  
As he bends o'er the wave  
Which may soon be his grave,  
The green sparkles bright with a Tear;

The Soldier braves death  
For a fanciful wreath  
In Glory's romantic career;  
But he raises the foe  
When in battle laid low,  
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If, with high-bounding pride,  
He return to his bride!  
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;  
All his toils are repaid  
When, embracing the maid,  
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth!  
Seat of Friendship and Truth,  
Where Love chas'd each fast-fleeting year  
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,  
For a last look I turn'd,  
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear:

Though my vows I can pour,  
To my Mary no more,  
My Mary, to Love once so dear,

In the shade of her bow'r,  
I remember the hour,  
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest,  
May she live ever blest!  
Her name still my heart must revere:  
With a sigh I resign,  
What I once thought was mine,  
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,  
Ere from you I depart,  
This hope to my breast is most near:  
If again we shall meet,  
In this rural retreat,  
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight  
To the regions of night,  
And my corse shall recline on its bier;  
As ye pass by the tomb,  
Where my ashes consume,  
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## The Vision of Judgment

The Vision of Judgment  
(notes)

BY

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WAT TYLER'

'A Daniel come to judgment! yes a Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew for teaching me that word.'

### PREFACE

It hath been wisely said, that 'One fool makes many;' and it hath been poetically observed —

'That fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' - Pope

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be worse. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegado intolerance, and impious cant, of the poem by the author of 'Wat Tyler,' are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself — containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem — a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed 'Satanic School,' the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels, the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists anywhere, except in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have 'talked of him; for they have laughed consumedly.'

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures, in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of 'Wat Tyler'?

2ndly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3rdly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full Parliament, 'a rancorous renegado'?

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

And 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding, its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the motive, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the 'Anti-jacobin,' by his present patrons. Hence all this 'skimble-scamble stuff' about 'Satanic,' and so forth. However, it is worthy of him — 'qualis ab incepto.'

If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for aught that the writer cared — had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king, — inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France, — like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new 'Vision,' his public career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expense to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

#### QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS

P.S. — It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this 'Vision.' But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's 'Journey from the World to the next,' and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not 'like a school-divine,' but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's 'Wife of Bath,' Pulci's 'Morgante Maggiore,' Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,' and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q.R.

\*\*\* Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will be in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously 'one Mr. Landor,' who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the

strength of a poem called 'Gebir.' Who could suppose, that in this same Gebir the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven, — yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide) —

'Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch  
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?  
Listen! him yonder who, bound down supine,  
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.  
He too amongst my ancestors! I hate  
The despot, but the dastard I despise.  
Was he our countryman?'  
'Alas, O king!  
Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst  
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east.'  
'He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?'  
'Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,  
Though them indeed his daily face adored:  
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives  
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,  
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice —  
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!'

Gebir, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of 'great moral lessons' are apt to be found in strange company.

I

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:  
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,  
So little trouble had been given of late;  
Not that the place by any means was full,  
But since the Gallic era 'eight-eight'  
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,  
And 'a pull altogether,' as they say  
At sea — which drew most souls another way.

II

The angels all were singing out of tune,  
And hoarse with having little else to do,

Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,  
Or curb a runaway young star or two,  
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon  
Broke out of bounds o'er th' ethereal blue,  
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,  
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

### III

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,  
Finding their charges past all care below;  
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky  
Save the recording angel's black bureau;  
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply  
With such rapidity of vice and woe,  
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,  
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

### IV

His business so augmented of late years,  
That he was forced, against his will no doubt,  
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)  
For some resource to turn himself about,  
And claim the help of his celestial peers,  
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out  
By the increased demand for his remarks:  
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

### V

This was a handsome board — at least for heaven;  
And yet they had even then enough to do,  
So many conqueror's cars were daily driven,  
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;  
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,  
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,  
They threw their pens down in divine disgust —  
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

### VI

This by the way: 'tis not mine to record  
What angels shrink from: even the very devil  
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,  
So surfeited with the infernal revel:  
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,  
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.  
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion —  
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

### VII

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,  
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,  
And heaven none — they form the tyrant's lease,  
With nothing but new names subscribed upon't;  
'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,  
'With seven heads and ten horns,' and all in front,  
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born  
Less formidable in the head than horn.

#### VIII

In the first year of freedom's second dawn  
Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one  
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn  
Left him nor mental nor external sun:  
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,  
A worse king never left a realm undone!  
He died — but left his subjects still behind,  
One half as mad — and t'other no less blind.

#### IX

He died! his death made no great stir on earth:  
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion  
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth  
Of aught but tears — save those shed by collusion.  
For these things may be bought at their true worth;  
Of elegy there was the due infusion —  
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,  
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

#### X

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all  
The fools who flack's to swell or see the show,  
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral  
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.  
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;  
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,  
It seamed the mockery of hell to fold  
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

#### XI

So mix his body with the dust! It might  
Return to what it must far sooner, were  
The natural compound left alone to fight  
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;  
But the unnatural balsams merely blight  
What nature made him at his birth, as bare  
As the mere million's base unmarried clay —

Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII

He's dead — and upper earth with him has done;  
He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,  
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone  
For him, unless he left a German will:  
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?  
In whom his qualities are reigning still,  
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,  
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII

'God save the king!' It is a large economy  
In God to save the like; but if he will  
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I  
Of those who think damnation better still:  
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I  
In this small hope of bettering future ill  
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV

I know this is unpopular; I know  
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damned  
For hoping no one else may ever be so;  
I know my catechism; I know we're caromed  
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;  
I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,  
And that the other twice two hundred churches  
And synagogues have made a damn'd bad purchase.

XV

God help us all! God help me too! I am,  
God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,  
And not a whit more difficult to damn,  
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,  
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;  
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,  
As one day will be that immortal fry  
Of almost everybody born to die.

XVI

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came  
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late —  
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;

In short, a roar of things extremely great,  
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;  
But he, with first a start and then a wink,  
Said, 'There's another star gone out, I think!'

XVII

But ere he could return to his repose,  
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes —  
At which St. Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose:  
'Saint porter,' said the angel, 'prithee rise!'  
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows  
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;  
To which the saint replied, 'Well, what's the matter?  
'Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?'

XVIII

'No,' quoth the cherub; 'George the Third is dead.'  
'And who is George the Third?' replied the apostle;  
'What George? what Third?' 'The king of England,' said  
The angel. 'Well, he won't find kings to jostle  
Him on his way; but does he wear his head?  
Because the last we saw here had a tussle,  
And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,  
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.'

XIX

'He was, if I remember, king of France;  
That head of his, which could not keep a crown  
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance  
A claim to those of martyrs — like my own:  
If I had had my sword, as I had once  
When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;  
But having but my keys, and not my brand,  
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.'

XX

'And then he set up such a headless howl,  
That all the saints came out and took him in;  
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;  
That fellow Paul— the parvenu! The skin  
Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his cowl  
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,  
So as to make a martyr, never sped  
Better than did this weak and wooden head.'

XXI

'But had it come up here upon its shoulders,

There would have been a different tale to tell;  
The fellow-feeling in the saint's beholders  
Seems to have acted on them like a spell,  
And so this very foolish head heaven solders  
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,  
And seems the custom here to overthrow  
Whatever has been wisely done below.'

## XXII

The angel answer'd, 'Peter! do not pout:  
The king who comes has head and all entire,  
And never knew much what it was about —  
He did as doth the puppet — by its wire,  
And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:  
My business and your own is not to inquire  
Into such matters, but to mind our cue —  
Which is to act as we are bid to do.'

## XXIII

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,  
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,  
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan  
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,  
Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man  
With an old soul, and both extremely blind,  
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud  
Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud.

## XXIV

But bringing up the rear of this bright host  
A Spirit of a different aspect waves  
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;  
His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd;  
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved  
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,  
And where he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

## XXV

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate  
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,  
With such a glance of supernatural hate,  
As made Saint Peter wish himself within;  
He potter'd with his keys at a great rate,  
And sweated through his apostolic skin:  
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,  
Or some such other spiritual liquor.



XXIV

The very cherubs huddled all together,  
Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt  
A tingling to the top of every feather,  
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt  
Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither  
His guards had led him, though they gently dealt  
With royal manes (for by many stories,  
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories.)

XXVII

As things were in this posture, the gate flew  
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges  
Flung over space an universal hue  
Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges  
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new  
Aurora borealis spread its fringes  
O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,  
By Captain Parry's crew, in 'Melville's Sound.'

XXVIII

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming  
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,  
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming  
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:  
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming  
With earthly likenesses, for here the night  
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving  
Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX

'Twas the archangel Michael; all men know  
The make of angels and archangels, since  
There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,  
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince;  
There also are some altar-pieces, though  
I really can't say that they much evince  
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;  
But let the connoisseurs explain their merits.

XXX

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;  
A goodly work of him from whom all glory  
And good arise; the portal past — he stood;  
Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary —  
(I say young, begging to be understood  
By looks, not years; and should be very sorry

To state, they were not older than St. Peter,  
But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter.

XXXI

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before  
That arch-angelic Hierarchy, the first  
Of essences angelical, who wore  
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed  
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core  
No thought, save for his Master's service, durst  
Intrude, however glorified and high;  
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met —  
They knew each other both for good and ill;  
Such was their power, that neither could forget  
His former friend and future foe; but still  
There was a high, immortal, proud regret  
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will  
Than destiny to make the eternal years  
Their date of war, and their 'champ clos' the spheres.

XXXIII

But here they were in neutral space: we know  
From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay  
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;  
And that the 'sons of God', like those of clay,  
Must keep him company; and we might show  
From the same book, in how polite a way  
The dialogue is held between the Powers  
Of Good and Evil — but 'twould take up hours.

XXXIV

And this is not a theologic tract,  
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,  
If Job be allegory or a fact,  
But a true narrative; and thus I pick  
From out the whole but such and such an act  
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.  
'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,  
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV

The spirits were in neutral space, before  
The gates of heaven; like eastern thresholds is  
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,

And souls despatch'd to that world or to this;  
And therefore Michael and the other wore  
A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,  
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness  
There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,  
But with a graceful Oriental bend,  
Pressing one radiant arm just where below  
The heart in good men is supposed to tend;  
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,  
But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend  
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian  
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII

He merely bent his diabolic brow  
An instant; and then raising it, he stood  
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show  
Cause why King George by no means could or should  
Make out a case to be exempt from woe  
Eternal, more than other kings, endued  
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,  
Who long have 'paved hell with their good intentions.'

XXXVIII

Michael began: 'What wouldst thou with this man,  
Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill  
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,  
That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,  
If it be just: if in this earthly span  
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil  
His duties as a king and mortal, say,  
And he is thine; if not, let him have way.'

XXXIX

'Michael!' replied the Prince of Air, 'even here,  
Before the Gate of him thou servest, must  
I claim my subject: and will make appear  
That as he was my worshipper in dust,  
So shall he be in spirit, although dear  
To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust  
Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne  
He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL

'Look to our earth, or rather mine; it was,  
Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not  
In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!  
Need he thou servest envy me my lot:  
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass  
In worship round him, he may have forgot  
Yon weak creation of such paltry things;  
I think few worth damnation save their kings, —

XLI

'And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to  
Assert my right as lord: and even had  
I such an inclination, 'twere (as you  
Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,  
That hell has nothing better left to do  
Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad  
And evil by their own internal curse,  
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII

'Look to the earth, I said, and say again:  
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm  
Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,  
The world and he both wore a different form,  
And must of earth and all the watery plain  
Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm  
His isles had floated on the abyss of time;  
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII

'He came to his sceptre young: he leaves it old:  
Look to the state in which he found his realm,  
And left it; and his annals too behold,  
How to a minion first he gave the helm;  
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,  
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm  
The meanest of hearts; and for the rest, but glance  
Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV

'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last  
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool  
So let him be consumed. From out the past  
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule  
Of monarchs — from the bloody rolls amass'd  
Of sin and slaughter — from the Cæsar's school,  
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign  
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain.

XLV

'He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:  
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,  
So that they utter'd the word "Liberty!"  
Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose  
History was ever stain'd as his will be  
With national and individual woes?  
I grant his household abstinence; I grant  
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI

'I know he was a constant consort; own  
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.  
All this is much, and most upon a throne;  
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,  
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.  
I grant him all the kindest can accord;  
And this was well for him, but not for those  
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII

'The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans  
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not  
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones  
To all his vices, without what begot  
Compassion for him — his tame virtues; drones  
Who sleep, or despots who have not forgot  
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake  
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII

'Five millions of the primitive, who hold  
The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored  
A part of that vast all they held of old, —  
Freedom to worship — not alone your Lord,  
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold  
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd  
The foe to Catholic participation  
In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX

'True! he allow'd them to pray God; but as  
A consequence of prayer, refused the law  
Which would have placed them upon the same base  
With those who did not hold the saints in awe.'  
But here Saint Peter started from his place,

And cried, 'You may the prisoner withdraw:  
Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,  
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L

'Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange  
My office (and his no sinecure)  
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range  
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!  
'Saint!' replied Satan, 'you do well to avenge  
The wrongs he made your satellites endure;  
And if to this exchange you should be given,  
I'll try to coax our Cerberus up to heaven!'

LI

Here Michael interposed: 'Good saint! and devil!  
Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.  
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil!  
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,  
And condescension to the vulgar's level:  
Event saints sometimes forget themselves in session.  
Have you got more to say?' — 'No.' — If you please  
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses.'

LII

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,  
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities  
Clouds farther off than we can understand,  
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;  
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land  
In all the planets, and hell's batteries  
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions  
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls  
As have the privilege of their damnation  
Extended far beyond the mere controls  
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station  
Is theirs particularly in the rolls  
Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination  
Or business carries them in search of game,  
They may range freely — being damn'd the same.

LIV

They're proud of this — as very well they may,  
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key

Stuck in their loins; or like to an 'entré'  
Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.  
I borrow my comparisons from clay,  
Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be  
Offended with such base low likenesses;  
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell —  
About ten million times the distance reckon'd  
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell  
How much time it takes up, even to a second,  
For every ray that travels to dispel  
The fogs of London, through which, dimly beacon'd,  
The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,  
If that the summer is not too severe;

LVI

I say that I can tell — 'twas half a minute;  
I know the solar beams take up more time  
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;  
But then their telegraph is less sublime,  
And if they ran a race, they would not win it  
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own clime.  
The sun takes up some years for every ray  
To reach its goal — the devil not half a day.

LVII

Upon the verge of space, about the size  
Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd  
(I've seen a something like it in the skies  
In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd,  
And growing bigger, took another guise;  
Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,  
Or was steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar  
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer; —

LVIII

But take your choice): and then it grew a cloud;  
And so it was — a cloud of witnesses.  
But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd  
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these;  
They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud  
And varied cries were like those of wild geese  
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose),  
And realised the phrase of 'hell broke loose.'

LIX

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,  
Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:  
There Paddy brogued, 'By Jasus!' — 'What's your wull?'  
The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost swore  
In certain terms I shan't translate in full,  
As the first coachman will; and 'midst the roar,  
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,  
'Our president is going to war, I guess.'

LX

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;  
In short, an universal shoal of shades,  
From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,  
Of all climes and professions, years and trades,  
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,  
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:  
All summon'd by this grand 'subpoena,' to  
Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,  
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,  
He turn'd all colours — as a peacock's tail,  
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight  
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,  
Or distant lightning on the horizon by night,  
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review  
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII

Then he address'd himself to Satan: 'Why —  
My good old friend, for such I deem you, though  
Our different parties make us fight so shy,  
I ne'er mistake you for a personal foe;  
Our difference is political, and I  
Trust that, whatever may occur below,  
You know my great respect for you; and this  
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss —

LXIII

'Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse  
My call for witnesses? I did not mean  
That you should half of earth and hell produce;  
'Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clean  
True testimonies are enough: we lose  
Our time, nay, our eternity, between  
The accusation and defence: if we



Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality.'

LXIV

Satan replied, 'To me the matter is  
Indifferent, in a personal point of view;  
I can have fifty better souls than this  
With far less trouble than we have gone through  
Already; and I merely argued his  
Late majesty of Britain's case with you  
Upon a point of form: you may dispose  
Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!'

LXV

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd 'multifaced'  
By multo-scribbling Southey). 'Then we'll call  
One or two persons of the myriads placed  
Around our congress, and dispense with all  
The rest,' quoth Michael: 'Who may be so graced  
As to speak first? there's choice enough — who shall  
It be?' Then Satan answer'd, 'There are many;  
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any.'

LXVI

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite  
Upon the instant started from the throng,  
Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;  
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long  
By people in the next world; where unite  
All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,  
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,  
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds  
Assembled, and exclaim'd, 'My friends of all  
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds;  
So let's to business: why this general call?  
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,  
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,  
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!  
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?'

LXVIII

'Sir,' replied Michael, 'you mistake; these things  
Are of a former life, and what we do  
Above is more august; to judge of kings  
Is the tribunal met: so now you know.'

'Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,'  
Said Wilkes, 'are cherubs; and that soul below  
Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind  
A good deal older — Bless me! is he blind?'

LXIX

'He is what you behold him, and his doom  
Depends upon his deeds,' the Angel said;  
'If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb  
Give licence to the humblest beggar's head  
To lift itself against the loftiest.' — 'Some,'  
Said Wilkes, 'don't wait to see them laid in lead,  
For such a liberty — and I, for one,  
Have told them what I thought beneath the sun.'

LXX

'Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast  
To urge against him,' said the Archangel. 'Why,'  
Replied the spirit, 'since old scores are past,  
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.  
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,  
With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky  
I don't like ripping up old stories, since  
His conduct was but natural in a prince.'

LXXI

'Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress  
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;  
But then I blame the man himself much less  
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling  
To see him punish'd here for their excess,  
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in  
Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,  
And vote his "habeas corpus" into heaven.'

LXXII

'Wilkes,' said the Devil, 'I understand all this;  
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,  
And seem to think it would not be amiss  
To grow a whole one on the other side  
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that his  
Reign is concluded; whatso'er betide,  
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your labor,  
For at the best he will be but your neighbour.'

LXXIII

'However, I knew what to think of it,

When I beheld you in your jesting way,  
Flitting and whispering round about the spit  
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,  
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,  
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:  
That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;  
I'll have him gagg'd — 'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV

'Call Junius!' From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,  
And at the same there was a general squeeze,  
So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd  
In comfort, at their own aërial ease,  
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,  
As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,  
Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,  
Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV

The shadow came — a tall, thin, grey-hair'd figure,  
That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;  
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,  
But nought to mar its breeding or its birth;  
Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,  
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;  
But as you gazed upon its features, they  
Changed every instant — to what, none could say.

LXXVI

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less  
Could they distinguish whose the features were;  
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;  
They varied like a dream — now here, now there;  
And several people swore from out the press  
They knew him perfectly; and one could swear  
He was his father: upon which another  
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII

Another, that he was a duke, or a knight,  
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight  
Mysterious changed his countenance at least  
As oft as they their minds; though in full sight  
He stood, the puzzle only was increased;  
The man was a phantasmagoria in  
Himself — he was so volatile and thin.

LXXVIII

The moment that you had pronounce him one,  
Presto! his face change'd and he was another;  
And when that change was hardly well put on,  
It varied, till I don't think his own mother  
(If that he had a mother) would her son  
Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other;  
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,  
At this epistolary 'Iron Mask.'

LXXIX

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem —  
'Three gentlemen at once' (as sagely says  
Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem  
That he was not even one; now many rays  
Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam  
Hid him from sight — like fogs on London days:  
Now Burke, now Tooke he grew to people's fancies,  
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX

I've an hypothesis — 'tis quite my own;  
I never let it out till now, for fear  
Of doing people harm about the throne,  
And injuring some minister or peer,  
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown;  
It is — my gentle public, lend thine ear!  
'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call  
Was really, truly, nobody at all.

LXXXI

I don't see wherefore letters should not be  
Written without hands, since we daily view  
Them written without heads; and books, we see,  
Are fill'd as well without the latter too:  
And really till we fix on somebody  
For certain sure to claim them as his due,  
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother  
The world to say if there be mouth or author.

LXXXII

'And who and what art thou?' the Archangel said.  
'For that you may consult my title-page,'  
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:  
'If I have kept my secret half an age,  
I scarce shall tell it now.' — 'Canst thou upbraid,'  
Continued Michael, 'George Rex, or allege

Aught further?' Junius answer'd, 'You had better  
First ask him for his answer to my letter:

LXXXIII

'My charges upon record will outlast  
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb.'  
'Repent'st thou not,' said Michael, 'of some past  
Exaggeration? something which may doom  
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast  
Too bitter — is it not so? — in thy gloom  
Of passion?' — 'Passion!' cried the phantom dim,  
'I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV

'What I have written, I have written: let  
The rest be on his head or mine!' So spoke  
Old 'Nominis Umbra'; and while speaking yet,  
Away he melted in celestial smoke.  
Then Satan said to Michael, 'Don't forget  
To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,  
And Franklin;' — but at this time was heard  
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid  
Of cherubim appointed to that post,  
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made  
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost  
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,  
'What's this?' cried Michael; 'why, 'tis not a ghost?'  
'I know it,' quoth the incubus; 'but he  
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI

'Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd  
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think  
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.  
But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink  
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),  
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,  
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel —  
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII

'The former is the devil's scripture, and  
The latter yours, good Michael: so the affair  
Belongs to all of us, you understand.

I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,  
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:  
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air —  
At least a quarter it can hardly be:  
I dare say that his wife is still at tea.'

LXXXVIII

Here Satan said, 'I know this man of old,  
And have expected him for some time here;  
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,  
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:  
But surely it was not worth while to fold  
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:  
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored  
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX

'But since he's here, let's see what he has done.'  
'Done!' cried Asmodeus, 'he anticipates  
The very business you are now upon,  
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates,  
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,  
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?'  
'Let's hear,' quoth Michael, 'what he has to say;  
You know we're bound to that in every way.'

XC

Now the bard, glad to get an audience which  
By no means oft was his case below,  
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch  
His voice into that awful note of woe  
To all unhappy hearers within reach  
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;  
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd  
Into recitative, in great dismay  
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard  
To murmur loudly through their long array:  
And Michael rose ere he could get a word  
Of all his founder'd verses under way.  
And cried, 'For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere best —  
Non Di, non homines — you know the rest.'

XCII

A general bustle spread throughout the throng.  
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;  
The angels had of course enough of song  
When upon service; and the generation  
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long  
Before, to profit by a new occasion;  
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, 'What! What!  
Pye come again? No more — no more of that!'

### XCIII

The tumult grew; an universal cough  
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate  
When Castlereagh has been up long enough  
(Before he was first minister of state,  
I mean — the slaves hear now); some cried 'off, off!'  
As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate,  
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose  
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

### XCIV

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;  
A good deal like a vulture in the face,  
With a hook nose and a hawk'd eye, which gave  
A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace  
To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,  
Was by no means so ugly as his case;  
But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,  
Quite a poetic felony, 'de se.'

### XCV

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise  
With one still greater, as is yet the mode  
On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,  
Which now and then will make a slight inroad  
Upon decorous silence, few will twice  
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;  
And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,  
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

### XCVI

He said — (I only give the heads) — he said,  
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way  
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,  
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay  
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),  
And take up rather more time than a day,  
To name his works — he would but cite a few —  
'Wat Tyler' — 'Rhymes on Blenheim' — 'Waterloo.'

### XCVII

He had written praises of a regicide:  
He had written praises of all kings whatever;  
He had written for republics far and wide;  
And then against them bitterer than ever;  
For pantisocracy he once had cried  
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;  
Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin —  
Had turn'd his coat — and would have turn'd his skin.

### XCVIII

He had sung against all battles, and again  
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd  
Reviewing (1)'the ungentle craft,' and then  
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd —  
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men  
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:  
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,  
And more of both than anybody knows.

### XCIX

He had written Wesley's life: — here turning round  
To Satan, 'Sir, I'm ready to write yours,  
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,  
With notes and preface, all that most allures  
The pious purchaser; and there's no ground  
For fear, for I can choose my own reviews:  
So let me have the proper documents,  
That I may add you to my other saints.'

### C

Satan bow'd, and was silent. 'Well, if you,  
With amiable modesty, decline  
My offer, what says Michael? There are few  
Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.  
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new  
As it once was, but I would make you shine  
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own  
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

### CI

'But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!  
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall  
Judge with my judgment, and by my decision  
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.  
I settle all these things by intuition,



Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,  
Like King Alfonso(2). When I thus see double,  
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.'

## CII

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no  
Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,  
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so  
He read the first three lines of the contents;  
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show  
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,  
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,  
Like lightning, off from his 'melodious twang.' (3)

## CIII

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:  
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;  
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;  
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions —  
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,  
And I leave every man to his opinions);  
Michael took refuge in his trump — but, lo!  
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

## CIV

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known  
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,  
And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down;  
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,  
Into his lake, for there he did not drown;  
A different web being by the Destinies  
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er  
Reform shall happen either here or there.

## CV

He first sank to the bottom - like his works,  
But soon rose to the surface — like himself;  
For all corrupted things are bouy'd like corks,(4)  
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,  
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,  
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,  
In his own den, to scrawl some 'Life' or 'Vision,'  
As Welborn says — 'the devil turn'd precisian.'

## CVI

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion  
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone

Which kept my optics free from all delusion,  
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown;  
All I saw farther, in the last confusion,  
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one;  
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,  
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

### Notes

The first publication of this satire on Southey's poem *A Vision of Judgement* was under the nom de plume of *Quevedo Redivivus* in volume number 1 of *The Liberal*, a periodical edited by Leigh Hunt and largely financed by Byron. In the copy of the first volume of *The Liberal* that I have (which appears to be a first edition), there is no preamble but it does appear in later collections and so I have included it for completeness.

Also for the sake of completeness, I have included several footnotes that appear in *The Liberal* but that do not seem to have been carried forward to subsequent collections.

1. See "Life of H Kirk White"
2. King Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean system said, that "had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities."
3. See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared "with a curious perfume and a melodious twang;" or see the *Antiquary*, Vol. I.
4. A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **There Be None of Beauty's Daughters**

There be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like Thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:  
And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep,  
Whose breast is gently heaving  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **There Was A Time, I Need Not Name**

There was a time, I need not name,  
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
When all our feelings were the same  
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue  
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,  
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,  
Unknown, and thus unfelt, by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this---  
To think how all that love hath flown;  
Transient as every faithless kiss,  
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,  
When late I heard thy lips declare,  
In accents once imagined true,  
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!  
Though thou wilt never love again,  
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find  
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
Nor longer shall my soul repine,  
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,  
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Thou Whose Spell Can Raise the Dead

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the prophet's form appear.  
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!  
"King, behold the phantom seer!"  
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.  
Death stood all glassy in the fixed eye:  
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;  
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitterd there,  
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;  
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came.  
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?  
"Who is he that calls the dead?  
"Is it thou, Oh King? Behold  
"Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:  
"Such are mine; and such shall be  
"Thine, to-morrow, when with me:  
"Ere the coming day is done,  
"Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
"Fare thee well, but for a day,  
"Then we mix our mouldering clay.  
"Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,  
"Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
"And the falchion by thy side,  
"To thy heart, thy hand shall guide:  
"Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
"Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **Thy Days Are Done**

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;  
Thy country's strains record  
The triumphs of her chosen Son,  
The slaughter of his sword!  
The deeds he did, the fields he won,  
The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free  
Thou shalt not taste of death!  
The generous blood that flow'd from thee  
Disdain'd to sink beneath:  
Within our veins its currents be,  
Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,  
Shall be the battle-word!  
Thy fall, the theme of choral song  
From virgin voices pour'd!  
To weep would do thy glory wrong:  
Thou shalt not be deplored.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To A Beautiful Quaker

To a Beautiful Quaker

Sweet girl! though only once we met,  
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;  
And though we ne'er may meet again,  
Remembrance will thy form retain.  
I would not say, "I love," but still  
My senses struggle with my will:  
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,  
My thoughts are more and more repress;  
In vain I check the rising sighs,  
Another to the last replies:  
Perhaps this is not love, but yet  
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,  
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke.  
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,  
And tells a tale in never feels;  
Deceit the guilty lips impart,  
And hush the mandates of the heart;  
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,  
Spurn such restraint and scorn disguise.  
As thus our glances oft conversed,  
And all our bosoms felt, rehearsed,  
No spirit, from within, reproved us,  
Say rather, "'twas the spirit moved us."  
Though what they utter'd I repress,  
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess;  
For as on thee my memory ponders,  
Perchance to me thine also wanders.  
This for myself, at least, I'll say,  
Thy form appears through night, through day:  
Awake, with it my fancy teems;  
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;  
The vision charms the hours away,  
And bids me curse Aurora's ray  
For breaking slumbers of delight  
Which make me wish for endless night:  
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,  
Shall joy or woe my steps await,  
Tempted by love, by storms beset,  
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,  
No more former looks repeat;  
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,  
The dictate of my bosom's care:  
"May heaven so guard my lovely quaker,  
That anguish never can o'ertake her;  
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,  
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!

Oh, may the happy mortal, fated  
To be by dearest ties related,  
For her each hour new joys discover,  
And lose the husband in the lover!  
May that fair bosom never know  
What 't is to feel the restless woe  
Which stings the soul with vain regret,  
Of him who never can forget!"

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron



## To A Lady

O! had my Fate been join'd with thine,  
As once this pledge appear'd a token,  
These follies had not, then, been mine,  
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,  
To thee, the wise and old reproving:  
They know my sins, but do not know  
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,  
And all its rising fires could smother;  
But, now, thy vows no more endure,  
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,  
And spoil the blisses that await him;  
Yet let my Rival smile in joy,  
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,  
My heart no more can rest with any;  
But what it sought in thee alone,  
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid!  
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;  
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,  
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,  
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;  
These varied loves, these matrons' fears,  
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures---

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:---  
This cheek, now pale from early riot,  
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,  
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural Scene was sweet,  
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;  
And once my Breast abhorr'd deceit,---  
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But, now, I seek for other joys---  
To think, would drive my soul to madness;  
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,  
I conquer half my Bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,  
In spite of every vain endeavor;

And fiends might pity what I feel---  
To know that thou art lost for ever.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To Caroline

Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,  
Suffus'd in tears, implore to stay;  
And heard unmov'd thy plenteous sighs,  
Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,  
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;  
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast  
Throbb'd, with deep sorrow, as thine own.

But, when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,  
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine;  
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd  
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,  
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame,  
And, as thy tongue essay'd to speak,  
In sighs alone it breath'd my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,  
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;  
Remembrance only can remain,  
But that, will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best belov'd, adieu!  
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret,  
Nor let thy mind past joys review,  
Our only hope is, to forget!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To Eliza

Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect,  
Who to woman deny the soul's future existence!  
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,  
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,  
He ne'er would have woman from paradise driven;  
Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence,  
With woman alone he had peopled his heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,  
Not Content with depriving your bodies of spirit,  
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!-  
With souls you'd dispense; but this last, who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;  
On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncivil;  
Still I Can't contradict, what so oft has been said,  
'Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil.'

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To M

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,  
With bright, but mild affection shine:  
Though they might kindle less desire,  
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,  
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,  
We must admire, but still despair;  
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,  
So much perfection in thee shone,  
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,  
The skies might claim thee for their own.

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,  
Lest angels might dispute the prize,  
She bade a secret lightning lurk,  
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest Sylph appall,  
When gleaming with meridian blaze;  
Thy beauty must enrapture all;  
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair,  
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;  
But they would ne'er permit thee there,  
Who wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,  
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:  
E'en suns, which systems now control,  
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To M. S. G.

Whene'er I view those lips of thine,  
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;  
Yet, I forego that bliss divine,  
Alas! it were---unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,  
How could I dwell upon its snows!  
Yet, is the daring wish repress,  
For that,---would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye  
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;  
Yet, I conceal my love,---and why?  
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou  
Hast seen my ardent flame too well;  
And shall I plead my passion now,  
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,  
United by the priest's decree:  
By any ties but those divine,  
Mine, my belov'd, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,  
Let it consume, thou shalt not know:  
With joy I court a certain doom,  
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortur'd heart,  
By driving dove-ey'd peace from thine;  
Rather than such a sting impart,  
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave  
More than I here shall dare to tell;  
Thy innocence and mine to save,---  
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair  
And hope no more thy soft embrace;  
Which to obtain, my soul would dare,  
All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,  
No matron shall thy shame reprove;  
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,  
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To Mary, On Receiving Her Picture

This faint resemblance of thy charms,  
(Though strong as mortal art could give,)  
My constant heart of fear disarms,  
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here, I can trace the locks of gold  
Which round thy snowy forehead wave;  
The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's mould,  
The lips, which made me Beauty's slave.

Here I can trace---ah, no! that eye,  
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,  
Must all the painter's art defy,  
And bid him from the task retire.

Here, I behold its beauteous hue;  
But where's the beam so sweetly straying,  
Which gave a lustre to its blue,  
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,  
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,  
Than all the living forms could be,  
Save her who plac'd thee next my heart.

She plac'd it, sad, with needless fear,  
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,  
Unconscious that her image there  
Held every sense in fast control.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' time, 'twill cheer---  
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;  
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,  
And meet my fond, expiring gaze.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To Romance

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!  
Auspicious Queen of childish joys,  
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,  
Thy votive train of girls and boys;  
At length, in spells no longer bound,  
I break the fetters of my youth;  
No more I tread thy mystic round,  
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams  
Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,  
Where every nymph a goddess seems,  
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;  
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,  
And all assume a varied hue;  
When Virgins seem no longer vain,  
And even Woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee, but a name,  
And from thy hall of clouds descend?  
Nor find a Sylph in every dame,  
A Pylades in every friend?  
But leave, at once, thy realms of air  
To mingling bands of fairy elves;  
Confess that woman's false as fair,  
And friends have feeling for---themselves?

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway;  
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er;  
No more thy precepts I obey,  
No more on fancied pinions soar;  
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,  
And think that eye to truth was dear;  
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,  
And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,  
Far from thy motley court I fly,  
Where Affectation holds her seat,  
And sickly Sensibility;  
Whose silly tears can never flow  
For any pangs excepting thine;  
Who turns aside from real woe,  
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,  
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,  
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,  
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;  
And call thy sylvan female choir,  
To mourn a Swain for ever gone,  
Who once could glow with equal fire,



But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial Nymphs, whose ready tears  
On all occasions swiftly flow;  
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,  
With fancied flames and phrenzy glow  
Say, will you mourn my absent name,  
Apostate from your gentle train  
An infant Bard, at least, may claim  
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!  
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;  
E'en now the gulf appears in view,  
Where unlamented you must lie:  
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,  
Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,  
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,  
Alas! must perish altogether.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To Thomas Moore

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea;  
But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And, whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on;  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be -peace with thine and mine,  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To Thyrza: And Thou Art Dead

And thou art dead, as young and fair  
As aught of mortal birth;  
And form so soft and charm so rare  
Too soon returned to Earth!  
Though Earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot;  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not:  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved, and long must love,  
Like common earth can rot;  
To me there needs no stone to tell  
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
As fervently as thou,  
Who didst not change through all the past,  
And canst not alter now.  
The love where Death has set his seal  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow:  
And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
Or wrong or change or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
The worst can be but mine:  
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep;  
Nor need I to repine  
That all those charms have passed away  
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatched,  
The leaves must drop away:  
And yet it were a greater grief  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it plucked today;  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade;

The night that followed such a morn  
Had worn a deeper shade:  
Thy day without a cloud hath past,  
And thou wert lovely to the last&mdash;  
Extinguished, not decayed,  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed  
To think I was not near to keep  
One vigil o'er thy bed:  
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head,  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught, except its living years.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## To Time

Time! on whose arbitrary wing  
The varying hours must flag or fly,  
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,  
But drag or drive us on to die---  
Hail thou! who on my birth bestowed  
Those boons to all that know thee known;  
Yet better I sustain thy load,  
For now I bear the weight alone.  
I would not one fond heart should share  
The bitter moments thou hast given;  
And pardon thee---since thou couldst spare  
All that I loved, to peace or Heaven.  
To them be joy or rest---on me  
Thy future ills shall press in vain;  
I nothing owe but years to thee,  
A debt already paid in pain.  
Yet even that pain was some relief;  
It felt, but still forgot thy power:  
The active agony of grief  
Retards, but never counts the hour.  
In joy I've sighed to think thy flight  
Would soon subside from swift to slow;  
Thy cloud could overcast the light,  
But could not add a night to Woe;  
For then, however drear and dark,  
My soul was suited to thy sky;  
One star alone shot forth a spark  
To prove thee---not Eternity.  
That beam hath sunk---and now thou art  
A blank---a thing to count and curse  
Through each dull tedious trifling part,  
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.  
One scene even thou canst not deform---  
The limit of thy sloth or speed  
When future wanderers bear the storm  
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed.  
And I can smile to think how weak  
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,  
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak  
Must fall upon---a nameless stone.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Vision of Judgment, The

### I

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:  
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,  
So little trouble had been given of late;  
Not that the place by any means was full,  
But since the Gallic era 'eight-eight'  
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,  
And 'a pull altogether,' as they say  
At sea — which drew most souls another way.

### II

The angels all were singing out of tune,  
And hoarse with having little else to do,  
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,  
Or curb a runaway young star or two,  
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon  
Broke out of bounds o'er th' ethereal blue,  
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,  
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

### III

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,  
Finding their charges past all care below;  
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky  
Save the recording angel's black bureau;  
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply  
With such rapidity of vice and woe,  
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,  
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

### IV

His business so augmented of late years,  
That he was forced, against his will no doubt,  
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)  
For some resource to turn himself about,  
And claim the help of his celestial peers,  
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out  
By the increased demand for his remarks:  
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

### V

This was a handsome board — at least for heaven;  
And yet they had even then enough to do,  
So many conqueror's cars were daily driven,  
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;  
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,  
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,

They threw their pens down in divine disgust —  
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

## VI

This by the way: 'tis not mine to record  
What angels shrink from: even the very devil  
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,  
So surfeited with the infernal revel:  
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,  
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.  
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion —  
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

## VII

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,  
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,  
And heaven none — they form the tyrant's lease,  
With nothing but new names subscribed upon't;  
'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,  
'With seven heads and ten horns,' and all in front,  
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born  
Less formidable in the head than horn.

## VIII

In the first year of freedom's second dawn  
Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one  
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn  
Left him nor mental nor external sun:  
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,  
A worse king never left a realm undone!  
He died — but left his subjects still behind,  
One half as mad — and t'other no less blind.

## IX

He died! his death made no great stir on earth:  
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion  
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth  
Of aught but tears — save those shed by collusion.  
For these things may be bought at their true worth;  
Of elegy there was the due infusion —  
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,  
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

## X

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all  
The fools who flack's to swell or see the show,  
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral

Made the attraction, and the black the woe.  
There throbbed not there a thought which pierced the pall;  
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,  
It seamed the mockery of hell to fold  
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI

So mix his body with the dust! It might  
Return to what it must far sooner, were  
The natural compound left alone to fight  
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;  
But the unnatural balsams merely blight  
What nature made him at his birth, as bare  
As the mere million's base unmarried clay —  
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII

He's dead — and upper earth with him has done;  
He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,  
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone  
For him, unless he left a German will:  
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?  
In whom his qualities are reigning still,  
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,  
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII

'God save the king!' It is a large economy  
In God to save the like; but if he will  
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I  
Of those who think damnation better still:  
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I  
In this small hope of bettering future ill  
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV

I know this is unpopular; I know  
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damned  
For hoping no one else may ever be so;  
I know my catechism; I know we're caromed  
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;  
I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,  
And that the other twice two hundred churches  
And synagogues have made a damn'd bad purchase.

XV



God help us all! God help me too! I am,  
God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,  
And not a whit more difficult to damn,  
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,  
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;  
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,  
As one day will be that immortal fry  
Of almost everybody born to die.

#### XVI

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came  
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late —  
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;  
In short, a roar of things extremely great,  
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;  
But he, with first a start and then a wink,  
Said, 'There's another star gone out, I think!'

#### XVII

But ere he could return to his repose,  
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes —  
At which St. Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose:  
'Saint porter,' said the angel, 'prithee rise!'  
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows  
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;  
To which the saint replied, 'Well, what's the matter?  
'Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?'

#### XVIII

'No,' quoth the cherub; 'George the Third is dead.'  
'And who is George the Third?' replied the apostle;  
'What George? what Third?' 'The king of England,' said  
The angel. 'Well, he won't find kings to jostle  
Him on his way; but does he wear his head?  
Because the last we saw here had a tussle,  
And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,  
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.'

#### XIX

'He was, if I remember, king of France;  
That head of his, which could not keep a crown  
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance  
A claim to those of martyrs — like my own:  
If I had had my sword, as I had once  
When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;  
But having but my keys, and not my brand,  
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.'

XX

'And then he set up such a headless howl,  
That all the saints came out and took him in;  
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;  
That fellow Paul— the parvenu! The skin  
Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his cowl  
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,  
So as to make a martyr, never sped  
Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI

'But had it come up here upon its shoulders,  
There would have been a different tale to tell;  
The fellow-feeling in the saint's beholders  
Seems to have acted on them like a spell,  
And so this very foolish head heaven solders  
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,  
And seems the custom here to overthrow  
Whatever has been wisely done below.'

XXII

The angel answer'd, 'Peter! do not pout:  
The king who comes has head and all entire,  
And never knew much what it was about —  
He did as doth the puppet — by its wire,  
And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:  
My business and your own is not to inquire  
Into such matters, but to mind our cue —  
Which is to act as we are bid to do.'

XXIII

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,  
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,  
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan  
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,  
Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man  
With an old soul, and both extremely blind,  
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud  
Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud.

XXIV

But bringing up the rear of this bright host  
A Spirit of a different aspect waves  
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;  
His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd;

Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved  
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,  
And where he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate  
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,  
With such a glance of supernatural hate,  
As made Saint Peter wish himself within;  
He potter'd with his keys at a great rate,  
And sweated through his apostolic skin:  
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,  
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXIV

The very cherubs huddled all together,  
Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt  
A tingling to the top of every feather,  
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt  
Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither  
His guards had led him, though they gently dealt  
With royal manes (for by many stories,  
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories.)

XXVII

As things were in this posture, the gate flew  
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges  
Flung over space an universal hue  
Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges  
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new  
Aurora borealis spread its fringes  
O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,  
By Captain Parry's crew, in 'Melville's Sound.'

XXVIII

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming  
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,  
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming  
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:  
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming  
With earthly likenesses, for here the night  
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving  
Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX

'Twas the archangel Michael; all men know  
The make of angels and archangels, since

There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,  
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince;  
There also are some altar-pieces, though  
I really can't say that they much evince  
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;  
But let the connoisseurs explain their merits.

XXX

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;  
A goodly work of him from whom all glory  
And good arise; the portal past — he stood;  
Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary —  
(I say young, begging to be understood  
By looks, not years; and should be very sorry  
To state, they were not older than St. Peter,  
But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter.

XXXI

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before  
That arch-angelic Hierarch, the first  
Of essences angelical, who wore  
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed  
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core  
No thought, save for his Master's service, durst  
Intrude, however glorified and high;  
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met —  
They knew each other both for good and ill;  
Such was their power, that neither could forget  
His former friend and future foe; but still  
There was a high, immortal, proud regret  
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will  
Than destiny to make the eternal years  
Their date of war, and their 'champ clos' the spheres.

XXXIII

But here they were in neutral space: we know  
From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay  
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;  
And that the 'sons of God', like those of clay,  
Must keep him company; and we might show  
From the same book, in how polite a way  
The dialogue is held between the Powers  
Of Good and Evil — but 'twould take up hours.

XXXIV

And this is not a theologic tract,  
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,  
If Job be allegory or a fact,  
But a true narrative; and thus I pick  
From out the whole but such and such an act  
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.  
'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,  
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV

The spirits were in neutral space, before  
The gates of heaven; like eastern thresholds is  
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,  
And souls despatch'd to that world or to this;  
And therefore Michael and the other wore  
A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,  
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness  
There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,  
But with a graceful Oriental bend,  
Pressing one radiant arm just where below  
The heart in good men is supposed to tend;  
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,  
But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend  
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian  
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII

He merely bent his diabolic brow  
An instant; and then raising it, he stood  
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show  
Cause why King George by no means could or should  
Make out a case to be exempt from woe  
Eternal, more than other kings, endued  
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,  
Who long have 'paved hell with their good intentions.'

XXXVIII

Michael began: 'What wouldst thou with this man,  
Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill  
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,  
That thou cans't claim him? Speak! and do thy will,  
If it be just: if in this earthly span  
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil  
His duties as a king and mortal, say,

And he is thine; if not, let him have way.'

XXXIX

'Michael!' replied the Prince of Air, 'even here,  
Before the Gate of him thou servest, must  
I claim my subject: and will make appear  
That as he was my worshipper in dust,  
So shall he be in spirit, although dear  
To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust  
Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne  
He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL

'Look to our earth, or rather mine; it was,  
Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not  
In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!  
Need he thou servest envy me my lot:  
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass  
In worship round him, he may have forgot  
Yon weak creation of such paltry things;  
I think few worth damnation save their kings, —

XLI

'And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to  
Assert my right as lord: and even had  
I such an inclination, 'twere (as you  
Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,  
That hell has nothing better left to do  
Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad  
And evil by their own internal curse,  
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII

'Look to the earth, I said, and say again:  
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm  
Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,  
The world and he both wore a different form,  
And must of earth and all the watery plain  
Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm  
His isles had floated on the abyss of time;  
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII

'He came to his sceptre young: he leaves it old:  
Look to the state in which he found his realm,  
And left it; and his annals too behold,  
How to a minion first he gave the helm;

How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,  
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm  
The meanest of hearts; and for the rest, but glance  
Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV

'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last  
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool  
So let him be consumed. From out the past  
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule  
Of monarchs — from the bloody rolls amass'd  
Of sin and slaughter — from the Cæsar's school,  
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign  
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain.

XLV

'He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:  
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,  
So that they utter'd the word "Liberty!"  
Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose  
History was ever stain'd as his will be  
With national and individual woes?  
I grant his household abstinence; I grant  
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI

'I know he was a constant consort; own  
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.  
All this is much, and most upon a throne;  
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,  
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.  
I grant him all the kindest can accord;  
And this was well for him, but not for those  
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII

'The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans  
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not  
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones  
To all his vices, without what begot  
Compassion for him — his tame virtues; drones  
Who sleep, or despots who have not forgot  
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake  
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII

'Five millions of the primitive, who hold

The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored  
A part of that vast all they held of old, —  
Freedom to worship — not alone your Lord,  
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold  
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd  
The foe to Catholic participation  
In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX

'True! he allow'd them to pray God; but as  
A consequence of prayer, refused the law  
Which would have placed them upon the same base  
With those who did not hold the saints in awe.'  
But here Saint Peter started from his place,  
And cried, 'You may the prisoner withdraw:  
Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,  
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L

'Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange  
My office (and his no sinecure)  
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range  
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!  
'Saint!' replied Satan, 'you do well to avenge  
The wrongs he made your satellites endure;  
And if to this exchange you should be given,  
I'll try to coax our Cerberus up to heaven!'

LI

Here Michael interposed: 'Good saint! and devil!  
Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.  
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil!  
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,  
And condescension to the vulgar's level:  
Event saints sometimes forget themselves in session.  
Have you got more to say?' — 'No.' — If you please  
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses.'

LII

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,  
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities  
Clouds farther off than we can understand,  
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;  
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land  
In all the planets, and hell's batteries  
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions  
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.



LIII

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls  
As have the privilege of their damnation  
Extended far beyond the mere controls  
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station  
Is theirs particularly in the rolls  
Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination  
Or business carries them in search of game,  
They may range freely — being damn'd the same.

LIV

They're proud of this — as very well they may,  
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key  
Stuck in their loins; or like to an 'entré'  
Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.  
I borrow my comparisons from clay,  
Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be  
Offended with such base low likenesses;  
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell —  
About ten million times the distance reckon'd  
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell  
How much time it takes up, even to a second,  
For every ray that travels to dispel  
The fogs of London, through which, dimly beacon'd,  
The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,  
If that the summer is not too severe;

LVI

I say that I can tell — 'twas half a minute;  
I know the solar beams take up more time  
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;  
But then their telegraph is less sublime,  
And if they ran a race, they would not win it  
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own clime.  
The sun takes up some years for every ray  
To reach its goal — the devil not half a day.

LVII

Upon the verge of space, about the size  
Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd  
(I've seen a something like it in the skies  
In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd,  
And growing bigger, took another guise;  
Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,

Or was steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar  
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer; —

LVIII

But take your choice): and then it grew a cloud;  
And so it was — a cloud of witnesses.  
But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd  
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these;  
They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud  
And varied cries were like those of wild geese  
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose),  
And realised the phrase of 'hell broke loose.'

LIX

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,  
Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:  
There Paddy brogued, 'By Jasus!' — 'What's your wull?'  
The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost swore  
In certain terms I shan't translate in full,  
As the first coachman will; and 'midst the roar,  
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,  
'Our president is going to war, I guess.'

LX

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;  
In short, an universal shoal of shades,  
From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,  
Of all climes and professions, years and trades,  
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,  
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:  
All summon'd by this grand 'subpoena,' to  
Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,  
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,  
He turn'd all colours — as a peacock's tail,  
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight  
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,  
Or distant lightning on the horizon by night,  
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review  
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII

Then he address'd himself to Satan: 'Why —  
My good old friend, for such I deem you, though  
Our different parties make us fight so shy,

I ne'er mistake you for a personal foe;  
Our difference is political, and I  
Trust that, whatever may occur below,  
You know my great respect for you; and this  
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss —

LXIII

'Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse  
My call for witnesses? I did not mean  
That you should half of earth and hell produce;  
'Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clean  
True testimonies are enough: we lose  
Our time, nay, our eternity, between  
The accusation and defence: if we  
Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality.'

LXIV

Satan replied, 'To me the matter is  
Indifferent, in a personal point of view;  
I can have fifty better souls than this  
With far less trouble than we have gone through  
Already; and I merely argued his  
Late majesty of Britain's case with you  
Upon a point of form: you may dispose  
Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!'

LXV

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd 'multifaced'  
By multo-scribbling Southey). 'Then we'll call  
One or two persons of the myriads placed  
Around our congress, and dispense with all  
The rest,' quoth Michael: 'Who may be so graced  
As to speak first? there's choice enough — who shall  
It be?' Then Satan answer'd, 'There are many;  
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any.'

LXVI

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite  
Upon the instant started from the throng,  
Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;  
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long  
By people in the next world; where unite  
All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,  
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,  
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds  
Assembled, and exclaim'd, 'My friends of all  
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds;  
So let's to business: why this general call?  
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,  
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,  
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!  
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?'

LXVIII

'Sir,' replied Michael, 'you mistake; these things  
Are of a former life, and what we do  
Above is more august; to judge of kings  
Is the tribunal met: so now you know.'  
'Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,'  
Said Wilkes, 'are cherubs; and that soul below  
Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind  
A good deal older — Bless me! is he blind?'

LXIX

'He is what you behold him, and his doom  
Depends upon his deeds,' the Angel said;  
'If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb  
Give licence to the humblest beggar's head  
To lift itself against the loftiest.' — 'Some,'  
Said Wilkes, 'don't wait to see them laid in lead,  
For such a liberty — and I, for one,  
Have told them what I thought beneath the sun.'

LXX

'Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast  
To urge against him,' said the Archangel. 'Why,'  
Replied the spirit, 'since old scores are past,  
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.  
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,  
With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky  
I don't like ripping up old stories, since  
His conduct was but natural in a prince.'

LXXI

'Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress  
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;  
But then I blame the man himself much less  
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling  
To see him punish'd here for their excess,  
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in  
Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,  
And vote his "habeas corpus" into heaven.'

LXXII

'Wilkes,' said the Devil, 'I understand all this;  
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,  
And seem to think it would not be amiss  
To grow a whole one on the other side  
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that hiis  
Thes  
Reign is concluded; r betide,  
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your labor,  
For at the best he will be but your neighbour.

LXXIII

'However, I knew what to think of it,  
When I beheld you in your jesting way,  
Flitting and whispering round about the spit  
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,  
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,  
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:  
That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;  
I'll have him gagg'd — 'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV

'Call Junius!' From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,  
And at the same there was a general squeeze,  
So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd  
In comfort, at their own aërial ease,  
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,  
As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,  
Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,  
Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV

The shadow came — a tall, thin, grey-hair'd figure,  
That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;  
Quick in it motions, with an air of vigour,  
But nought to mar its breeding or its birth;  
Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,  
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;  
But as you gazed upon its features, they  
Changed every instant — to what, none could say.

LXXVI

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less  
Could they distinguish whose the features were;  
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;  
They varied like a dream — now here, now there;

And several people swore from out the press  
They knew him perfectly; and one could swear  
He was his father: upon which another  
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII

Another, that he was a duke, or a knight,  
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight  
Mysterious changed his countenance at least  
As oft as they their minds; though in full sight  
He stood, the puzzle only was increased;  
The man was a phantasmagoria in  
Himself — he was so volatile and thin.

LXXVIII

The moment that you had pronounce him one,  
Presto! his face change'd and he was another;  
And when that change was hardly well put on,  
It varied, till I don't think his own mother  
(If that he had a mother) would her son  
Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other;  
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,  
At this epistolary 'Iron Mask.'

LXXIX

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem —  
'Three gentlemen at once' (as sagely says  
Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem  
That he was not even one; now many rays  
Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam  
Hid him from sight — like fogs on London days:  
Now Burke, now Tooke he grew to people's fancies,  
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX

I've an hypothesis — 'tis quite my own;  
I never let it out till now, for fear  
Of doing people harm about the throne,  
And injuring some minister or peer,  
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown;  
It is — my gentle public, lend thine ear!  
'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call  
Was really, truly, nobody at all.

LXXXI

I don't see wherefore letters should not be

Written without hands, since we daily view  
Them written without heads; and books, we see,  
Are fill'd as well without the latter too:  
And really till we fix on somebody  
For certain sure to claim them as his due,  
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother  
The world to say if there be mouth or author.

LXXXII

'And who and what art thou?' the Archangel said.  
'For that you may consult my title-page,'  
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:  
'If I have kept my secret half an age,  
I scarce shall tell it now.' — 'Canst thou upbraid,'  
Continued Michael, 'George Rex, or allege  
Aught further?' Junius answer'd, 'You had better  
First ask him for his answer to my letter:

LXXXIII

'My charges upon record will outlast  
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb.'  
'Repent'st thou not,' said Michael, 'of some past  
Exaggeration? something which may doom  
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast  
Too bitter — is it not so? — in thy gloom  
Of passion?' — 'Passion!' cried the phantom dim,  
'I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV

'What I have written, I have written: let  
The rest be on his head or mine!' So spoke  
Old 'Nominis Umbra'; and while speaking yet,  
Away he melted in celestial smoke.  
Then Satan said to Michael, 'Don't forget  
To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,  
And Franklin;' — but at this time was heard  
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid  
Of cherubim appointed to that post,  
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made  
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost  
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,  
'What's this?' cried Michael; 'why, 'tis not a ghost?'  
'I know it,' quoth the incubus; 'but he  
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI

'Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd  
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think  
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.  
But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink  
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),  
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,  
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel —  
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII

'The former is the devil's scripture, and  
The latter yours, good Michael: so the affair  
Belongs to all of us, you understand.  
I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,  
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:  
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air —  
At least a quarter it can hardly be:  
I dare say that his wife is still at tea.'

LXXXVIII

Here Satan said, 'I know this man of old,  
And have expected him for some time here;  
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,  
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:  
But surely it was not worth while to fold  
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:  
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored  
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX

'But since he's here, let's see what he has done.'  
'Done!' cried Asmodeus, 'he anticipates  
The very business you are now upon,  
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates,  
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,  
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?'  
'Let's hear,' quoth Michael, 'what he has to say;  
You know we're bound to that in every way.'

XC

Now the bard, glad to get an audience which  
By no means oft was his case below,  
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch  
His voice into that awful note of woe  
To all unhappy hearers within reach  
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;



But stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd  
Into recitative, in great dismay  
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard  
To murmur loudly through their long array:  
And Michael rose ere he could get a word  
Of all his founder'd verses under way.  
And cried, 'For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere best —  
Non Di, non homines — you know the rest.'

XCII

A general bustle spread throughout the throng.  
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;  
The angels had of course enough of song  
When upon service; and the generation  
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long  
Before, to profit by a new occasion;  
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, 'What! What!  
Pye come again? No more — no more of that!'

XCIII

The tumult grew; an universal cough  
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate  
When Castlereagh has been up long enough  
(Before he was first minister of state,  
I mean — the slaves hear now); some cried 'off, off!'  
As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate,  
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose  
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;  
A good deal like a vulture in the face,  
With a hook nose and a hawk'd eye, which gave  
A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace  
To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,  
Was by no means so ugly as his case;  
But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,  
Quite a poetic felony, 'de se.'

XCV

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise  
With one still greater, as is yet the mode  
On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,

Which now and then will make a slight inroad  
Upon decorous silence, few will twice  
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;  
And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,  
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

#### XCVI

He said — (I only give the heads) — he said,  
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way  
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,  
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay  
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),  
And take up rather more time than a day,  
To name his works — he would but cite a few —  
'Wat Tyler' — 'Rhymes on Blenheim' — 'Waterloo.'

#### XCVII

He had written praises of a regicide:  
He had written praises of all kings whatever;  
He had written for republics far and wide;  
And then against them bitterer than ever;  
For pantisocracy he once had cried  
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;  
Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin —  
Had turn'd his coat — and would have turn'd his skin.

#### XCVIII

He had sung against all battles, and again  
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd  
Reviewing (1)'the ungentle craft,' and then  
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd —  
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men  
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:  
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,  
And more of both than anybody knows.

#### XCIX

He had written Wesley's life: — here turning round  
To Satan, 'Sir, I'm ready to write yours,  
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,  
With notes and preface, all that most allures  
The pious purchaser; and there's no ground  
For fear, for I can choose my own reviews:  
So let me have the proper documents,  
That I may add you to my other saints.'

#### C

Satan bow'd, and was silent. 'Well, if you,  
With amiable modesty, decline  
My offer, what says Michael? There are few  
Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.  
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new  
As it once was, but I would make you shine  
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own  
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI

'But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!  
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall  
Judge with my judgment, and by my decision  
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.  
I settle all these things by intuition,  
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,  
Like King Alfonso(2). When I thus see double,  
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.'

CII

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no  
Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,  
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so  
He read the first three lines of the contents;  
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show  
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,  
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,  
Like lightning, off from his 'melodious twang.' (3)

CIII

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:  
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;  
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;  
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions —  
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,  
And I leave every man to his opinions);  
Michael took refuge in his trump — but, lo!  
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

CIV

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known  
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,  
And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down;  
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,  
Into his lake, for there he did not drown;  
A different web being by the Destinies  
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er  
Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV

He first sank to the bottom - like his works,  
But soon rose to the surface — like himself;  
For all corrupted things are bouy'd like corks,(4)  
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,  
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,  
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,  
In his own den, to scrawl some 'Life' or 'Vision,'  
As Welborn says — 'the devil turn'd precisian.'

CVI

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion  
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone  
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,  
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown;  
All I saw farther, in the last confusion,  
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one;  
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,  
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **We'll go no more a-roving**

SO, we'll go no more a-roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a-roving  
By the light of the moon.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **When Coldness Wraps This Suffering Clay**

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?  
It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,  
A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
All, all in earth or skies display'd,  
Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
Each fainter trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;  
And where the farthest heaven had birth,  
The spirit trace its rising track.  
And where the future mars or makes,  
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,  
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
It lives all passionless and pure:  
An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
Its years as moments shall endure.  
Away, away, without a wing,  
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly,  
A nameless and eternal thing,  
Forgetting what it was to die.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## **When We Two Parted**

When we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sank chill on my brow -  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame:  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell in mine ear;  
A shudder come o'er me -  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well: -  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met -  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee? -  
With silence and tears.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron

## Written After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos

If, in the month of dark December,  
Leander, who was nightly wont  
(What maid will not the tale remember?)  
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,  
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,  
And thus of old thy current pour'd,  
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For me, degenerate modern wretch,  
Though in the genial month of May,  
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,  
And think I've done a feat today.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,  
According to the doubtful story,  
To woo, -- and -- Lord knows what beside,  
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:  
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!  
He lost his labour, I my jest;  
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron