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O

THE POETICAL WORKS

02

LORD BYRON.



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## ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

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“Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo  
Invenies?”—Juvenal, *Sat.* x.\*

“The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul ; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated ; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity. \* \* By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till ———.”—GIBBON’S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi., p. 220.†

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\* [“Great Hannibal within the balance lay,  
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh.”—DRYDEN.

Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to weigh the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles. Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half ! Alas ! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration.—GIFFORD.]

† [“I send you an additional motto from Gibbon, which you will find *singularly* appropriate.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, April 12, 1814.]

## INTRODUCTION TO THE ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

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ON the morning of the ninth of April, 1814, Lord Byron reiterated the resolution he formed, on the publication of "The Corsair," to cease from versifying till he was turned of thirty. "No more rhyme for—or rather *from*—me. I have taken my leave of the stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer." In the evening came the news of the abdication of Fontainebleau, and the next day the poet violated his vow by composing this Ode. It originally consisted of only eleven stanzas, and the subsequent additions, which were requested by Mr. Murray to avoid the stamp duty then imposed on a *single* sheet, are of an inferior cast. The three last stanzas were never printed during the poet's life. "I don't," he said, "like them at all, and they had better be left out. The fact is I can't do anything I am asked to do, however gladly I *would*; and at the end of a week my interest in a composition goes off." While refusing in the face of his total-abstinence pledge to put his name to the Ode, he directed Mr. Murray to proclaim openly whose it was, and declared his intention of incorporating it with his avowed productions. "Nothing," he said, "but the occasion which was *physically* irresistible made me swerve; and I thought an *anonyme* within my *pact* with the public." He was prophetic as well as poetic on the event. "I shall think higher of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic people, till—*Elba become a volcano, and sends him out again. I can't think it all over yet.*" Southey confessed that there was in the "Ode to Napoleon," as in all Lord Byron's poems, great spirit and originality, though the meaning was not always clearly developed—which is strong praise from a hostile quarter, however inadequate to the merits of a piece that contains such grand and energetic stanzas. Lord Byron once asked Southey in conversation if he did not think Napoleon a great man in his villany. The Laureate replied, "No—that he was a *mean-minded* villain," and on the publication of the Ode he exclaimed that Lord Byron had come round to this opinion. With Southey's conception of the character of Napoleon we have nothing to do, but we can see no ground for his imputing a change of sentiment to Lord Byron, who appears to us to have been consistent with himself. To say that a person is a *great* man, and a *villain*, can only signify that he is intellectually great, and morally the reverse—an estimate confirmed and not contradicted by the Ode. The main objection to the poet's doctrine is that he adopts an unworthy standard of heroism when he inveighs against Napoleon for refusing to fling away life with fortune, which, —not to urge any higher argument,—is the resource of the cowardly, the feeble-minded, and the insane.



## ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

---

### 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 ?<sup>1</sup>  
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 !

<sup>1</sup> [“I don't know—but I think *I*, even *I* (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may not be worth dying for. Yet, to outlive *Lodi* for this !!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead ! ‘Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies ?’

## 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—<sup>2</sup>  
 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!

I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil;—the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat. Psha! 'something too much of this.' But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, like the Thanes, fallen from him."—*Byron Diary*, April 9.]

<sup>2</sup> "*Certaminis gaudia*"—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

## VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,  
 Dream'd not of the rebound ;<sup>3</sup>  
 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 prowlers' prey ;  
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

## VII.

The Roman,<sup>4</sup> 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 :<sup>5</sup>  
 Yet better had he neither known  
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

<sup>3</sup> [“Like Milo, he would rend the oak ; but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts—lion, bear, down to the dirtiest jackal—may all tear him.”—*B. Diary*, April 8.]

<sup>4</sup> Sylla.—[We find the germ of this stanza in the *Diary* of the evening before it was written :—“Methinks Sylla did better ; for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise—Charles the Fifth but so so ; but Napoleon worst of all.”—*B. Diary*, April 9.]

<sup>5</sup> [Charles the Fifth resigned, in 1555, his imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand,

## 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 ?<sup>6</sup>

and the kingdom of Spain to his son Philip, and retired to a monastery in Estremadura, where he conformed to all the rigour of monastic austerity. Not satisfied with this, he dressed himself in his shroud, was laid in his coffin, joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, and mingled his tears with those which his attendant shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral.]

[“ But who would rise in brightest day  
 To set without one parting ray ?”—MS.]

## 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 vanished diadem !<sup>7</sup>

## 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<sup>8</sup> hath now  
 Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

<sup>7</sup> [It is well known that Count Neipperg, a gentleman in the suite of the Emperor of Austria, who was first presented to Maria Louisa within a few days after Napoleon's abdication, became, in the sequel, her chamberlain, and then her husband. He is said to have been remarkably plain. The Count died in 1831.]

<sup>8</sup> [“Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this.”—*B. Diary*, April 9. Dionysius the Younger, esteemed a greater tyrant than his father, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, retired to Corinth, where he was obliged to turn schoolmaster for a subsistence.]

## XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage<sup>9</sup>  
 What thoughts will there be thine,  
 While brooding in thy prison'd rage?  
 But one—"The world *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,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
 And share with him, the unforgiven,  
 His vulture and his rock!  
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,<sup>2</sup>  
 And that last act, though not thy worst,  
 The very Fiend's arch mock;<sup>3</sup>  
 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  
 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.

<sup>9</sup> The name of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

<sup>1</sup> Prometheus.

<sup>2</sup> In the first draught—

"He suffered for kind acts to men,  
 Who have not seen his like again,  
 At least of kingly stock;  
 Since he was good, and thou but great,  
 Thou canst not quarrel with thy fate."]

<sup>3</sup>

—— "The very fiend's arch mock—  
 To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."—SHAKESPEARE.

[He alludes to the unworthy amour in which Napoleon engaged on the evening of his arrival at Fontainebleau.]

## 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 snatch'd 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!





HEBREW MELODIES.



### ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

*January, 1815.*

## INTRODUCTION TO THE HEBREW MELODIES.

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THE "Hebrew Melodies" were written in London in the autumn of 1814. The immense difficulty of sacred poetry is apparent from the many men of genius who have attempted it with only moderate success. The sublime and affecting ideas involved in the theme being already expressed in Scripture with unrivalled power, and familiar to us from childhood, it is neither easy to call up thoughts which have the semblance of originality, nor to clothe them in language which will bear to be tried by the lofty standard of inspired song. Lord Byron wisely resolved not to walk in the confined and trodden circle of devotional strains. He had the whole Jewish history open to his choice, and his text is in general those martial, patriotic, and domestic circumstances which allow the imagination its freest range. In spite of the judgment with which he selected his subjects, some of Lord Byron's acquaintances thought the "Hebrew Melodies" below his reputation, pretending, with jesting exaggeration, to prefer Sternhold and Hopkins; nor were they received very favourably by the public, in part, perhaps, from their expecting in songs the stirring power of his longer compositions. The poet himself did not look back upon them with much complacency. "Sunburn Nathan!" he broke out, when Moore ridiculed the manner in which the "Melodies" were set to Music—"why do you always twit me with his vile Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper?" Subsequently Jeffrey stated in the *Edinburgh Review* that though obviously inferior to Lord Byron's other works, they displayed a skill in versification, and a mastery in diction which would have raised an inferior artist to the summit of distinction,—a judgment most gratifying to the poet, who said it was very kind in his critic to like them. A second admirer of the "Hebrew Melodies"—Mrs. Grant, the author of the "Letters from the Mountains"—on reading the exquisitely pathetic piece, "Oh weep for those that wept by Babel's stream," was unable to resist the literal fulfilment of the poet's invocation. The most plaintive and poetic passages, indeed, are those which relate to the wanderings of the Jews, and the third stanza of "The Wild Gazelle" is another mournful note struck on the same string which might no less "open the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Had all been equal to what is best, the "Hebrew Melodies" must soon have excited universal admiration, but the majority of them are somewhat tame in sentiment, and one or two, like "Jephtha's Daughter," are not far removed from the school of Sternhold.

## HEBREW MELODIES.

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### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.<sup>1</sup>

#### I.

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

#### II.

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.

#### III.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

[These stanzas were written by Lord Byron, on returning from a ball where Lady Wilmot Horton had appeared in mourning, with numerous spangles on her dress.]

## THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

## I.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
 The King of men, the loved of Heaven,  
 Which Music hallow'd while she wept  
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,  
 Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !  
 It soften'd men of iron mould,  
 It gave them virtues not their own ;  
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
 That felt not, fired not to the tone,  
 Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne !

## II.

It told the triumphs of our King,  
 It wafted glory to our God ;  
 It made our gladden'd valleys ring,  
 'The cedars bow, the mountains nod ;  
 Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode !<sup>2</sup>  
 Since then, though heard on earth no more,  
 Devotion and her daughter Love  
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
 To sounds that seem as from above,  
 In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

## IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

## I.

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
 Our own, surviving Love endears ;  
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,  
 The eye the same, except in tears—

<sup>2</sup> [“When Lord Byron put the manuscript into my hand, it terminated with this line. As this, however, did not complete the verse, I asked him to help out the melody. He replied, ‘Why, I have sent you to heaven—it would be difficult to go further !’ My attention for a few minutes was called to some other person, and his Lordship, whom I had hardly missed, exclaimed, ‘Here, Nathan, I have brought you down again ;’ and immediately presented me the beautiful lines which conclude the melody.”—NATHAN.]

How welcome those untrodden spheres !  
 How sweet this very hour to die !  
 To soar from earth and find all fears  
 Lost in thy light—Eternity !

## II.

It must be so : 'tis not for self  
 That we so tremble on the brink ;  
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
 Oh ! in that future let us think  
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,  
 With them the immortal waters drink,  
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

## THE WILD GAZELLE.

## I.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills  
 Exulting yet may bound,  
 And drink from all the living rills  
 That gush on holy ground ;  
 Its airy step and glorious eye  
 May glance in tameless transport by :—

## II.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,  
 Hath Judah witness'd there ;  
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight  
 Inhabitants more fair.  
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,  
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone !

## III.

More blest each palm that shades those plains  
 Than Israel's scatter'd race ;  
 For, taking root, it there remains  
 In solitary grace :  
 It cannot quit its place of birth,  
 It will not live in other earth.

## IV.

But we must wander witheringly,  
 In other lands to die ;  
 And where our fathers' ashes be,  
 Our own may never lie :  
 Our temple hath not left a stone,  
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

---

## 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 hath 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 !

---

## ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

## I.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
 Yet there—even there—Oh God ! thy thunders sleep :



II.

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone !  
 There—where thy shadow to thy people shone !  
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire :  
 Thyself—none living see and not expire !

III.

Oh ! in the lightning let thy glance appear ;  
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear !  
 How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod ?  
 How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God ?

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

I.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my Sire !  
 Demand that thy Daughter expire ;  
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—  
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !

II.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
 And the mountains behold me no more :  
 If the hand that I love lay me low,  
 There cannot be pain in the blow !

III.

And of this, oh, my Father ! be sure—  
 That the blood of thy child is as pure  
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
 And the last thought that soothes me below.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> [Jephtha vowed, if he was victorious over the Ammonites, that whatever came forth from his house to meet him should be offered for a burnt offering. His daughter was the first to greet him, and at her own request—after bewailing her childless lot two months upon the mountains—she was sacrificed by her father. This is the version of the Bible history adopted by Lord Byron ; but according to another interpretation, which agrees equally well with the original Hebrew of the vow, and better with the general tenor of the narrative, she was merely devoted to a single life.]

## IV.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
 Be the judge and the hero unbent !  
 I have won the great battle for thee,  
 And my Father and Country are free !

## V.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
 When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
 Let my memory still be thy pride,  
 And forget not I smiled as I died !

## OH ! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

## I.

OH ! snatch'd 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 :

## II.

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 disturb'd the dead !

## III.

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.

## MY SOUL IS DARK.

## I.

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.

## II.

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 ach'd in sleepless silence long ;  
 And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,  
 And break at once—or yield to song.<sup>4</sup>

## I SAW THEE WEEP.

## I.

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 fill'd that glance of thine.

<sup>4</sup> [“It was generally conceived that Lord Byron's reported singularities approached on some occasions to derangement ; and at one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared that he would try how a madman could write : seizing the pen with eagerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildness on vacancy ; when, like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result.”—NATHAN.]

## II.

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.

---

## THY DAYS ARE DONE.

## I.

THY days are done, thy fame begun ;  
Thy country's strains record  
The triumphs of her chosen Son,  
The slaughters of his sword !  
The deeds he did, the fields he won,  
The freedom he restored !

## II.

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 !

## III.

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.

SAUL.

I.

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,  
 Shrunk 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.

II.

"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!"<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ["Since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron at Cephalonia, in 1823, "what think you of the witch of Endor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived; and you will be of my opinion, if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the language."]

## SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

## I.

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!

## II.

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.

## III.

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!

---

## "ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

## I.

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,  
And health and youth possess'd me;  
My goblets blush'd from every vine,  
And lovely forms caress'd me;  
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,  
And felt my soul grow tender;  
All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
Was mine of regal splendour.

## II.

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 roll'd no hour  
 Of pleasure unembitter'd ;  
 And not a trapping deck'd my power  
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

III.

The serpent of the field, by art  
 And spells, is won from harming ;  
 But that which coils 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.

---

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

I.

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 ?

II.

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.

## III.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;  
 And where the furthest 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.

## IV.

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.

---

## VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

## I.

THE King was on his throne,  
 The satraps throng'd the hall.  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival.  
 A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Judah deem'd divine—  
 Jehovah's vessels hold  
 The godless Heathen's wine !

## II.

In that same hour and hall,  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand :



The fingers of a man ;—  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand.

III.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
 And bade no more rejoice ;  
 All bloodless wax'd his look,  
 And tremulous his voice.  
 " Let the men of lore appear,  
 The wisest of the earth,  
 And expound the words of fear,  
 Which mar our royal mirth."

IV.

Chaldea's seers are good,  
 But here they have no skill ;  
 And the unknown letters stood  
 Untold and awful still.  
 And Babel's men of age  
 Are wise and deep in lore ;  
 But now they were not sage,  
 They saw—but knew no more.

V.

A captive in the land,  
 A stranger and a youth,  
 He heard the king's command,  
 He saw that writing's truth.  
 The lamps around were bright,  
 The prophecy in view ;  
 He read it on that night,—  
 The morrow proved it true.

VI.

" Belshazzar's grave is made,  
 His kingdom pass'd away,  
 He, in the balance weigh'd,  
 Is light and worthless clay ;

The shroud, his robe of state,  
 His canopy the stone;  
 The Mede is at his gate!  
 The Persian on his throne!"

---

### 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!

---

### WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE

#### I.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,  
 I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;  
 It was but abjuring my creed to efface  
 The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

#### II.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!  
 If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!  
 If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,  
 Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

#### III.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,  
 As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;  
 In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine  
 The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.<sup>6</sup>

## I.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee  
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;  
 Revenge is lost in agony  
 And wild remorse to rage succeeding.  
 Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?  
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:  
 Ah! could'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,  
 Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

## II.

And is she dead?—and did they dare  
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?  
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair:  
 The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—  
 But thou art cold, my murder'd love!  
 And this dark heart is vainly craving  
 For her who soars alone above,  
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

## III.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;  
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing;  
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem,  
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;  
 And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,  
 This bosom's desolation dooming;  
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,  
 Which unconsumed are still consuming!

<sup>6</sup> [Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement.—MILMAN.—When Lord Byron was in the midst of the altercations with his own wife, he asked Mr. Nathan to sing him this melody, and listened to it with an air of romantic regret.]

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM  
BY TITUS.

## I.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,  
I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to Rome:  
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall  
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

## II.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,  
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;  
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fame,  
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

## III.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed  
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;  
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline  
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

## IV.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,  
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;  
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,  
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

## V.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane  
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;  
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,  
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND  
WEPT.

## I.

WE sate 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 scatter'd all weeping away.

## II.

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

## III.

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!

---

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

## I.

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.

## II.

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 wither'd and strown.

## III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breath'd 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 !

## IV.

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.

## V.

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 trumpet unblown.

## VI.

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 !

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

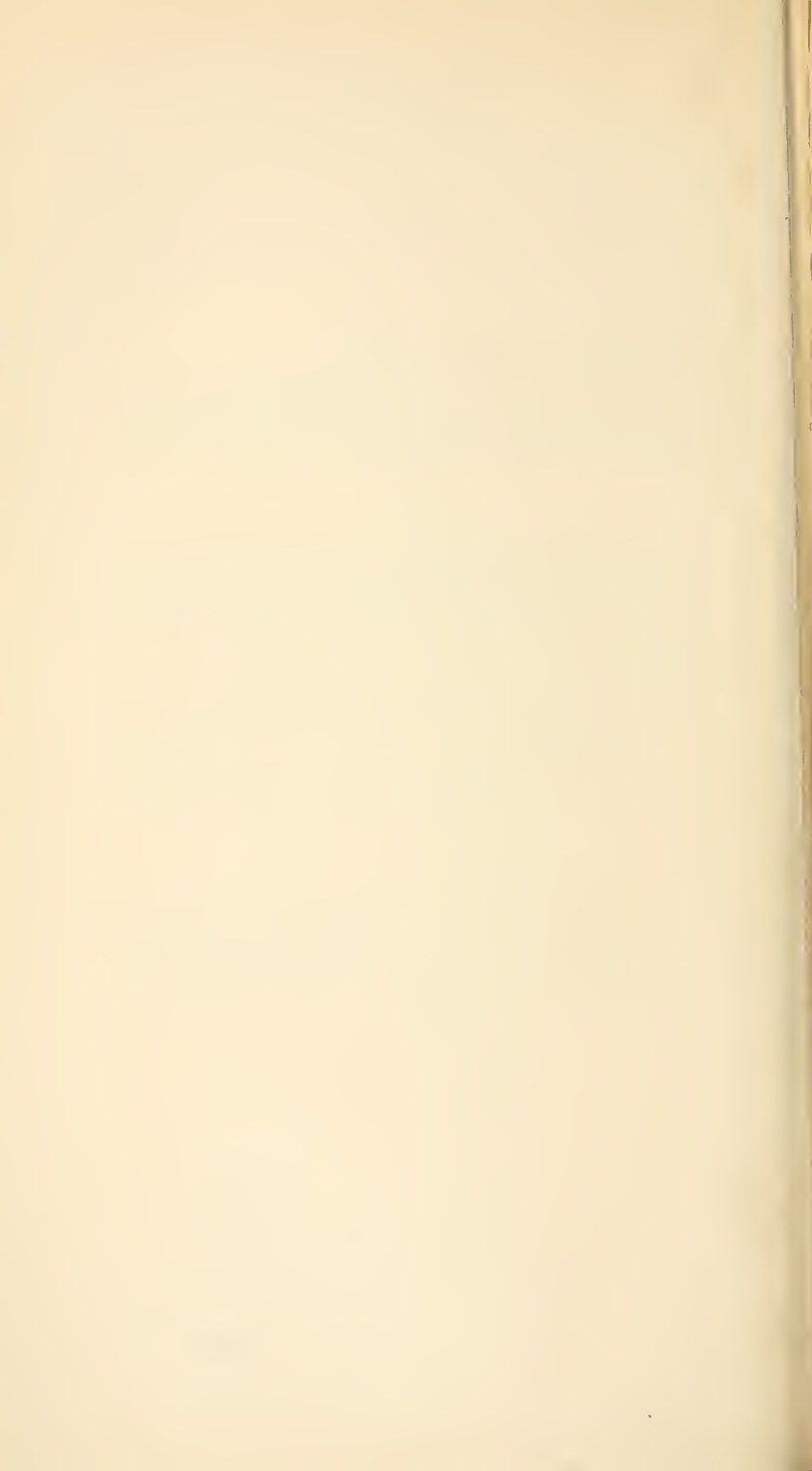
FROM JOB.

I.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me : I beheld  
The face of immortality unveil'd—  
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—  
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine :  
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;  
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :

II.

“Is man more just than God? Is man more pure  
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?  
Creatures of clay—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!”





DOMESTIC PIECES.

1816.



## INTRODUCTION TO DOMESTIC PIECES.

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OF the six "Domestic Pieces," the first three were written immediately before Lord Byron's departure from England; the others during his residence in the neighbourhood of Geneva. They all refer to the unhappy separation of which the precise causes are still a mystery, and which he declared to the last were never disclosed to himself. He admitted that pecuniary embarrassments, disordered health, and dislike to family restraints, had aggravated his naturally violent temper, and driven him to excesses. He suspected that his mother-in-law had fomented the discord,—which Lady Byron denies,—and that more was due to the malignant offices of the female dependant, who is the subject of the bitterly satirical "Sketch." To these general statements there can only be added the still vaguer allegations of Lady Byron,—that she conceived his conduct to be the result of insanity, that the physician pronouncing him responsible for his actions she could submit to them no longer, and that Dr. Lushington, her legal adviser, agreed that a reconciliation was neither proper nor possible. No weight can be attached to the opinions of an opposing counsel upon accusations made by one party behind the back of the other, who urgently demanded, and was pertinaciously refused, the least opportunity of denial or defence. He rejected the proposal for an amicable separation, but consented when threatened with a suit in Doctors' Commons. This rupture, against his will, of the marriage bond produced the pathetic remonstrance "Fare thee well," which Sir Walter Scott termed "a very sweet dirge indeed." Unknown to Lord Byron it was sent to a newspaper, together with the "Sketch," about the middle of April, by a too zealous friend, and was thought by some to be the honest outbreak of natural feeling, and by others the artifice of a practised poet. Moore at first took the latter view, but changed his opinion on reading in Lord Byron's memoranda that a swell of tender recollections, as he sat musing in his study, gave birth to the stanzas, which were penned, he said, weeping. The tear-blotted manuscript confirms this account. If there were those who doubted whether "Fare thee well" was written in sorrow, no one could question that the companion-piece, entitled "A Sketch," was written in anger. It is a vivid and powerful portrait, and whether deserved or not may be read with profit by every fawning slanderer who inflames enmities in the name of friendship. Having tried in vain to persuade Lady Byron to relent, the poet protested that "they were now divided for ever," but on visiting Madame de Staël at Copet she reasoned the point with him, and, convinced by her eloquence, he again endeavoured to effect an agreement. His overtures were rejected, and it was immediately after his amicable advances had been repelled that his indignation found vent in the "Lines on hearing that Lady Byron was ill." Her uniform refusal of any explanation, her never answering his letters, nor holding out a hope that their child might become a bond of union, exasperated him greatly, and it

was then that, to vex her, he retaliated by the sarcasms which are scattered throughout his works. At all other times, and in every other particular, he praised her with a generous and touching warmth. "I do not believe," he wrote to Moore upon the original outbreak, "and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a tenderer, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it." Such was his language to his dying hour, and while life remained he fondly fancied that amity might yet be restored. It was not because Lord Byron was a great poet that the world has any business with his domestic feuds, but by treating of them in his writings he made the public a party to the quarrel, and it is equally impossible to pass it over in silence or to pronounce upon it with certainty.

## DOMESTIC PIECES.

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### FARE THEE WELL.

“Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain ;

\* \* \* \*

But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.”

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well :  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show !  
Then thou would'st at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe :

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own life retaineth,  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"  
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is press'd,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,  
Think of him thy love had bless'd !

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more may'st see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
 All my madness none can know ;  
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;  
 Pride, which not a world could bow,  
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
 Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—  
 Words from me are vainer still ;  
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well ! thus disunited,  
 'Torn from every nearer tie,  
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
 More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816.

#### A SKETCH.<sup>1</sup>

“Honest—honest Iago !  
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”  
 SHAKSPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head ;  
 Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,  
 And from its wages only to be guess'd—  
 Raised from the toilet to the table,—where  
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.  
 With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,  
 She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.  
 Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie,  
 The genial confidante, and general spy,

<sup>1</sup> [I send you my last night's dream, and request to have fifty copies struck off, for private distribution. I wish Mr. Gifford to look at them. They are from life.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, March 30, 1816.]

Who could, ye gods ! her next employment guess—  
 An only infant's earliest governess !  
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,  
 That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.  
 An adept next in penmanship she grows,  
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows :  
 What she had made the pupil of her art,  
 None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,  
 And panted for the truth it could not hear,  
 With longing breast and undeluded ear.  
 Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,  
 Which Flattery fool'd not, Baseness could not blind,  
 Deceit infect not, near Contagion soil,  
 Indulgence weaken, nor Example spoil,  
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down  
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown,  
 Nor Genius swell, nor Beauty render vain,  
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain,  
 Nor Fortune change, Pride raise, nor Passion bow,  
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.  
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,  
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,  
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,  
 She deems that all could be like her below :  
 Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,  
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme, now laid aside too long,  
 The baleful burthen of this honest song,  
 Though all her former functions are no more,  
 She rules the circle which she served before.  
 If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;  
 If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake ;  
 If early habits—those false links, which bind  
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—  
 Have given her power too deeply to instil  
 The angry essence of her deadly will ;  
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,  
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;



If like a viper to the heart she wind,  
And leave the venom there she did not find;  
What marvel that this hag of hatred works  
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,  
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,  
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?  
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints  
With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,  
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;  
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,  
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;  
A lip of lies; a face form'd to conceal,  
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:  
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown,—  
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone.  
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood  
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,  
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,  
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—  
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace  
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—  
Look on her features! and behold her mind  
As in a mirror of itself defined:  
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—  
There is no trait which might not be enlarged:  
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made  
This monster when their mistress left off trade—  
This female dog-star of her little sky,  
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,  
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—  
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou  
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;  
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,  
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.  
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light  
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!

And make thee in thy leprosy of mind  
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !  
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,  
 Black—as thy will for others would create :  
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,  
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.  
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,  
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !  
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,  
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !  
 Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,  
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.  
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,  
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear—  
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye  
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,  
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—  
 And festering<sup>2</sup> in the infamy of years.

March 29, 1816.

### STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.<sup>3</sup>

#### I.

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

#### II.

In that deep midnight of the mind,  
 And that internal strife of heart,  
 When dreading to be deem'd too kind,  
 The weak despair—the cold depart ;

<sup>2</sup> [In first draught—"weltering." "I doubt about 'weltering.' We say 'weltering in blood ;' but do they not also use 'weltering in the wind,' 'weltering on a gibbet ?' I have no dictionary, so look. In the mean time, I have put 'festering ;' which, perhaps, in any case is the best word of the two. Shakspeare has it often, and I do not think it too strong for the figure in this thing. Quick ! quick ! quick ! quick !" —*Lord B. to Mr. Murray, April 2.*]

<sup>3</sup> [His sister, the Honourable Mrs. Leigh.—These stanzas—the parting tribute to her whose tenderness had been his sole consolation in the crisis of domestic misery—were, we believe, the last verses written by Lord Byron in England.]

## III.

When fortune changed—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.

## IV.

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

## V.

And when the cloud upon us came,  
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—  
Then purer spread its gentle flame,  
And dash'd the darkness all away.

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

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

## x.

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

## xi.

And these, when all was lost beside,  
 Were found and still are fix'd in thee ;—  
 And bearing still a breast so tried,  
 Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.<sup>4</sup>

## I.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
 And the star of my fate hath declined,<sup>5</sup>  
 Thy soft heart refused to discover  
 The faults which so many could find ;  
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
 It shrunk not to share it with me,  
 And the love which my spirit hath painted  
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

## II.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
 The last smile which answers to mine,  
 I do not believe it beguiling,  
 Because it reminds me of thine ;  
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
 As the breasts I believed in with me,  
 If their billows excite an emotion,  
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

<sup>4</sup> [These beautiful verses, so expressive of the writer's wounded feelings at the moment, were written in July, at the Campagne Diodati, near Geneva. "Be careful," he says, "in printing the stanzas beginning, 'Though the day of my destiny's,' &c., which I think well of as a composition."]

<sup>5</sup> [In the original MS.—

"Though the days of my glory are over,  
 And the sun of my fame hath declined."]

## III.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,  
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
 Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
 There is many a pang to pursue me :  
 They may crush, but they shall not condemn ;  
 They may torture but shall not subdue me ;  
 'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.<sup>6</sup>

## IV.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake ;  
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
 Though parted, it was not to fly,  
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.<sup>7</sup>

## V.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
 Nor the war of the many with one ;  
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun :  
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
 And more than I once could foresee,  
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

## VI.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,  
 Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd  
 Deserved to be dearest of all :

<sup>6</sup> [Originally thus :—

“There is many a pang to pursue me,  
 And many a peril to stem ;  
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me ;  
 They may crush, but they shall not condemn.”]

7

[MS.—“Though watchful, 'twas but to reclaim me,  
 Nor, silent, to sanction a lie.”]

In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24, 1813.

### EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.<sup>8</sup>

#### I.

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.

#### II.

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 son'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.

<sup>8</sup> [These stanzas—"than which," says the Quarterly Review, for January, 1831, "there is nothing perhaps more mournfully and desolately beautiful in the whole range of Lord Byron's poetry," were also written at Diodati, and sent home to be published if Mrs. Leigh should consent. She decided the other way, and the epistle was not printed till 1830.]

<sup>9</sup> [Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul-weather Jack."

"But, though it were tempest-toss'd,  
 Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the "Wager" (in Anson's voyage), and many years after circumnavigated the world, as commander of a similar expedition.]

## III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
In other elements, and on the rocks  
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,  
I have sustain'd 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.

## IV.

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 marr'd  
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd 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.

## V.

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 roll'd  
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.

## VI.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me—or perhaps a 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.

## VII.

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—but none like thee.

## VIII.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
 A fund for contemplation;—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.

## IX.

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

## X.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,<sup>1</sup>  
 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  
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

<sup>1</sup> [The Lake of Newstead Abbey, which he has described minutely in the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan."]



## XI.

The world is all before me; I but ask  
Of Nature that with which she will comply—  
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—till I look again on thee.

## XII.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;  
And that I would not;—for at length I see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.  
The earliest—even the only paths for me—  
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 suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

## XIII.

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—a name.  
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over—I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone before.

## XIV.

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 fill'd a century,  
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

## xv.

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

## xvi.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine ;  
 We were and are—I am, even as thou art—  
 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—let death come slow or fast,  
 The tie which bound the first endures the last !

## LINES ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.

And thou wert sad—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*—and pain and sorrow here !  
 And is it thus ?—it is as I foretold,  
 And shall be more so ; for the mind recoils  
 Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,  
 While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.  
 It is not in the storm nor in the strife  
 We feel benumb'd, 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 !—but 'twas my right ;  
 Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent  
 To be the Nemesis who should requite—  
 Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.

Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou  
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.  
'Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep.—  
Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel  
A hollow agony which will not heal,  
For thou art pillow'd 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  
Hast nought to dread—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;  
And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth,  
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—  
On things that were not, and on things that are—  
Even upon such a basis hast thou built  
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!  
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,  
And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,  
Fame, peace, and hope—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—  
And buying other's grief at any price.  
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,  
'The early truth, which was thy proper praise,  
Did not still walk beside thee—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 annex'd—  
'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!<sup>2</sup>

September, 1816.

<sup>2</sup> [“Lord Byron had at least this much to say for himself, that he was not the first to make his domestic differences a topic of public discussion. On the contrary, he saw himself, ere any fact but the one undisguised and tangible one was or could be known, held up everywhere, and by every art of malice, as the most infamous of men,—because he had parted from his wife. He was exquisitely sensitive : he was wounded at once by a thousand arrows ; and all this with the most perfect and indignant knowledge, that of all who were assailing him *not one* knew anything of the real merits of the case. Did he right, then, in publishing those squibs and tirades ? No, certainly : it would have been nobler, better, wiser far, to have utterly scorned the assaults of such enemies, and taken no notice, of any kind, of them. But, because this young, hot-blooded, proud, patrician poet did not, amidst the exacerbation of feelings which he could not control, act in precisely the most dignified and wisest of all possible manners of action,—are we entitled, is the world at large entitled, to issue a broad sentence of vituperative condemnation ? Do *we* know all that he had suffered ?—have *we* imagination enough to comprehend what he suffered under circumstances such as these !—have *we* been tried in similar circumstances, whether we could feel the wound unflinchingly, and keep the weapon quiescent in the hand that trembled with all the excitements of insulted privacy, honour, and faith.

“Let people consider for a moment what it is that they demand when they insist upon a poet of Byron’s class abstaining altogether from expressing in his works anything of his own feelings in regard to anything that immediately concerns his own history. We tell him, in every possible form and shape, that the great and distinguishing merit of his poetry is the intense truth with which that poetry expresses his own personal feelings. We encourage him in every possible way to dissect his own heart for our entertainment—we tempt him by every bribe most likely to act powerfully on a young and imaginative man, to plunge into the darkest depths of self-knowledge ; to madden his brain with eternal self-scrutinies, to find his pride and his pleasure in what others shrink from as torture—we tempt him to indulge in these dangerous exercises, until they obviously acquire the power of leading him to the very brink of frenzy—we tempt him to find, and to see in this perilous vocation, the staple of his existence, the food of his ambition, the very essence of his glory,—and the moment that, by habits of our own creating, at least of our own encouraging and confirming, he is carried one single step beyond what we happen to approve of, we turn round with all the bitterness of spleen, and reproach him with the unmanliness of entertaining the public with his feelings in regard to his separation from his wife. This was truly the conduct of a fair and liberal public ! To our view of the matter, Lord Byron, treated as he had been, tempted as he had been, and tortured and insulted as he was at the moment, did no more forfeit his character by writing what he did write upon that unhappy occasion, than another man, under circumstances of the same nature, would have done, by telling something of his mind about it to an intimate friend across the fire. The public had forced him into the habits of familiarity, and they received his confidence with nothing but anger and scorn.”—LOCKHART.]

MONODY ON THE DEATH  
OF  
THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.



MONODY ON THE DEATH  
OF  
THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN,<sup>1</sup>

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

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WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day  
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,  
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour  
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?  
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes  
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,  
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time  
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,  
Who hath not shared that calm, so still and deep,  
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep.  
A holy concord, and a bright regret,  
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?  
'Tis not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe,  
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,  
Felt without bitterness, but full and clear,  
A sweet dejection, a transparent tear,  
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,  
Shed without shame, and secret without pain

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Sheridan died the 7th of July, 1816, and this monody was written at Diodati on the 17th, at the request of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. "I did as well as I could," says Lord Byron, "but where I have not my choice, I pretend to answer for nothing." He told Lady Blessington, however, that his feelings were never more excited than while writing it, and that every word came direct from his heart.]

Even as the tenderness that hour instils  
 When Summer's day declines along the hills,  
 So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes  
 When all of Genius which can perish dies.  
 A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power  
 Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour  
 Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,  
 Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!  
 The flash of Wit, the bright Intelligence,  
 The beam of Song, the blaze of Eloquence,  
 Set with their Sun, but still have left behind  
 The enduring produce of immortal Mind;  
 Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,  
 A deathless part of him who died too soon.  
 But small that portion of the wondrous whole,  
 These sparkling segments of that circling soul,  
 Which all embraced, and lighten'd over all,  
 To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appal.  
 From the charm'd council to the festive board,  
 Of human feelings the unbounded lord;  
 In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,  
 The praised, the proud, who made his praise their pride.  
 When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
 Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,  
 His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,  
 The wrath—the delegated voice of God!  
 Which shook the nations through his lips, and blazed  
 Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.<sup>2</sup>

And here, oh! here, where yet all young and warm.  
 The gay creations of his spirit charm,  
 The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,  
 Which knew not what it was to intermit;  
 The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring  
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring;  
 These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought

<sup>2</sup> [The speech against Warren Hastings in the House of Commons was pronounced by Burke, Fox, and Pitt to surpass every effort of oratory, ancient or modern. But, however dazzling at the moment, his best speeches lost much of their effect upon a calm perusal.]



To fulness by the fiat of his thought,  
 Here in their first abode you still may meet,  
 Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;  
 A hale of the light of other days,  
 Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.  
 But should there be to whom the fatal blight  
 Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,  
 Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone  
 Jar in the music which was born their own,  
 Still let them pause—ah! little do they know  
 That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.  
 Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze  
 Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;  
 Repose denies her requiem to his name,  
 And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.  
 The secret enemy whose sleepless eye  
 Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy.  
 The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,  
 The envious who but breathe in other's pain,  
 Behold the host! delighting to deprave,  
 Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,  
 Watch every fault that daring Genius owes  
 Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,  
 Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,  
 And pile the pyramid of Calumny!  
 These are his portion—but if joined to these  
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,  
 If the high Spirit must forget to soar,  
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,<sup>3</sup>  
 To soothe Indignity—and face to face  
 Meet sordid Rage, and wrestle with Disgrace,  
 To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,  
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness:—

<sup>3</sup> [This was not fiction. Only a few days before his death, Sheridan wrote thus to Mr. Rogers:—"I am absolutely undone and broken-hearted. They are going to put the carpets out of window, and break into Mrs. S.'s room and *take me*: 150*l.* will remove all difficulty. For God's sake let me see you!" Mr. Moore was the immediate bearer of the required sum. This was written on the 15th of May, and on the 14th of July, Sheridan's remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey—his pall-bearers being the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Earl Spencer.]

If such may be the ills which men assail,  
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?  
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given  
 Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,  
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,  
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,  
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst  
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch, and burst.'

But far from us and from our mimic scene  
 Such things should be—if such have ever been  
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,  
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,  
 To mourn the vanish'd beam, and add our mite  
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.  
 Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,  
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!  
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!*<sup>5</sup>  
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality!  
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,  
 He was your Master—emulate him *here!*  
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!<sup>6</sup>  
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!  
 While Powers of mind almost of boundless range,  
 Complete in kind, as various in their chaunge,

<sup>4</sup> [In the original MS.—

“Abandon'd by the skies, whose beams have nurst  
 Their very thunders, lighten—scorch, and burst.”]

<sup>5</sup> Fox—Pitt—Burke. [“I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly; but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit. He is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length.”—*B. Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>6</sup> [“In society I have met Sheridan frequently. He was superb! I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others of good fame and ability. I have met him at all places and parties, and always found him convivial and delightful.”—*B. Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>7</sup> [“The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions upon Sheridan, and mine was this:—‘Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been *par excellence* always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (*School for Scandal*), the best drama (in my mind, far beyond that St. Giles's lampoon, the *Beggars' Opera*), the best farce (the *Critic*,—it is only too good for a farce), and the best address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.’”—*B. Diary*, Dec. 17, 1813.]

While Eloquence, Wit, Poesy, and Mirth,  
That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,  
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense  
Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,  
Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain,  
And turn to all of him which may remain,  
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,  
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan !



# THE DREAM.



## INTRODUCTION TO THE DREAM.



"THE DREAM"—called in the first draught "The Destiny"—was composed at Diodati in July, 1816, and reflects the train of thought engendered by the recent quarrel with Lady Byron. The misery of his marriage led him to revert to his early passion for Miss Chaworth, whose union had proved no happier than his own, and, amid many tears, he traced their respective fates in verse which is the rarest combination of historical simplicity with poetic beauty. The attachment to Miss Chaworth began in his childhood, and reached its height in his sixteenth year, when he spent the summer holidays of 1803 at Nottingham, and was a constant guest at Annesley Hall. She was two years his senior at a period when the difference made *her* a woman, and left *him* a boy. He had nothing beyond his rank to compensate for the disadvantage—his genius was not so much as in the bud, his beauty undeveloped, his manners rough, and his temper ungovernable. The succeeding year he bade her farewell on the hill which is celebrated in "The Dream." "The next time I see you," he said, "I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth,"—for her husband originally took her name,—and she answered "I hope so." She naturally numbered Lord Byron's attachment among the fickle ebullitions of juvenile susceptibility, and would have treated it with coldness, even if her heart had not been already won. In 1805 she was united to Mr. Musters, a gentleman of a noble appearance and of an ancient family. There was no sympathy between their characters, and his conduct to her was reported to be harsh and capricious. He never relished Lord Byron's allusions to her, and after the publication of "The Dream" he cut down the celebrated "diadem of trees" which grew on his estate. His beautiful and accomplished bride became the victim of her cares, and she sunk into lunacy. In 1832 she closed her tragic life by a mournful death. A party of Nottingham rioters sacked Colwick Hall, and she and her daughter took refuge in the shrubbery, where her constitution received a fatal shock from the combined effects of cold and terror. Lord Byron always kept the conviction that the lady of Annesley would have averted his destiny. In 1822 having called her in his Diary "*my* M. A. C.," he suddenly exclaims, "Alas! why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers,—it would have joined lands broad and rich, it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years, and—and—and—what has been the result?" The consideration of his character leads us to think that the result would not have been widely different if he had prospered in his suit; and the romance that must always linger round the name of Miss Chaworth is probably none the less that it comes to us invested with the hues of imagination instead of the light of experience.

“Successful love may sate itself away ;  
The wretched are the faithful ; 'tis their fate  
To have all feeling, save the one, decay,  
And every passion into one dilate,  
As rapid rivers into ocean pour ;  
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.”

So wrote the poet in the name of Tasso, with his own unrequited attachment for Miss Chaworth in his mind. That she was worthy of the lasting passion she raised, that he loved her with a deeper fervour than was ever excited by any future favourite, may be readily admitted ; but had his love been successful it would have sated itself away, and the woman who could permanently have fixed his affections might have aspired to chain the winds.



## THE DREAM.

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### 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 our 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 vanish'd shadows—Are they so ?  
Is not the past all shadow ?—What are they ?  
Creations of the mind ?—The mind can make  
Substance, 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 dream'd  
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 cornfields, and the abodes of men  
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill  
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,  
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 look'd  
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,<sup>1</sup>  
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,  
Which colour'd 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,

<sup>1</sup> [———“ she was his sight,  
For never did he turn his glance until  
Her own had led by gazing on an object.”—MS.]

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 bestow'd on him ;  
 Herself the solitary scion left  
 Of a time-honour'd 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 caparison'd :  
 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 lean'd  
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere  
 With a convulsion—then arose 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 darken'd with her shadow, and she saw  
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> [“I had long been in love with M. A. C., and never told it, though *she* had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them, and it is as well.”—*B. Diary*, 1822.]

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 dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps  
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,  
 For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd  
 From out the massy gate of that old Hall,  
 And mounting on his steed he went his way ;  
 And ne'er repass'd 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,  
 Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade  
 Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names  
 Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side  
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
 Were fasten'd near a fountain ; and a man  
 Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,  
 While many of his tribe slumber'd around :  
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
 'That God alone was to be seen in heaven.'<sup>3</sup>

## V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

<sup>3</sup> [This is true *keeping*—an Eastern picture perfect in its foreground, and distance, and sky, and no part of which is so dwelt upon or laboured as to obscure the principal figure. It is often in the slight and almost imperceptible touches that the hand of the master is shown, and that a single spark, struck from his fancy, lightens with a long train of illumination that of the reader.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

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 the 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-repress'd 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 prey'd  
 Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

## VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The Wanderer was return'd. —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 self-same 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 reel'd around him ; he could see  
 Not that which was, nor that which should have been—  
 But the old mansion, and the accusom'd hall,  
 And the remember'd 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 ?<sup>4</sup>

## 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 wander'd 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 !<sup>5</sup>

## 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 mix'd  
In all which was served up to him, until,

<sup>4</sup> [This touching picture agrees closely, in many of its circumstances, with Lord Byron's own prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda ; in which he describes himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time, on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down—he repeated the words after the clergyman ; but a mist was before his eyes—his thoughts were elsewhere : and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders to find that he was—married.—MOORE.]

<sup>5</sup> [———“the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;  
For it becomes the telescope of truth,  
And shows us all things naked as they are.”—MS.]

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 reveal'd  
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

## IX.

My dream was 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.

*July, 1816.*

\* Mithridates of Pontus.





THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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AT Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated; the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

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AFTER all that has been written upon the Duke of Ferrara's imprisonment of Tasso, a great deal continues to be left to conjecture. It seems certain that he was in love with the Princess Eleonora, and that he addressed her amatory poems. There are other pieces which probably refer to her, in which he boasts of a dishonourable success, and which are supposed to have fallen into the hands of her brother, the Duke. But the immediate cause of Tasso's arrest was a quarrel in the palace at Ferrara, when he threw a knife at a domestic. The incident ended in his being sent as a lunatic to the convent of St. Francis. This was on the 11th of July, 1577, and on the 20th he made his escape. In February, 1579, he returned to Ferrara, and the Duke and the Princess refusing to notice him, he uttered imprecations against them, was declared a madman, and was confined for seven years in the hospital of St. Anna. A miserable dungeon below the ground floor, and lighted from a grated window, which looks into a small court, is shown as the scene of his sufferings, but there is no likelihood that it has been correctly chosen, and Tasso was at least removed to a spacious apartment before a twelvemonth had elapsed. The poet protested that the madness of 1577 was feigned to please the Duke, who hoped, according to modern inferences, that any imputations upon the name of the Princess would be ascribed to the hallucinations of a distempered mind. Whether the subsequent madness of 1579 was real or not, has been the subject of endless speculations, but if clouds obscured the mind of Tasso they broke away at intervals, and allowed him to continue his immortal compositions. Lord Byron adopts the theory that he was imprisoned under a false pretence to avenge a pure but presumptuous love. The original MS. of the "Lament of Tasso" is dated "The Apennines, April 20, 1817." It was inspired by a single day's sojourn at Ferrara, when Lord Byron visited it on his way to Florence, and it is a striking instance of his instinctive sense of the direction in which his power lay, that before starting on the journey, he expressed his indifference for the poet's manuscripts, and centred his interest upon "the cell where they caged him." He was well aware that his imagination would be kindled by the scene of Tasso's woes, and that his own experience of the workings of a tortured bosom would enable him to celebrate in worthy verse the pangs of his brother bard. "I look upon it," he wrote to Murray, "as a 'These be good rhymes !' as Pope's papa said to him when he was a boy." He did not overrate their excellence, for they are among his finest strains. They are mournful but not morbid,—the plaintiff musings of a sorrow-stricken man, couched in the choicest language of a poet. The mind of Tasso wanders on in a natural progression from his captivity to his poem, from his poem to Leonora, from Leonora back to his dungeon, and his beautifully contrasted thoughts are at

once so natural, so original, and so piteous, that though there are pieces of Lord Byron which strike us more upon a first perusal, there is none that wins more lasting admiration. Throughout there is a wonderful vividness of feeling, and the final section,—when Tasso, soaring into far futurity, utters the proud prediction of his coming pre-eminence over his persecuting sovereign and disdainful mistress,—is majestic to sublimity. Lord Byron received three hundred guineas for the copyright.

## THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

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### I.

LONG years !—it tries the thrilling frame to bear  
And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—  
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong ;  
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,  
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
When the impatient thirst of light and air  
Parches the heart ; and the abhorr'd grate,  
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,  
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,  
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain ;  
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd  
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,  
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,  
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone  
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone ;  
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,  
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave  
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.  
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,  
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair ;  
For I have battled with mine agony,  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
'The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall ;

And revell'd among men and things divine,  
 And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,  
 In honour of the sacred war for Him,  
 The God who was on earth and is in heaven,  
 For he has strength'd me in heart and limb.  
 That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,  
 I have employ'd my penance to record  
 How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

## II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—  
 My long-sustaining friend of many years!  
 If I do blot thy final page with tears,  
 Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.  
 But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!  
 Which ever playing round me came and smiled,  
 And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,  
 Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:  
 And therefore do I weep and inly bleed  
 With this last bruise upon a broken reed.  
 Thou too art ended—what is left me now?  
 For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?  
 I know not that—but in the innate force  
 Of my own spirit shall be found resource.  
 I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,  
 Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?  
 Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?<sup>1</sup>  
 I was indeed delirious in my heart  
 To lift my love so lofty as thou art;  
 But still my frenzy was not of the mind;

<sup>1</sup> [In a letter written to his friend Scipio Gonzaga, shortly after his confinement, Tasso exclaims—"Ah, wretched me! I had designed to write, besides two epic poems of most noble argument, four tragedies, of which I had formed the plan. I had schemed, too, many works in prose, on subjects the most lofty, and most useful to human life; I had designed to write philosophy with eloquence, in such a manner that there might remain of me an eternal memory in the world. Alas! I had expected to close my life with glory and renown; but now, oppressed by the burden of so many calamities, I have lost every prospect of reputation and of honour. The fear of perpetual imprisonment increases my melancholy; the indignities which I suffer augment it; and the squalor of my beard, my hair, and habit, the sordidness and filth, exceedingly annoy me. Sure am I, that if *she* who so little has corresponded to my attachment—if she saw me in such a state, and in such affliction—she would have some compassion on me."—*Opere*, t. x., p. 387.]

I knew my fault, and feel my punishment  
 Not less because I suffer it unbent.  
 That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,  
 Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;  
 But let them go, or torture as they will,  
 My heart can multiply thine image still;  
 Successful love may sate itself away;  
 The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate  
 To have all feeling, save the one, decay,  
 And every passion into one dilate,  
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour;  
 But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

## III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry  
 Of minds and bodies in captivity.  
 And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,  
 And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!  
 There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,  
 Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,  
 And dim the little light that's left behind  
 With needless torture, as their tyrant will  
 Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:<sup>2</sup>  
 With these and with their victims am I class'd,  
 'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd!  
 'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:  
 So let it be—for then I shall repose.

## IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;  
 I had forgotten half I would forget,  
 But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot  
 To be forgetful as I am forgot!  
 Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell  
 In this vast lazarus-house of many woes?  
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,  
 Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;

<sup>2</sup> [During the early part of Tasso's confinement he had one of those gaolers "with worse than frenzy foul," who treated him, as he wrote to his sister, "with every species of rigour and inhumanity."]

Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,  
 And each is tortured in his separate hell—  
 For we are crowded in our solitudes—  
 Many, but each divided by the wall,  
 Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods ;  
 While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—  
 None ! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,  
 Who was not made to be the mate of these,  
 Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.  
 Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here ?  
 Who have debased me in the minds of men,  
 Debarring me the usage of my own,  
 Blighting my life in best of its career,  
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear ?  
 Would I not pay them back these pangs again,  
 And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan ?  
 The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,  
 Which undermines our Stoical success ?  
 No !—still too proud to be vindictive—I  
 Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.  
 Yes, Sister of my Sovereign ! for thy sake  
 I weed all bitterness from out my breast,  
 It hath no business where *thou* art a guest ;  
 Thy brother hates—but I can not detest ;  
 Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

## v.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,  
 But all unquench'd is still my better part,  
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,  
 As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,  
 Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,  
 Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart !  
 And thus at the collision of thy name,  
 The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,  
 And for a moment all things as they were  
 Flit by me ; they are gone—I am the same.  
 And yet my love without ambition grew ;  
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew  
 A Princess was no love-mate for a bard ;



I told it not, I breathed it not, it was  
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward ;  
 And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas !  
 Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,  
 And yet I did not venture to repine.  
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,  
 Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around  
 Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground ;  
 Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love  
 Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd  
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—  
 Oh ! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above !  
 And in that sweet severity there was  
 A something which all softness did surpass ;  
 I know not how—thy genius master'd mine ;  
 My star stood still before thee : if it were  
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,  
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear ;  
 But thou art dearest still, and I should be  
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.  
 The very love which lock'd me to my chain  
 Hath lighten'd half its weight ; and for the rest,  
 Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,  
 And look to thee with undivided breast,  
 And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

## VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth  
 My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade  
 And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth ;  
 Of objects all inanimate I made  
 Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,  
 And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,  
 Where I did lay me down within the shade  
 Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,  
 Though I was chid for wandering ; and the wise  
 Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,  
 Of such materials wretched men were made,  
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,  
 And that the only lesson was a blow ;

And then they smote me, and I did not weep,  
 But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt  
 Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again  
 The visions which arise without a sleep.  
 And with my years my soul began to pant  
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain ;  
 And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,  
 But undefined and wandering, till the day  
 I found the thing I sought—and that was thee ;  
 And then I lost my being, all to be  
 Absorb'd in thine ; the world was past away ;  
*Thou* didst annihilate the earth to me !

## VII.

I loved all Solitude, but little thought  
 To spend I know not what of life, remote  
 From all communion with existence, save  
 The maniac and his tyrant ; had I been  
 Their fellow, many years ere this had seen  
 My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave :<sup>3</sup>  
 But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave ?  
 Perchance in such a cell we suffer more  
 Than the wreck'd sailor on the desert shore ;  
 The world is all before him—*mine* is *here*,  
 Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.  
 What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,  
 And with a dying glance upbraid the sky ;  
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,  
 Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

## VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,<sup>4</sup>  
 But with a sense of its decay : I see

<sup>3</sup> [“My mind like theirs adapted to its grave.”—MS.]

<sup>4</sup> [“Nor do I lament,” wrote Tasso, shortly after his confinement, “that my heart is deluged with almost constant misery, that my head is always heavy, and often painful, that my sight and hearing are much impaired, and that all my frame is become spare and meagre ; but, passing all this with a short sigh, what I would bewail is the infirmity of my mind. My mind sleeps, not thinks ; my fancy is chill, and forms no pictures ; my negligent senses will no longer furnish the images of things ; my hand is sluggish in writing, and my pen seems as if it shrunk from the office. I

Unwonted lights along my prison shine,  
And a strange demon, who is vexing me  
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below  
The feeling of the healthful and the free ;  
But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,  
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,  
And all that may be borne, or can debase.  
I thought mine enemies had been but Man,  
But Spirits may be leagued with them ; all Earth  
Abandons, Heaven forgets me : in the dearth  
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,  
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail  
Against the outworn creature they assail.  
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,  
Like steel in tempering fire ? because I loved ?  
Because I loved what not to love, and see,  
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

## IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;  
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd  
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd  
In mockery through them: If I hear and bore  
The much I have recounted, and the more  
Which hath no words,—'tis that I would not die  
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie  
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame  
Stamp Madness deep into my memory,  
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,  
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.  
No—it shall be immortal! and I make  
A future temple of my present cell,  
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.<sup>5</sup>  
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell  
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,  
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,

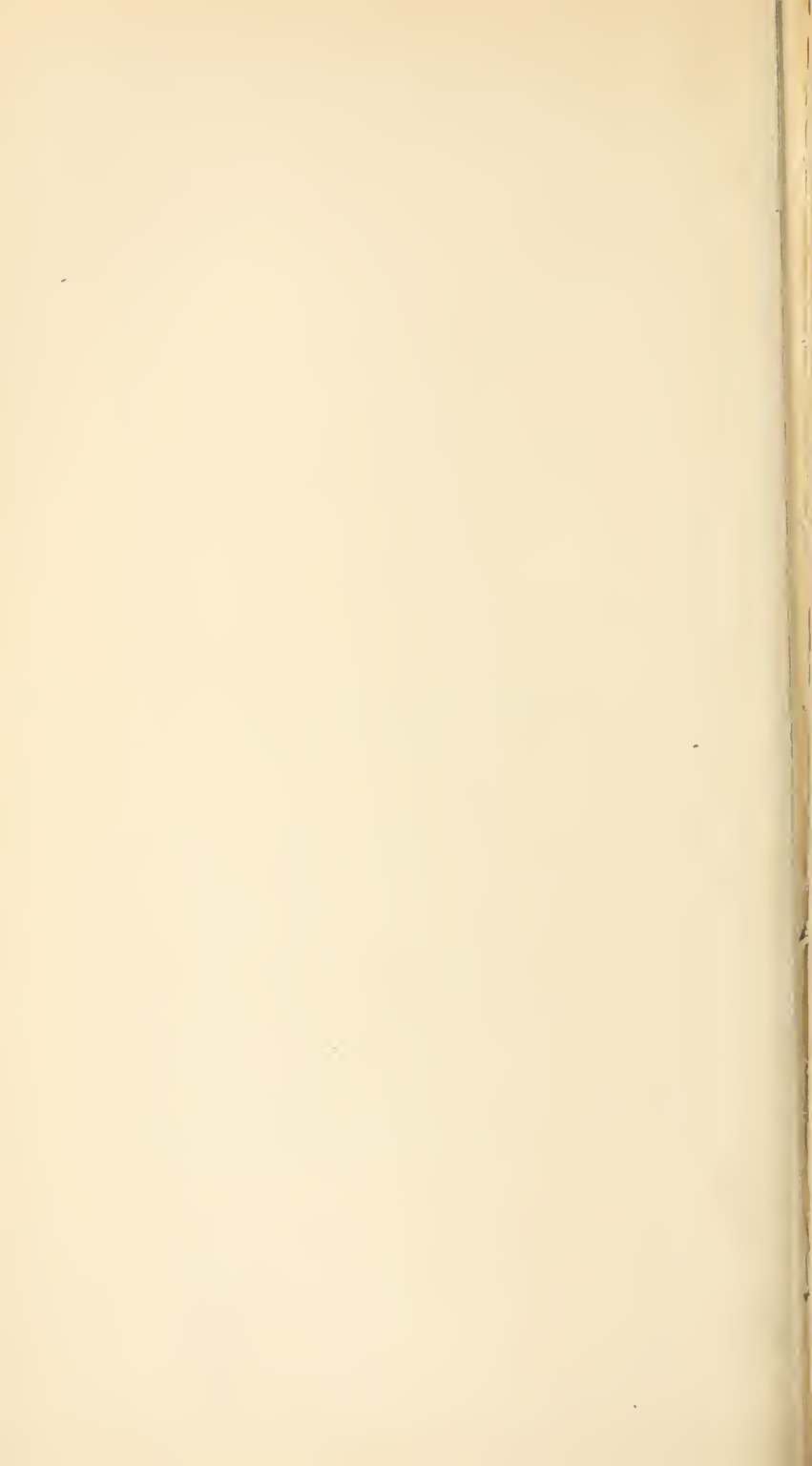
feel as if I were chained in all my operations, and as if I were overcome by an unwanted numbness and oppressive stupor."—*Opere*, t. viii., p. 258.]

5 [“Which { nations yet } shall visit for my sake.”—MS.]

A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—  
 A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,  
 While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!  
 And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed  
 That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear  
 To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,  
 Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed  
 By grief, years, weariness,—and it may be  
 A taint of that he would impute to me—  
 From long infection of a den like this,  
 Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,  
 Adores thee still; and add—that when the towers  
 And battlements which guard his joyous hours  
 Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,  
 Or left untended in a dull repose,—  
 This, this, shall be a consecrated spot!  
 But *Thou*—when all that Birth and Beauty throws  
 Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have  
 One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.  
 No power in death can tear our names apart,  
 As none in life could rend thee from my heart.  
 Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate  
 To be entwined for ever—but too late!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> [Lord Byron's "Lament" is as sublime and profound a lesson in the recesses of the human soul, as it is a production most eloquent, most pathetic, most vigorous, and most elevating among the gifts of the Muse.—BRYDGES. There is one poem—the "Prisoner of Chillon"—in which Lord Byron has almost wholly laid aside all remembrance of the darker and stormier passions; in which the tone of his spirit and his voice at once is changed, and where he who seemed to care only for agonies and remorse, and despair, and death, and insanity, in all their most appalling forms, shows that he has a heart that can feed on the purest sympathies of our nature, and deliver itself up to the sorrows, the sadness, and the melancholy of humbler souls. The "Lament" possesses much of the tenderness and pathos of the "Prisoner." Lord Byron has not delivered himself unto any one wild and fearful vision of the imprisoned Tasso,—he has not dared to allow himself to rush forward with headlong passion into the horrors of his dungeon, and to describe, as he could fearfully have done, the conflict and agony of his uttermost despair,—but he shows us the poet sitting in his cell, and singing there—a low, melancholy, wailing Lament, sometimes, indeed, bordering on utter wretchedness, but oftener partaking of a settled grief, occasionally subdued into mournful resignation, cheered by delightful remembrances, and elevated by the confident hope of an immortal fame.—PROFESSOR WILSON.]

ODE ON VENICE.



## ODE ON VENICE.

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### I.

OH, Venice ! Venice ! when thy marble walls  
Are level with the waters, there shall be  
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,  
A loud lament along the sweeping sea !  
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,  
What should thy sons do ?—any thing but weep :  
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.  
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,  
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,  
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam  
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,  
Are they to those that were ; and thus they creep,  
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.  
Oh ! agony—that centuries should reap  
No mellow harvest ! Thirteen hundred years  
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears ;  
And every monument the stranger meets,  
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets ;  
And even the Lion all subdued appears,  
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,  
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats  
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along  
The soft waves, once all musical to song,  
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng  
Of gondolas—and to the busy hum  
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds

Were but the overbeating of the heart,  
 And flow of too much happiness, which needs  
 The aid of age to turn its course apart  
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood  
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.  
 But these are better than the gloomy errors,  
 The weeds of nations in their last decay,  
 When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,  
 And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay ;  
 And Hope is nothing but a false delay,  
 The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,  
 When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,  
 And apathy of limb, the dull beginning  
 Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,  
 Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away ;  
 Yet so relieving the o'er tortured clay,  
 To him appears renewal of his breath,  
 And freedom the mere numbness of his chain ;  
 And then he talks of life, and how again  
 He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak,  
 And of the fresher air, which he would seek ;  
 And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,  
 That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,  
 And so the film comes o'er him, and the dizzy  
 Chamber swims round and round, and shadows busy,  
 At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,  
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,  
 And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth  
 That which it was the moment ere our birth.

## II.

There is no hope for nations !—Search the page  
 Of many thousand years—the daily scene,  
 The flow and ebb of each recurring age,  
 The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,  
 Hath taught us nought, or little : still we lean  
 On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear  
 Our strength away in wrestling with the air :  
 For 'tis our nature strikes us down : the beasts  
 Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts



Are of as high an order—they must go  
 Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.  
 Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,  
 What have they given your children in return?  
 A heritage of servitude and woes,  
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.  
 What! do not yet the red-hot plough-shares burn,  
 O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,  
 And deem this proof of royalty the *real*;  
 Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,  
 And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?  
 All that your sires have left you, all that Time  
 Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,  
 Spring from a different theme! Ye see and read,  
 Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!  
 Save the few spirits who, despite of all,  
 And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd  
 By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,  
 And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,  
 Gushing from Freedom's fountains, when the crowd,  
 Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,  
 And trample on each other to obtain  
 The cup which brings oblivion of a chain  
 Heavy and sore, in which long yoked they plough'd  
 The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,  
 'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,  
 And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:  
 Yes! the few spirits, who, despite of deeds  
 Which they abhor, confound not with the cause  
 Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,  
 Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite  
 But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth  
 With all her seasons to repair the blight  
 With a few summers, and again put forth  
 Cities and generations—fair, when free—  
 For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

## III.

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers  
 With Freedom—godlike Triad! how he sate.

The league of mightiest nations, in those hours  
 When Venice was an envy, might abate,  
 But did not quench her spirit ; in her fate  
 All were enwrapp'd : the feasted monarchs knew  
 And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,  
 Although they humbled—with the kingly few  
 The many felt, for from all days and climes  
 She was the voyager's worship ; even her crimes  
 Were of the softer order—born of Love,  
 She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,  
 But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread ;  
 For these restored the Cross, that from above  
 Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant  
 Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,  
 Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank  
 The city it has clothed in chains, which clank  
 Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe  
 The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles ;  
 Yet she but shares with them a common woe,  
 And call'd the " kingdom " of a conquering foe,  
 But knows what all—and, most of all, *we* know—  
 With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles !

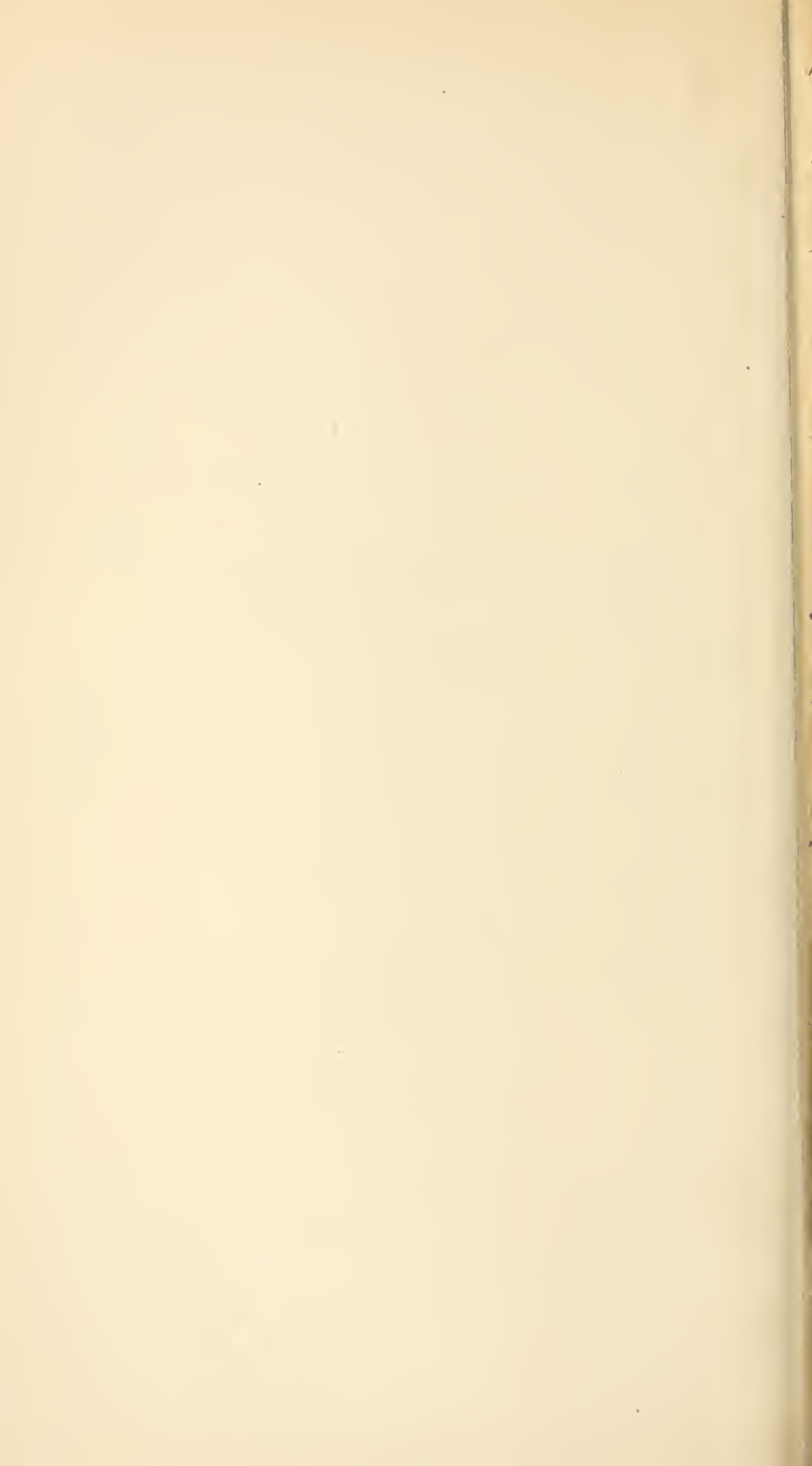
## IV.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone  
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe ;  
 Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own  
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe ;  
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone  
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,  
 For tyranny of late is cunning grown,  
 And in its own good season tramples down  
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,  
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean  
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion  
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and  
 Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,  
 And proud distinction from each other land,  
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,  
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand

Full of the magic of exploded science—  
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance.  
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,  
Above the far Atlantic !—She has taught  
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,  
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,  
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought  
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever,  
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,  
That it should flow and overflow, than creep  
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,  
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,  
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,  
Three paces, and then faltering : better be  
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,  
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,  
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep  
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,  
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,  
One freeman more, America, to thee !



THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE  
OF PULCI.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE *Morgante Maggiore*, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the *Orlando Innamorato* the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one; and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his *Parson Adams*, *Barnabas*, *Thwackum*, *Supple*, and the *Ordinary* in *Jonathan Wild*,—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the "*Tales of my Landlord*."

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names, as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, &c., as it suits his convenience; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.



## INTRODUCTION TO THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

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THE translation of the tedious *Morgante* of Pulci was chiefly executed at Ravenna in 1820, and was first published in "The Liberal." Such was the care bestowed by Lord Byron upon the task, that he only accomplished two stanzas a night, which was his principal time for composition, and such was his opinion of his success, that he always maintained that there was no such translation in the English language, and never *would* be such another. He appears to have thought that its merit consisted in the *verbum pro verbo* closeness of the version, rendered doubly difficult by the character of the poem, which, besides being humorous, is full of vulgar Florentine idioms, abrupt transitions, ungrammatical constructions, and sententious obscurity. Thus the translation was an exercise of skill in the art, and can only be estimated by continuous reference to the original Italian, where the exigencies, moreover, of rhyme, are far less felt than in English, and which Pulci often satisfied by yielding sense up to sound. The immense labour of mastering these accumulated obstacles explains Lord Byron's over-estimate of the piece. "Why," he says to Mr. Murray, in 1821, "don't you publish my Pulci,—the best thing I ever wrote?" But, unless forced up from its natural level, it is impossible for a stream to rise higher than its source, and the translation, from its very fidelity, was as much below "*Childe Harold*" and "*Don Juan*" as Pulci was an inferior poet to Lord Byron. The first edition of the original *Morgante* was published at Venice in 1481. The characters are derived from some chivalrous romances of the thirteenth century. A question much mooted is whether Pulci designed a burlesque, or a serious poem—Ugo Foscolo maintaining that the air of ridicule arose from the contrast between the absurdity of the materials and the effort of the author to render them sublime; while Sismondi contends that the belief in the marvellous being much diminished, the adventures which formerly were heard with gravity could not be reproduced without a mixture of mockery. Hallam agrees with the latter, and thinks that Pulci meant to scoff at the heroes whom duller poets held up to admiration. If he really intended to ennoble his subject he was at least unsuccessful, and had strange ideas of dignity. There has been equal difference of opinion upon the parts of the poem which touch on religion. Ugo Foscolo considers Pulci a devout Catholic who laughed at particular dogmas and divines; Sismondi doubts whether to charge him with gross bigotry or profane derision; and Hallam thinks that, under pretence of ridiculing the intermixture of theology with romance, he had an intention of exposing religion to contempt. Whatever might have been his theoretical creed, he shows by his mode of treating sacred topics that he was entirely destitute of reverence. Lord Byron was asked to allow some suppressions, to which he responded, that Pulci must answer for his own impiety.

## IL MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

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### CANTO PRIMO.

#### I.

IN principio era il Verbo appresso a Dio ;  
Ed era Iddio il Verbo, e 'l Verbo lui :  
Questo era nel principio, al parer mio ;  
E nulla si può far senza costui :  
Però, giusto Signor benigno e pio,  
Mandami solo un de gli angeli tui,  
Che m'accompagni, e reclimi a memoria  
Una famosa antica e degna storia.

#### II.

E tu Vergine, figlia, e madre, e sposa  
Di quel Signor, che ti dette le chiave  
Del cielo e dell' abisso, e d' ogni cosa,  
Quel dì che Gabriel tuo ti disse Ave !  
Perchè tu se' de' tuo' servi pictosa,  
Con dolce rime, e stil grato e soave,  
Ajuta i versi miei benignamente,  
E'nfino al fine allumina la mente.

#### III.

Era nel tempo, quando Filomena  
Con la sorella si lamenta e plora,  
Che si ricorda di sua antica pena,  
E pe' boschetti le ninfe innamora,  
E Febo il carro temperato mena,  
Che 'l suo Fetonte l'ammaestra ancor.  
Ed appariva appunto all' orizzonte,  
Tal che Titon si graffiava la fronte.

# THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

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## CANTO THE FIRST.

### I.

IN the beginning was the Word next God ;  
God was the Word, the Word no less was he :  
This was in the beginning, to my mode  
Of thinking, and without him nought could be :  
Therefore, just Lord ! from out thy high abode,  
Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,  
One only, to be my companion, who  
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

### II.

And thou, oh Virgin ! daughter, mother, bride,  
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key  
Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,  
The day thy Gabriel said " All hail ! " to thee,  
Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,  
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,  
Be to my verses then benignly kind,  
And to the end illuminate my mind.

### III.

'Twas in the season when sad Philomel  
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and  
Deplores the ancient woes which both befel,  
And makes the nymphs enamour'd, to the hand  
Of Phaëton by Phœbus loved so well  
His car (but temper'd by his sire's command)  
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now  
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his brow :

## IV.

Quand'io varai la mia barchetta, prima  
Per ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe  
La mente, e faticarsi in prosa e in rima,  
E del mio Carlo Imperador m'increbbe ;  
Che so quanti la penna ha posto in cima,  
Che tutti la sua gloria prevarrebbe :  
E stata quella istoria, a quel ch'i' veggio,  
Di Carlo male intesa, e scritta peggio.

## V.

Diceva già Lionardo Aretino,  
Che s' egli avesse avuto scrittor degno,  
Com' egli ebbe un Ormanno il suo Pipino  
Ch' avesse diligenza avuto e ingegno ;  
Sarebbe Carlo Magno un uom divino ;  
Però ch' egli ebbe gran vittorie e regno,  
E fece per la chiesa e per la fede  
Certo assai più, che non si dice o crede.

## VI.

Guardisi ancora a san Liberatore  
Quella badia là presso a Manoppello,  
Giù ne gli Abbruzzi fatta per suo onore,  
Dove fu la battaglia e 'l gran flaggello  
D'un re pagan, che Carlo imperadore  
Uccise, e tanto del sua popol fello :  
E vedesi tante ossa, e tanto il sanno,  
Che tutte in Giusaffà poi si vedranno.

## VII.

Ma il mondo cieco e ignorante non prezza  
Le sue virtù, com'io vorrei vedere :  
E tu, Fiorenza, de la sua grandezza  
Possiedi, e sempre potrai possedere  
Ogni costume ed ogni gentilezza  
Che si potesse aquistare o avere  
Col senno col tesoro o con la lancia  
Dal nobil sangue e venuto di Francia.

## IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,  
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,  
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay  
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find  
By several pens already praised ; but they  
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,  
For all that I can see in prose or verse,  
Have understood Charles badly, and wrote worse.

## V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,  
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer  
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,  
No hero would in history look brighter ;  
He in the cabinet being always ready,  
And in the field a most victorious fighter,  
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought,  
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

## VI.

You still may see at St. Liberatore,  
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,  
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,  
Because of the great battle in which fell  
A pagan king, according to the story,  
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell :  
And there are bones so many, and so many,  
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

## VII.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize  
His virtues as I wish to see them : thou,  
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,  
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,  
All proper customs and true courtesies :  
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,  
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,  
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

## VIII.

Dodici paladini aveva in corte  
Carlo; e 'l più savio e famoso era Orlando:  
Gan traditor lo condusse a la morte  
In Roncisvalle un trattato ordinando;  
Là dove in corno sonò tanto forte  
Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando  
Ne la sua commedia Dante qui dice,  
E mettelo con Carlo in ciel felice.

## IX.

Era per Pasqua quella dì natale:  
Carlo la corte avea tutta in Parigi;  
Orlando, com' io dico, il principale  
Evvi, il Danese, Astolfo, e Ansuigi:  
Fannosi feste e cose trionfale,  
E molto celebravan San Dionigi;  
Angiolin di Bajona, ed Ulivieri  
V'era venuto, e 'l gentil Berlinghieri.

## X.

Eravi Avolio, ed Avino, ed Ottone  
Di Normandia, Riccardo Paladino,  
E 'l savio Namò, e 'l vecchio Salamone,  
Gualtier da Monlione, e Baldovino  
Ch' era figliuol del tristo Ganellone.  
Troppo lieto era il figliuol di Pipino;  
Tanto che spesso d' allegrezza geme  
Veggendo tutti i paladini insieme.

## XI.

Ma la Fortuna attenta sta nascosa,  
Per guastar sempre ciascun nostro effetto;  
Mentre che Carlo così si riposa,  
Orlando governava in fatto e in detto  
La corte e Carlo Magno ed ogni cosa:  
Gan per invidia scoppia il maladetto,  
E cominciava un dì con Carlo a dire:  
Abbiam noi sempre Orlando ad ubbidire?

## VIII.

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom  
 The wisest and most famous was Orlando ;  
 Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb  
 In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd too,  
 While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd the doom  
 Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do :  
 And Dante in his comedy has given  
 To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

## IX.

'Twas Christmas-day ; in Paris all his court  
 Charles held ; the chief, I say, Orlando was,  
 The Dane ; Astolfo there too did resort,  
 Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass  
 In festival and in triumphal sport,  
 The much-renown'd St. Dennis being the cause ;  
 Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,  
 And gentle Belinghieri too came there :

## X.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone  
 Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,  
 Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salamone,  
 Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldwin,  
 Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,  
 Were there, exciting too much gladness in  
 The son of Pepin :—when his knights came hither,  
 He groan'd with joy to see them altogether.

## XI.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed  
 Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.  
 While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,  
 Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every thing ;  
 Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need  
 To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king  
 One day he openly began to say,  
 " Orlando must we always then obey ?

## XII.

Io ho creduto mille volte dirti .  
Orlando ha in se troppa presunzione :  
Noi siam qui conti, re, duchi a servirti,  
E Namò, Ottone, Uggieri e Salamone,  
Per onorarti ognun, per ubbidirti :  
Che costui abbi ogni reputazione  
Nol sofferrem ; ma siam deliberati  
Da un fanciullo non esser governati.

## XIII.

Tu cominciasti insino in Aspramonte  
A dargli a intender che fusse gagliardo,  
E facesse gran cose a quella fonte ;  
Ma se non fusse stato il buon Gherardo,  
Io so che la vittoria era d'Almonte :  
Ma egli ebbe sempre l'occhio a lo stendardo ;  
Che sì voleva quel dì coronarlo :  
Questo è colui ch' ha meritato, Carlo.

## XIV.

Se ti ricorda già sendo in Guascogna,  
Quando e' vi venne la gente di Spagna,  
Il popol de' Cristiani avea vergogna,  
Se non mostrava la sua forza magna.  
Il ver convien pur dir, quando e' bisogna :  
Sappi eh' ognuno imperador si lagna :  
Quant' io per me, ripasserò que' monti  
Ch' io passai 'n qua con sessantaduo conti.

## XV.

La tua grandezza dispensar si vuole,  
E far che ciascun abbi la sua parte :  
La corte tutta quanta se ne duole :  
Tu credi che costui sia forse Marte ?  
Orlando un giorno udì queste parole,  
Che si sedeva soletto in disparte :  
Dispiacquagli di Gan quel che diceva ;  
Ma molto più che Carlo gli credeva.



## XII.

“ A thousand times I’ve been about to say,  
 Orlando too presumptuously goes on  
 Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,  
 Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,  
 Each have to honour thee and to obey ;  
 But he has too much credit near the throne,  
 Which we won’t suffer, but are quite decided  
 By such a boy to be no longer guided.

## XIII.

“ And even at Aspramont thou didst begin  
 To let him know he was a gallant knight,  
 And by the fount did much the day to win ;  
 But I know *who* that day had won the fight  
 If it had not for good Gherardo been ;  
 The victory was Almonte’s else ; his sight  
 He kept upon the standard, and the laurels  
 In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

## XIV.

“ If thou rememberest being in Gascony,  
 When there advanced the nations out of Spain,  
 The Christian cause had suffer’d shamefully,  
 Had not his valour driven them back again.  
 Best speak the truth when there’s a reason why :  
 Know then, oh Emperor ! that all complain :  
 As for myself, I shall repass the mounts  
 O’er which I cross’d with two and sixty counts.

## XV.

“ ’Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,  
 So that each here may have his proper part,  
 For the whole court is more or less in grief :  
 Perhaps thou deem’st this lad a Mars in heart ? ”  
 Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,  
 As by himself it chanced he sate apart :  
 Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,  
 But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

## XVI.

E volle con la spada uccider Gano ;  
Ma Ulivieri in quel mezzo si mise,  
E Durlindana gli trasse di mano,  
E così il me' che seppe gli divise,  
Orlando si sdegnò con Carlo Mano,  
E poco men che quivi don l' uccise ;  
E dipartissi di Parigi solo,  
E scoppia e 'mpazza di sdegno e di duolo.

## XVII.

Ad Ermellina moglie del Danese  
Tolse Cortana, e poi tolse Rondello ;  
E 'n verso Brara il suo cammin poi prese.  
Alda la bella, come vide quello,  
Per abbracciarlo le braccia distese.  
Orlando, che ismarrito avea il cervello,  
Com' ella disse : ben venga il mio Orlando :  
Gli volle in su la testa dar col brando.

## XVIII.

Come colui che la furia consiglia,  
Egli pareva a Gan dar veramente :  
Alda la bella si fe' maraviglia :  
Orlando si ravvide prestamente :  
E la sua sposa pigliava la briglia,  
E scese dal caval subitamente :  
Ed ogni cosa narrava a costei,  
E riposossi alcun giorno con lei.

## XIX.

Poi si partì portato dal furore,  
E terminò passare in Paganía ;  
E mentre che cavalca, il traditore  
Di Gan sempre ricorda per la via :  
E cavalcando d'uno in altro errore,  
In un deserto truova una badía  
In luoghi oscuri e paesi lontani,  
Ch'era a' confin' tra Cristiani e pagani.

## XVI.

And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,  
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,  
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,  
And thus at length they separated were.  
Orlando angry too with Carloman,  
Wanted but little to have slain him there;  
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,  
And burst and madden'd with disdain and grief.

## XVII.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,  
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,  
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain;  
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle  
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again:  
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,  
As "Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,  
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

## XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge  
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,  
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange;  
But soon Orlando found himself awake;  
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,  
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake  
Of every thing which pass'd without demur,  
And then reposed himself some days with her.

## XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,  
As far as pagan countries roam'd astray,  
And while he rode, yet still at every pace  
The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;  
And wandering on in error a long space,  
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,  
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,  
Which form'd the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

## XX.

L'abate si chiamava Chiaramonte,  
Era del sangue disceso d'Anglante :  
Di sopra a la badía v' era un gran monte,  
Dove abitava alcun fiero gigante,  
De' quali uno avea nome Passamonte,  
L' altro Alabastro, e 'l terzo era Morgante :  
Con certe frombe gittavan da alto,  
Ed ogni dì facevan qualche assalto.

## XXI.

I monachetti non potieno uscire  
Del monistero o per legne o per acque :  
Orlando picchia, e non volieno aprire,  
Fin che a l' abate a la fine pur piacque ;  
Entrato drento cominciava a dire,  
Come colui, che di Maria già nacque  
Adora, ed era Cristian battezzato,  
E com' egli era a la badía arrivato.

## XXII.

Disse l' abate : il ben venuto sia :  
Di quel ch' io ho volentier ti daremo,  
Poi che tu credi al figliuol di Maria ;  
E la cagion, cavalier, ti diremo,  
Acciò che non l' imputi a villania,  
Perchè a l' entrar resistenza facemo,  
E non ti volle aprir quel monachetto :  
Così intervien chi vive con sospetto.

## XXIII.

Quando ci venni al principio abitare  
Queste montagne, benchè sieno oscure  
Come tu vedi ; pur si potea stare  
Sanza sospetto, ch' ell' eran sicure :  
Sol da le fiere t' avevi a guardare ;  
Fernoci spesso di brutte paure ;  
Or ci bisogna, se vogliamo starci,  
Da le bestie dimestiche guardarci.

## XX.

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood  
Descended from Angrante : under cover  
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,  
But certain savage giants look'd him over ;  
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,  
And Alabaster and Morgante hover  
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw  
In daily jeopardy the place below.

## XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,  
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood ;  
Orlando knock'd, but none would ope, before  
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good ;  
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore  
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,  
And was baptized a Christian ; and then show'd  
How to the abbey he had found his road.

## XXII.

Said the abbot, " You are welcome ; what is mine  
We give you freely, since that you believe  
With us in Mary Mother's son divine ;  
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive  
The cause of our delay to let you in  
To be rusticity, you shall receive  
The reason why our gate was barr'd to you :  
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

## XXIII.

" When hither to inhabit first we came  
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,  
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame  
They seem'd to promise an asylum sure :  
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,  
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure ;  
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard  
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

## XXIV.

Queste ci fan piuttosto stare a segno  
 Sonci appariti tre fieri giganti,  
 Non so di quel paese o di qual regno,  
 Ma molto son feroci tutti quanti:  
 La forza e 'l malvoler giunt'a lo 'ngegno  
 Sai che può 'l tutto; e noi non siam bastanti;  
 Questi perturban sì l' orazion nostra,  
 Che non so più che far, s' altri nol mostra.

## XXV.

Gli antichi padri nostri nel deserto,  
 Se le lor opre sante erano e giuste,  
 Del ben servir da Dio n'avean buon merto;  
 Nè creder sol vivessin di locuste:  
 Piovea dal ciel la manna, questo è certo;  
 Ma qui convien che spesso assaggi e gusti  
 Sassi che piovon di sopra quel monte,  
 Che gettano Alabastro e Passamonte.

## XXVI.

E 'l terzo ch' è Morgante, assai più fiero,  
 Isveglie e pini e faggi e cerri e gli oppi,  
 E gettagli infin qui: questo è pur vero;  
 Non posso far che d'ira non iscoppi.  
 Mentre che parlan così in cimitero,  
 Un sasso par che Rondel quasi sgroppi;  
 Che da' giganti giù venne da alto  
 Tanto, ch' e' prese sotto il tetto un salto.

## XXVII.

Tirati drento, cavalier, per Dio,  
 Disse l' abate, che la manna casca.  
 Risponde Orlando: caro abate mio,  
 Costui non vuol che 'l mio caval più pasca:  
 Veggo che lo guarrebbe del restò:  
 Quel sasso par che di buon braccio nasca.  
 Rispose il santo padre: io non t' inganno,  
 Credo che 'l monte un giorno gitteranno.

## XXIV.

“These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch ;  
For late there have appear’d three giants rough,  
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch  
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff ;  
When force and malice with some genius match,  
You know, they can do all—*we* are not enough :  
And these so much our orisons derange,  
I know not what to do, till matters change.

## XXV.

“Our ancient fathers living the desert in,  
For just and holy works were duly fed ;  
Think not they lived on locusts sole, ’tis certain  
That manna was rain’d down from heaven instead ;  
But here ’tis fit we keep on the alert in  
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower’d down for bread,  
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,  
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

## XXVI.

“The third, Morgante, ’s savagest by far ; he  
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,  
And flings them, our community to bury ;  
And all that I can do but more provokes.”  
While thus they parley in the cemetery,  
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,  
Which nearly crush’d Rondell, came tumbling over,  
So that he took a long leap under cover.

## XXVII.

“For God-sake, cavalier, come in with speed ;  
The manna’s falling now,” the abbot cried.  
“This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,  
Dear abbot,” Roland unto him replied.  
“Of restiveness he’d cure him had he need ;  
That stone seems with good will and aim applied.”  
The holy father said, “I don’t deceive ;  
They’ll one day fling the mountain, I believe.”

## XXVIII.

Orlando governar fece Rondello,  
E ordinar per se da colazione :  
Poi disse : abate, io voglio andare a quello  
Che dette al mio caval con quel cantone.  
Disse l' abate : come car fratello  
Consiglierotti senza passione ?  
Io ti sconsorto, baron, di tal gita ;  
Ch' io so che tu vi lascerai la vita.

## XXIX.

Quel Passamonte porta in man tre dardi :  
Chi frombe, chi baston, chi mazzafrusti ;  
Sai che giganti più di noi gagliardi  
Son per ragion, che son anco più giusti ;  
E pur se vuoi andar fa che ti guardi,  
Che questi son villan molto e robusti.  
Rispose Orlando : io lo vedrò per certo ;  
Ed avviossi a piè su pel deserto.

## XXX.

Disse l' abate col segnarlo in fronte :  
Va, che da Dio e me sia benedetto.  
Orlando, poi che salito ebbe il monte.  
Si dirizzò, come l' abate detto  
Gli avea, dove sta quel Passamonte ;  
Il quale Orlando veggendo soletto,  
Molto lo squadra di drieto e davante ;  
Poi domandò, se star volea per fante ?

## XXXI.

E' prometteva di farlo godere.  
Orlando disse : pazzo Saracino,  
Io vengo a te, com' è di Dio volere,  
Per darti morte, e non per ragazzino ;  
A' monaci suoi fatto hai dispiacere ;  
Non può più comportarti can mastino.  
Questo gigante armar si corse a furia,  
Quando sentì ch' e' gli diceva ingiuria,



## XXVIII.

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,  
 And also made a breakfast of his own ;  
 "Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow  
 Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."  
 Said the abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow ;  
 As to a brother dear I speak alone ;  
 I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,  
 As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

## XXIX.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts—  
 Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must :  
 You know that giants have much stouter hearts  
 Than us, with reason, in proportion just :  
 If go you will, guard well against their arts,  
 For these are very barbarous and robust."  
 Orlando answered, "This I'll see, be sure,  
 And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

## XXX.

The abbot sign'd the great cross on his front,  
 "Then go you with God's benison and mine :"  
 Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,  
 As the abbot had directed, kept the line  
 Right to the usual haunt of Passamont ;  
 Who, seeing him alone in this design,  
 Survey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant,  
 Then ask'd him, "If he wish'd to stay as servant?"

## XXXI.

And promised him an office of great ease.  
 But said Orlando, "Saracen insane !  
 I come to kill you, if it shall so please  
 God, not to serve as footboy in your train ;  
 You with his monks so oft have broke the peace—  
 Vile dog ! 'tis past his patience to sustain."  
 The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,  
 When he received an answer so injurious.

## XXXII.

E ritornato ove aspettava Orlando,  
Il qual non s'era partito da bomba;  
Subito venne la corda girando,  
E lascia un sasso andar fuor de la fromba,  
Che in su la testa giugnea rotolando  
Al conte Orlando, e l'elmetto rimbomba;  
E' cadde per la pena tramortito;  
Ma più che morto par, tanto è stordito.

## XXXIII.

Passamonte pensò che fusse morto,  
E disse: io voglio andarmi a disarmare:  
Questo poltron per chi m'aveva scorto?  
Ma Cristo i suoi non suole abbandonare,  
Massime Orlando, ch'egli avrebbe il torto.  
Mentre il gigante l'arme va a spogliare,  
Orlando in questo tempo si risente,  
E rievocava e la forza e la mente.

## XXXIV.

E gridò forte: gigante, ove vai?  
Ben ti pensasti d'avermi ammazzato!  
Volgiti a dietro, che, s'ale non hai,  
Non puoi da me fuggir, can rinnegato:  
A tradimento ingiuriato m'hai.  
Donde il gigante allor maravigliato  
Si volse a dietro, e riteneva il passo;  
Poi si chinò per tor di terra un sasso.

## XXXV.

Orlando avea Cortana ignuda in mano;  
Trasse a la testa: e Cortana tagliava:  
Per mezzo il teschio partì del pagano,  
E Passamonte morto rovinava:  
E nel cadere il superbo e villano  
Divotamente Macon bestemmiava;  
Ma mentre che bestemmia il crudo e acerbo,  
Orlando ringraziava il Padre e 'l Verbo.

## XXXII.

And being return'd to where Orlando stood,  
 Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging  
 The cord, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,  
 As show'd a sample of his skill in slinging;  
 It roll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good  
 And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,  
 So that he swoon'd with pain as if he died,  
 But more than dead, he seem'd so stupified.

## XXXIII.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,  
 Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,  
 Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"  
 But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,  
 Especially Orlando, such a knight,  
 As to desert would almost be a wrong.  
 While the giant goes to put off his defences,  
 Orlando has recall'd his force and senses:

## XXXIV.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?  
 Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;  
 To the right about—without wings thou'rt too slow  
 To fly my vengeance—currish renegade?  
 'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."  
 The giant his astonishment betray'd,  
 And turn'd about, and stopp'd his journey on,  
 And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.

## XXXV.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;  
 To split the head in twain was what he schemed:  
 Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,  
 And pagan Passamont died unredeem'd,  
 Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he bann'd,  
 And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed;  
 But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,  
 Orlando thank'd the Father and the Word,—

## XXXVI.

Dicendo: quanta grazia oggi m' ha data!  
 Sempre ti sono, o signor mio, tenuto;  
 Per te conosco la vita salvata;  
 Però che dal gigante era abbattuto:  
 Ogni cosa a ragion fai misurata;  
 Non val nostro poter senza il tuo ajuto.  
 Priegoti, sopra me tenga la mano,  
 Tanto che ancor ritorni a Carlo Mano.

## XXXVII.

Poi ch' ebbe questo detto sen' andòe,  
 Tanto che troua Alabastro più basso  
 Che si sforzava, quando e' lo trovòe,  
 Di svegliar d' una ripa fuori un masso.  
 Orlando, com' e' giunse a quel, gridòe:  
 Che pensi tu, ghiotton, gittar quel sasso?  
 Quando Alabastro questo grido intende,  
 Subitamente la sua fromba prende.

## XXXVIII.

E' trasse d' una pietra molto grossa,  
 Tanto ch' Orlando bisognò schermisse;  
 Che se l' avesse giunto la percossa,  
 Non bisognava il medico venisse.  
 Orlando adoperò poi la sua possa;  
 Nel pettignon tutta la spada misse:  
 E morto cadde questo babalone,  
 E non dimenticò però Macone.

## XXXIX.

Morgante aveva al suo modo un palagio  
 Fatto di frasche e di schegge e di terra:  
 Quivi, secondo lui, si posa ad agio;  
 Quivi la notte si rinchiede e serra.  
 Orlando picchia, e daragli disagio,  
 Perchè il gigante dal sonno si sferra;  
 Vennegli aprir come una cosa matta;  
 Ch' un' aspra visione aveva fatta.

## XXXVI.

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st this day given)  
And I to thee, O Lord! am ever bound.  
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,  
Since by the giant I was fairly down'd.  
All things by thee are measured just and even;  
Our power without thine aid would nought be found;  
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can  
At least return once more to Carloman."

## XXXVII.

And having said thus much, he went his way;  
And Alabaster he found out below,  
Doing the very best that in him lay  
To root from out a bank a rock or two.  
Orlando, when he reach'd him, loud 'gan say,  
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"  
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,  
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

## XXXVIII.

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,  
That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,  
And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,  
There would have been no need of a physician.  
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,  
And in his bulky bosom made incision  
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he  
However by no means forgot Macone.

## XXXIX.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,  
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,  
And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,  
And shut himself at night within his berth.  
Orlando knock'd, and knock'd again, to goad  
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,  
The door to open, like a crazy thing,  
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

## XL.

E' gli pareva ch' un feroce serpente  
L' avea assalito, e chiamar Macometto  
Ma Macometto non valea niente :  
Ond' e' chiamava Gesù benedetto ;  
E liberato l' avea finalmente.  
Venne alla porta, ed ebbe così detto ;  
Chi buzza qua ? pur sempre borbottando.  
Tu 'l saprai tosto, gli rispose Orlando.

## XLI.

Vengo per farti, come a' tuo' fratelli,  
Far de' peccati tuoi la penitènzia,  
Da' monaci mandato, cattivelli,  
Come stato è divina provvidenzia ;  
Pel mal ch' avete fatto a torto a quelli,  
E dato in ciel così questa sentenza ;  
Sappi, che freddo già più ch' un pilastro  
Lasciato ho Passamonte e 'l tuo Alabastro

## XLII.

Disse Morgante : o gentil cavaliere,  
Per lo tuo Dio non mi dir villania :  
Di grazia il nome tuo vorrei sapere ;  
Se se' Cristian, deh dillo in cortesia.  
Rispose Orlando : di cotal mastiere  
Contenterotti per la fede mia ;  
Adoro Cristo, ch' è Signor verace ;  
E puoi tu adorarlo, se ti piace.

## XLIII.

Rispose il Saracin con unil voce :  
Io ho fatto una strana visione,  
Che m' assaliva un serpente feroce :  
Non mi valeva per chiamar Macone :  
Onde al tuo Dio che fu confitto in croce  
Rivolsi presto la mia intenzione :  
E' mi soccorse, e fui libero e sano,  
E son disposto al tutto esser Cristiano.

## XL.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attack'd him  
 And Mahomet he call'd ; but Mahomet  
 Is nothing worth, and not an instant back'd him ;  
 But praying blessed Jesu, he was set  
 At liberty from all the fears which rack'd him ;  
 And to the gate he came with great regret—  
 “ Who knocks here ? ” grumbling all the while, said he.  
 “ That,” said Orlando, “ you will quickly see :

## XLI.

“ I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,  
 Sent by the miserable monks—repentance ;  
 For Providence divine, in you and others,  
 Condemns the evil done, my new acquaintance.  
 'Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay another's :  
 From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.  
 Know then, that colder now than a pilaster  
 I left your Passamont and Alabaster.”

## XLII.

Morgante said, “ Oh gentle Cavalier !  
 Now by thy God say me no villany ;  
 The favour of your name I fain would hear,  
 And if a Christian, speak for courtesy.”  
 Replied Orlando, “ So much to your ear  
 I by my faith disclose contentedly ;  
 Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,  
 And, if you please, by you may be adored.”

## XLIII.

The Saracen rejoin'd in humble tone,  
 “ I have had an extraordinary vision ;  
 A savage serpent fell on me alone,  
 And Macon would not pity my condition ;  
 Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone  
 Upon the cross, preferr'd I my petition ;  
 His timely succour set me safe and free,  
 And I a Christian am disposed to be.”

## XLIV.

Rispose Orlando : baron giusto e pio,  
Se questo buon voler terrai nel core,  
L' anima tua arà quel vero Dio  
Che ci può sol gradir d' eterno onore :  
E s' tu vorrai, sarai compagno mio,  
E amerotti con perfetto amore :  
Gl' idoli vostri son bugiardi e vani :  
Il vero Dio è lo Dio de' Cristiani.

## XLV.

Venne questo Signor senza peccato  
Ne le sua madre vergine pulzella :  
Se conoscessi quel Signor beato,  
Sanza 'l qual non risplende sole o stella,  
Aresti già Macon tuo rinnegato,  
E la sua fede iniqua ingiusta e fella ;  
Battezzati al mio Dio di buon talento.  
Morgante gli rispose : io son contento.

## XLVI.

E corse Orlando subito abbracciare :  
Orlando gran carezze gli facea,  
E disse : a la badia ti vo' menare.  
Morgante, andianci presto, respondea ;  
Co' monaci la pace ci vuol fare.  
De la qual cosa Orlando in se godea,  
Dicendo ; fratel mio divoto e buono,  
Io vò che chiegga a l' abate perdono.

## XLVII.

Da poi che Dio ralluminato t' ha,  
Ed accettato per la sua umiltade  
Vuolsi che tu ancor usi umiltà.  
Disse Morgante : per la tua bontade,  
Poi che il tuo Dio mio sempre omai sarà,  
Dimmio del nome tuo la veritade,  
Poi di me dispor puoi al tuo comando ;  
Ond' e' gli disse, com' egli era Orlando.



## XLIV.

Orlando answer'd, "Baron just and pious,  
 If this good wish your heart can really move  
 To the true God, you will not then deny us  
 Eternal honour, you will go above,  
 And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,  
 And I will love you with a perfect love.  
 Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud :  
 The only true God is the Christian's God.

## XLV.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast  
 Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine ;  
 If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,  
 Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,  
 Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,  
 Your renegado god, and worship mine,  
 Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."  
 To which Morgante answer'd, "I'm content."

## XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,  
 And made much of his convert, as he cried,  
 "To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."  
 To whom Morgante, "Let us go," replied ;  
 "I to the friars have for peace to sue."  
 Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,  
 Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,  
 Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would :

## XLVII.

"Since God has granted your illumination,  
 Accepting you in mercy for his own,  
 Humility should be your first oblation."  
 Morgante said, "For goodness' sake, make known, -  
 Since that your God is to be mine—your station,  
 And let your name in verity be shown ;  
 'Then will I everything at your command do."  
 On which the other said, he was Orlando.

## XLVIII.

Disse il gigante : Gesù benedetto  
 Per mille volte ringraziato sia ;  
 Sentito t' ho nomar, baron perfetto,  
 Per tutti i tempi de la vita mia :  
 E, com' io dissi, sempremai soggetto  
 Esser ti vo' per la tua gagliardia.  
 Insieme molte cose ragionaro,  
 E 'n verso la badia poi s' inviaro.

## XLIX.

E per la via da que' giganti morti  
 Orlando con Morgante sì ragiona :  
 De la lor morte vo' che ti conforti ;  
 E poi che piace a Dio, a me perdona ;  
 A' monaci avean fatto mille torti ;  
 E la nostra scrittura aperto suona,  
 Il ben remunerato, e 'l mal punito ;  
 E mai non ha questo Signor fallito,

## L.

Però ch' egli ama la giustizia tanto,  
 Che vuol, che sempre il suo giudizio morda  
 Ognun ch' abbi peccato tanto o quanto ;  
 E così il ben ristorar si ricorda :  
 E non saria senza giustizia santo :  
 Adunque al suo voler presto t' accorda :  
 Che debbe ognun voler quel che vuol questo,  
 Ed accordarsi volentieri e presto.

## LI.

E sonsi i nostri dottori accordati,  
 Pigliando tutti une conclusione,  
 Che que' che son nel ciel glorificati,  
 S' avessin nel pensier compassione  
 De' miseri parenti, che dannati  
 Son ne lo inferno in gran confusione,  
 La lor felicità nulla sarebbe ;  
 E vedi che qui ingiusto Iddio parrebbe.

## XLVIII.

“Then,” quoth the giant, “blessed be Jesu  
 A thousand times with gratitude and praise !  
 Oft, perfect baron ! have I heard of you  
 Through all the different periods of my days :  
 And, as I said, to be your vassal too  
 I wish, for your great gallantry always.”  
 Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,  
 And onwards to the abbey went their way.

## XLIX.

And by the way about the giants dead  
 Orlando with Morgante reason’d : “Be,  
 For their decease, I pray you, comforted ;  
 And, since it is God’s pleasure, pardon me ;  
 A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred ;  
 And our true Scripture soundeth openly,  
 Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,  
 Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil :

## L.

“Because his love of justice unto all  
 Is such, he wills his judgment should devour  
 All who have sin, however great or small ;  
 But good he well remembers to restore.  
 Nor without justice holy could we call  
 Him, whom I now require you to adore.  
 All men must make his will their wishes sway,  
 And quickly and spontaneously obey.

## LI.

“And here our doctors are of one accord,  
 Coming on this point to the same conclusion,  
 That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord  
 If pity e’er was guilty of intrusion  
 For their unfortunate relations stored  
 In hell below, and damn’d in great confusion,  
 Their happiness would be reduced to nought,  
 And thus unjust the Almighty’s self be thought.

## LII.

Ma egli anno posto in Gesù ferma spene ;  
 E tanto pare a lor, quanto a lui pare ;  
 Afferman ciò che' e' fa, che facci bene,  
 E che non possi in nessun modo errare :  
 Se padre o madre è nell' eterne pene,  
 Di questo non si posson conturbare :  
 Che quel che piace a Dio, sol piace a loro :  
 Questo s' osserva ne l' eterno coro.

## LIII.

Al savio suol bastar poche parole,  
 Disse Morgante ; tu il potrai vedere,  
 De' miei fratelli, Orlando, se mi duole,  
 E s' io m' accorderò di Dio al volere,  
 Come tu di' che in ciel servir si suole :  
 Morti co' morti ; or pensiam di godere ;  
 Io vo tagliar le mani a tutti quanti,  
 E porterolle a que' monaci santi,

## LIV.

Acciò ch' ognun sia più sicuro e certo,  
 Com' e' son morti, e non abbin paura  
 Andar soletti per questo deserto ;  
 E perchè veggan la mia mente pura  
 A quel Signor che m' ha il suo regno aperto,  
 E tratto fuor di tenebre sì oscura.  
 E poi tagliò le mani a' due fratelli,  
 E lasciagli a le fiere ed agli uccelli.

## LV.

A la badia insieme se ne vanno,  
 Ove l' abate assai dubbioso aspetta :  
 I monaci che 'l fatto ancor non sanno,  
 Correvano a l' abate tutti in fretta,  
 Dicendo paurosi e pien' d' affanno :  
 Volete voi costui drento si metta ?  
 Quando l' abate vedeva il gigante,  
 Si turbò tutto nel primo sembante.

## LII.

“ But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all  
 Which seems to him, to them too must appear  
 Well done; nor could it otherwise befall;  
 He never can in any purpose err.  
 If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,  
 They don’t disturb themselves for him or her:  
 What pleases God to them must joy inspire;—  
 Such is the observance of the eternal choir.”

## LIII.

“ A word unto the wise,” Morgante said,  
 “ Is wont to be enough, and you shall see  
 How much I grieve about my brethren dead;  
 And if the will of God seem good to me,  
 Just, as you tell me, ’tis in heaven obey’d—  
 Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!  
 I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,  
 And carry them unto the holy monks.

## LIV.

“ So that all persons may be sure and certain  
 That they are dead, and have no further fear  
 To wander solitary this desert in,  
 And that they may perceive my spirit clear  
 By the Lord’s grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain  
 Of darkness, making his bright realm appear.”  
 He cut his brethren’s hands off at these words,  
 And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

## LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,  
 Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.  
 The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither  
 To their superior, all in breathless rout,  
 Saying with tremor, “ Please to tell us whether  
 You wish to have this person in or out ? ”  
 The abbot, looking through upon the giant,  
 Too greatly fear’d, at first, to be compliant.

## LVI.

Orlando che turbato così il vede,  
Gli disse presto : abate, datti pace,  
Questo è Cristiano, e in Cristo nostro crede  
E rinnegato ha il suo Macon fallace.  
Morgante i moncherin mostrò per fede,  
Come i giganti ciascun morto giace ;  
Donde l' abate ringraziava Iddio,  
Dicendo ; or m' hai contento, Signor mio.

## LVII.

E risguardava, e squadrava Morgante,  
La sua grandezza e una volta e due,  
E poi gli disse : O famoso gigante,  
Sappi ch' io non mi maraviglio piùè,  
Che tu svegliessi e gittassi le piante,  
Quand' io riguardo or le fattezze tue :  
Tu sarai or perfetto e vero amico  
A Cristo, quanto tu gli eri nimico.

## LVIII.

Un nostro apostol, Saul già chiamato,  
Perseguì molto la fede di Cristo :  
Un giorno poi da lo spirto infiammato,  
Perchè pur mi persegui ? disse Cristo :  
E' si ravvide allor del suo peccato  
Andò poi predicando sempre Cristo ;  
E fatto è or de la fede una tromba,  
La qual per tutto risuona e rimbomba,

## LIX.

Così farai tu ancor, Morgante mio :  
E chi s' emenda, è scritto nel Vangelo,  
Che maggior festa fa d' un solo Iddio,  
Che di novantanove altri su in cielo :  
Io ti conforto ch' ogni tuo disio  
Rivolga a quel Signor con giusto zelo,  
Che tu sarai felice in sempiterno,  
Ch' eri perduto, e dannato all' inferno.

## LVI.

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,  
 Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;  
 He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,  
 And hath renounced his Macou false;" which here  
 Morgante with the hands corroborated,  
 A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:  
 Thence with due thanks, the abbot God adored,  
 Saying, "Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!"

## LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,  
 And more than once contemplated his size;  
 And then he said, "Oh giant celebrated!  
 Know, that no more my wonder will arise,  
 How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,  
 When I behold your form with my own eyes.  
 You now a true and perfect friend will show  
 Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

## LVIII.

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,  
 Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,  
 Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,  
 'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;  
 And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,  
 And went for ever after preaching Christ,  
 And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding  
 O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

## LIX.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise:  
 He who repents—thus writes the Evangelist—  
 Occasions more rejoicing in the skies  
 Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.  
 You may be sure, should each desire arise  
 With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist  
 Among the happy saints for evermore;  
 But you were lost and damn'd to hell before!"

## LX.

E grande onore a Morgante faceva  
L' abate, e molti dì si son posti :  
Un giorno, come ad Orlando piaceva,  
A spasso in quà e in là si sono andati :  
L' abate in una camera sua aveva  
Molte armadure e certi archi appiccati :  
Morgante gliene piacque un che ne vede ;  
Onde e' sel cinse bench' oprar nol crede.

## LXI.

Avea quel luogo d' acqua carestia :  
Orlando disse come buon fratello :  
Morgante, vo' che di piacer ti sia  
Andar per l' acqua : ond' e' rispose a quello :  
Comanda ciò che vuoi che fatto sia ;  
E posesi in ispalla un gran tinello,  
Ed avviossi là verso una fonte  
Dove solea ber sempre appiè del monte.

## LXII.

Giunto a la fonte, sente un gran fracasso  
Di subito venir per la foresta :  
Una saetta cavò del turcasso,  
Posela a l' arco, ed alzava la testa ;  
Ecco apparire un gran gregge al passo  
Di porci, e vanno con molta tempesta ;  
E arrivorno alla fontana appunto  
Dove il gigante è da lor sopraggiunto.

## LXIII.

Morgante a la ventura a un saetta ;  
Appunto ne l' orecchio lo 'ncarnava :  
Da l' altro lato passò la verretta ;  
Onde il cinghial giù morto gambettava ;  
Un altro, quasi per farne vendetta,  
Addosso al gran gigante irato andava ;  
E perchè e' giunse troppo tosto al varco.  
Non fu Morgante a tempo a trar con l' arco.



## LX.

And thus great honour to Morgante paid  
The abbot: many days they did repose.  
One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,  
And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,  
The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd  
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows;  
And one of these Morgante for a whim  
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

## LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,  
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,  
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case  
To go for water." "You shall be obey'd  
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."  
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,  
And went out on his way unto a fountain,  
Where he was wont to drink, below the mountain.

## LXII.

Arriv'd there, a prodigious noise he hears,  
Which suddenly along the forest spread;  
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares  
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;  
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,  
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,  
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;  
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

## LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,  
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,  
And pass'd unto the other side quite through;  
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.  
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,  
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,  
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,  
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

## LXIV.

Vedendosi venuto il porco adosso,  
 Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone<sup>1</sup>  
 Per modo che gl' infranse insino a l' osso,  
 E morto allato a quell' altro lo pone:  
 Gli altri porci veggendo quel percosso,  
 Si misson tutti in fuga pel vallone;  
 Morgante si levò il tinello in collo,  
 Ch' era pien d' acqua, e non si muove un crollo.

## LXV.

Da l' una spalla il tinello avea posto,  
 Da l' altra i porci, e spacciava il terreno;  
 E torna a la badia, ch' è pur discosto,  
 Ch' una gocciola d' acqua non va in seno.  
 Orlando che 'l vedea tornar sì tosto  
 Co' porci morti, e con quel vaso pieno;  
 Maravigliossi che sia tanto forte:  
 Così l' abate; e spalancan le porte.

## LXVI.

I monaci veggendo l' acqua fresca  
 Si rallegrorno, me più de' cinghiali;  
 Ch' ogni animal si rallegra de l' esca;  
 E posano a dormire i breviali:  
 Ognun s' affanna, e non par che gl' increzca,  
 Acciò che questa carne nog s' insali,  
 E che poi secca sapesse di victo;  
 E la digiune si restorno a drieto.

## LXVII.

E ferno a scoppia corpo per un tratto,  
 E scuffian, che parien de l' acqua usciti;  
 Tanto che 'l cane sen doleva e 'l gatto,  
 Che gli ossi rimanean troppo puliti.  
 L' abate, poi che molto onoro ha fatto  
 A tutti, un dì dopo questi conviti  
 Dette a Morgante un destrier molto bello,  
 Che lungo tempo tenuto avea quello.

## LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,  
He gave him such a punch upon the head,  
As floor'd him so that he no more arose,  
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead  
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,  
The other pigs along the valley fled;  
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,  
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

## LXV.

The tub was on one shoulder, and there were  
The hogs on t'other, and he brush'd apace  
On to the abbey, though by no means near,  
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.  
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear  
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,  
Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;  
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

## LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,  
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;  
All animals are glad at sight of food:  
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work  
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,  
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.  
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,  
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

## LXVII.

As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;  
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been  
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,  
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.  
The abbot, who to all did honour great,  
A few days after this convivial scene,  
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well train'd,  
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

## LXVIII.

Morgante in su 'n un prato il caval mena,  
 E vuol che corra, e che facci ogni pruova,  
 E pensa che di ferro abbi la schiena,  
 O forse non credeva schiacciar l' uova :  
 Questo caval s' accoscia per la pena,  
 E scoppia, e 'n su la terra si ritruova.  
 Dicca Morgante : lieva su, rozzone ;  
 E va pur punzecchiando co lo sprone.

## LXIX.

Ma finalmente convien ch' egli smonte,  
 E disse : io son pur leggier come penna,  
 Ed è scoppiato ; che ne di' tu, conte ?  
 Rispose Orlando ; un arbore d' antenna  
 Mi par piuttosto, e la gaggia la fronte :  
 Lascialo andar, che la fortuna accenna  
 Che meco appiede ne venga, Morgante.  
 Ed io così verrò, disse il gigante.

## LXX

Quando serà mestier, tu mi vedrai  
 Com' io mi proverò ne la battaglia.  
 Orlando disse : io credo tu farai  
 Come buon cavalier, se Dio mi vaglia ;  
 Ed anco me dormir non mirerai :  
 Di questo tuo caval non te ne caglia :  
 Vorrebbesi portarlo in qualche bosco ;  
 Ma il modo nè la via non ci conosco.

## LXXI.

Disse il gigante : io il porterò ben io,  
 Da poi che portar me non ha voluto,  
 Per render ben per mal, come fa Dio ;  
 Ma vo' che a porlo addosso mi dia ajuto.  
 Orlando gli dicea : Morgante mio,  
 S' al mio consiglio ti sarai attenuto,  
 Questo caval tu non ve 'l porteresti,  
 Che ti farà come tu a lui facesti,

## LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,  
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,  
Thinking that he a back of iron had,  
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;  
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,  
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.  
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"  
And still continued pricking with the spur.

## LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,  
And said, "I am as light as any feather,  
And he has burst;—to this what say you, count?"  
Orlando answer'd, "Like a ship's mast rather  
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:  
Let him go! Fortune wills that we together  
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."  
To which the giant answer'd, "So I will.

## LXX.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see  
How I approve my courage in the fight."  
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,  
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;  
Nor will you napping there discover me.  
But never mind your horse, though out of sight  
'Twere best to carry him into some wood,  
If but the means or way I understood."

## LXXI.

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,  
Since that to carry me he was so slack—  
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;  
But lend a hand to place him on my back."  
Orlando answer'd, "If my counsel still  
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake  
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,  
As you have done to him, will do to you.

## LXXII.

Guarda che non facesse la vendetta,  
Come fece già Nesso così morto :  
Non so se la sua istoria hai inteso o letta ;  
E' ti farà scoppiar ; datti conforto.  
Disse Morgante : ajuta ch' io me 'l metta  
Addosso, e poi vedrai s' io ve lo porto :  
Io porterei, Orlando mio gentile,  
Con le campane la quel campanile.

## LXXIII.

Disse l' abate : il campanil v' è bene ;  
Ma le campane voi l' avete rotte.  
Dicea Morgante, e' ne porton le pene  
Color che morti son là in quelle grotte ;  
E levossi il cavallo in su le schiene,  
E disse : guarda s' io sento di gotte,  
Orlando, nelle gambe, e s' io lo posso ;  
E fe' duo salti col cavallo addosso.

## LXXIV.

Era Morgante come una montagna :  
Se faceva questo, non è maraviglia :  
Ma pure Orlando con seco si lagna ;  
Perchè pur era omai di sua famiglia  
Temenza avea non pigliasse magagna.  
Un' altra volta costui riconsiglia :  
Posalo ancor, nol portare al deserto.  
Disse Morgante : il porteró per certo.

## LXXV.

E portollo, e gittollo in luogo strano,  
E tornò a la badia subitamente,  
Diceva Orlando : or che più dimoriano ?  
Morgante, qui non facciam noi niente ;  
E prese un giorno l' abate per mano,  
E disse a quel molto discretamente,  
Che vuol partir de la sua reverenzia,  
E domandava e perdono e licenzia.

## LXXII.

“Take care he don’t revenge himself, though dead,  
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.  
I don’t know if the fact you’ve heard or read ;  
But he will make you burst, you may be sure.”  
“But help him on my back,” Morgante said,  
“And you shall see what weight I can endure.  
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,  
With all the bells, I’d carry yonder belfry.”

## LXXIII.

The abbot said, “The steeple may do well,  
But for the bells, you’ve broken them, I wot.”  
Morgante answer’d, “Let them pay in hell  
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot ;”  
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,  
He said, “Now look if I the gout have got,  
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force ;”—  
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

## LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed ;  
So if he did this ’tis no prodigy ;  
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,  
Because he was one of his family ;  
And fearing that he might be hurt or maim’d,  
Once more he bade him lay his burden by :  
“Put down, nor bear him further the desert in.”  
Morgante said, “I’ll carry him for certain.”

## LXXV.

He did ; and stow’d him in some nook away,  
And to the abbey then return’d with speed.  
Orlando said, “Why longer do we stay ?  
Morgante, here is nought to do indeed.”  
The abbot by the hand he took one day,  
And said, with great respect, he had agreed  
To leave his reverence ; but for this decision  
He wish’d to have his pardon and permission.

## LXXVI.

E de gli onor ricevuti da questi,  
Qualche volta portando, arà buon merito ;  
E dice : io intendo ristorare e presto  
I persi giorni del tempo preterito ;  
E' son più dì che licenzia arei chiesto,  
Benigno padre, se non ch' io mi perito ;  
Non so mostrarvi quel che drento sento ;  
Tanto vi veggo del mio star contento.

## LXXVII.

Io me ne porto per sempre nel core  
L' abate, la badia, questo deserto ;  
Tanto v' ho posto in picciol tempo amore :  
Rendavi su nel ciel per me buon merto  
Quel vero Dio, quello eterno Signore  
Che vi serba il suo regno al fine aperto :  
Noi aspettiam vostra benedizione,  
Raccomandiamci a le vostre orazione.

## LXXVIII.

Quando l' abate il conte Orlando intese,  
Rintenerì nel cor per la dolcezza,  
Tanto fervor nel petto se gli accese ;  
E disse : cavalier, se a tua prodezza  
Non sono stato benigno e cortese,  
Come conviensi a la gran gentillezza ;  
Che so che ciò ch' i' ho fatto è stato poco,  
Incolpa la ignoranza nostra e il loco.

## LXXIX.

Noi ti potremo di messe onorare,  
Dì prediche di laude e paternostri,  
Piuttosto che da cena o desinare,  
O d' altri convenevol che da chiostrì :  
Tu m' hai di te sì fatto immamorar  
Per mille alte eccellenzie che tu mostri ;  
Ch' io me ne vengo ove tu andrai teco.  
E d' altra parte tu resti quì meco.



## LXXVI.

The honours they continued to receive

Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd :

He said, " I mean, and quickly, to retrieve

The lost days of time past, which may be blamed ;  
Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,

Kind father, but I really was ashamed,  
And know not how to show my sentiment,  
So much I see you with our stay content.

## LXXVII.

" But in my heart I bear through every clime

The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—

So much I love you in so short a time ;

For me, from heaven reward you with all good  
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime !

Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.  
Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,  
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

## LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,

His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,  
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word ;

And, " Cavalier," he said, " if I have less  
Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,

Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,  
I know I have done too little in this case ;  
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

## LXXIX.

" We can indeed but honour you with masses,

And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,  
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places

In verity much rather than the cloisters) ;  
But such a love for you my heart embraces,

For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,  
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,  
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

## LXXX.

Tanto ch' a questo par contraddizione ;  
Ma so che tu se' savio, e 'ntendi e gusti,  
E intendi il mio parlar per descrizione ;  
De' benefiej tuoi pietosi e giusti  
Renda il Signore a te munerazione,  
Da cui mandato in queste selve fusti ;  
Per le virtù del qual liberi siamo,  
E grazie a lui e a te noi ne rendiamo.

## LXXXI.

Tu ci hai salvato l' anima e la vita :  
Tanta perturbazion già que' giganti  
Ci detton, che la strada era smarrita  
Da ritrovar Gesù con gli altri santi :  
Però troppo ci duol la tua partita,  
E sconsolati restiam tutti quanti ;  
Nè ritener possiamti i mesi e gli anni :  
Che tu non se' da vestir questi panni,

## LXXXII.

Ma da portar la lancia e l' armadura :  
E puossi meritar con essa, come  
Con questa cappa ; e leggi la scrittura :  
Questo gigante al ciel drizzò le some  
Per tua virtù ; va in pace a tua ventura  
Chi tu ti sia, ch' io non ricerco il nome ;  
Ma dirò sempre, s' io son domandato,  
Ch' un angiol qui da Dio fussi mandato.

## LXXXIII.

Se c' è armadura o cosa che tu voglia,  
Vattene in zambra e pigliane tu stessi,  
E cuopri a questo gigante le scoglie.  
Rispose Orlando : se armadura avessi  
Prima che noi uscissim de la soglia,  
Che questo mio compagno difendessi :  
Questo accetto io, e sarammi piacere.  
Disse l' abate : venite a vedere.

## LXXX.

“This may involve a seeming contradiction;  
 But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,  
 And understand my speech with full conviction.  
 For your just pious deeds may you be graced  
 With the Lord’s great reward and benediction,  
 By whom you were directed to this waste :  
 To his high mercy is our freedom due,  
 For which we render thanks to him and you.

## LXXXI.

“You saved at once our life and soul : such fear  
 The giants caused us, that the way was lost  
 By which we could pursue a fit career  
 In search of Jesus and the saintly host ;  
 And your departure breeds such sorrow here,  
 That comfortless we all are to our cost ;  
 But months and years you would not stay in sloth,  
 Nor are you form’d to wear our sober cloth,

## LXXXII.

“But to bear arms, and wield the lance ; indeed,  
 With these as much is done as with this cowl ;  
 In proof of which the Scriptures you may read.  
 This giant up to heaven may bear his soul  
 By your compassion : now in peace proceed.  
 Your state and name I seek not to unroll ;  
 But, if I’m ask’d, this answer shall be given,  
 That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

## LXXXIII.

“If you want armour or aught else, go in,  
 Look o’er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,  
 And cover with it o’er this giant’s skin.”  
 Orlando answer’d, “If there should lie loose  
 Some armour, ere our journey we begin,  
 Which might be turn’d to my companion’s use,  
 The gift would be acceptable to me.”  
 The abbot said to him, “Come in and see.”

## LXXXIV.

E in certa cameretta entrati sono,  
Che d' armadure vecchie era copiosa :  
Dice l' abate : tutte ve le dono.  
Morgante va rovistando ogni cosa ;  
Ma solo un certo sbergo gli fu buono,  
Ch' avea tutta la maglia rugginosa :  
Maravigliossi che lo cuopra appunto :  
Che mai più gnun forse glien' era aggiunto.

## LXXXV.

Questo fu d' un gigante smisurata,  
Ch' a la badía fu morto per antico  
Dal gran Milon d' Angrante, ch' arrivato ;  
V' era, s' appunto questa istoria dico ;  
Ed era ne le mura istoriato,  
Come e' fu morto questo gran nimico  
Che fece a la badía già lunga guerra :  
E Milon v' è com' e' l' abbatte in terra.

## LXXXVI.

Veggendo questa istoria il conte Orlando,  
Fra suo cor disse : o Dio, che sai sol tutto,  
Come venne Milon quì capitando,  
Che ha questo gigante quì distrutto ?  
E lesse certe lettere lacrimando,  
Che non potè tenir più il viso asciutto,  
Com' io dirò ne la seguente istoria ;  
Di mal vi guardi il Re de l' alta gloria.

## LXXXIV.

And in a certain closet, where the wall  
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,  
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."  
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust  
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,  
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.  
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,  
Which ne'er had suited others so compactly.

## LXXXV.

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who  
By the great Milo of Agrante fell  
Before the abbey many years ago.  
The story on the wall was figured well ;  
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,  
Who long had waged a war implacable :  
Precisely as the war occur'd they drew him,  
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

## LXXXVI.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said  
In his own heart, "Oh God, who in the sky  
Know'st all things ! how was Milo hither led ?  
Who caused the giant in this place to die ?"  
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,  
So that he could not keep his visage dry,—  
As I will tell in the ensuing story.  
From evil keep you the high King of glory !

## NOTE TO THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

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<sup>1</sup> "Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. "*A punch on the head,*" or "*a punch in the head,*"—"un punzone in su la testa,"—is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

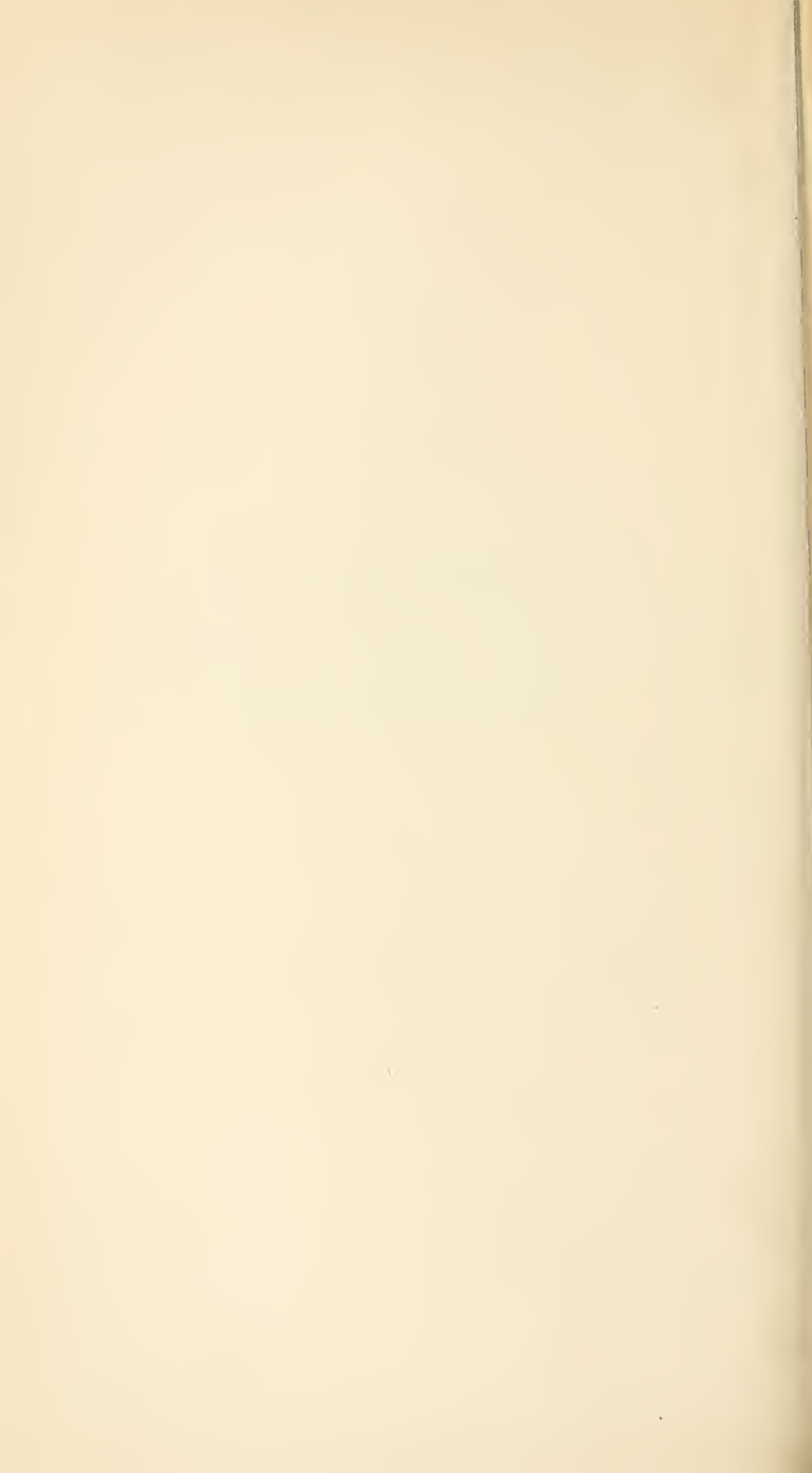
## THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

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“’Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

CAMPBELL.

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## PREFACE.

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IN the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile,—the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

“On this hint I spake,” and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem, in various other cantos, to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia* and his death, and shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the *Cassandra* of Lycophron and the *Prophecy of Nereus* by Horace, as well as the *Prophecies of Holy Writ*. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to *Caliph Vathek*; so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length as those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation.

I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" translated into Italian *versi sciolti*,—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great "Padre Alighier," I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the *Inferno*, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation,—their literature; and in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one; and be they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

## DEDICATION.



LADY ! if for the cold and cloudy clime,  
Where I was born, but where I would not die,  
Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy  
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,  
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,  
Thou art the cause ; and howsoever I  
Fall short of his immortal harmony,  
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.  
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,  
Spakest ; and for thee to speak and be obey'd  
Are one ; but only in the sunny South  
Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,  
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—  
Ah ! to what effort would it not persuade ?

RAVENNA, *June* 21, 1819.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

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IN the summer of 1819 Lord Byron visited the Countess of Guiccioli, at Ravenna. His books were at Venice, and the Countess, to occupy his pen, requested that his residence in the city, which was the last retreat and burial-place of Dante, might inspire a poem on the illustrious exile. "With his usual rapidity, he composed," she says, "'The Prophecy,'"—and so much to his own satisfaction, that in forwarding it to Mr. Murray he called it "the best thing he had ever done, if not unintelligible." It went to England with several more of his productions, and was pronounced by the persons to whom Mr. Murray showed the MS., "very grand and worthy." A later decision of the publisher was somewhat less favourable, and Lord Byron, who constantly depreciated his writings when the first fondness was over, declared that he himself had no great opinion of any of the shipment, except the version of Pulci. "The Prophecy" remained unpublished till May, 1821, when it was sent into the world in the same volume with "Marino Faliero." In the opening canto Dante is represented brooding over his exile, and venting his indignation against ungrateful Florence, who had shut her gates upon her worthiest son. In the second he predicts the foreign foes and internal divisions which were to bring desolation upon the garden of the world. In the third he characterises his great successors in Italian song, and in the last the painters and sculptors, who alone of all the geniuses of their clime are still unmatched by rival nations. If "The Prophecy" had been successful, it was Lord Byron's intention to have continued the chant, but it was rather coldly received, and he never returned to the theme. The portion he executed is defective in plan: the parts have no connection, and tend to no result; they are disjointed fragments of poetical description, which as *Prophecies* have little that is sufficiently significant. The obscurity, he apprehended, was felt by many, and though it is chiefly occasioned by the length of the sentences, and yields to attention, there is yet an oppressive cumbrousness in the diction which nothing can dispel. The metrical experiment was also a failure, and the terza rima, even in Lord Byron's hands, who was no less a master of his Italian models than of his native tongue, proved more heavy than harmonious. To conclude the catalogue of defects, he has reiterated several of the sentiments of "Childe Harold," and the first version was in all respects the best. But without glowing with the utmost heat of Lord Byron's imagination, the "Prophecy" is still a lofty and solemn poem, and in its sombre colouring truly Dantesque.

## THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.<sup>1</sup>

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### CANTO THE FIRST.

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ONCE more in man's frail world ! which I had left  
So long that 'twas forgotten ; and I feel  
The weight of clay again,—too soon bereft  
Of the immortal vision which could heal  
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies  
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,  
Where late my ears rung with the damned cries  
Of souls in hopeless bale ; and from that place  
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise  
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race ;  
Midst whom my own bright Beatricē bless'd<sup>2</sup>  
My spirit with her light ; and to the base  
Of the eternal Triad ! first, last, best,  
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God !  
Soul universal ! led the mortal guest,

<sup>1</sup> [DANTE ALIGHIERI was born in Florence in May, 1265, of an ancient and honourable family. In the early part of his life he gained some credit in a military character, and distinguished himself by his bravery in an action where the Florentines obtained a signal victory over the citizens of Arezzo. At the age of thirty-five he rose to be one of the chief magistrates of Florence, when that dignity was conferred by the suffrages of the people. From this exaltation the poet dated his principal misfortunes. Italy was distracted by the factions of the Ghibellines and Guelphs, and the internal dissensions among the latter, to whom Dante belonged, caused him to be banished in one of the proscriptions, when he became a Ghibelline, and died in exile in 1321.]

<sup>2</sup> The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

Unblasted by the glory, though he trod  
 From star to star to reach the almighty throne.  
 Oh Beatrice! whose sweet limbs the sod  
 So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,  
 Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,  
 Love so ineffable, and so alone,  
 That nought on earth could more my bosom move,  
 And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet  
 That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,  
 Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet  
 Relieved her wing till found; without thy light  
 My paradise had still been incomplete.<sup>3</sup>  
 Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight  
 Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,  
 Loved ere I knew the name of love,<sup>4</sup> and bright  
 Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought  
 With the world's war, and years, and banishment,  
 And tears for thee, by other woes untaught;  
 For mine is not a nature to be bent  
 By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd,  
 And though the long, long conflict hath been spent  
 In vain,—and never more, save when the cloud  
 Which overhangs the Apennine my mind's eye  
 Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud  
 Of me, can I return, though but to die,  
 Unto my native soil,—they have not yet  
 Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.  
 But the sun, though not overcast, must set,  
 And the night cometh; I am old in days,  
 And deeds, and contemplation, and have met  
 Destruction face to face in all his ways.  
 The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,  
 And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,

<sup>3</sup> “Che sol per le belle opre  
 Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l' altre stelle  
 Dentro di lui' *si crede il Paradiso*,  
 Così se guardi fiso  
 Pensar ben dèi ch' ogni terren' piacere.”

Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, Strophe third.

<sup>4</sup> [According to Boccaccio, Dante was a lover long before he was a soldier, and his passion for the Beatrice whom he has immortalised commenced while he was in his ninth and she in her eighth year.—CARY.]

I sought it not by any baser lure;  
 Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name  
 May form a monument not all obscure,  
 Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,  
 To add to the vain-glorious list of those  
 Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,  
 And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows  
 Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd  
 With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,  
 In bloody chronicles of ages past.  
 I would have had my Florence great and free ; \*  
 Oh Florence ! Florence ! unto me thou wast  
 Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He  
 Wept over, "but thou wouldst not ;" as the bird  
 Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee  
 Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard  
 My voice ; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,  
 Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd  
 Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,  
 And doom this body forfeit to the fire.<sup>6</sup>  
 Alas ! how bitter is his country's curse  
 To him who *for* that country would expire,  
 But did not merit to expire *by* her,  
 And loves her, loves her even in her ire.  
 The day may come when she will cease to err,  
 The day may come she would be proud to have  
 The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer  
 Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.  
 But this shall not be granted ; let my dust  
 Lie where it falls ; nor shall the soil which gave

6

"L'Esilio che m'è dato onor mi tegno

\* \* \* \* \*

Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode degno."

*Sonnet of Dante,*

in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

<sup>6</sup> "Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.*" Second sentence of Florence against Dante, and the fourteen accused with him. The Latin is worthy of the sentence.--The decree that he and his associates in exile should be burned, if they fell into the hands of their enemies, was first discovered in 1772. Dante had been previously fined eight thousand lire, and condemned to two years' banishment.]



Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust  
 Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume  
 My indignant bones, because her angry gust  
 Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom;  
 No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,  
 And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.  
 Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof  
 The breast which would have bled for her, the heart  
 That beat, the mind that was temptation proof,  
 The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part  
 Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw  
 For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art  
 Pass his destruction even into a law.  
 These things are not made for forgetfulness,  
 Florence shall be forgotten first; too raw  
 The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress  
 Of such endurance too prolong'd to make  
 My pardon greater, her injustice less,  
 Though late repented; yet—yet for her sake  
 I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,  
 My own Beatricē, I would hardly take  
 Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,  
 And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,  
 Which would protect the murderess like a shrine,  
 And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.  
 Though, like old Marius from Minturnæ's marsh  
 And Carthage ruins, my lone breast may burn  
 At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,<sup>7</sup>  
 And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe  
 Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch  
 My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!  
 Such are the last infirmities of those  
 Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,  
 And yet being mortal still, have no repose  
 But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,

<sup>7</sup> [When Marius was defeated in the civil war between himself and Sylla, he escaped his pursuers by plunging chin deep into the marshes of Minturnum, between Rome and Naples. He then sailed for Carthage, and had no sooner landed than he was ordered by the governor to quit Africa. On his subsequently gaining the ascendancy, Marius justified the massacre of Sylla's adherents by the humiliation he had suffered himself at Minturnum and Carthage.]



Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows  
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,  
When we shall mount again, and they that trod  
Be trampled on, while Death and Até range  
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks——Great God !  
Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield  
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod  
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield !  
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,  
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—  
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain  
For Florence,—I appeal from her to Thee !  
Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,  
Even in that glorious vision, which to see  
And live was never granted until now,  
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.  
Alas ! with what a weight upon my brow  
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,  
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,  
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,  
Long day, and dreary night ; the retrospect  
Of half a century bloody and black,  
And the frail few years I may yet expect  
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,  
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd  
On the lone rock of desolate Despair,  
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail  
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare ;  
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail ?  
I am not of this people, nor this age,  
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale  
Which shall preserve these times when not a page  
Of their perturbed annals could attract  
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,  
Did not my verse embalm full many an act  
Worthless as they who wrought it : 'tis the doom  
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd  
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume  
Their days in endless strife, and die alone ;  
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,

And pilgrims come from climes where they have known  
 The name of him—who now is but a name,  
 And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,  
 Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;  
 And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die  
 Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame  
 My mind down from its own infinity—  
 To live in narrow ways with little men,  
 A common sight to every common eye,  
 A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,  
 Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things  
 That make communion sweet, and soften pain—  
 To feel me in the solitude of kings  
 Without the power that makes them bear a crown—  
 To envy every dove his nest and wings  
 Which waft him where the Apennine looks down  
 On Arno, till he perches, it may be,  
 Within my all inexorable town,  
 Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,<sup>s</sup>  
 Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought  
 Destruction for a dowry—this to see  
 And feel, and know without repair, hath taught  
 A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:  
 I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,  
 They made an Exile—not a slave of me.

<sup>s</sup> This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelph families, named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being "*Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjugis scriptum esse legimus*," according to Giannozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Aretino is scandalised with Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry. "Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ricorda che Socrate, il più nobile filosofo che mai fosse, ebbe moglie e figliuoli e uffici della Repubblica nella sua Città; e Aristotele che, &c., &c., ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai.—E Marco Tullio—e Catone—e Varrone—e Seneca—ebbero moglie," &c. &c. It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for anything I know, of Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy—Cato gave away his wife—of Varro's we know nothing—and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered and lived several years afterwards. But says Lionardo, "*L'uomo è animale civile, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi*." And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is "*la prima congiunzione, dalla quale moltiplicata nasce la Città*."

## CANTO THE SECOND.

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THE Spirit of the fervent days of Old,  
When words were things that came to pass, and thought  
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold  
Their children's children's doom already brought  
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,  
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought  
Shapes that must undergo mortality ;  
What the great Seers of Israel wore within,  
That spirit was on them, and is on me,  
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din  
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed  
This voice from out the Wilderness, the sin  
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,  
The only guerdon I have ever known.  
Hast thou not bled ? and hast thou still to bleed,  
Italia ? Ah ! to me such things, foreshown  
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget  
In thine irreparable wrongs my own ;  
We can have but one country, and even yet  
Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,  
My soul within thy language, which once set  
With our old Roman sway in the wide West ;  
But I will make another tongue arise  
As lofty and more sweet, in which express'd  
The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,  
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme  
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,  
Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,  
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song ;  
So that all present speech to thine shall seem

The note of meaner birds, and every tongue  
Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.  
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,  
Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.  
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries  
Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine  
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,  
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,  
Float from eternity into these eyes;  
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,  
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,  
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,  
But all things are disposing for thy doom;  
The elements await but for the word,  
“Let there be darkness!” and thou grow’st a tomb!  
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,  
Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise,  
Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:  
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?  
Thou, Italy; whose ever golden fields,  
Plough’d by the sunbeams solely, would suffice  
For the world’s granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds  
With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;  
Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds  
Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,  
And form’d the Eternal City’s ornaments  
From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;  
Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,  
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made  
Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,  
And finds her prior vision but portray’d  
In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp  
Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade  
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp  
Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o’er thee,  
And wistfully implores, as ’twere, for help  
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,  
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still  
The more approach’d, and dearest were they free,  
Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant’s will:

The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and Hun  
Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill  
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done  
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,  
Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won  
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue  
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter  
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,  
And deepens into red the saffron water  
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,  
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,  
Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased  
Their ministry: the nations take their prey,  
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast  
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they  
Are; these but gorge the flesh, and lap the gore  
Of the departed, and then go their way;  
But those, the human savages, explore  
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet,  
With Ugolino hunger prowl for more.  
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;<sup>1</sup>  
The chiefless army of the dead, which late  
Beneath the traitor Prince's banner met,  
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;  
Had but the royal Rebel lived, perchance  
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.  
Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,  
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never  
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,  
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.  
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,  
Crush them, ye rocks! floods overwhelm them, and for ever!  
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,  
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?  
Why doth Eridanus but overflow  
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?  
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?  
Over Cambyzes' host the desert spread

<sup>1</sup> See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another written by a Jacopo *Buonaparte*.

Her sandy ocean, and the sea-waves' sway  
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,  
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?  
And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,  
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew  
Those who overthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie  
The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,  
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?  
Their passes more alluring to the view  
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,  
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,  
And leave the march in peace, the passage free?  
Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,  
And makes your land impregnable, if earth  
Could be so; but alone she will not war,  
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth  
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:  
Not so with those whose souls are little worth;  
For them no fortress can avail,—the den  
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting  
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when  
The hearts of those within are quivering.  
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil  
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring  
Against Oppression; but how vain the toil,  
While still Division sows the seeds of woe  
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.  
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,  
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,  
When there is but required a single blow  
To break the chain yet,—yet the Avenger stops,  
And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee,  
And join their strength to that which with thee copes;  
What is there wanting then to set thee free,  
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?  
To make the Alps impassable; and we,  
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed—Unite.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

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FROM out the mass of never-dying ill,  
The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger, and the Sword,  
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill  
And flow again, I cannot all record  
That crowds on my prophetic eye : the earth  
And ocean written o'er would not afford  
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth ;  
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,  
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth,  
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,  
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs  
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven  
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,  
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,  
Will not in vain arise to where belongs  
Omnipotence and mercy evermore :  
Like to a harpstring stricken by the wind,  
The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er  
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.  
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of  
Earth's dust by immortality refined  
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,  
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow  
Before the storm because its breath is rough,  
To thee, my country ! whom before, as now,  
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre  
And melancholy gift high powers allow  
To read the future : and if now my fire  
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive !  
I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire ;



Think not that I would look on them and live.  
A spirit forces me to see and speak,  
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive ;  
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break :  
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume  
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take  
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom  
A softer glimpse ; some stars shine through thy night,  
And many meteors, and above thy tomb  
Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot blight :  
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise  
To give thee honour, and the earth delight ;  
Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,  
The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,  
Native to thee as summer to thy skies,  
Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave,<sup>1</sup>  
Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name ;<sup>2</sup>  
For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,  
And all thy recompense is in their fame,  
A noble one to them, but not to thee—  
Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same ?  
Oh ! more than these illustrious far shall be  
The being—and even yet he may be born—  
The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,  
And see thy diadem, so changed and worn  
By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced ;  
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,  
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced,  
And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,  
Such as all they must breathe who are debased  
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.  
Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe  
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen ;  
Poets shall follow in the path I show,  
And make it broader : the same brilliant sky  
Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow,  
And raise their notes as natural and high ;  
Tuneful shall be their numbers ; they shall sing

<sup>1</sup> Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecucco.

<sup>2</sup> Columbus, Americus Vespusius, Sebastian Cabot.



Many of love, and some of liberty,  
But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,  
And look in the sun's face, with eagle's gaze,  
All free and fearless as the feather'd king,  
But fly more near the earth ; how many a phrase  
Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince  
In all the prodigality of praise !  
And language, eloquently false, evince  
The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,  
Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,  
And looks on prostitution as a duty.  
He who once enters in a tyrant's hall <sup>3</sup>  
As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,  
And the first day which sees the chain enthrall  
A captive, sees his half of manhood gone <sup>4</sup>—  
The soul's emasculation saddens all  
His spirit ; thus the Bard too near the throne  
Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*,—  
How servile is the task to please alone !  
To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease  
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong  
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,  
Or force, or forge fit argument of song !  
Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to Flattery's trebles,  
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong :  
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,  
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,  
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles  
In's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.  
But out of the long file of sonneteers  
There shall be some who will not sing in vain,  
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers,<sup>5</sup>  
And love shall be his torment ; but his grief  
Shall make an immortality of tears,  
And Italy shall hail him as the Chief  
Of Poet-lovers, and his higher song

<sup>3</sup> A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

<sup>4</sup> The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

<sup>5</sup> Petrarch.

Of Freedom wreath him with as green a leaf.  
But in a farther age shall rise along  
The banks of Po two greater still than he ;  
The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong  
Till they are ashes, and repose with me.  
The first will make an epoch with his lyre,  
And fill the earth with feats of chivalry :  
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,  
Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his thought  
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire ;  
Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,  
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,  
And Art itself seem into Nature wrought  
By the transparency of his bright dream.—  
The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,  
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem ;  
He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian blood  
Shed where Christ bled for man ; and his high harp  
Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,  
Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp  
Conflict, and final triumph of the brave  
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp  
Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave  
The red-cross banners where the first red Cross  
Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,  
Shall be his sacred argument ; the loss  
Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame  
Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss  
Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name  
And call captivity a kindness, meant  
To shield him from insanity or shame,  
Such shall be his meek guerdon ! who was sent  
To be Christ's Laureate—they reward him well !  
Florence dooms me but death or banishment,  
Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,  
Harder to bear and less deserved, for I  
Had stung the factions which I strove to quell ;  
But this meek man who with a lover's eye  
Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign  
To embalm with his celestial flattery,

As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,  
What will *he* do to merit such a doom?  
Perhaps he'll *love*,—and is not love in vain  
Torture enough without a living tomb?  
Yet it will be so—he and his compeer,  
The Bard of Chivalry, will both consume  
In penury and pain too many a year,  
And, dying in despondency, bequeath  
To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear  
A heritage enriching all who breathe  
With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,  
And to their country a redoubled wreath,  
Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll  
Through her olympiads two such names, though one  
Of hers be mighty;—and is this the whole  
Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?<sup>6</sup>  
Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,  
The electric blood with which their arteries run,  
Their body's self turned soul with the intense  
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of  
That which should be, to such a recompense  
Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough  
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be;  
For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,  
These birds of Paradise but long to flee  
Back to their native mansion, soon they find  
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,  
And die or are degraded; for the mind  
Succumbs to long infection, and despair,  
And vulture passions flying close behind,  
Await the moment to assail and tear;  
And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,  
Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share  
The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.  
Yet some have been untouch'd who learn'd to bear,  
Some whom no power could ever force to droop,

<sup>6</sup> [“Reader! how must you have admired those exquisitely beautiful and affecting portraits of Ariosto and Tasso which conclude the third canto of the ‘Prophecy of Dante!’ We there see them characterised in number, style, and sentiment, so wonderfully *Dantesque*, that they seem to have been inspired by the very genius of the *inarrivabile* Dante himself.”—GLENBERVIE.]

Who could resist themselves even, hardest care !  
And task most hopeless ; but some such have been,  
And if my name amongst the number were,  
That destiny austere, and yet serene,  
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblest'd ;  
The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen  
• Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,  
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,  
While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast  
A temporary torturing flame is wrung,  
Shines for a night of terror, then repels  
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,  
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

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MANY are poets who have never penn'd  
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:  
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend  
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd  
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars  
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more bless'd  
Than those who are degraded by the jars  
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,  
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.  
Many are poets but without the name,  
For what is poesy but to create  
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim  
At an external life beyond our fate,  
And be the new Prometheus of new men,  
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,  
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,  
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,  
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,  
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?  
So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they  
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power  
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay  
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er  
The form which their creations may essay,  
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear  
More poesy upon its speaking brow  
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;  
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,  
Or deify the canvass till it shine  
With beauty so surpassing all below,

That they who kneel to idols so divine  
 Break no commandment, for high heaven is there  
 Transfused, transfigured: and the line  
 Of poesy, which peoples but the air  
 With thought and beings of our thought reflected,  
 Can do no more: than let the artist share  
 The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected  
 Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas!  
 Despair and Genius are too oft connected.  
 Within the ages which before me pass  
 Art shall resume and equal even the sway  
 Which with Apelles and old Phidias  
 She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.  
 Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive  
 The Grecian forms at least from their decay,  
 And Roman souls at last again shall live  
 In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,  
 And temples, loftier than the old temples, give  
 New wonders to the world; and while still stands  
 The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar  
 A dome,<sup>1</sup> its image, while the base expands  
 Into a fane surpassing all before,  
 Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er  
 Such sight hath been unfolded by a door  
 As this, to which all nations shall repair  
 And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.  
 And the bold Architect unto whose care  
 The daring charge to raise it shall be given,  
 Whom all hearts shall acknowledge as their lord,  
 Whether into the marble chaos driven  
 His chisel bid the Hebrew,<sup>2</sup> at whose word

<sup>1</sup> The Cupola of St. Peter's.

<sup>2</sup> The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

#### SONETTO

*Di Giovanni Battista Zuppi.*

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,  
 Siede gigante; e le più illustre, e conte  
 Opere dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pronte  
 Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?  
 Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto  
 Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte,

Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,  
 Or hues of Hell be by his pencil pour'd  
 Over the damn'd before the Judgment-throne,<sup>3</sup>  
 Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,  
 Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown.  
 The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from m  
 The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms  
 Which form the empire of eternity.  
 Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,  
 The age which I anticipate, no less  
 Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms,  
 Calamity the nations with distress,  
 The genius of my country shall arise,  
 A Cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,  
 Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,  
 Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,  
 Wafting its native incense through the skies.

Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea del monte,  
 E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.  
 Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste  
 Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale  
 Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.  
 E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste ?  
 Alzata avete imago a questa eguale !  
 Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

["And who is he that, shaped in sculptured stone  
 Sits giant-like ? stern monument of art  
 Unparallel'd, while language seems to start  
 From his prompt lips, and we his precepts own ?  
 —'Tis Moses ; by his beard's thick honours known,  
 And the twin beams that from his temples dart ;  
 'Tis Moses ; seated on the mount apart,  
 Whilst yet the Godhead o'er his features shone.  
 Such once he look'd, when ocean's sounding wave  
 Suspended hung, and such amidst the storm,  
 When o'er his foes the refluent waters roar'd.  
 An idol calf his followers did engrave ;  
 But had they raised this awe-commanding form,  
 Then had they with less guilt their work adored."—ROGERS.]

<sup>3</sup> The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.

<sup>4</sup> I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where,) that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the *Divina Commedia* : but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.—[It was upon the margin of a folio copy of Dante that Michael Angelo drew pen and ink illustrations of the text. The vessel which carried the precious volume foundered on its way from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia. Duppa states in the *Life of Michael Angelo* that it is obvious throughout his works that he had fed his imagination from the poems of Dante.]



Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,  
 Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze  
 On canvass or on stone; and they who mar  
 All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,  
 Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;  
 And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise  
 To tyrants who but take her for a toy,  
 Emblems and monuments, and prostitute  
 Her charms to pontiffs proud,<sup>5</sup> who but employ  
 The man of genius as the meanest brute  
 To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,  
 To sell his labours, and his soul to boot.  
 Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,  
 But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more  
 Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,  
 Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.  
 Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how  
 Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power  
 Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,  
 Least like to thee in attributes divine,  
 Tread on the universal necks that bow,  
 And then assure us that their rights are thine?  
 And how is it that they, the sons of fame,  
 Whose inspiration seems to them to shine  
 From high, they whom the nations ofttest name,  
 Must pass their days in penury or pain,  
 Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,  
 And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?  
 Or if their destiny be born aloof  
 From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,  
 In their own souls sustain a harder proof,  
 The inner war of passions deep and fierce?  
 Florence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,

<sup>5</sup> See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X.—  
 [Julius II. enjoyed his conversation, and encouraged his attendance at the Vatican, but one morning as he was entering, he was stopped by the person in waiting, who said, "I have an order not to let you in." Michael Angelo, indignant at the insult, left Rome that very evening. Though Julius despatched courier after courier to bring him back, it was some months before a reconciliation was effected. On the Pope observing, "In the stead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you," Michael Angelo apologised with dignity, and matters resumed their ancient course.]



I loved thee ; but the vengeance of my verse,  
The hate of injuries which every year  
Makes greater, and accumulates my curse,  
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear.  
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,  
The most infernal of all evils here,  
The sway of petty tyrants in a state ;  
For such sway is not limited to kings,  
And demagogues yield to them but in date,  
As swept off sooner ; in all deadly things,  
Which make men hate themselves, and one another,  
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs  
From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,  
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,  
The faction Chief is but the Sultan's brother,  
And the worst despot's far less human ape :  
Florence ! when this lone spirit, which so long  
Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,  
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,  
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,<sup>6</sup>  
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,  
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,  
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth  
Where—whatsoe'er his fate—he still were hers,  
His country's, and might die where he had birth—  
Florence ! when this lone spirit shall return  
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,  
And seek to honour with an empty urn

<sup>6</sup> [In his "Convito," Dante speaks of his banishment, and the poverty and distress which attended it, in very affecting terms. About the year 1316, his friends obtained his restoration to his country and his possessions, on condition that he should pay a certain sum of money, and, entering a church, avow himself guilty, and ask pardon of the republic. "Far," he replied, "from the man who is familiar with philosophy, be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could imitate the infamy of some others, by offering himself up as it were in chains. Far from the man who cries aloud for justice, this compromise, by his money, with his persecutors ! No, my Father, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. But I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante ; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter. What ! shall I not every where enjoy the sight of the sun and stars ? and may I not seek and contemplate, in every corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay infamous, to the people and republic of Florence ? Bread, I hope, will not fail me."]

The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain—Alas!  
 “What have I done to thee, my people?”<sup>7</sup> Stern  
 Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass  
 The limits of man's common malice, for  
 All that a citizen could be I was;  
 Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,  
 And for this thou hast warr'd with me.—’Tis done:  
 I may not overleap the eternal bar  
 Built up between us, and will die alone,  
 Beholding with the dark eye of a seer  
 The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,  
 Foretelling them to those who will not hear.  
 As in the old time, till the hour be come  
 When Truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,  
 And make them own the Prophet in his tomb.

<sup>7</sup> “E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre una Epistola assai lunga che comincia: ‘*Popule mi, quid feci tibi?*’”—*Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Arcino*. [His countrymen showed, too late, that they knew the value of what they had lost. At the beginning of the next century, they entreated that the ashes of their illustrious citizen might be restored to them; but the people of Ravenna were unwilling to part with the honourable memorial of their own hospitality. No better success attended the subsequent negotiations of the Florentines, though renewed under the auspices of Leo X., and conducted through the powerful mediation of Michael Angelo.]

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.



## INTRODUCTION TO FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

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FRANCESCA, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. Lanciotto, who was brave but deformed, feared to be rejected if he was seen before the ceremony by his destined bride, and he therefore sent his younger brother Paolo, a handsome and accomplished man, as his proxy to marry Francesca. On seeing Paolo she mistook him for her intended husband, and an attachment ensued, which ended in their being detected in adultery, and stabbed by Lanciotto. State-policy was the motive with Francesca's father to insist upon the match, and his friends had warned him from the outset that his high-spirited daughter would never submit to be sacrificed with impunity. None of these extenuating circumstances are related by Dante, but he has conducted his narrative with infinite refinement and fidelity to nature. Francesca loves because she is beloved, yet there is no guilty intention with either. Their strong and mutual attachment is unavowed, until a story, in which the feelings of each are put into words, becomes an interpreter between them, tears the veil from their passion, and hurries them on to the deplorable catastrophe. The episode is considered the most pathetic in the *Divina Commedia*, and it greatly increases the pathos that the father of Francesca was the friend and protector of the poet. It is asserted, indeed, that this portion of the poem was composed in the house in which Francesca was born. A stern justice mingled with the sensibility of Dante, and with such motives to sorrow over the fate of the lovers, and while actually representing himself as swooning with pity, he has condemned them to a place in his *Inferno* for their crime. Lord Byron must have felt deeply the poetic version of the tragic tale, for he held that when Dante was tender, he displayed a gentleness beyond all example. The translation was executed at Ravenna in March, 1820. In transmitting it to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron says: "Enclosed you will find line for line, in third rhyme (*terza rima*), of which your British blackguard reader as yet understands nothing, Fanny of Rimini. I have done it into *cramp* English, line for line, and rhyme for rhyme, to try the possibility. If it is published, publish it with the original." On another occasion he called it "the *cream* of all translations," but "*cramp* English" is the juster description. The spirit is too much sacrificed to the letter. It has not the force, the freedom, nor the melody of the original, and shows how close an approach may be made to verbal accuracy without retaining the soul of song.

## FRANCESCA DA RIMINI,

DANTE, L'INFERNO.

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### CANTO THE FIFTH.

“ SIEDE la terra dove nata fui  
Su la marina, dove il Po discende  
Per aver pace coi seguaci sui.  
Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,  
Prese costui della bella persona  
Che mi fu tolta; e 'l modo ancor m' offende.  
Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,  
Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,  
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona;  
Amor condusse noi ad una morte:  
Cainà attende chi vita ci spense: ”  
Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.  
Da ch' io intesi quell' anime offense  
Chinai 'l viso, e tanto 'l tenni basso  
Fin che 'l Poeta mi disse: “ Che pense? ”  
Quando risposi cominciai: “ O lasso!  
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio  
Menò costoro al doloroso passo! ”  
Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io,  
E cominciai: “ Francesca, i tuoi martiri  
A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.

## FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

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### CANTO THE FIFTH.

“THE land where I was born <sup>1</sup> sits by the seas  
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,  
With all his followers, in search of peace.  
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,  
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en  
From me,<sup>2</sup> and me even yet the mode offends.  
Love, who to none beloved to love again  
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,  
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.  
Love to one death conducted us along,  
But Caina<sup>3</sup> waits for him our life who ended : ”  
These were the accents utter'd by her tongue.—  
Since I first listen'd to these souls offended,  
I bow'd my visage, and so kept it till—  
“What think'st thou?” said the bard;<sup>4</sup> when I unbended,  
And recommenced: “Alas! unto such ill  
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstacies,  
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!”  
And then I turn'd unto their side my eyes,  
And said, “Francesca, thy sad destinies  
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.

Ma dinmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri  
A che, e come concedette Amore  
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri? ”  
Ed ella a me: “ nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.  
Ma se a conoscer la prima radice  
Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,  
Farò come colui, che piange, e dice.  
Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto  
Di Lancilotto, come Amor lo strinse:  
Soli eravamo, e senza alcun sospetto.  
Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse  
Quella lettura, e scolorocci 'l viso:  
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.  
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso  
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,  
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,  
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:  
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse—  
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.”  
Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,  
L'altro piangeva sì che di pietade  
Io venni men così com' io morisse,  
E caddi come corpo morto cade.



But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,  
By what and how thy love to passion rose,  
So as his dim desires to recognize ? ”  
Then she to me : “ The greatest of all woes  
Is to remind us of our happy days<sup>5</sup>  
In misery, and that thy teacher knows.  
But if to learn our passion’s first root preys  
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,  
I will do even as he who weeps and says.<sup>6</sup>  
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,  
Of Lancilot,<sup>7</sup> how love enchain’d him too.  
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.  
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue  
All o’er discolour’d by that reading were ;  
But one point only wholly us o’erthrew ;<sup>8</sup>  
When we read the long-sigh’d-for smile of her,  
To be thus kiss’d by such devoted lover,<sup>9</sup>  
He who from me can be divided ne’er  
Kiss’d my mouth, trembling in the act all over :  
Accursed was the book and he who wrote !  
That day no further leaf we did uncover.”  
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,  
The other wept,<sup>10</sup> so that with pity’s thralls  
I swoon’d, as if by death I had been smote,  
And fell down even as a dead body falls.

## NOTES TO FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

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<sup>1</sup> RAVENNA.

<sup>2</sup> [The meaning is that she was despoiled of her beauty by death, and that the manner of her death excites her indignation still. Among Lord Byron's unpublished letters are the following different renderings of the passage :—

“Seized him for the fair person, which in its  
Bloom was ta'en from me, yet the mode offends.

or,

Seized him for the fair form, of which in its  
Bloom I was reft, and yet the mode offends.

Love, which to none beloved to love remits,

Seized me { with mutual wish to please  
                  { with wish of pleasing him } so strong,  
                  { with the desire to please }

That, as thou see'st, not yet that passion quits, &c.

You will find these readings vary from the MS. I sent you. They are closer, but rougher : take which is liked best ; or, if you like, print them as variations. They are all close to the text.”—*Byron Letters*.]

<sup>3</sup> [From Cain, the first fratricide. Cainà is that part of the Inferno to which murderers are condemned.]

<sup>4</sup> [Virgil, who is Dante's guide through the infernal regions.]

<sup>5</sup> [“Is to { recall to mind }  
                  { remind us of } our happy days.

“In misery, and { this }  
                          { that } thy teacher knows.”—MS.]

The teacher was Boetius, whom Dante in his distresses had always between his hands.—“In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem.”—*Boetius*.]

<sup>6</sup> [“I will { relate }  
                  { do even } as he weeps and says.”—MS.

The sense is—

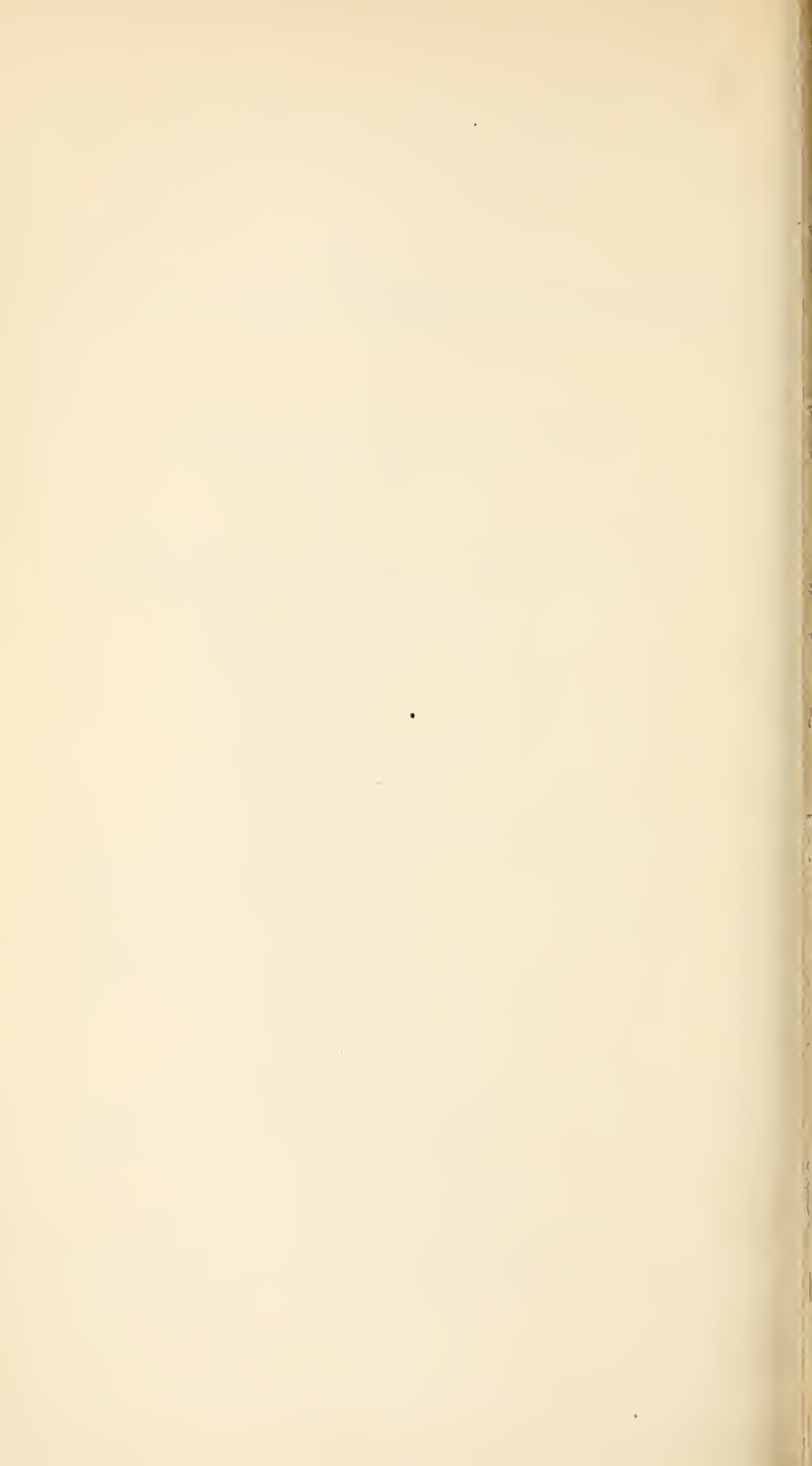
“I will do even as one who relates while weeping.”]

<sup>7</sup> [One of the Knights of Arthur's Round Table, and the lover of Genevra, so celebrated in romance.]

<sup>8</sup> [“But one point only us { overthrew }  
o'erthrew } .”—MS.]

<sup>9</sup> [“To be thus kiss'd by such { a fervent }  
devoted } lover.”—MS.]

<sup>10</sup> [The “other spirit” is Francesca's lover, Paolo. It is the poet himself who swoons with pity, and he can hardly have exaggerated his emotion when we consider that he had probably been acquainted with Francesca.]



# THE BLUES:

A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

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“Nimium ne crede colori.”—VIRGIL.

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,  
Though your *hair* were as *red*, as your *stockings* are *blue*.

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## INTRODUCTION TO THE BLUES.

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THE term "blue-socking" took its origin from the blue stockings of Mr. Stillingfleet,—a prominent member of the literary coterie who assembled frequently at the house of Mrs. Montague. The title was first applied in pleasantry to the whole society, which consisted of both sexes, and was afterwards appropriated to the bookish ladies, who formed so conspicuous a part of it. Had choice instead of chance presided at the naming, Lord Byron's term "blue-bottle" might have deserved the preference. With the sarcastic eye which he cast over society, and his hatred of false pretension, it was impossible that the learned airs of unlearned ladies should escape the rebuke of his biting pleasantry. In "Beppo" and "Don Juan" he has brushed laughingly but not tenderly, the blue down besprinkled over the wings of these butterflies, and, in 1820, he amused himself with pinning in this "Literary Eclogue" a few specimens of the azure beings who fluttered about the fashionable world during his London life. He called the *jeu d'esprit* "a mere piece of buffoonery never meant for publication," and it was solely owing to the entreaties of Mr. Hunt that it appeared in "The Liberal." With some little liveliness, this trifling effusion was not, it must be acknowledged, the product of a witty or poetic hour. In comparison with the keener strokes in "Don Juan," it was like stabbing with the hilt instead of with the point of the sword. Much of the amusement, however, depended upon a knowledge of the originals from whom the characters are drawn, and no traditionary information can enable a later generation to apprehend fully the force of the allusions. If the satire seems tame, it is for the most part good-humoured, and even the sketch of Lady Byron, under the name of Miss Lilac, is devoid of bitterness. Had his spleen been really roused, the gaiety of his mocking-mood would have been mingled with many a "glittering shaft of war."

# THE BLUES:

A LITERARY ECLOGUE

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## ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

*London.—Before the Door of a Lecture Room.*

*Enter TRACY, meeting INKEL.*

*Ink.* YOU'RE too late.

*Tra.* Is it over?

*Ink.* Nor will be this hour.

But the benches are cramm'd, like a garden in flower,  
With the pride of our belles, who have made it the fashion;  
So, instead of "beaux arts," we may say "la *belle* passion"  
For learning, which lately has taken the lead in  
The world, and set all the fine gentlemen reading.

*Tra.* I know it too well, and have worn out my patience  
With studying to study your new publications.  
There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and Wordswords and Co.  
With their damnable——

*Ink.* Hold, my good friend, do you know  
Whom you speak to?

*Tra.* Right well, boy, and so does "the Row:"<sup>1</sup>  
You're an author—a poet——

*Ink.* And think you that I

<sup>1</sup> [Paternoster-Row—long and still celebrated as a very bazaar of booksellers. Sir Walter Scott "hitches into rhyme" one of the most important firms—that

"Of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,  
Our fathers of the Row."]

Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you decry  
The Muses?

*Tra.* Excuse me: I meant no offence  
To the Nine; though the number who make some pretence  
To their favours is such—but the subject to drop,  
I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop,  
(Next door to the pastry-cook's; so that when I  
Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy  
On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,  
As one finds every author in one of those places:)  
Where I just had been skimming a charming critique,  
So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with Greek!  
Where your friend—you know who—has just got such a threshing,  
That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely "*refreshing*."<sup>2</sup>  
What a beautiful word!

*Ink.* Very true; 'tis so soft  
And so cooling—they use it a little too oft;  
And the papers have got it at last—but no matter.  
So they've cut up our friend then?

*Tra.* Not left him a tatter—  
Not a rag of his present or past reputation,  
Which they call a disgrace to the age, and the nation.

*Ink.* I'm sorry to hear this! for friendship, you know——  
Our poor friend!—but I thought it would terminate so.  
Our friendship is such, I'll read nothing to shock it.  
You don't happen to have the Review in your pocket?

*Tra.* No; I left a round dozen of authors and others  
(Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is a brother's)  
All scrambling and jostling, like so many imps,  
And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpse.

*Ink.* Let us join them.

*Tra.* What, won't you return to the lecture?

*Ink.* Why the place is so cramm'd, there's not room for a spectre.  
Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so absurd—

*Tra.* How can you know that till you hear him?

*Ink.* I heard  
Quite enough; and, to tell you the truth, my retreat  
Was from his vile nonsense, no less than the heat.

<sup>2</sup> [This cant phrase was first used in the Edinburgh Review—probably by Mr. Jeffrey.]



*Tra.* I have had no great loss then?

*Ink.* Loss!—such a palaver!

I'd inoculate sooner my wife with the slaver  
Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two hours  
To the torrent of trash which around him he pours,  
Pump'd up with such effort, disgorged with such labour,  
That——come——do not make me speak ill of one's neighbour.

*Tra.* I make you!

*Ink.* Yes, you! I said nothing until

You compell'd me, by speaking the truth——

*Tra.* *To speak ill?*

Is that your deduction?

*Ink.* When speaking of Scamp ill,

I certainly *follow*, *not set* an example.

The fellow's a fool, an impostor, a zany.

*Tra.* And the crowd of to-day shows that one fool makes many.

But we two will be wise.

*Ink.* Pray, then, let us retire.

*Tra.* I would, but——

*Ink.* There must be attraction much higher

Than Scamp, or the Jew's harp he nicknames his lyre,

To call *you* to this hotbed.

*Tra.* I own it—'tis true——

A fair lady——

*Ink.* A spinster?

*Tra.* Miss Lilac.

*Ink.* The Blue!

*Tra.* The heiress! The angel!

*Ink.* The devil! why, man,

Pray get out of this hobble as fast as you can.

*You* wed with Miss Lilac! 'twould be your perdition:

She's a poet, a chymist, a mathematician.

*Tra.* I say she's an angel.

*Ink.* Say rather an *angle*.

If you and she marry, you'll certainly wrangle.

I say she's a Blue, man, as blue as the ether.

*Tra.* And is that any cause for not coming together?

*Ink.* Humph! I can't say I know any happy alliance

Which has lately sprung up from a wedlock with science.

She's so learned in all things, and fond of concerning

Herself in all matters connected with learning,  
That——

*Tra.* What?

*Ink.* I perhaps may as well hold my tongue ;  
But there's five hundred people can tell you you're wrong.

*Tra.* You forget Lady Lilac's as rich as a Jew.

*Ink.* Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue?

*Tra.* Why, Jack, I'll be frank with you—something of both.  
The girl's a fine girl.

*Ink.* And you feel nothing loth  
To her good lady-mother's reversion ; and yet  
Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.

*Tra.* Let her live, and as long as she likes ; I demand  
Nothing more than the heart of her daughter and hand.

*Ink.* Why, that heart's in the inkstand—that hand on the pen.

*Tra.* A propos—Will you write me a song now and then?

*Ink.* To what purpose?

*Tra.* You know, my dear friend, that in prose  
My talent is decent, as far as it goes ;  
But in rhyme——

*Ink.* You're a terrible stick, to be sure.

*Tra.* I own it ; and yet, in these times, there's no lure  
For the heart of the fair like a stanza or two ;  
And so, as I can't, will you furnish a few?

*Ink.* In your name?

*Tra.* In my name. I will copy them out,  
To slip into her hand at the very next rout.

*Ink.* Are you so far advanced as to hazard this?

*Tra.* Why,

Do you think me subdued by a Blue-stockings' eye,  
So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme  
What I've told her in prose, at the least, as sublime?

*Ink.* As sublime ! If it be so, no need of my Muse.

*Tra.* But consider, dear Ink, she's one of the "Blues."

*Ink.* As sublime !—Mr. Tracy—I've nothing to say.  
Stick to prose—As sublime ! !—but I wish you good day.

*Tra.* Nay, stay, my dear fellow—consider—I'm wrong ;  
I own it ; but, prithee, compose me the song.

*Ink.* As sublime ! !

*Tra.* I but used the expression in haste.

*Ink.* That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damn'd bad taste.

*Tra.* I own it, I know it, acknowledge it—what  
Can I say to you more?

*Ink.* I see what you'd be at :  
You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,  
Till you think you can turn them best to your own use.

*Tra.* And is that not a sign I respect them?

*Ink.* Why that  
To be sure makes a difference.

*Tra.* I know what is what :  
And you, who're a man of the gay world, no less  
Than a poet of t'other, may easily guess  
That I never could mean, by a word, to offend  
A genius like you, and moreover, my friend.

*Ink.* No doubt; you by this time should know what is due  
To a man of——but come—let us shake hands.

*Tra.* You knew,  
And you *know*, my dear fellow, how heartily I,  
Whatever you publish, am ready to buy.

*Ink.* That's my bookseller's business; I care not for sale;  
Indeed the best poems at first rather fail.  
There were Renegade's epies, and Botherby's plays,<sup>3</sup>  
And my own grand romance——

*Tra.* Had its full share of praise.  
I myself saw it puff'd in the "Old Girl's Review."<sup>4</sup>

*Ink.* What Review?

*Tra.* 'Tis the English "Journal de Trevoux;"<sup>5</sup>  
A clerical work of our jesuits at home.  
Have you never yet seen it?

*Ink.* That pleasure's to come.

*Tra.* Make haste then.

*Ink.* Why so?

*Tra.* I have heard people say  
That it threaten'd to give up the *ghost* t'other day.

*Ink.* Well, that is a sign of some *spirit*.

<sup>3</sup> [Messrs. Southey and Sotheby.]

<sup>4</sup> ["My Grandmother's Review, the British," which has since been gathered to its grandmothers.]

<sup>5</sup> [The "Journal de Trevoux" (in fifty-six volumes) is one of the most curious collections of literary gossip in the world, and the Poet paid the British Review an extravagant compliment when he made the comparison.]

*Tra.*

No doubt.

Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout?

*Ink.* I've a card, and shall go: but at present, as soon  
As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from the moon  
(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits),  
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,  
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,  
To partake of a luncheon and learn'd conversation:  
'Tis a sort of reunion for Scamp, on the days  
Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and praise.  
And I own, for my own part, that 'tis not unpleasant.  
Will you go? There's Miss Lilac will also be present.

*Tra.* That "metal's attractive."

*Ink.*

No doubt—to the pocket.

*Tra.* You should rather encourage my passion than shock it.  
But let us proceed; for I think by the hum——

*Ink.* Very true; let us go, then, before they can come,  
Or else we'll be kept here an hour at their levee,  
On the rack of cross questions, by all the blue bevy.  
Hark! Zounds, they'll be on us; I know by the drone  
Of old Botherby's spouting ex-cathedrâ tone.  
Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join  
Your friends, or he'll pay you back in your own coin.

*Tra.* All fair; 'tis but lecture for lecture.

*Ink.*

That's clear.

But for God's sake let's go, or the Bore will be here.  
Come, come: nay, I'm off.

[*Exit INKEL.*]

*Tra.*

You are right, and I'll follow;

'Tis high time for a "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*"<sup>6</sup>

And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,  
Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand scribes,

<sup>6</sup> ["Sotheby is a good man—rhymes well (if not wisely); but is a bore. He seizes you by the button. One night of a rout at Mrs. Hope's, he had fastened upon me—(something about Agamemnon, or Orestes, or some of his plays) notwithstanding my symptoms of manifest distress—for I was in love, and just nicked a minute when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the statues of the gallery where we stood at the time). Sotheby, I say, had seized upon me by the button and the heart-strings, and spared neither. William Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my case, and coming up to us both, took me by the hand, and pathetically bade me farewell; 'for,' said he, 'I see it is all over with you.' Sotheby then went his way: '*sic me servavit Apollo.*'"—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

All flocking to moisten their exquisite throttles  
With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's.

[*Exit* TRACY.

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

*An Apartment in the House of LADY BLUEBOTTLE.—A Table prepared.*

SIR RICHARD BLUEBOTTLE *solus*.

Was there ever a man who was married so sorry?  
Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.  
My life is reversed, and my quiet destroy'd;  
My days, which once pass'd in so gentle a void,  
Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employ'd;  
The twelve, do I say?—of the whole twenty-four,  
Is there one which I dare call my own any more?  
What with driving and visiting, dancing and dining,  
What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling, and shining,  
In science and art, I'll be cursed if I know  
Myself from my wife; for although we are two,  
Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be done  
In a style which proclaims us eternally one.  
But the thing of all things which distresses me more  
Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me sore)  
Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew  
Of scribblers, wits, lecturers, white, black, and blue,  
Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost—  
For the bill here, it seems, is defray'd by the host—  
No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,  
But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;  
A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,  
By the rag, tag, and bobtail, of those they call "BLUES;"  
A rabble who know not——But soft, here they come!  
Would to God I were deaf! as I'm not, I'll be dumb.

*Enter* LADY BLUEBOTTLE, MISS LILAC, LADY BLUEMOUNT, MR. BOTHERBY, INKEL,  
TRACY, MISS MAZARINE, and others, with SCAMP the Lecturer, &c. &c.

*Lady Blueb.* Ah! Sir Richard, good morning: I've brought you  
some friends.

*Sir Rich. (bows, and afterwards aside).* If friends, they're the first.

*Lady Blueb.* But the luncheon attends.

I pray ye be seated, "*sans cérémonie.*"

Mr. Scamp, you're fatigued; take your chair there, next me.

[*They all sit.*]

*Sir Rich. (aside).* If he does, his fatigue is to come.

*Lady Blueb.* Mr. Tracy—

Lady Bluemount—Miss Lilac—be pleased, pray, to place ye;

And you, Mr. Botherby—

*Both.* Oh, my dear Lady,

I obey.

*Lady Blueb.* Mr. Inkel, I ought to upbraid ye:

You were not at the lecture.

*Ink.* Excuse me, I was;

But the heat forced me out in the best part—alas!

And when—

*Lady Blueb.* To be sure it was broiling; but then

You have lost such a lecture!

*Both.* The best of the ten.

*Tra.* How can you know that? there are two more.

*Both.* Because

I defy him to beat this day's wondrous applause.

The very walls shook.

*Ink.* Oh, if that be the test,

I allow our friend Scamp has this day done his best.

Miss Lilac, permit me to help you;—a wing?

*Miss Lil.* No more, sir, I thank you. Who lectures next spring?

*Both.* Dick Dunder.

*Ink.* That is, if he lives.

*Miss Lil.* And why not?

*Ink.* No reason whatever, save that he's a sot.

Lady Bluemount! a glass of Madeira?

*Lady Bluem.* With pleasure.

*Ink.* How does your friend Wordswords, that Windermere treasure?

Does he stick to his lakes, like the leeches he sings,

And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and kings?

*Lady Bluem.* He has just got a place.

*Ink.* As a footman?

*Lady Bluem.*

For shame!

Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.

*Ink.* Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitied his master;  
For the poet of pedlers 'twere, sure, no disaster  
To wear a new livery; the more, as 'tis not  
The first time he has turn'd both his creed and his coat.

*Lady Bluem.* For shame! I repeat. If Sir George could but  
hear——

*Lady Blueb.* Never mind our friend Inkel; we all know, my  
dear,

'Tis his way.

*Sir Rich.* But this place——

*Ink.* Is perhaps like friend Scamp's,

A lecturer's.

*Lady Bluem.* Excuse me—'tis one in the "Stamps:"  
He is made a collector.<sup>7</sup>

*Tra.* Collector!

*Sir Rich.* How?

*Miss Lil.* What?

*Ink.* I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat:

There his works will appear——

*Lady Bluem.* Sir, they reach to the Ganges.

*Ink.* I sha'n't go so far—I can have them at Grange's.<sup>8</sup>

*Lady Blueb.* Oh fie!

*Miss Lil.* And for shame!

*Lady Bluem.* You're too bad.

*Both.* Very good!

*Lady Bluem.* How good?

*Lady Blueb.* He means nought—'tis his phrase.

*Lady Bluem.* He grows rude.

*Lady Blueb.* He means nothing; nay, ask him.

*Lady Bluem.* Pray, Sir! did you mean

What you say?

*Ink.* Never mind if he did; 'twill be seen

That whatever he means won't alloy what he says.

*Both.* Sir?

*Ink.* Pray be content with your portion of praise;

'Twas in your defence.

<sup>7</sup> [Mr. Wordsworth was collector of stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland.]

<sup>8</sup> Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fruiterer in Piccadilly.



*Both.* If you please, with submission  
I can make out my own.

*Ink.* It would be your perdition.  
While you live, my dear Botherby, never defend  
Yourself or your works; but leave both to a friend.  
Apropos—Is your play then accepted at last?

*Both.* At last?

*Ink.* Why I thought—that's to say—there had pass'd  
A few green-room whispers, which hinted,—you know  
That the taste of the actors at best is so so.<sup>9</sup>

*Both.* Sir, the green-room's in rapture, and so's the Committee.

*Ink.* Ay—yours are the plays for exciting our “pity  
And fear,” as the Greek says: for “purging the mind,”  
I doubt if you'll leave us an equal behind.

*Both.* I have written the prologue, and meant to have pray'd  
For a spice of your wit in an epilogue's aid.

*Ink.* Well, time enough yet, when the play's to be play'd.  
Is it cast yet?

*Both.* The actors are fighting for parts,  
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.

*Lady Blueb.* We'll all make a party, and go the *first* night.

*Tra.* And you promised the epilogue, Inkel.

*Ink.* Not quite.

However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,  
I'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.

*Tra.* Why so?

*Ink.* To do justice to what goes before.

*Both.* Sir, I'm happy to say, I've no fears on that score.  
Your parts, Mr. Inkel, are——

*Ink.* Never mind *mine*;  
Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own line.

*Lady Bluem.* You're a fugitive writer, I think, sir, of rhymes?

*Ink.* Yes, ma'am; and a fugitive reader sometimes.  
On Wordswords, for instance, I seldom alight,  
Or on Monthey, his friend, without taking to flight.

<sup>9</sup> [“When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee, the number of plays upon the shelves were about five hundred. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered us ALL his tragedies, and I pledged myself, and—notwithstanding many squabbles with my committee brethren—did get *Ivan* accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepid*-ness on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play.”—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]



*Lady Bluem.* Sir, your taste is too common; but time and posterity  
Will right these great men, and this age's severity  
Become its reproach.

*Ink.* I've no sort of objection,  
So I'm not of the party to take the infection.

*Lady Blueb.* Perhaps you have doubts that they ever will take?

*Ink.* Not at all; on the contrary, those of the lake  
Have taken already, and still will continue  
To take—what they can, from a groat to a guinea,  
Of pension or place;—but the subject's a bore.

*Lady Bluem.* Well, sir, the time's coming.

*Ink.* Scamp! don't you feel sore?  
What say you to this?

*Scamp.* They have merit, I own;  
Though their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.

*Ink.* Then why not unearth it in one of your lectures?

*Scamp.* It is only time past which comes under my strictures.

*Lady Blueb.* Come, a truce with all tartness;—the joy of my heart

Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is art.

Wild Nature!—Grand Shakspeare!

*Both.* And down Aristotle!

*Lady Bluem.* Sir George<sup>1</sup> thinks exactly with Lady Bluebottle:  
And my Lord Seventy-four,<sup>2</sup> who protects our dear Bard,  
And who gave him his place, has the greatest regard  
For the poet, who, singing of pedlers and asses,  
Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus.

*Tra.* And you, Scamp!—

*Scamp.* I needs must confess I'm embarrass'd.

*Ink.* Don't call upon Scamp, who's already so harass'd  
With old *schools*, and new *schools*, and no *schools*, and all *schools*.

*Tra.* Well, one thing is certain, that *some* must be fools.  
I should like to know who.

*Ink.* And I should not be sorry  
To know who are *not*:—it would save us some worry.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir George Beaumont—a constant friend of Mr. Wordsworth.]

<sup>2</sup> [It was not the late Earl of Lonsdale, but James, the first earl, who offered to build and man a ship of seventy-four guns, towards the close of the American war;—hence the *soubriquet* in the text.]

*Lady Blueb.* A truce with remark, and let nothing control  
This "feast of our reason, and flow of the soul."

Oh! my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise!—I

Now feel such a rapture, I'm ready to fly,

I feel so elastic—"so buoyant—so buoyant!"<sup>3</sup>

*Ink.* Tracy! open the window.

*Tra.* I wish her much joy on't.

*Both.* For God's sake, my Lady Bluebottle, check not  
This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot  
Upon earth. Give it way: 'tis an impulse which lifts  
Our spirits from earth; the sublimest of gifts;  
For which poor Prometheus was chain'd to his mountain:  
'Tis the source of all sentiment—feeling's true fountain;  
'Tis the Vision of Heaven upon Earth: 'tis the gas  
Of the soul: 'tis the seizing of shades as they pass,  
And making them substance: 'tis something divine:—

*Ink.* Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more wine?

*Both.* I thank you: not any more, sir, till I dine.

*Ink.* Apropos—Do you dine with Sir Humphry<sup>4</sup> to day?

*Tra.* I should think with *Duke* Humphry was more in your way.

*Ink.* It might be of yore; but we authors now look  
To the Knight, as a landlord, much more than the Duke.  
The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,  
And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases.  
But 'tis now nearly five, and I must to the Park.

*Tra.* And I'll take a turn with you there till 'tis dark.  
And you Scamp—

*Scamp.* Excuse me! I must to my notes,  
For my lecture next week.

*Ink.* He must mind whom he quotes  
Out of "Elegant Extracts."

*Lady Blueb.* Well, now we break up;  
But remember Miss Diddle<sup>5</sup> invites us to sup.

<sup>3</sup> Fact from life, with the words.

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Humphry Davy, President of the Royal Society.]

<sup>5</sup> [The late Miss Lydia White, whose ambition was to be the hostess of the literary celebrities of the day. Sir W. Scott describes her as a lady "with stockings nineteen times nine dyed blue," superabundant liveliness and some wit, great good-nature and extreme absurdity. He mentions among her extravagances that she dressed on May-day morning like the Queen of the Chimney Sweeps. The last time he saw her she was lying on a couch "rouged, jesting, and dying."]

*Ink.* Then at two hours past midnight we all meet again,  
For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champagne!

*Tra.* And the sweet lobster salad!

*Both.* I honour that meal;  
For 'tis then that our feelings most genuinely—feel.

*Ink.* True; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond question:  
I wish to the gods 'twas the same with digestion!

*Lady Blueb.* Pshaw!—never mind that; for one moment of  
feeling  
Is worth—God knows what.

*Ink.* 'Tis at least worth concealing  
For itself, or what follows——But here comes your carriage.

*Sir Rich. (aside).* I wish all these people were d——d with *my*  
marriage!

[*Exeunt.*



# THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BY

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR  
OF "WAT TYLER."

---

"A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

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## PREFACE.

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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. imagine, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him* ; for they 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 "Satanie," 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

\* [These were not the expressions employed by Lord Eldon. He laid down the principle that "damages cannot be recovered for a work which is calculated to do injury to the public," and suspecting Wat Tyler to be of this description, he refused the injunction until Southey succeeded in obtaining damages in an action. Wat Tyler was written at the age of twenty-one when Southey was a republican, and was entrusted to two booksellers, who agreed to publish it, but never put it to press. The MS. was not returned to the author, and in 1817, at the interval of twenty-three years, when his sentiments were widely different, it was printed to his great annoyance, by persons who were supposed to have obtained it surreptitiously.]

† [Mr. William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, attacked Mr. Southey in the House of Commons on the 14th of March, 1817, and the Laureate replied by a letter in the *Courier*.]

‡ [Among the effusions of Mr. Southey's juvenile muse, is a laudatory "Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years." Canning wittily parodied it in the *Anti-jacobin*, by his well known "Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prentice-icide, was confined, previous to her Execution."]



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 expensive 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 this 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 in the meantime 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.

\* [Mr. Landor's political creed was always ultra-liberal. It was reported that he had said that he *would not*, or *could not*, read Lord Byron's works, and Lord Byron resolved to retaliate upon the works of Landor. But their real feelings were those of mutual esteem. The poetry of Lord Byron was panegyrised by Mr. Landor in his "Imaginary Conversations," and Lord Byron expressed in private his admiration of Mr. Landor's generosity and independence, of his profound erudition and brilliant talents.]

## APPENDIX TO LORD BYRON'S PREFACE.

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MR. SOUTHEY commenced his preface to the "Vision of Judgment" with a defence of the hexameters in which it was written, and then diverged from his own versification to Lord Byron's conduct :—

"I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations; not less so than the populace are of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition; the spirit rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted!

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

"These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings—who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose?—Men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they

are more especially characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

"This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners, that 'the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics.' There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist,—a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

"Let rulers of the state look to this in time! But, to use the words of South, if 'our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it,—the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent!'"

Lord Byron rejoined as follows:—

"Mr. Southey, in his pious preface to a poem, whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the 'legislature to look to it,' as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the 'Satanic School.' This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted: Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute everything to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to everything but its real cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* Revolution—(the first, I mean,—what was it occasioned by? The *Puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer. Acts—acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

"I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored, and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have I to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The church of England, if over-

thrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted—*that*, to be sure, will increase anything.

“Mr. Southey, with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated ‘death-bed repentance’ of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant ‘Vision of Judgment,’ in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. Southey’s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a ‘death-bed’ to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the ‘diabolical pride’ which this pitiful renegade in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate, is not for me to ascertain; but as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion, (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, ‘in my degree,’ have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only *act* of *my* life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connection of his own (Mr. Coleridge), did no dishonour to that connection nor to me.\*

“I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey’s calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others: they have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* ‘death-bed’ may be, it is not my province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all work sitting down to deal damnation and destruction to his fellow-creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing-desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of ‘Gebir,’ whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, ‘be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten.’† I for one neither envy him ‘the friendship,’ nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson’s fortune, in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in ‘English Bards’) Porson said ‘would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten,—and not till then.’ For the present, I leave him.”

Mr. Southey replied (Jan. 5, 1822), in a letter to the editor of the “London Courier,” of which we subjoin all that is important:—

\* [Lord Byron alludes to his attempt to obtain a publisher for the “Zapolya” of Coleridge.]

† [Southey, after quoting in his preface a Latin passage from Mr. Landor, spoke thus of its author:—“I will only say in this place, that, to have obtained his approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away.”]



"I come at once to his Lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that 'Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817), scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others.' To this I reply with a *direct and positive denial*.

"If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe,—that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed an hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly; passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner, I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Geramb,\* the Green Man,† the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part in speaking of his Lordship; and, indeed, I should have thought anything which might be reported of him, would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guildford, that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though every body would stare, no one would wonder. But making no enquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it was of the flying-tree at Alpnacht, and the Eleven Thousand virgins at Cologne—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than St. Ursula.

"Once, and only once, in connection with Switzerland, I have alluded to his Lordship; and as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the 'Quarterly Review,' speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said, 'it was the scene where Lord Byron's Manfred met the Devil and bullied him—though the Devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonisation ever pleaded for him.'

"With regard to the 'others,' whom his Lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the album at Mont-Anvert, with an avowal of Atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it.‡ Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered, by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself.

"The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

'How easily is a noble spirit discern'd  
From harsh and sulphurous matter that flies out  
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks !'—B. JONSON.

But I am accustomed to such things; and so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed

\* [Baron Geramb,—a German Jew, who for some time excited much public attention in London, by the extravagance of his dress. Being very troublesome and menacing in demanding remuneration from government, for a proposal he had made of engaging a body of Croat troops in the service of England, he was, in 1812, sent out of the country under the alien act.]

† [The "Green Man" was a popular afterpiece, so called from the hero, who wore every thing green, hat, gloves, &c. &c.]

‡ [Mr. P. B. Shelley signed his name in this album with the addition of *à la fois*.]

somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word, or a thought, upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

“Lord Byron’s present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind—not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the ‘Vision of Judgment.’ Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling, by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity; I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this, stripped it bare himself and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

“Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves; against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

“His Lordship has thought it not unbecoming for him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is an appellation that will not stick, like that of the *Satanic School*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work*? I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled—what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind—and then reissued them, when the evil spirit, which for a time had been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man, or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare to affix my name; or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean; there is no ‘damned spot’ upon them—no taint, which ‘all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.’

“Of the work which I *have* done, it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic School, and its Coryphaeus, the author of ‘Don Juan.’ I have held up that school to public detestation as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation to which their founder and leader answers. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his

name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy as long as it shall endure.—Take it down who can !

“One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude.—When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune*. And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity.”

Without waiting for Mr. Southey's closing hint, Lord Byron had already “attacked” him “in rhyme.” On October 1, 1821, he informed Mr. Moore that he had completed sixty stanzas of “The Vision of Judgment.” “In this,” he added, “it is my intention to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Poet Laureate for his preface and his other demerits.” When, however, Mr. Southey's letter fell into his hands, he could no longer wait for revenge in inkshed, and despatched a cartel of mortal defiance to the Laureate, through the medium of Mr. Kinnaird, — to whom he thus writes, February 6, 1822 :—

“I have got Southey's pretended reply : what remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come ? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose. You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you. I apply to you as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner ; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.”

Mr. Kinnaird, wisely trusting to the soothing effects of the delay which distance imposed, never forwarded the challenge which accompanied the letter, and the pen was left to avenge its own provocations.



## INTRODUCTION TO THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

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AMONG the English bards whom Lord Byron ridiculed in his early satire, Mr. Southey had a prominent place. When the quarrel ended in a general shaking of hands, Southey shared in the pacification. The two poets met occasionally at London dinners in 1813, and Lord Byron, struck with the "epic appearance" of his brother bard, said that "to have his head and shoulders he would *almost* have written his Sapphics." In this there was more of sarcasm than compliment, but in a journal of the same year he declared "Southey's talents to be of the first order." His prose he pronounced "perfect," and though rating his verse lower, he afterwards called "Don Roderick" "the first poem of our time." Yet whatever panegyrics he might utter in a soft and benevolent hour, his friends were aware that he had at bottom an indifferent opinion of Southey's powers, and a worse of his politics. These feelings gained a complete ascendancy when a false report reached Lord Byron in Italy, that the Laureate had propagated scandalous tales of him. But above all he imagined that the class of people who attacked his character had taken Southey for their champion, and to vex the disciples he made a butt of the master. He assailed him in the early cantos of "Don Juan" with the happiest admixture of gaiety and pungency, of playfulness and contempt. This compound of sportive and scornful derision was a species of satire thoroughly original, and as thoroughly galling. The Laureate contented himself at the time with boasting in private that if he gave Lord Byron "a passing touch, it should be one that would leave a scar," and on publishing the "Vision of Judgment," in 1821, he seized the opportunity "to pay off," as he said, "a part of his obligations." The poem of Southey shocked the pious, and was laughed at by the profane. Robert Hall correctly termed it a travestie of the final judgment. With incredible presumption the Laureate distributed the rewards and punishments of eternity according to his political and literary predilections, and far from redeeming the arrogance of the plan by the grandeur of the execution, the irreverence was increased by the meanness of the thoughts, the puerility of the language, and the grotesqueness of the metre. With such an opening for mischievous waggery, the temptation would probably have been irresistible to Lord Byron, even although the preface to the "Vision of Judgment" had not contained the virulent attack upon himself. "I'll work the Laureate," he wrote to Walter Scott, "before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor." He began, as we have seen, with prose, and next determined upon a metrical satire on the heavy hexametrical burlesque of Southey. Hence the opposition "Vision of Judgment," which, after ineffectual negotiations with various publishers, was inserted in "The Liberal" in 1822. Some of the Laureate's friends called it a dull comment upon a stupid original, while Leigh Hunt describes it "as the most masterly satire since the time of Pope."

Each might have quoted specimens to justify their opinion, for many passages are undoubtedly feeble, and there is nothing even in Pope to equal the caustic humour of others. The ninety-sixth, and two following stanzas, in which Lord Byron sketches the career of his antagonist, are, for instance, superlative of their kind. The mocking treatment of an awful theme is the blot upon the piece, and met with the condemnation it deserved. In personal disputes the public are spectators who seek to be amused, and not judges anxious to do justice between the parties. As Lord Byron had the wit, he had also the laughs upon his side, and he who has the laughs wins. Nor was the superiority of power his only advantage. The vaunts and egotism of Southey damaged his case, and many were glad that the advocate should be mortified who wished well to his cause. It is among the curiosities of literary conflicts that he nevertheless fancied he had gained the victory, and spoke of the result in terms of exultation, which would only have been correct if he had substituted the name of Byron for his own.

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

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### 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 "eighty-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 wo,  
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 conquerors' 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<sup>1</sup>  
 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 melodrame. Of all  
 The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,  
 Who cared about the corpse ? The funeral  
 Made the attraction, and the black the wo.  
 There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall ;  
 And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,  
 It seem'd 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 unmunmied 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 damn'd  
 For hoping no one else may e'er be so ;  
 I know my catechism ; I know we're cramm'd  
 With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow ;  
 I know that all save England's church have sham'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 every body 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 Saint 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 tustle,  
 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 ;<sup>2</sup>  
 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 parvenù ! The skin  
Of Saint 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 waved  
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 patter'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.

## XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,  
Like birds when soars the falcon ; and they felt  
A tingling to the tip 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,<sup>4</sup> 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 Maker'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 gate 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 much 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 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 now 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* is 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 ;<sup>5</sup>  
 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 :  
 Even 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 are proud of this—as very well they may,  
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key  
 Stuck in their loins ; <sup>6</sup> 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 : <sup>7</sup>



## 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 ere 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 war,  
 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 "subpœna," 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, thought  
 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 withuntorn'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  
 Gives license 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 ;  
 Yon 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 ; whatsoe’er betide,  
 He won’t be sovereign more : you’ve lost your labour,  
 For at the best he will but be 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 name there was a general squeeze,  
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk’d  
 In comfort, at their own ærial 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 mark 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 knight,  
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
 A nabob, a man-midwife ;<sup>8</sup> 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 pronounced him *one*,  
 Presto ! his face changed, 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."<sup>9</sup>

## 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 ;”<sup>10</sup> 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 there 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 often 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."<sup>12</sup>

## 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's 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<sup>15</sup> “the ungentle craft,” and then  
 Became 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 any body 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 reviewers:  
 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 was once, 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.<sup>16</sup> 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."<sup>17</sup>

## ciii.

Those grand heroies 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 buoy'd like corks,<sup>18</sup>  
 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,"<sup>19</sup>  
 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 TO THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

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<sup>1</sup> [George III. died the 29th of January, 1820,—a year in which the revolutionary spirit broke out all over the south of Europe.]

<sup>2</sup> [Louis XVI., guillotined in January, 1793.]

<sup>3</sup> ["I believe it is almost impossible for words to give an idea of the beauty and variety which this magnificent phenomenon displayed. The luminous arch had broken into irregular masses, streaming with much rapidity in different directions, varying continually in shape and interest, and extending themselves from north, by the east, to north. The usual pale light of the aurora strongly resembled that produced by the combustion of phosphorus; a very slight tinge of red was noticed when the aurora was most vivid, but no other colours were visible."—*Sir E. Parry's Voyage in 1819-20*, p. 135.]

<sup>4</sup> [Johanna Southcote, the aged lunatic, who fancied herself, and was believed by many followers, to be with child of a new Messiah, died in 1815.]

<sup>5</sup> [This refers to the opposition of George III. to the Catholic claims.]

<sup>6</sup> [A gold or gilt key, peeping from below the skirts of the coat, marks a lord chamberlain.]

<sup>7</sup> [An allusion to Horace Walpole's expression in a letter—"the summer has set in with *its usual severity*."] ]

<sup>8</sup> [Among the various persons to whom the letters of Junius have been attributed we find the Duke of Portland, Lord George Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Burke, Mr. Dunning, the Rev. John Horne Tooke, Mr. Hugh Boyd, Dr. Wilmot. "I don't know what to think," says Lord Byron in 1813. "Why should Junius be dead? If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sending his *εἰδωλον* to shout in the ears of posterity, 'Junius was X. Y. Z., Esq., buried in the parish of \* \* \* \* \*,' Repair his monument, ye churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye booksellers! Impossible,—the man *must be alive*, and will never die without the disclosure. I like him;—he was a good hater."—Sir Philip Francis, whose pretensions Lord Byron seems to favour, died in 1818.]

<sup>9</sup> [The mystery of "*l'homme au masque de fer*," the everlasting puzzle of the last century, has in the opinion of some been cleared up, by a French work published in 1825, and which formed the basis of an entertaining one in English by Lord Dover.]

<sup>10</sup> [The well-known motto of Junius is, "*Stat nominis umbra*."] ]

<sup>11</sup> [Mr. Southey's residence was on the shore of Derwentwater, near the Mountain Skiddaw.]

<sup>12</sup> [Mediocribus esse poetis  
Non Dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ.—*Horace.*]

<sup>13</sup> [The king's trick of thus repeating his words was a fertile source of ridicule to Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot).]

<sup>14</sup> [Henry James Pye, the predecessor of Mr. Southey in the poet-laureateship, died in 1813. He was the author of many works besides his official Odes, and among others "Alfred," an epic poem. Pye was a man of good family in Berkshire, sat some time in parliament, and was eminently respectable in everything but his poetry.]

<sup>15</sup> See "Life of Henry Kirke White."

<sup>16</sup> 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."

<sup>17</sup> See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared "with a curious perfume, and a *most melodious twang*;" or see the "*Antiquary*," vol. i., p. 225.

<sup>18</sup> A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

<sup>19</sup> [Southey's Vision of Judgment appears to us to be an ill-judged and not a well-executed work. Milton alone has ever founded a fiction on the basis of revelation without degrading his subject; but Milton has been blamed by the most judicious critics, and his warmest admirers, for expressing the counsels of Eternal Wisdom, and the decrees of Almighty Power, by words assigned to the Deity. It is impossible to deceive ourselves into a belief that words proceeded from the Holy Spirit, except on the warrant of inspiration itself. It is here only that Milton fails, and here Milton sometimes shocks. The blasphemies of Milton's devils offend not a pious ear, because they are devils who utter them. Nor are we displeased with the poet's presumption in feigning language for heavenly spirits, because it is a language that lifts the soul to heaven. The words are human; but the truths they express, and the doctrines they teach, are divine.—*Blackwood*, 1822.]





# THE AGE OF BRONZE;

OR,

CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.

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“*Impar Congressus Achilli.*”

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## INTRODUCTION TO THE AGE OF BRONZE.

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IN the long line of English Barons few could be prouder of their peerage than Lord Byron, or more tenacious of its privileges. It is common enough for the most jealous aristocrats to be the advocates of the people, if for no better motive than to join the sweets of popularity to the dignity of rank. Lord Byron never made politics a pursuit, nor did he usually take in them the ordinary interest which is felt by the generality of educated men. Circumstances, however, induced him to throw his weight into the liberal scale. The first important connections which he formed in London were of the Whig persuasion, and social influence, in a disposition like his, helped largely to determine his political bias. He was inclined, too, on every subject to stand forth among the champions of the latitudinarian side, from his love of startling sober people with the extravagance of his doctrines, and shocking them by the virulence with which he railed at the dignitaries in whom they confided. Add to this, that most of his manhood was passed abroad, where there was little to conciliate a generous nature to the governments of the day, and where revolutionary projects attracted a spirit that delighted in storms. He professed, nevertheless, to be quite as averse to the tyranny of mobs, as to the tyranny of kings, but not having deliberated on the most difficult of sciences—the means of obtaining and securing a well-regulated freedom—it is easy to perceive that he spoke and acted from the impulse of the hour, and often from his desire to show his wit, or to gratify his spleen. Until he composed the “Age of Bronze,” at Genoa, in the early part of 1823, politics had only been treated by him incidentally or in minor pieces, and when at last he devoted this satire to the subject, he appears not to have written from the fulness of his mind, or on any well-defined plan. He returned to a favourite theme,—the low and lofty qualities which were antithetically mixed in the character of Napoleon,—jeered at the Congress of Verona and the sovereigns who convened it, rated the landed interest of England for their attempt to keep up rents, and concluded with exclaiming against Maria Louisa for her second marriage, and with laughing at Sir William Curtis for appearing at Holyrood in a tartan dress. None of these topics are handled with his wonted power, except a portion of the first, where a few sparks are called forth by the exile of Napoleon which shine with the brilliancy of the former flame. Brief as are these passages no other pen could have produced them, and they are only wanting in effect because the lofty flight is not long sustained. On the publication of the poem in London, by Mr. John Hunt, considerable doubts of its authenticity were expressed, for the knight having failed in his usual prowess, some clumsy imitator was suspected of having borrowed the device on his shield.

## THE AGE OF BRONZE.

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### I.

THE "good old times"—all times when old are good—  
Are gone ; the present might be if they would ;  
Great things have been, and are, and greater still  
Want little of mere mortals but their will :  
A wider space, a greener field, is given  
To those who play their "tricks before high heaven."  
I know not if the angels weep, but men  
Have wept enough—for what ?—to weep again !

### II.

All is exploded—be it good or bad.  
Reader ! remember when thou wert a lad,  
Then Pitt was all ; or, if not all, so much,  
His very rival almost deem'd him such.<sup>1</sup>  
We, we have seen the intellectual race  
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—  
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea  
Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,  
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar  
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.  
But where are they—the rivals ! a few feet  
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Fox used to say—"I never want *a* word, but Pitt never wants *the* word."]

<sup>2</sup> [The grave of Mr. Fox, in Westminster Abbey, is within eighteen inches of that of Mr. Pitt.]

How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,  
 Which hushes all ! a calm, unstormy wave,  
 Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old  
 Of "dust to dust ;" but half its tale untold :  
 Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm  
 Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form,  
 Varied above, but still alike below ;  
 The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow,  
 Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea  
 O'er which from empire she lured Anthony ;  
 Though Alexander's urn a show be grown  
 On shores he wept to conquer, though unknown—  
 How vain, how worse than vain, at length appear  
 The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear !  
 He wept for worlds to conquer—half the earth  
 Knows not his name, or but his death, and birth,  
 And desolation ; while his native Greece  
 Hath all of desolation, save its peace.  
 He " wept for worlds to conquer ! " he who ne'er  
 Conceived the globe, he panted not to spare !  
 With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,  
 Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.<sup>3</sup>

## III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,  
 Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car ;  
 The new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,<sup>4</sup>  
 Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,  
 And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,  
 Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state ?  
 Yes ! where is he, the champion and the child  
 Of all that's great or little, wise or wild ;  
 Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones ;  
 Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones ?  
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,<sup>5</sup>  
 And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.

<sup>3</sup> [The sarcophagus, of breccia, which is supposed to have contained the dust of Alexander, came into the possession of the English army, at the capitulation of Alexandria, in February, 1802, and is now in the British Museum.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sesostris is said by Diodorus, to have had his chariot drawn by eight vanquished sovereigns.]

<sup>5</sup> [St. Helena.]

Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage  
 Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage ;  
 Smile to survey the queller of the nations  
 Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations ;  
 Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,  
 O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines ;  
 O'er petty quarrels upon petty things.  
 Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings ?  
 Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,  
 A surgeon's <sup>6</sup> statement, and an earl's <sup>7</sup> harangues !  
 A bust delay'd, <sup>8</sup> a book refused, can shake  
 The sleep of him who kept the world awake.  
 Is this indeed the tamer of the great,  
 Now slave of all could tease or irritate—  
 The paltry gaoler <sup>9</sup> and the prying spy,  
 The staring stranger with his note-book nigh ? <sup>1</sup>  
 Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great ;  
 How low, how little was this middle state,  
 Between a prison and a palace, where  
 How few could feel for what he had to bear !  
 Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his bill,  
 His food and wine were doled out duly still ;  
 Vain was his sickness, never was a clime  
 So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime ;  
 And the stiff surgeon, who maintain'd his cause,  
 Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause. <sup>2</sup>  
 But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart  
 Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art ;  
 Though, save the few fond friends and imaged face  
 Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,  
 None stand by his low bed—though even the mind  
 Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind :

<sup>6</sup> [Mr. Barry O'Meara.]

<sup>7</sup> [Earl Bathurst.]

<sup>8</sup> [The bust of his son.]

<sup>9</sup> [Sir Hudson Lowe.]

<sup>1</sup> [Captain Basil Hall's interesting account of his interview with the ex-emperor occurs in his "Voyage to Loo-choo."]

<sup>2</sup> [In 1818, O'Meara, in a letter to the admiralty, insinuated that two years previously Sir Hudson Lowe had suggested to him to rid the world of Napoleon. O'Meara was in consequence dismissed the service, on the ground that if the charge was not a calumny he was inexcusable for having kept it so long a secret.]

Smile—for the fetter'd eagle breaks his chain,  
And higher worlds than this are his again.<sup>3</sup>

## IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retain  
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,  
How must he smile, on looking down, to see  
The little that he was and sought to be !  
What though his name a wider empire found  
Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound ;  
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,  
He tasted empire's blessings and its curse ;  
Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape  
From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape ;  
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,  
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave !  
What though his gaoler, duteous to the last,  
Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast,  
Refusing one poor line along the lid,  
To date the birth and death of all it hid ;  
That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,  
A talisman to all save him who bore :  
The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast  
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast ;  
When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,  
Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,  
The rocky isle that holds or held his dust,  
Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,  
And mighty nature o'er his obsequies  
Do more than niggard envy still denies.  
But what are these to him ? Can glory's lust  
Touch the freed spirit or the fetter'd dust ?  
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists ;  
Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists :  
Alike the better-seeing shade will smile  
On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,  
As if his ashes found their latest home  
In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's mimic dome.

<sup>3</sup> [Buonaparte died the 5th of May, 1821.]

He wants not this ; but France shall feel the want  
 Of this last consolation, though so scant :  
 Her honour, fame, and faith demand his bones,  
 To rear above a pyramid of thrones ;  
 Or carried onward in the battle's van,  
 To form, like Guesclin's<sup>4</sup> dust, her talisman.  
 But be it as it is—the time may come  
 His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's drum."

## v.

Oh heaven ! of which he was in power a feature ;  
 Oh earth ! of which he was a noble creature ;  
 Thou isle ! to be remember'd long and well,  
 That saw'st the unfledg'd eaglet chip his shell !  
 Ye Alps which view'd him in his dawning flights  
 Hover, the victor of a hundred fights !  
 Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds outdone !  
 Alas ! why pass'd he too the Rubicon—  
 The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,  
 To herd with vulgar kings and parasites ?  
 Egypt ! from whose all dateless tombs arose  
 Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,  
 And shook within their pyramids to hear  
 A new Cambyzes thundering in their ear ;  
 While the dark shades of forty ages stood  
 Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle  
 Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,  
 With clashing hosts, who strew'd the barren sand,  
 To re-manure the uncultivated land !  
 Spain ! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,  
 Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid !

<sup>4</sup> [Guesclin, constable of France, died in the midst of his triumphs before Châteauneuf de Randon, in 1380. The English garrison which had conditioned to surrender at a certain time, marched out the day after his death ; and the commander respectfully laid the keys of the fortress on the bier, so that it might appear to have surrendered to his ashes.]

<sup>5</sup> [John Ziska—a distinguished leader of the Hussites. It is recorded of him, that in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious veneration.]

<sup>6</sup> [At the battle of the pyramids, in July, 1798, Buonaparte said—"Soldiers ! from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you."]

Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital  
Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!  
Ye race of Frederic!—Frederics but in name  
And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame:  
Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin, fell  
First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell  
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet  
The unpaid amount of Catharine's bloody debt!  
Poland! o'er which the avenging angel past,  
But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,  
Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,  
Thy lotted people and extinguish'd name,  
Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,  
That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear—  
Kosciusko! On—on—on—the thirst of war  
Gasp for the gore of serfs and of their czar.  
The half barbaric Moscow's minarets  
Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!  
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,  
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear  
To see in vain—he saw thee—how? with spire  
And palace fuel to one common fire.  
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,  
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,  
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,  
The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more!  
Sublimest of volcanoes! Etna's flame  
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;  
Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight  
For gaping tourists, from his hackney'd height:  
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire  
To come, in which all empires shall expire!

Thou other element! as strong and stern,  
To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn!—  
Whose icy wing flapp'd o'er the faltering foe,  
Till fell a hero with each flake of snow;  
How did thy numbing beak and silent fang,  
Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a single pang!



In vain shall Seine look up along his banks  
 For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks !  
 In vain shall France recal beneath her vines  
 Her youth—their blood flows faster than her wines ;  
 Or stagnant in their human ice remains  
 In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.  
 In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken  
 Her offspring chill'd ; its beams are now forsaken.  
 Of all the trophies gather'd from the war,  
 What shall return ? the conqueror's broken car !  
 The conqueror's yet unbroken heart ! Again  
 The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.  
 Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,<sup>7</sup>  
 Beholds him conquer, but, alas ! not die :  
 Dresden surveys three despots fly once more  
 Before their sovereign,—sovereign as before ;  
 But there exhausted Fortune quits the field,  
 And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquish'd yield ;  
 The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side  
 To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide ;  
 And backward to the den of his despair  
 The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair !

Oh ye ! and each, and all ! Oh France ! who found  
 Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,  
 Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still  
 His only victor, from Montmartre's hill  
 Look'd down o'er trampled Paris ! and thou Isle,<sup>a</sup>  
 Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,  
 Thou momentary shelter of his pride,  
 Till woo'd by danger, his yet weeping bride !  
 Oh, France ! retaken by a single march,  
 Whose path was through one long triumphal arch !  
 Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo !  
 Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,  
 Won half by blunder, half by treachery :  
 Oh, dull Saint Helen ! with thy gaoler nigh—

<sup>7</sup> [Gustavus Adolphus fell at the great battle of Lutzen, in November, 1632.]

<sup>a</sup> [The Isle of Elba.]

Hear! hear Prometheus<sup>9</sup> from his rock appeal  
 To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel  
 His power and glory, all who yet shall hear  
 A name eternal as the rolling year;  
 He teaches them the lesson taught so long,  
 So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong!  
 A single step into the right had made  
 This man the Washington of worlds betray'd:  
 A single step into the wrong has given  
 His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;  
 The reed of Fortune, and of thrones the rod,  
 Of Fame the Moloch or the demigod;  
 His country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,  
 Without their decent dignity of fall.  
 Yet Vanity herself had better taught  
 A surer path even to the fame he sought,  
 By pointing out on history's fruitless page  
 Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.  
 While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,  
 Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,  
 Or drawing from the no less kindled earth  
 Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth;<sup>1</sup>  
 While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er  
 Shall sink while there's an echo left to air:<sup>2</sup>  
 While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war  
 Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the chorus of Sea-nymphs.

[“Ethereal air, and ye swift-winged winds,  
 Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves,  
 That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath  
 Your crisped smiles, thou all-producing earth,  
 And thee, bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb  
 Views the wide world beneath, see what, a god,  
 I suffer from the gods; with what fierce pains,  
 Behold, what tortures for revolving ages  
 I here must struggle.”—POTTER'S translation.]

<sup>1</sup> [The well-known motto on a French medal of Franklin was—

“Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.”]

<sup>2</sup> [“To be the first man (*not* the Dictator), not the Sylla, but the Washington, or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, is to be next to the Divinity.”—*Byron Diary*.]

<sup>3</sup> [Simon Bolivar, the liberator of Columbia and Peru, died at San Pedro, December, 1830, of an illness brought on by excessive fatigue and exertion.]

Alas! why must the same Atlantic wave  
Which wafted freedom gird a tyrant's grave—  
The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave,  
Who burst the chains of millions to renew  
The very fetters which his arm broke through,  
And crush'd the rights of Europe and his own,  
To flit between a dungeon and a throne?

## VI.

But 'twill not be—the spark's awaken'd—lo!  
The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow;  
The same high spirit which beat back the Moor  
Through eight long ages of alternate gore  
Revives—and where? in that avenging clime  
Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,  
Where Cortes' and Pizarro's banner flew,  
The infant world redeems her name of "*New*."  
'Tis the *old* aspiration breathed afresh,  
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,  
Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore  
Where Greece *was*—No! she still is Greece once more.  
One common cause makes myriads of one breast,  
Slaves of the East, or helots of the West:  
On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurl'd,  
The self-same standard streams o'er either world:  
The Athenian wears again Harmodius' sword;<sup>4</sup>  
The Chili chief abjures his foreign lord;  
The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek,  
Young Freedom plumes the crest of each cacique;  
Debating despots, hemm'd on either shore,  
Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar;  
Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,  
Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,  
Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain  
Unite Ausonia to the mighty main:

<sup>4</sup> The famous hymn, ascribed to Callistratus:—

“Cover'd with myrtle-wreaths, I'll wear my sword  
Like brave Harmodius, and his patriot friend  
Aristogeiton, who the laws restored,  
The tyrant slew, and bade oppression end,” &c. &c.]

But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,  
 Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the day  
 Of Salamis!—there, there the waves arise,  
 Not to be lull'd by tyrant victories.  
 Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost need  
 By Christians, unto whom they gave their creed,  
 The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,  
 The foster'd feud encouraged to beguile,  
 The aid evaded, and the cold delay,  
 Prolong'd but in the hope to make a prey ;—<sup>5</sup>  
 These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can show  
 The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.  
 But this is well : Greeks only should free Greece,  
 Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.  
 How should the autocrat of bondage be  
 The king of serfs, and set the nations free?  
 Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,  
 Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan ;  
 Better still toil for masters, than await,  
 The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate,—  
 Number'd by hordes, a human capital,  
 A live estate, existing but for thrall,  
 Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward  
 For the first courtier in the Czar's regard ;  
 While their immediate owner never tastes  
 His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes :  
 Better succumb even to their own despair,  
 And drive the camel than purvey the bear.

## VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime  
 Where Freedom dates her birth with that of Time,  
 And not alone where, plunged in night, a crowd  
 Of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,  
 The dawn revives : renown'd, romantic Spain  
 Holds back the invader from her soil again.  
 Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde  
 Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword ;

<sup>5</sup> [An authentic account of these Russian intrigues in Greece is contained in Gordon's "History of the Greek Revolution," (1832).]

Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth  
 Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both ;  
 Nor old Pelayo on his mountain rears  
 The warlike fathers of a thousand years.  
 That seed is sown and reap'd, as oft the Moor  
 Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.  
 Long in the peasant's song or poet's page  
 Has dwelt the memory of Abencerrage ;  
 The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung  
 Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sprung,  
 But these are gone—their faith, their swords, their sway,  
 Yet left more anti-christian foes than they ;  
 The bigot monarch, and the butcher priest,  
 The Inquisition, with her burning feast,  
 The faith's red "auto," fed with human fuel,  
 While sate the catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,  
 Enjoying, with inexorable eye,  
 That fiery festival of agony !  
 The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both  
 By turns ; the haughtiness whose pride was sloth ;  
 The long degenerate noble ; the debased  
 Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced,  
 But more degraded ; the unpeopled realm ;  
 The once proud navy which forgot the helm ;  
 The once impervious phalanx disarray'd ;  
 The idle forge that form'd Toledo's blade ;  
 The foreign wealth that flow'd on ev'ry shore,  
 Save hers who earn'd it with the native's gore ;  
 The very language which might vie with Rome's,  
 And once was known to nations like their homes,  
 Neglected or forgotten :—such was Spain ;  
 But such she is not, nor shall be again.  
 These worst, these *home* invaders, felt and feel  
 The new Numantine soul of old Castile,  
 Up ! up again ! undaunted Tauridor !  
 The bull of Phalaris renews his roar ;  
 Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo ! not in vain  
 Revive the cry—"Iago ! and close Spain ! " <sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> [ "Santiago y serra España !" the old Spanish war-cry.]

Yes, close her with your armed bosoms round,  
 And form the barrier which Napoleon found,—  
 The exterminating war, the desert plain,  
 The streets without a tenant, save the slain;  
 The wild sierra, with its wilder troop  
 Of vulture-plumed guerrillas, on the stoop  
 For their incessant prey; the desperate wall  
 Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;  
 The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid  
 Waving her more than Amazonian blade;  
 The knife of Arragon,<sup>7</sup> Toledo's steel;  
 The famous lance of chivalrous Castile;  
 The unerring rifle of the Catalan;  
 The Andalusian courser in the van;  
 The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;  
 And in each heart the spirit of the Cid:—  
 Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance,  
 And win—not Spain! but thine own freedom, France!

## VIII.

But lo! a Congress!<sup>8</sup> What! that hallow'd name  
 Which freed the Atlantic! May we hope the same  
 For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,  
 Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,  
 The prophets of young Freedom, summon'd far  
 From climes of Washington and Bolivar;  
 Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,  
 Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;<sup>9</sup>  
 And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,  
 Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;  
 And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,  
 To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.

<sup>7</sup> The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

<sup>8</sup> [The Congress of the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, &c. &c., which assembled at Verona, in the autumn of 1822.]

<sup>9</sup> [Patrick Henry, of Virginia, a leading member of the American Congress, died in June, 1797. Lord Byron alludes to his famous speech in 1765, in which, on saying, "Caesar had his Brutus—Charles the First had his Cromwell—and George the Third——" Henry was interrupted with a shout of "Treason! treason!!"—but coolly finished the sentence with—"George the Third *may profit by their example.*"]

But *who* compose this senate of the few  
 That should redeem the many? *Who* renew  
 This consecrated name, till now assign'd  
 To councils held to benefit mankind?  
 Who now assemble at the holy call?  
 The blest Alliance, which says three are all!  
 An earthly trinity! which wears the shape  
 Of heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.  
 A pious unity! in purpose one—  
 To melt three fools to a Napoleon.  
 Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;  
 Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,  
 And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,  
 Cared little, so that they were duly fed;  
 But these, more hungry, must have something more—  
 The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.  
 Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's frogs  
 Than we! for ours are animated logs,  
 With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,  
 And crushing nations with a stupid blow;  
 All dully anxious to leave little work  
 Unto the revolutionary stork.

## IX.

Thrice blest Verona! since the holy three  
 With their imperial presence shine on thee!  
 Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site forgets  
 The vaunted tomb of "all the Capulets!"<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy Scaligers—for what was "Dog the Great,"  
 "Can Grande,"<sup>2</sup> (which I venture to translate,)  
 To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,  
 Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;

<sup>1</sup> ["I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. The Gothic monuments of the Scaliger princes pleased me, but 'a poor virtuoso am I.'—*Byron Letters*, Nov. 1816.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cane I. Della Scala, surnamed the Great, died in 1329; he was the protector of Dante, who celebrated him as "il Gran Lombardo."]



Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate ;  
 And Dante's exile shelter'd by thy gate ;  
 Thy good old man, whose world was all within  
 Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Would that the royal guests it girds about  
 Were so far like, as never to get out !  
 Ay, shout ! inscribe ! rear monuments of shame,  
 To tell Oppression that the world is tame !  
 Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,  
 The comedy is not upon the stage ;  
 The show is rich in ribandry and stars,  
 Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars ;  
 Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,  
 For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free !

## x.

Resplendent sight ! Behold the coxcomb Czar,<sup>4</sup>  
 The autocrat of waltzes and of war !  
 As eager for a plaudit as a realm,  
 And just as fit for flirting as the helm ;  
 A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,  
 And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit ;  
 Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,  
 But harden'd back whene'er the morning's raw ;  
 With no objection to true liberty,  
 Except that it would make the nations free.  
 How well the imperial dandy prates of peace !  
 How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece !  
 How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,  
 Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet !  
 How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,  
 With all her present pulks, to lecture Spain !  
 How royally show off in proud Madrid  
 His goodly person, from the South long hid !  
 A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,  
 By having Muscovites for friends or foes.

<sup>3</sup> [Claudian's famous old man of Verona, "qui suburbium nunquam egressus est."]

<sup>4</sup> [The Emperor Alexander ; who died in 1825.]



Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's son !  
 La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And that which Scythia was to him of yore  
 Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.  
 Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,  
 Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth ;  
 Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,  
 Many an old woman, but no Catherine.<sup>6</sup>  
 Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles—  
 The bear may rush into the lion's toils.  
 Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields ?  
 Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords  
 To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,  
 Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,  
 Than follow headlong in the fatal route,  
 To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure  
 With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure :  
 Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe :  
 Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago ;  
 And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey ?  
 Alas ! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.  
 I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun  
 Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun ;  
 But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander  
 Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander !  
 Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be free ;  
 His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopé :  
 Still will he hold his lantern up to scan  
 The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

<sup>5</sup> [Colonel La Harpe—the tutor of Alexander—was supposed to have influenced largely the character of his pupil. The Emperor instigated the Congress to the armed intervention for repressing the democratic party in Spain.]

<sup>6</sup> The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth.

<sup>7</sup> [“Eight thousand men had to Asturias march'd  
 Beneath Count Julian's banner. To revenge  
 His quarrel, twice that number left their bones,  
 Slain in unnatural battle, on the field  
 Of Xeres, where the sceptre from the Goths  
 By righteous Heaven was reft.”—SOUTHEY'S *Roulerick*.]

## XI.

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land  
 Of *ne plus ultra* ultras and their band  
 Of mercenaries? and her noisy chambers  
 And tribune, which each orator first clambers  
 Before he finds a voice, and when 'tis found,  
 Hears "the lie" echo for his answer round?  
 Our British Commons sometimes deign to "hear!"  
 A Gallic senate hath more tongue than ear;  
 Even Constant, their sole master of debate,  
 Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.  
 But this costs little to true Franks, who'd rather  
 Combat than listen, were it to their father.  
 What is the simple standing of a shot,  
 To listening long, and interrupting not?  
 Though this was not the method of old Rome,  
 When Tully fulmined o'er each vocal dome,  
 Demosthenes has sanction'd the transaction,  
 In saying eloquence meant "Action, action!"

## XII.

But where's the monarch? hath he dined? or yet  
 Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?  
 Have revolutionary patés risen,  
 And turn'd the royal entrails to a prison?  
 Have discontented movements stirr'd the troops?  
 Or have *no* movements follow'd traitorous soups?  
 Have Carbonaro<sup>8</sup> cooks not carbonadoed  
 Each course enough? or doctors dire dissuaded  
 Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks  
 I read all France's treason in her cooks!  
 Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,  
 Desirable to be the "Desiré?"  
 Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,<sup>9</sup>  
 Apician table, and Horatian ode,

<sup>8</sup> [The members of the secret republican associations which had been recently formed in Italy assumed the designation of "Carbonari" (colliers).]

<sup>9</sup> [Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire—the residence of Louis XVIII. during the latter years of the Emigration.]

To rule a people who will not be ruled,  
 And love much rather to be scourg'd than school'd ?  
 Ah ! thine was not the temper or the taste  
 For thrones ; the table sees thee better placed :  
 A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best,  
 To be a kind host and as good a guest,  
 To talk of letters, and to know by heart  
 One *half* the poets, *all* the gourmand's art ;  
 A scholar always, now and then a wit,  
 And gentle when digestion may permit ;—  
 But not to govern lands enslaved or free ;  
 The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

## XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase  
 From a bold Briton in her wonted praise ?  
 “ Arts, arms, and George, and glory, and the isles,  
 And happy Britain, wealth, and Freedom's smiles,  
 White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof,  
 Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof,  
 Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl'd,  
 That nose, the hook where he suspends the world !<sup>1</sup>  
 And Waterloo, and trade, and——(hush ! not yet  
 A syllable of imposts or of debt)——  
 And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,  
 Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t'other day—  
 And ‘pilots who have weather'd every storm’—<sup>2</sup>  
 (But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name Reform).”  
 These are the themes thus sung so oft before,  
 Methinks we need not sing them any more ;  
 Found in so many volumes far and near,  
 There's no occasion you should find them here.  
 Yet something may remain perchance to chime  
 With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme.  
 Even this thy genius, Canning ! may permit,  
 Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a wit,

<sup>1</sup> “Naso suspendit adunco.”—HORACE.

The Roman applies it to one who merely was imperious to his acquaintance.

<sup>2</sup> [“The Pilot that weathered the storm” is the burthen of a song, in honour of Pitt, by Canning.]

And never, even in that dull House, couldst tame  
 To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame ;  
 Our last, our best, our only orator,<sup>3</sup>  
 Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more :  
 Nay, not so much ;—they hate thee, man, because  
 Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.  
 The hounds will gather to their huntsman's hollo,  
 And where he leads the duteous pack will follow ;  
 But not for love mistake their yelling cry ;  
 Their yelp for game is not an eulogy ;  
 Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,  
 A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back.  
 Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,  
 Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure ;<sup>4</sup>  
 The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last  
 To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast  
 With his great self and rider in the mud ;  
 But what of that ? the animal shows blood.

## XIV.

Alas, the country ! how shall tongue or pen  
 Bewail her now *uncountry* gentlemen ?  
 The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,  
 The first to make a malady of peace.  
 For what were all these country patriots born ?  
 To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn ?  
 But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,  
 Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.  
 And must ye fall with every ear of grain ?  
 Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign ?

<sup>3</sup> [Lord Byron always wrote and spoke of Canning with the highest admiration. In his Diary of 1821 the poet states that he had never heard any one who fulfilled his ideal of an orator : but adds that Canning was sometimes very like one. On another occasion he enumerated among Canning's brilliant gifts — "the most effective eloquence."]

<sup>4</sup> [On the suicide of Lord Londonderry, in August 1822, Mr. Canning, who was about to go to India, as Governor-General, became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,—not much to the satisfaction of George the Fourth, or of the high Tories in the Cabinet. He lived to verify some of the predictions of the poet—to abandon the *foreign* policy of his predecessor—to break up the Tory party by a coalition with the Whigs—and to prepare the way for *Reform* in Parliament.]

He was your great Triptolemus ; his vices  
Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your prices ;  
He amplified to every lord's content  
The grand agrarian alchymy, high *rent*.  
Why did the tyrant stumble on the 'Tartars,  
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters ?  
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone ?  
The man was worth much more upon his throne.  
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,  
But what of that ? the Gaul may bear the guilt ;  
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,  
And acres told upon the appointed day.  
But where is now the goodly audit ale ?  
The purse-proud tenant, never known to fail ?  
The farm which never yet was left on hand ?  
The marsh reclaim'd to most improving land ?  
The impatient hope of the expiring lease ?  
The doubling rental ? What an evil's peace !  
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,  
In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill ;  
The *landed interest*—(you may understand  
The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—  
The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,  
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.  
Up, up again, ye rents ! exalt your notes,  
Or else the ministry will lose their votes,  
And patriotism, so delicately nice,  
Her loaves will lower to the market price ;  
For ah ! " the loaves and fishes," once so high,  
Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean dry,  
And nought remains of all the millions spent,  
Excepting to grow moderate and content.  
They who are not so, *had* their turn—and turn  
About still flows from Fortune's equal urn ;  
Now let their virtue be its own reward,  
And share the blessings which themselves prepared.  
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,  
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm ;  
*Their* ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,  
*Their* fields manured by gore of other lands ;

Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent  
 Their brethren out to battle—why? for rent!  
 Year after year they voted cent. per cent.  
 Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why?—for rent!  
 They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant  
 To die for England—why then live?—for rent!  
 The peace has made one general malcontent  
 Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!  
 Their love of country, millions all mis-spent,  
 How reconcile? by reconciling rent!  
 And will they not repay the treasures lent?  
 No: down with every thing, and up with rent!  
 Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,  
 Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent!  
 Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess;  
 Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less;  
 Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy demands  
 Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.  
 Such, landlords! was your appetite for war,  
 And gorged with blood, you grumble at a scar!  
 What! would they spread their earthquake even o'er cash?  
 And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash?  
 So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,  
 And found on 'Change a *Fundling* Hospital?  
 Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,  
 Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, Tithes;  
 The prelates go to—where the saints have gone,  
 And proud pluralities subside to one;  
 Church, state, and faction wrestle in the dark,  
 Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.  
 Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,  
 Another Babel soars—but Britain ends.  
 And why? to pamper the self-seeking wants,  
 And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.  
 “Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise;”  
 Admire their patience through each sacrifice,  
 Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,  
 The price of taxes and of homicide;  
 Admire their justice, which would fain deny  
 The debt of nations:—pray *who made it high?*

## xv.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,  
 The new Symplegades—the crushing Stocks,  
 Where Midas might again his wish behold  
 In real paper or imagined gold.  
 That magic palace of Alcina shows  
 More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,  
 Were all her atoms of unleaven'd ore,  
 And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.  
 There Fortune plays, while Rumour holds the stake  
 And the world trembles to bid brokers break.  
 How rich is Britain ! not indeed in mines,  
 Or peace or plenty, corn or oil, or wines ;  
 No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,  
 Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money :  
 But let us not to own the truth refuse,  
 Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews ?  
 Those parted with their teeth to good King John,  
 And now, ye kings ! they kindly draw your own ;  
 All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,  
 And waft a loan “ from Indus to the pole.”  
 The banker, broker, baron,<sup>5</sup> brethren, speed  
 To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.  
 Nor these alone ; Columbia feels no less  
 Fresh speculations follow each success ;  
 And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain  
 Her mild per-centage from exhausted Spain.  
 Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march ;  
 'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.  
 Two Jews, a chosen people, can command  
 In every realm—their scripture-promised land :—  
 Two Jews, keep down the Romans, and uphold  
 The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old :  
 Two Jews,—but not Samaritans—direct  
 The world, with all the spirit of their sect.  
 What is the happiness of earth to them ?  
 A congress forms their “ New Jerusalem,”  
 Where baronies and orders both invite—

<sup>5</sup> [Baron Rothschild.]



Oh, holy Abraham ! dost thou see the sight ?  
 Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,  
 Who spit not "on their Jewish gaberdine,"  
 But honour them as portion of the show—  
 (Where now, oh Pope ! is thy forsaken toe ?  
 Could it not favour Judah with some kicks ?  
 Or has it ceased to "kick against the pricks ?")  
 On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh,  
 To cut from nation's hearts their "pound of flesh."

## XVI.

Strange sight this Congress ! destined to unite  
 All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.  
 I speak not of the Sovereigns—they're alike,  
 A common coin as ever mint could strike ;  
 But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,  
 Have more of motley than their heavy kings.  
 Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, combine,  
 While Europe wonders at the vast design :  
 There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,  
 Cajoles ; there Wellington forgets to fight ;  
 There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs ;<sup>6</sup>  
 And subtle Greeks' intrigue for stupid Tartars ;  
 There Montmorenci, the sworn foe to charters,<sup>8</sup>  
 Turns a diplomatist of great éclat,  
 To furnish articles for the "Débats ;"  
 Of war so certain—yet not quite so sure  
 As his dismissal in the "Moniteur."  
 Alas ! how could his cabinet thus err !  
 Can peace be worth an ultra-minister ?  
 He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,  
 "Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign : "Ah ! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who—who—who has written *something* ?" (*écrit quelque chose !*) It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

<sup>7</sup> [Count Capo d'Istrias—afterwards President of Greece. The count was murdered, in September, 1831, by the brother and son of a Mainote chief whom he had imprisoned.]

<sup>8</sup> [The Duke de Montmorenci-Laval.]

<sup>9</sup> [From Pope's verses on Lord Peterborough.]



## XVII.

Enough of this—a sight more mournful woos  
 The averted eye of the reluctant muse.  
 The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,  
 The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;  
 The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,  
 The young Astyanax of Modern Troy;<sup>1</sup>  
 The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen  
 That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;  
 She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,  
 The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.  
 Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare  
 A daughter? What did France's widow there?  
 Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,  
 Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.  
 But, no,—she still must hold a petty reign,  
 Flank'd by her formidable chamberlain;  
 The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes  
 Must watch her through these paltry pageantries.<sup>2</sup>  
 What though she share no more, and shared in vain,  
 A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,  
 Which swept from Moscow to the southern seas!  
 Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,  
 Where Parma views the traveller resort,  
 To note the trappings of her mimic court.  
 But she appears! Verona sees her shorn  
 Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—  
 Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time  
 To chill in their inhospitable clime;  
 (If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;—  
 But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould;)  
 She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine's,  
 Nor Homer's,)—Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!  
 Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,  
 Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,  
 Is offer'd and accepted? Could a slave  
 Do more? or less?—and *he* in his new grave!

<sup>1</sup> [Napoleon François Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt, died at the palace of Schönbrunn, July 22, 1832, having just attained his twenty-first year.]

<sup>2</sup> [Count Neipperg, chamberlain and second husband to Maria-Louisa, had but one eye. The count died in 1831.]

Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,  
 And the *ex*-empress grows as *ex* a wife !  
 So much for human ties in royal breasts !  
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests ?

## XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,  
 And sketch the group—the picture's yet to come.  
 My muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,  
 She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt !<sup>3</sup>  
 While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan  
 To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman !  
 Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,  
 While all the Common Council cry "Claymore !"  
 To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt  
 Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,  
 She burst into a laughter so extreme,  
 That I awoke—and lo ! it was *no* dream !

Here, reader, will we pause :—if there's no harm in  
 'This first—you'll have, perhaps, a second "Carmen."

<sup>3</sup> [George the Fourth is said to have been annoyed on entering the levee room at Holyrood (Aug. 1822), in full Stuart tartan, to see only one figure similarly attired (and of similar bulk)—that of Sir William Curtis. The city knight had everything complete—even the *knife* stuck in the garter. He asked the King, if he did not think him well dressed. "Yes !" replied his Majesty, "only you have no *spoon* in your *hose*." The devourer of turtle had a fine engraving executed of himself in his Celtic attire.]

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

1807—1824.

## INTRODUCTION TO OCCASIONAL PIECES.

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THE "Hours of Idleness" contain the whole of the poems comprised in the different editions the author prepared of that work, together with several pieces which were written at the same period, and remained in MS. till after his death. All his subsequent miscellaneous productions, which extend beyond a page or two, are arranged in the order of their composition, and there now remain over a number of minor poems, which we have grouped together under the title of "Occasional Pieces." They embrace specimens of almost every date, commencing from the publication of "Hours of Idleness," and concluding with the latest verses which came from his pen—of almost every variety of style, from the terrible gloom of the poem on "Darkness,"—down to his gayest effusions,—and of almost every grade of quality, from the inspirations of genius to the designed doggerel interspersed among his letters. Of these numerous poems "Darkness" is the grandest and the most original. Campbell's "Last Man" is sublime from his lofty faith in the midst of ruin,—proudly defying a perishing world to shake his trust in God. Lord Byron, after the manner of his genius, can discover in the situation only horror and despair, but he paints his picture with such power that we are transferred for the moment from the world about us to the world he has conjured up. There are several pungent pieces in the collection, which must not be literally understood. Satirists rarely feel half the indignation they express, and Lord Byron was especially prone to dip his pen in gall when he had little bitterness in his heart. His "Windsor Poetics" and "Irish Avatar" are signal examples of this dissembled invective. He meant, no doubt, to irritate George IV. and his minister, but the real animosity was very slight. Those who shoot arrows in sport are apt to forget that the wound is proportioned to the strength with which the bow is drawn, and is none the less because the malice of the marksman was rather playful than deadly. In the tender portion of the occasional strains there is an unmistakeable sincerity of sorrow. A poet's grief finds a voice in verse, and Lord Byron seldom spoke with deeper and simpler pathos than in the address to Mrs. Musters, "Well! thou art happy;" in some of the stanzas to Thyrza; in the Lines "There's not a joy the world can give," and in the dying dirge which he composed upon his birth-day. Each poem expresses a different phase of that distress which darkened a life full of triumphs and full of anguish,—the pangs produced by unsuccessful love, by the early death of some fair friend whose name is unknown, by the sense that his heart was withering at the core, and by the regrets for past unworthy deeds, with a speedy grave his brightest hope for the future. It is impossible to read these melancholy musings without something of wonder mingling with our pity, that a being who could feel so justly and strongly should have sought relief from the sorrows of his better nature in the delirious dictates of the worse part.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES.

1807—1824.

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### THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE.

ADIEU, thou Hill !<sup>1</sup> where early joy  
Spread roses o'er my brow ;  
Where Science seeks each loitering boy  
With knowledge to endow.  
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,  
Partners of former bliss or woes ;  
No more through Ida's paths we stray ;  
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,  
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell  
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,  
Ye spires of Granta's vale,  
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,  
And melancholy pale.  
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,  
Ye tenants of the classic bower,

<sup>1</sup> [Harrow.]

On Cama's verdant margin placed,  
Adieu ! while memory still is mine,  
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,  
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime  
Where grew my youthful years ;  
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime  
His giant summit rears.  
Why did my childhood wander forth  
From you, ye regions of the North,  
With sons of pride to roam ?  
Why did I quit my Highland cave,  
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,  
To seek a Sotheron home ?

Hall of my Sires ! a long farewell—  
Yet why to thee adieu ?  
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,  
Thy towers my tomb will view :  
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,  
And former glories of thy Hall,  
Forgets its wonted simple note—  
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,  
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,  
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,  
While yet I linger here,  
Adieu ! you are not now forgot,  
To retrospection dear.  
Streamlet !<sup>2</sup> along whose rippling surge  
My youthful limbs were wont to urge,  
At noontide heat, their pliant course ;  
Plunging with ardour from the shore,  
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,  
Deprived of active force.

<sup>2</sup> [The river Grete, at Southwell.]

And shall I here forget the scene,  
Still nearest to my breast?  
Rocks rise and rivers roll between  
The spot which passion blest;  
Yet Mary,<sup>3</sup> all thy beauties seem  
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,  
To me in smiles display'd;  
Till slow disease resigns his prey  
To Death, the parent of decay,  
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend!<sup>4</sup> whose gentle love  
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,  
How much thy friendship was above  
Description's power of words!  
Still near my breast thy gift I wear  
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,  
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;  
Our souls were equal, and our lot  
In that dear moment quite forgot;  
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!  
No smile of Love's deceit  
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,  
Can bid Life's pulses beat:  
Not e'en the hope of future fame  
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,  
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.  
Mine is a short inglorious race,—  
To humble in the dust my face,  
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;  
On him who gains thy praise,  
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,  
Consumed in Glory's blaze;

<sup>3</sup> [Mary Duff.]<sup>4</sup> [Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister.]

But me she beckons from the earth,  
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,  
    My life a short and vulgar dream :  
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,  
My hopes recline within a shroud,  
    My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,  
    Unheeded in the clay,  
Where once my playful footsteps trod,  
    Where now my head must lay,  
The meed of Pity will be shed  
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,  
    By nightly skies, and storms alone ;  
No mortal eye will deign to steep  
With tears the dark sepulchral deep  
    Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,  
    Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven :  
There must thou soon direct thy flight,  
    If errors are forgiven.  
To bigots and to sects unknown,  
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne ;  
    To Him address thy trembling prayer :  
He, who is merciful and just,  
Will not reject a child of dust,  
    Although his meanest care.

Father of Light ! to Thee I call ;  
    My soul is dark within :  
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
    Avert the death of sin.  
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,  
Who calm'st the elemental war,  
    Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,  
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive :  
And, since I soon must cease to live,  
    Instruct me how to die.

1807. [First published 1832.]



## TO A VAIN LADY.

Al, heedless girl ! why thus disclose  
What ne'er was meant for other ears ;  
Why thus destroy thine own repose  
And dig the source of future tears ?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,  
While lurking envious foes will smile,  
For all the follies thou hast said  
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl ! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,  
If thou believ'st what striplings say :  
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,  
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,  
The words man utters to deceive ?  
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,  
If thou canst venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers  
Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,  
Canst thou not mark the rising sneers  
Duplicity in vain would veil ?

These tales in secret silence hush,  
Nor make thyself the public gaze :  
What modest maid without a blush  
Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise ?

Will not the laughing boy despise  
Her who relates each fond conceit—  
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes,  
Yet cannot see the slight deceit ?

For she who takes a soft delight  
These amorous nothings in revealing,  
Must credit all we say or write,  
While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign !  
No jealousy bids me reprove :  
One, who is thus from nature vain,  
I pity, but I cannot love.

*January 15, 1807. [First published 1832.]*

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TO ANNE.

OH, Anne, your offences to me have been grievous :  
I thought from my wrath no atonement could save you ;  
But woman is made to command and deceive us—  
I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,  
Yet thought that a day's separation was long ;  
When we met, I determin'd again to suspect you—  
Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,  
With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you :  
I saw you—my anger became admiration ;  
And now, all my wish, all my hope's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention !  
Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you ;—  
At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,  
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you !

*January 16, 1807. [First published 1832.]*

## TO THE SAME.

Oh say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed  
 The heart which adores you should wish to dis sever;  
 Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed,—  
 To bear me from love and from beauty for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone  
 Could bid me from fond admiration refrain;  
 By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,  
 Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,  
 The rage of the tempest united must weather;  
 My love and my life were by nature design'd  
 To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed  
 Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu:  
 Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed,  
 His soul, his existence, are centred in you.

1807. [First published 1832.]

## TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET

BEGINNING “‘SAD IS MY VERSE,’ YOU SAY, ‘AND YET NO TEAR.’”

THY verse is “sad” enough, no doubt:  
 A devilish deal more sad than witty!  
 Why we should weep I can’t find out,  
 Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;  
 And much, alas! I think he needs it:  
 For he, I’m sure, will suffer sore,  
 Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,  
May *once* be read—but never after :  
Yet their effect's by no means tragic,  
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,  
And of no common pang complain—  
If you would make us weep indeed,  
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.

March 8, 1807. [First published 1832.]

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#### ON FINDING A FAN.

IN one who felt as once he felt,  
This might, perhaps, have fann'd the flame ;  
But now his heart no more will melt,  
Because that heart is not the same.

As when the ebbing flames are low,  
The aid which once improved their light,  
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,  
Now quenches all their blaze in night.

Thus has it been with passion's fires—  
As many a boy and girl remembers—  
While every hope of love expires,  
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,  
Some careful hand may teach to burn ;  
The *last*, alas ! can ne'er survive ;  
No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,  
Not always doom'd its heat to smother,  
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)  
Its former warmth around another.

1807. [First published 1832.]

## 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 endeavours 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'ercast:  
 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.

1807. [First published 1832.]

#### TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.<sup>5</sup>

YOUNG Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,  
 I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;  
 That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,  
 And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when in infancy's years,  
 On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride;  
 They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—  
 Thy decay, not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,  
 A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;  
 Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,  
 But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

<sup>5</sup> [Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and cherished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, he found the oak choked up by weeds and almost destroyed;—hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman took possession, he said to a servant, "There is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place."—"I hope not, sir," replied the man, "for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself." It is already inquired after by strangers, as "THE BYRON OAK," and pretends to share the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow.]

Oh ! hardy thou wert—even now little care  
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal :  
But thou wert not fated affection to share—  
For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel ?

Ah, droop not, my Oak ! lift thy head for a while ;  
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,  
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,  
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak ! tow'r aloft from the weeds,  
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,  
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,  
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh ! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,  
Though *I* shall lie low in the cavern of death,  
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,  
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave  
C'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid ;  
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,  
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,  
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.  
Oh ! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot ;  
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,  
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,  
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time  
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

ON REVISITING HARROW.<sup>6</sup>

HERE once engaged the stranger's view  
 Young Friendship's record simply traced ;  
 Few were her words,—but yet, though few,  
 Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,  
 The characters were still so plain,  
 That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—  
 Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before ;  
 Forgiveness join'd her gentle name ;  
 So fair the inscription seem'd once more,  
 That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been ;  
 But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,  
 Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,  
 And blotted out the line for ever.

September, 1807.

## EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,  
 A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well :  
 He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,  
 He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last ;  
 For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,  
 He could not *carry* off,—so he's now *carri-on*.

September, 1807.

<sup>6</sup> Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.



TO MY SON.<sup>7</sup>

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,  
Bright as thy mother's in their hue ;  
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play  
And smile to steal the heart away,  
Recall a scene of former joy,  
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy !

And thou canst lisp a father's name—  
Ah, William, were thine own the same,—  
No self-reproach—but, let me cease—  
My care for thee shall purchase peace ;  
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,  
And pardon all the past, my Boy !

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,  
And thou hast known a stranger's breast ;  
Derision sneers upon thy birth,  
And yields thee scarce a name on earth ;  
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—  
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy !

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,  
Must I fond Nature's claims disown ?  
Ah, no—though moralists reprove,  
I hail thee, dearest child of love,  
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—  
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy !

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,  
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,

<sup>7</sup> [So much were Lord Byron's poems founded on fact, that Mr. Moore thought on the one hand that these verses would not have been written if the case was fictitious, and on the other, that there would have been a further allusion to it if the circumstance had been true. He had forgotten that Lord Byron refers in *Don Juan* (canto xvi., st. 61) to "a sad mishap" of the kind, and in a manner which leaves no doubt of its reality.]

Ere half my glass of life is run,  
At once a brother and a son ;  
And all my wane of years employ  
In justice done to thee, my Boy !

Although so young thy heedless sire,  
Youth will not damp parental fire ;  
And, wert thou still less dear to me,  
While Helen's form revives in thee,  
The breast, which beat to former joy,  
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy !

1807. [First published 1830.]

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FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal avail'd on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh ;  
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word—Farewell !—Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel ;  
I only know we loved in vain—  
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

1808.

## BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be ;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !  
May its verdure like emeralds be :  
There should not be the shadow of gloom  
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
May spring from the spot of thy rest :  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;  
For why should we mourn for the blest !

1808.

---

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  
Sunk 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 to mine ear ;  
A shudder comes 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.

1808.

---

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.<sup>s</sup>

Few years have pass'd since thou and I  
Were firmest friends, at least in name,  
And childhood's gay sincerity  
Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st  
What trifles oft the heart recall ;  
And those who once have loved the most  
Too soon forget they loved at all.

<sup>s</sup> [This copy of verses, and several of the poems which follow it, originally appeared in a volume published in 1809 by Mr. Hobhouse, under the title of "Imitations and Translations, together with Original Poems," and bearing the modest epigraph—"Nos huc novimus esse nihil."]

And such the change the heart displays,  
So frail is early friendship's reign,  
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,  
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine  
To mourn the loss of such a heart ;  
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,  
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,  
So human feelings ebb and flow ;  
And who would in a breast confide  
Where stormy passions ever glow ?

It boots not that, together bred,  
Our childish days were days of joy :  
My spring of life has quickly fled ;  
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,  
Slaves to the specious world's control,  
We sigh a long farewell to truth ;  
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season ! when the mind  
Dares all things boldly but to lie ;  
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,  
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,  
When Man himself is but a tool ;  
When interest sways our hopes and fears,  
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,  
We learn at length our faults to blend ;  
And those, and those alone, may claim  
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man :  
Can we then 'scape from folly free ?  
Can we reverse the general plan,  
Nor be what all in turn must be ?

No ; for myself, so dark my fate  
Through every turn of life hath been ;  
Man and the world so much I hate,  
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,  
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away ;  
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,  
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas ! whenever folly calls  
Where parasites and princes meet,  
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,  
The welcome vices kindly greet,)

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add  
One insect to the fluttering crowd ;  
And still thy trifling heart is glad  
To join the vain and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,  
Still simpering on with eager haste,  
As flies along the gay parterre,  
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame  
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,  
To flit along from dame to dame,  
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love ?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,  
Will deign to own a kindred care ?  
Who will debase his manly mind,  
For friendship every fool may share ?

In time forbear ; amidst the throng  
 No more so base a thing be seen ;  
 No more so idly pass along ;  
 Be something, any thing, but—mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM  
 A SKULL.<sup>9</sup>

START not—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 quaff'd, like thee :  
 I died : let earth my bones resign ;  
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me ;  
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
 Than nurse the earth-worm'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.

<sup>9</sup> [Lord Byron gives the following account of this cup :—"The gardener in digging discovered a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the abbey, about the time it was demonasteried. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell." It is now in the possession of Colonel Wildman, the proprietor of Newstead Abbey.]

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

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

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WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.<sup>1</sup>

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too;  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot:  
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart  
Would hate him if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break;  
But when the unconscious infant smiled,  
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs  
Its father in its face to see;  
But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:  
While thou art blest I'll not repine;  
But near thee I can never stay;  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,  
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;  
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

<sup>1</sup> [A few days before this poem was written, the poet dined at Annesley. On the infant daughter of his hostess being brought into the room, it was with the utmost difficulty that he suppressed the emotion to which we owe these beautiful stanzas.]



Yet was I calm : I knew the time  
 My breast would thrill before thy look ;  
 But now to tremble were a crime—  
 We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
 Yet meet with no confusion there :  
 One only feeling couldst thou trace ;  
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream  
 Remembrance never must awake :  
 Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?  
 My foolish heart be still, or break.

*November, 2, 1808.*<sup>2</sup>

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEW- FOUNDLAND DOG.<sup>3</sup>

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,  
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
 And storied urns record who rest below :

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Byron wrote to his mother on this same 2nd November, announcing his intention of sailing for India in March, 1809.]

<sup>3</sup> [This monument is a conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead. A prose inscription precedes the verses :—

“ Near this spot  
 Are deposited the Remains of one  
 Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
 Strength without Insolence,  
 Courage without Ferocity,  
 And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.  
 This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery  
 If inscribed over human ashes,  
 Is but a just tribute to the Memory of  
 BOATSWAIN, a Dog,  
 Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,  
 And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.”

Lord Byron thus announced the death of his favourite to Mr. Hodgson :—“ Boatswain is dead !—he expired in a state of madness on the 18th after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last ; never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost everything except old Murray.” In the will which Lord Byron executed in 1811, he desired to be buried in a vault near his dog, and Joe Murray was to have the honour of making one of the party. When the

When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
 Not what he was, but what he should have been :  
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
 Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :  
 While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,  
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
 Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,  
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,  
 Degraded mass of animated dust !  
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,  
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !  
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.  
 Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,  
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :  
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;  
 I never knew but one,—and here he lies.<sup>4</sup>

Newstead Abbey, *November 30, 1808.*

## TO A LADY,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,  
 A moment linger'd near the gate,  
 Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,  
 And bade him curse his future fate.

poet was on his travels, a gentleman, to whom Murray showed the tomb, said, "Well, old boy, you will take your place here some twenty years hence." "I don't know that, sir," replied Joe, "if I was sure his lordship would come here I should like it well enough, but I should not like to lie alone with the dog."]

<sup>4</sup> [In Mr. Hobhouse's *Miscellany* the last line runs thus :—

"I knew but one unchanged—and here he lies."

The morbid tone which pervades these very powerful lines was due in part to the sense of desolation produced by his recent visit to Annesley.]

But, wandering on through distant climes,  
 He learnt to bear his load of grief;  
 Just gave a sigh to other times,  
 And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady!<sup>5</sup> will it be with me,  
 And I must view thy charms no more;  
 For, while I linger near to thee,  
 I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,  
 Escaping from temptation's snare;  
 I cannot view my paradise  
 Without the wish of dwelling there.<sup>6</sup>

December, 2, 1808.

# 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.

<sup>5</sup> [In the first copy, "Thus, Mary!"—(Mrs. Musters.)]

<sup>6</sup> [In Mr. Hobhouse's volume the line stood,—

"Without a wish to enter there."

A little before his engagement to Miss Milbanke, Lord Byron had an opportunity, with her own consent, of paying a visit to his early love. His sister, who knew that this last stanza was as true as ever, prevailed upon him to resign the pleasure. "For," said she, "if you go you will fall in love again, and then there will be a scene; one step will lead to another, *et cela fera un éclat.*"

When thus reclining on my breast,  
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,  
As half reproach'd yet raised 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.

---

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.

---

#### 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 ! blessed 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.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> [The melancholy which was now gaining fast upon the young Poet's mind was a source of much uneasiness to his friends. It was at this period that the following verses were addressed to him by Mr. Hobhouse :—

#### EPISTLE TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN IN LOVE.

Hail ! generous youth, whom glory's sacred flame  
 Inspires, and animates to deeds of fame ;  
 Who feel the noble wish before you die  
 To raise the finger of each passer-by :  
 Hail ! may a future age admiring view  
 A Falkland or a Clarendon in you.

But as your blood with dangerous passion boils,  
 Beware ! and fly from Venus' silken toils :  
 Ah ! let the head protect the weaker heart,  
 And Wisdom's Ægis turn on Beauty's dart.

\* \* \* \*

But if 'tis fix'd that every lord must pair,  
 And you and Newstead must not want an heir,  
 Lose not your pains, and scour the country round,  
 To find a treasure that can ne'er be found !  
 No ! take the first the town or court affords,  
 Trick'd out to stock a market for the lords ;  
 By chance perhaps your luckier choice may fall  
 On one, though wicked, not the worst of all :

\* \* \* \*

One though perhaps as any Maxwell free,  
 Yet scarce a copy, Claribel, of thee ;  
 Not very ugly, and not very old,  
 A little pert indeed, but not a scold ;  
 One that, in short, may help to lead a life  
 Not farther much from comfort than from strife ;  
 And when she dies, and disappoints your fears,  
 Shall leave some joys for your declining years.

## FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again ! for I never before  
 Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core ;  
 Let us drink !—who would not ?—since, through life's varied  
     round,  
 In the goblet alone no deception is found.

But, as your early youth some time allows,  
 Nor custom yet demands you for a spouse,  
 Some hours of freedom may remain as yet,  
 For one who laughs alike at love and debt :  
 Then, why in haste ? put off the evil day,  
 And snatch at youthful comforts while you may !  
 Pause ! nor so soon the various bliss forego  
 That single souls, and such alone, can know :  
 Ah ! why too early careless life resign,  
 Your morning slumber, and your evening wine ;  
 Your loved companion, and his easy talk ;  
 Your Muse, invoked in every peaceful walk ?  
 What ! can no more your scenes paternal please,  
 Scenes sacred long to wise, unmated ease ?  
 The prospect lengthen'd o'er the distant down,  
 Lakes, meadows, rising woods, and all your own ?  
 What ! shall your Newstead, shall your cloister'd bowers,  
 The high o'erhanging arch and trembling towers !  
 Shall these, profaned with folly or with strife,  
 And ever fond, or ever angry wife !  
 Shall these no more confess a manly sway,  
 But changeful woman's changing whims obey ?  
 Who may, perhaps, as varying humour calls,  
 Contract your cloisters and o'erthrow your walls ;  
 Let Repton loose o'er all the ancient ground,  
 Change round to square, and square convert to round ;  
 Root up the elms' and yews' too solemn gloom,  
 And fill with shrubberies gay and green their room ;  
 Roll down the terrace to a gay parterre,  
 Where gravel walks and flowers alternate glare ;  
 And quite transform, in every point complete,  
 Your gothic abbey to a country seat.

Forget the fair one, and your fate delay ;  
 If not avert, at least defer the day,  
 When you beneath the female yoke shall bend,  
 And lose your *wit*, your *temper*, and your *friend*.\*

Trin. Coll. Camb., 1808.]

\* [In his mother's copy of Mr. Hobhouse's volume, Lord Byron has written with a pencil,—“*I have lost them all, and shall weep accordingly.*” 1811. B.”]

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;  
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;  
I have loved !—who has not ?—but what heart can declare  
That pleasure existed while passion was there ?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,  
And dreams that affection can never take wing,  
I had friends !—who has not ?—but what tongue will avow,  
That friends, rosy wine ! are so faithful as thou ?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,  
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst change ;  
Thou grow'st old—who does not ?—but on earth what appears,  
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years ?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,  
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,  
We are jealous !—who's not ?—thou hast no such alloy ;  
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,  
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last ;  
There we find—do we not ?—in the flow of the soul,  
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,  
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,  
Hope was left,—was she not ?—but the goblet we kiss,  
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape ! for when summer is flown,  
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own :  
We must die—who shall not ?—May our sins be forgiven,  
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.



STANZAS TO A LADY, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.<sup>s</sup>

'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.

<sup>s</sup> [In the original MS., "To Mrs. Musters."]

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 whereso'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 loved 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.<sup>9</sup>

1809.

# LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

HUZZA ! Hodgson, we are going,  
 Our embargo's off at last ;  
 Favourable breezes blowing  
 Bend the canvass o'er the mast.  
 From aloft the signal's streaming,  
 Hark ! the farewell gun is fired ;  
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,  
 Tell us that our time's expired.  
     Here's a rascal  
     Come to task all,  
 Prying from the custom-house ;  
     'Trunks unpacking,  
     Cases cracking,  
 Not a corner for a mouse  
 'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,  
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,  
 And all hands must ply the oar ;  
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
 We're impatient, push from shore.  
 "Have a care ! that case holds liquor—  
 Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord !"  
 "Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker  
 Ere you've been an hour on board."

<sup>9</sup> [Thus corrected by himself, in his mother's copy of Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany ; the two last lines being originally—

"Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,  
 I love but thee, I love but one."]

Thus are screaming  
 Men and women,  
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks ;  
 Here entangling,  
 All are wrangling,  
 Stuck together close as wax.—  
 Such the general noise and racket,  
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo ! the captain,  
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew ;  
 Passengers their berths are clapt in,  
 Some to grumble, some to spew.  
 " Heyday ! call you that a cabin ?  
 Why 'tis hardly three feet square ;  
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—  
 Who the deuce can harbour there ? "  
 " Who, sir ? plenty—  
 Nobles twenty  
 Did at once my vessel fill."—  
 " Did they ? Jesus,  
 How you squeeze us !  
 Would to God they did so still :  
 Then I'd scape the heat and racket  
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher ! Murray ! Bob !<sup>1</sup> where are you ?  
 Stretch'd along the deck like logs—  
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you !  
 Here's a rope's end for the dogs.  
 Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,  
 As the hatchway down he rolls,  
 Now his breakfast, now his verses,  
 Vomits forth—and damns our souls.  
 " Here's a stanza  
 On Braganza—  
 Help ! "—" A couplet ? "—" No, a cup  
 Of warm water—"—  
 " What's the matter ? "  
 " Zounds ! my liver's coming up ;

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Byron's three servants.]

I shall not survive the racket  
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,  
Lord knows when we shall come back !  
Breezes foul and tempests murky  
May unship us in a crack.  
But, since life at most a jest is,  
As philosophers allow,  
Still to laugh by far the best is,  
Then laugh on—as I do now.  
Laugh at all things,  
Great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore ;  
While we're quaffing,  
Let's have laughing—  
Who the devil cares for more ?—  
Some good wine ! and who would lack it,  
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet ?<sup>2</sup>

Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.

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### TO FLORENCE.<sup>3</sup>

Our Lady ! when I left the shore,  
The distant shore which gave me birth,  
I hardly thought to grieve once more,  
To quit another spot on earth :

<sup>2</sup> [In the letter in which these lively verses were enclosed, Lord Byron says :—"I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation ; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was as sour as a crab ; and thus ends my first chapter."]

<sup>3</sup> [These lines were written at Malta. The lady to whom they were addressed, and whom he afterwards apostrophises in the stanzas on the thunderstorm of Zitza, and in *Childe Harold*, is thus described in a letter to his mother :—"This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked ; and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She has born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador ; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character ; excited the vengeance of Bonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy ; several times risked her life ; and is not yet five and twenty. She is here on her way to

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,  
Where panting Nature droops the head,  
Where only thou art seen to smile,  
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albion's craggy shore,  
Divided by the dark-blue main;  
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,  
Perchance I view her cliffs again :

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,  
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,  
Though Time restore me to my home,  
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee :

On thee, in whom at once conspire  
All charms which heedless hearts can move,  
Whom but to see is to admire,  
And, oh ! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er  
With such a word can more offend ;  
And since thy heart I cannot share,  
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,  
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less ?  
Nor be, what man should ever be,  
The friend of Beauty in distress ?

Ah ! who would think that form had past  
Through Danger's most destructive path,  
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,  
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath ?

England to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Bonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time." ]

Lady! when I shall view the walls  
 Where free Byzantium once arose,  
 And Stamboul's Oriental halls  
 The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,  
 That glorious city still shall be;  
 On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,  
 As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,  
 When I behold that wondrous scene,  
 Since where thou art I may not dwell,  
 'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

*September, 1809.*

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#### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

x As o'er the cold sepulchral stone  
 Some name arrests the passer-by;  
 Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
 May mine attract thy pensive eye!

x And when by thee that name is read,  
 Perchance in some succeeding year,  
 Reflect on me as on the dead,  
 And think my heart is buried here.

*September 14, 1809.*

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#### STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM.<sup>4</sup>

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

<sup>4</sup> [This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October, 1809, when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly

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.

called Pindus, in Albania. Mr. Hobhouse, who had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at Zitza just as the evening set in, describes the thunder as "rolling without intermission, the echoes of one peal not ceasing to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads, whilst the plains and the distant hills appeared in a perpetual blaze." "The tempest," he says, "was altogether terrific, and worthy of the Greeian Jove. My Friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut till three in the morning. I now learnt from him that they had lost their way, and that after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had stopped at last near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunderstorm in the plain of Zitza."]



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 press'd thy lip ;  
And long ere now, with foaming shock,  
Impell'd 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 ;<sup>5</sup>

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,  
Endear'd by days gone by ;  
To others give a thousand smiles,  
To me a single sigh.

<sup>5</sup> [“This, and the two following stanzas, have a music in them, which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting.”—MOORE.]

And when the admiring circle mark  
The paleness of thy face,  
A half-form'd 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 sever'd hearts repine,  
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,  
And mourns in search of thine.

---

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,  
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:  
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,  
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,  
The azure grave of many a Roman;  
Where stern Ambition once forsook  
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well  
As ever yet was said or sung,  
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)  
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,  
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:  
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,  
Thy charms might raise new Antonics.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,  
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd !  
I cannot lose a world for thee,  
But would not lose thee for a world.

*November 14, 1809.*

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THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN !

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown !  
Thus is it with life's fitful fever :  
We madly smile when we should groan ;  
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought  
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter ;  
And he that acts as wise men ought,  
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

---

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO  
ABYDOS.<sup>6</sup>

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 !

<sup>6</sup> On the 3rd of May, 1810, while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead, of that frigate, and the writer of these rhymes, swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt ; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits as just stated,

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 to-day.

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.<sup>7</sup>

May 9, 1810.

## LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:—

“FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart  
 To trace the birth and nursery of art:  
 Noble his object, glorious is his aim;  
 He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.”

entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

<sup>7</sup> [“My companion,” says Mr. Hobhouse, “had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated passage; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter-current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing.”]

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING :—

'The modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own ;  
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,  
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

1810.

# MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

MAID of Athens,<sup>8</sup> ere we part,  
Give, oh give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest !  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*<sup>9</sup>

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist ;

<sup>8</sup> [The lady supposed to be the Maid of Athens, was the eldest of three lovely sisters, who are thus described by Mr. Hugh Williams :—"Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. The two eldest have black, or dark hair and eyes ; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general."]

<sup>9</sup> Romaic expression of tenderness : If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not ; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you !" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.

By all the token-flowers<sup>1</sup> that tell  
 What words can never speak so well;  
 By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
 Though I fly to Istambol,<sup>2</sup>  
 Athens holds my heart and soul:  
 Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Athens, 1810.

TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE MEDEA  
 OF EURIPIDES.

OH how I wish that an embargo  
 Had kept in port the good ship Argo!  
 Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,  
 Had never pass'd the Azure rocks;  
 But now I fear her trip will be a  
 Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, &c. &c.<sup>3</sup>

June, 1810.

<sup>1</sup> In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, “I burn for thee:” a bunch of flowers tied with hair, “Take me and fly;” but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.

<sup>2</sup> Constantinople.

<sup>3</sup> [“I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their boy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit. A ‘damn'd business’ it very nearly was to me; for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcass in honour of the ancients.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Henry Drury*, June 17, 1810.]

## MY EPITAPH.

YOUTH, Nature, and relenting Jove,  
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove ;  
But Romanelli was so stout,  
He beat all three—and *blew it out*.<sup>4</sup>

October, 1810.

## SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

KIND Reader, take your choice to cry or laugh ;  
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his Epitaph ?  
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view  
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.<sup>5</sup>

DEAR object of defeated care !  
Though now of Love and thee bereft,  
To reconcile me with despair,  
Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope ;  
But this I feel can ne'er be true :  
For by the death-blow of my Hope  
My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.

<sup>4</sup> ["I have just escaped from a physician and a fever. In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanian, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days brought me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph."  
—Lord B. to Mr. Hodyson, Oct. 3, 1810.]

<sup>5</sup> [These lines are copied from a leaf of the original MS. of the second canto of "Childe Harold."]

## TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

“Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”<sup>6</sup>

Sons of the Greeks, arise!  
The glorious hour's gone forth,  
And, worthy of such ties,  
Display who gave us birth.

## CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go  
In arms against the foe,  
Till their hated blood shall flow  
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising  
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,  
Let your country see you rising,  
And all her chains are broke.  
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,  
Behold the coming strife!  
Hellenes of past ages,  
Oh, start again to life!  
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking  
Your sleep, oh, join with me!  
And the seven-hill'd city seeking,  
Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers  
Lethargic dost thou lie?  
Awake, and join thy numbers  
With Athens, old ally!  
Leonidas recalling,  
That chief of ancient song,

<sup>6</sup> The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, &c., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original. [While at the Franciscan convent, Lord Byron devoted some hours daily to the study of the Romaic.]

<sup>7</sup> Constantinople. “Ἐπτάλοφος.”



Who saved ye once from falling, —  
 The terrible ! the strong ! —  
 Who made that bold diversion —  
 In old Thermopylæ,  
 And warring with the Persian  
 To keep his country free ;  
 With his three hundred waging  
 The battle, long he stood,  
 And like a lion raging,  
 Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c.\*

#### TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG

“Μπένω μες ’τσ’ περίβολι,  
 ’Ωραιότατη Χάηδή,” &c.<sup>9</sup>

I ENTER thy garden of roses,  
 Beloved and fair Haidée,  
 Each morning where Flora reposes,  
 For surely I see her in thee.  
 Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,  
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,  
 Which utters its song to adore thee,  
 Yet trembles for what it has sung ;  
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,  
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,  
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,  
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

<sup>8</sup> [Riga was a Thessalian, and passed the first part of his youth among his native mountains in teaching ancient Greek to his countrymen. On the outbreak of the French revolution, he and some other enthusiasts perambulated Greece, rousing the bold, and encouraging the timid by their minstrelsy. He afterwards went to Vienna to solicit aid for a rising, but was given up by the Austrian government to the Turks, who vainly endeavoured by torture to force from him the names of the other conspirators.]

<sup>9</sup> The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our “*χόροι*” in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful  
 When Love has abandon'd the bowers ;  
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,  
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.  
 The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,  
 Will deeply embitter the bowl ;  
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,  
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.  
 Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee  
 My heart from these horrors to save :  
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?  
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances  
 Secure of his conquest before,  
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,  
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.  
 Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish  
 By pangs which a smile would dispel ?  
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,  
 For torture repay me too well ?  
 Now sad is the garden of roses,  
 Beloved but false Haidée !  
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,  
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

1811.

---

#### ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left  
 Shall never part from mine,  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
 An equal love may see :  
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
 In gazing when alone ;  
 Nor one memorial for a breast,  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale  
 My pen were doubly weak :  
 Oh ! what can idle words avail,  
 Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
 That heart, no longer free,  
 Must bear the love it cannot show,  
 And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND  
 SHOEMAKER.<sup>1</sup>

STRANGER ! behold, interr'd together,  
 The *souls* of learning and of leather.  
 Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all* :  
 You'll find his relics in a *stall*.  
 His works were neat, and often found  
 Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.  
 Tread lightly—where the bard is laid  
 He cannot mend the shoe he made ;  
 Yet is he happy in his hole,  
 With verse immortal as his *sole*.  
 But still to business he held fast,  
 And stuck to Phœbus to the last.  
 Then who shall say so good a fellow  
 Was only “leather and prunella ?”  
 For character—he did not lack it ;  
 And if he did, 'twere shame to “Black-it.”

Malta, May 16, 1811.

<sup>1</sup> [He died in 1810, and his works have followed him.]

## FAREWELL TO MALTA.

ADIEU, ye joys of La Valette !  
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat !  
Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd !  
Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured !  
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs !  
(How surely he who mounts you swears !)  
Adieu, ye merchants often failing !  
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing !  
Adieu, ye packets—without letters !  
Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters !  
Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,  
That gave me fever, and the spleen !  
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs,  
Adieu his Excellency's dancers !  
Adieu to Peter—whom no fault's in,  
But could not teach a colonel waltzing ;  
Adieu, ye females fraught with graces !  
Adieu red coats, and redder faces !  
Adieu the supercilious air  
Of all that strut "en militaire !"   
I go—but God knows when, or why,  
To smoky towns and cloudy sky,  
To things (the honest truth to say)  
As bad—but in a different way.

Farewell to these, but not adieu,  
Triumphant sons of truest blue !  
While either Adriatic shore,  
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,  
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,  
Proclaim you war and woman's winners.  
Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,  
And take my rhyme—because 'tis "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,  
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her—

And were I vain enough to think  
My praise was worth this drop of ink,  
A line—or two—were no hard matter,  
As here, indeed, I need not flatter :  
But she must be content to shine  
In better praises than in mine,  
With lively air, and open heart,  
And fashion's ease, without its art ;  
Her hours can gaily glide along,  
Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta ! since thou'st got us,  
Thou little military hothouse !  
I'll not offend with words uncivil,  
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,  
But only stare from out my casement,  
And ask, for what is such a place meant ?  
Then, in my solitary nook,  
Return to scribbling, or a book,  
Or take my physic while I'm able  
(Two spoonfuls hourly by the label),  
Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,  
And bless the gods I've got a fever.

May 26, 1811. [First published 1832.]

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## TO DIVES.

### A FRAGMENT.

UNHAPPY DIVES ! in an evil hour  
'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst !  
Once Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power ;  
Wrath's viol on thy lofty head hath burst.  
In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,  
How wondrous bright thy blooming morn arose !  
But thou wert smitten with th' unhallow'd thirst  
Of crime un-named, and thy sad noon must close  
In scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst of woes.

1811. [First published 1832.]

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL  
OPERA.<sup>2</sup>

Good plays are scarce,  
So Moore writes farce :  
The poet's fame grows brittle—  
We knew before  
That *Little's* Moore,  
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*.

September 14, 1811.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,<sup>3</sup>

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL,  
AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"OH! banish care"—such ever be  
The motto of *thy* revelry !  
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights  
Renew those riotous delights,  
Wherewith the children of Despair  
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."  
But not in morn's reflecting hour,  
When present, past, and future lower,  
When all I loved is changed or gone,  
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,  
Whose every thought—but let them pass—  
Thou know'st I am not what I was.  
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold  
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,  
By all the powers that men revere,  
By all unto thy bosom dear,  
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,  
Speak—speak of anything but love.

<sup>2</sup> [The farce was called "M.P. ; or, the Blue Stocking," and came out at the Lyceum Theatre, on the 9th of September.]

<sup>3</sup> [*i. e.* Mr. Francis Hodgson (not then the Reverend).]

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,  
 The tale of one who scorns a tear ;  
 And there is little in that tale  
 Which better bosoms would bewail.  
 But mine has suffer'd more than well  
 'Twould suit philosophy to tell.  
 I've seen my bride another's bride,—  
 Have seen her seated by his side,—  
 Have seen the infant, which she bore,  
 Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,  
 When she and I in youth have smiled,  
 As fond and faultless as her child ;—  
 Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,  
 Ask if I felt no secret pain ;  
 And *I* have acted well my part,  
 And make my cheek belie my heart,  
 Return'd the freezing glance she gave,  
 Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave ;—  
 Have kiss'd, as if without design,  
 The babe which ought to have been mine,  
 And show'd, alas ! in each caress  
 Time had not made me love the less.<sup>4</sup>

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,  
 Nor seek again an eastern shore ;  
 The world befits a busy brain,—  
 I'll hie me to its haunts again.  
 But if, in some succeeding year,  
 When Britain's "May is in the sere,"  
 Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes  
 Suit with the sablest of the times,  
 Of one, whom love nor pity sways,  
 Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise ;  
 One, who in stern ambition's pride,  
 Perchance not blood shall turn aside ;  
 One rank'd in some recording page  
 With the worst anarchs of the age,

<sup>4</sup> [These lines will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, the Poet reverted to the disappointment of his early affection as the chief source of all his suffering and errors, present and to come.—MOORE.]

Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,  
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.<sup>5</sup>

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811. [First published 1830.]

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### TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,  
And say, what Truth might well have said,  
By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea  
Divided, yet beloved in vain;  
The past, the future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,  
That softly said, “We part in peace,”  
Had taught my bosom how to brook,  
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee  
Prepared a light and pangless dart,  
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?  
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,  
In that dread hour ere death appear,  
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past? But when no more  
'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,  
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

<sup>5</sup> [The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him.—MOORE.]



Shall they not flow, when many a day  
In these, to me, deserted towers,  
Ere call'd but for a time away,  
Affection's mingling tears were ours ?

Ours too the glance none saw beside ;  
The smile none else might understand ;  
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand ;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
That Love each warmer wish forbore ;  
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,  
Even Passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;  
The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine ;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
But where is thine ?—Ah ! where art thou ?  
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,  
But never bent beneath till now !

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain.  
If rest alone be in the tomb,  
I would not wish thee here again ;

But if in worlds more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee !  
To bear, forgiving and forgiven :  
On earth thy love was such to me ;  
It fain would form my hope in heaven !

*October 11, 1811.*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> [Mr. Moore considers "Thyrza" to be a creature of the Poet's brain. "It was," he says, "about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling the blight which his heart

## AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE!

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!  
 Be silent, thou once soothing strain,  
 Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!  
 I dare not trust those sounds again.  
 To me they speak of brighter days—  
 But lull the chords, for now, alas!  
 I must not think, I may not gaze,  
 On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet  
 Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;  
 And now their softest notes repeat  
 A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!  
 Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,  
 Beloved dust! since dust thou art;  
 And all that once was harmony  
 Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear  
 The well remember'd echoes thrill;  
 I hear a voice I would not hear,  
 A voice that now might well be still:

had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one were written;—nor is it any wonder when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that, of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs;—a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling.” It is a pity to disturb a sentiment thus beautifully expressed; but Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Dallas, bearing the exact date of these lines, viz., Oct. 11, 1811, writes as follows:—“I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times: but ‘I have almost forgot the taste of grief,’ and ‘supped full of horrors,’ till I have become callous; nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed my head to the earth.” Several years after the poems on Thyrza were written, Lord Byron, on being asked to whom they referred, by a person in whose tenderness he never ceased to confide, refused to answer, with marks of agitation, such as rendered recurrence to the subject impossible. The five following pieces are all devoted to Thyrza.]

Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake ;  
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,  
Till consciousness will vainly wake  
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza ! waking as in sleep,  
Thou art but now a lovely dream ;  
A star that trembled o'er the deep,  
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.  
But he who through life's dreary way  
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,  
Will long lament the vanish'd ray  
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

*December 3, 1811.*<sup>7</sup>

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ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;  
One last long sigh to love and thee,  
Then back to busy life again.  
It suits me well to mingle now  
With things that never pleased before :  
Though every joy is fled below,  
What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring ;  
Man was not form'd to live alone :  
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing  
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.  
It was not thus in days more dear,  
It never would have been, but thou  
Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;  
Thou'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

<sup>7</sup> [“I wrote this a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Hodgson*, Dec. 8, 1811.]

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !  
The smile that sorrow fain would wear  
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.  
Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;  
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,  
The heart,—the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night  
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky ;  
For then I deem'd the heavenly light  
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye :  
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,  
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,  
“Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon”—  
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave !

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,  
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,  
“'Tis comfort still,” I faintly said,  
“That Thyrsa cannot know my pains :”  
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,  
A boon 'tis idle then to give,  
Relenting Nature vainly gave  
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live !

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,  
When love and life alike were new !  
How different now thou meet'st my gaze !  
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue !  
The heart that gave itself with thee  
Is silent—ah, were mine as still !  
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,  
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge ! thou mournful token !  
Though painful, welcome to my breast !  
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,  
Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd.

Time tempers love, but not removes,  
More hallow'd when its hope is fled :  
Oh ! what are thousand living loves  
To that which cannot quit the dead ?

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#### 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 woman'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.

---

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.

“ *Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !* ”

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 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 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.

*February, 1812.*

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#### IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men  
Thine image from my breast may fade,  
The lonely hour presents again  
The semblance of thy gentle shade :  
And now that sad and silent hour  
Thus much of thee can still restore,  
And sorrow unobserved may pour  
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile  
I waste one thought I owe to thee,  
And self-condemn'd, appear to smile,  
Unfaithful to thy memory :



Nor deem that memory less dear,  
That then I seem not to repine;  
I would not fools should overhear  
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,  
It is not drain'd to banish care;  
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,  
That brings a Lethe for despair.  
And could oblivion set my soul  
From all her troubled visions free,  
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,  
Where could my vacant bosom turn?  
And who would then remain behind  
To honour thine abandon'd Urn?  
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride  
That last dear duty to fulfil;  
Though all the world forget beside,  
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been  
Thy gentle care for him, who now  
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,  
Where none regarded him, but thou:  
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given  
A blessing never meant for me;  
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,  
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1812.

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FROM THE FRENCH.

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;  
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

## ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.

ILL-FATED Heart ! and can it be,  
 That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain ?  
 Have years of care for thine and thee  
 Alike been all employed in vain ?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,  
 And every fragment dearer grown,  
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art  
 A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812.

LINES TO A LADY WEeping.<sup>8</sup>

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,  
 A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay ;  
 Ah ! happy if each tear of thine  
 Could wash a father's fault away !

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—  
 Auspicious to these suffering isles ;  
 And be each drop in future years  
 Repaid thee by thy people's smiles !

March, 1812.

<sup>8</sup> [This impromptu owed its birth to an *on dit*, that the Princess Charlotte of Wales burst into tears on hearing that the Whigs had found it impossible to form a cabinet at the period of Perceval's death. They were appended to the first edition of the "Corsair," and excited a *sensation*, marvellously disproportionate to their length or their merit. The ministerial prints raved for two months in the most foul-mouthed vituperation of the poet—the Morning Post even announced a motion in the House of Lords—"and all this," Lord Byron writes, "as Bedreddin in the Arabian Nights remarks, for making a cream tart with pepper : how odd, that eight lines should have given birth, I really think, to eight thousand !" The Regent, who thought them Moore's till their republication in "The Corsair," said he was "*affected* in sorrow rather than anger," having shown Lord Byron some civility on the appearance of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." "I feel," wrote the Poet, "a little compunctious as to the Regent's *regret* ; would he had been only angry."]

## THE CHAIN I GAVE.

FROM THE TURKISH.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,  
The lute I added sweet in sound ;  
The heart that offer'd both was true,  
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,  
Thy truth in absence to divine ;  
And they have done their duty well,—  
Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,  
But not to bear a stranger's touch ;  
That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think  
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him who from thy neck unbound  
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,  
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,  
Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too ;  
The chain is broke, the music mute.  
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—  
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

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LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF "THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,  
My friend, what magic spells belong !  
As all can tell, who share, like me,  
In turn thy converse,<sup>9</sup> and thy song.

<sup>9</sup> [“When Rogers does talk, he talks well ; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his

But when the dreaded hour shall come  
 By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,  
 And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb  
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay  
 Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,  
 And blend, while ages roll away,  
 Her name immortally with *thine* !

April 19, 1812.

ADDRESS, SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE  
 THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.<sup>1</sup>

In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,  
 Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride ;  
 In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,  
 Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh ! sight admired and mourn'd,  
 Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd !)  
 Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,  
 Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven ;  
 Saw the long column of revolving flames  
 Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,<sup>2</sup>  
 While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,  
 Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,

library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor."—*B. Diary*, 1813.]

<sup>1</sup> [The theatre in Drury Lane, which was opened, in 1747, with Dr. Johnson's masterly address, and witnessed the glories of Garrick, was rebuilt in 1794. The new building perished by fire in 1811 ; and the managers, anxious that the present edifice should be opened with some composition of equal merit, invited a general competition. Scores of addresses, not one tolerable, showered on their desk, and they were in despair till Lord Holland prevailed on Lord Byron to write these verses—"at the risk," as he said, "of offending a hundred scribblers and a discerning public." The admirable *jeu d'esprit* of the Messrs. Smith will long preserve the memory of the "Rejected Addresses."] ]

<sup>2</sup> ["By the by, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent Garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection of the Thames."—*Lord Byron to Lord Holland*.]

As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone  
 The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,  
 Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall  
 Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall ;  
 Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,  
 Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,  
 Know the same favour which the former knew,  
 A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you* ?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name  
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame ;  
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,  
 And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been* :  
 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—  
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well* !

As soars this fane to emulate the last,  
 Oh ! might we draw our omens from the past,  
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast  
 Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.  
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art  
 O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.  
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew ;  
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,  
 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu :  
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,  
 That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.  
 Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse  
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse ;  
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head,  
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead.  
 Dear are the days which made our annals bright,  
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley<sup>3</sup> ceased to write.

<sup>3</sup> [Originally, "Ere Garrick *died*," &c.—"By the by, one of my corrections in the copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom—

When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first. Second thoughts in everything are best ; but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as fast as I can, but never sufficiently ; and, latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other."—*Lord Byron to Lord Holland.*]

Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,  
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs* ;  
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass  
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,  
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine  
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,  
 Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,  
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them !

Friends of the stage ! to whom both Players and Plays  
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,  
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct  
 The boundless power to cherish or reject ;  
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,  
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame ;  
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend  
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,  
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,  
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute !<sup>4</sup>  
 Oh ! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,  
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause ;  
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,  
 And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours !

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,  
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,  
 Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone  
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.

<sup>4</sup> [The following lines were omitted by the Committee—

“Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores  
 That late she deign'd to crawl upon all-fours.  
 When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,  
 If you command, the steed must come in course,  
 If you decree, the stage must condescend  
 To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.  
 Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,  
 And gratify you more by showing less.  
 The past reproach let present scenes refute,  
 Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute.”

“Is Whitbread,” said Lord Byron, “determined to castrate all my *cavalry* lines ? I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds—‘a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.’”]

The curtain rises—may our stage unfold  
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old !  
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,  
 Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside.

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS.<sup>5</sup>

BY DR. PLAGIARY.

*Half stolen*, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus “ — ”.

“ WHEN energising objects men pursue,”  
 Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.  
 “ A modest monologue you here survey,”  
 Hiss'd from the theatre the “ other day,”  
 As if Sir Fretful wrote “ the slumberous ” verse,  
 And gave his son “ the rubbish ” to rehearse.  
 “ Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,”  
 Knew you the rumpus which the author raised ;  
 “ Nor even here your smiles would be repress,”  
 Knew you these lines—the badness of the best,  
 “ Flame ! fire ! and flame ! ” (words borrowed from Lucretius.)  
 “ Dread metaphors which open wounds ” like issues !  
 “ And sleeping pangs awake—and—but away ”  
 (Confound me if I know what next to say).  
 “ Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,”  
 And Master G— recites what Dr. Busby sings !—  
 “ If mighty things with small we may compare,”  
 (Translated from the grammar for the fair !)  
 Dramatic “ spirit drives a conquering car,”  
 And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of “ tar.”  
 “ This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,”  
 To furnish melodrames for Drury Lane.

<sup>5</sup> [Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Dr. Busby, entitled “ A Monologue,” of which the above is a parody. It began as follows :—

“ When energising objects men pursue,  
 What are the prodigies they cannot do ?  
 A magic edifice you here survey,  
 Shot from the ruins of the other day, &c.”]



"Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,"  
And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

"In arts and sciences our isle hath shone"  
(This deep discovery is mine alone).  
"Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire"  
My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a liar,  
"Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore"  
With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much more.  
These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain  
*Disgraces*, too! "inseparable train!"  
"Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"  
(You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid):  
"Harmonious throng" that I have kept *in petto*  
Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!  
"While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,  
"Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!  
"Thus lifted gloriously, you'll soar along,"  
Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song;  
"Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"  
(For this last line George had a holiday).  
"Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"  
So says the manager, and so say I.  
"But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;"  
Is this the poem which the public lost?  
"True—true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;"  
But lo;—the papers print what you deride.  
"'Tis ours to look on you—you hold the prize,"  
'Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise!  
"A double blessing your rewards impart"—  
I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.  
"Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"  
Why son and I both beg for your applause.  
"When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"  
My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

October, 1812.



VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN<sup>6</sup>

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"  
 His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought,"  
 This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense  
 Supplied, and amply too, by innocence :  
 Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,  
 In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,  
 Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see  
 These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.  
 Severe the fate of modern fools, alas !  
 When vice and folly mark them as they pass.  
 Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,  
 The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

## REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!  
 Till Lethe quench life's burning stream  
 Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,  
 And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.  
 Thy husband too shall think of thee :  
 By neither shalt thou be forgot,  
 Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> In Warwickshire.

<sup>7</sup> See Cymon and Iphigenia.

<sup>8</sup> [On the cessation of a temporary *liaison* formed by Lord Byron during his London career, the fair one called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His Lordship was from home; but finding *Vathek* on the table, the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words 'Remember me!' Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas. — MEDWIN.]

## 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 bestow'd  
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 sigh'd 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.

---

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

AH ! Love was never yet without  
The pang, the agony, the doubt,  
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,  
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,  
I faint, I die beneath the blow.  
That Love had arrows, well I knew,  
Alas ! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net  
Which Love around your haunts hath set ;  
Or, circled by his fatal fire,  
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing  
Was I, through many a smiling spring ;  
But caught within the subtle snare,  
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,  
Can neither feel nor pity pain,  
The cold repulse, the look askance,  
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;  
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;  
Like melting wax, or withering flower,  
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why  
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?  
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!  
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:  
What wretch with me would barter woe?  
My bird! relent: one note could give  
A charm to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,  
In silent anguish I sustain;  
And still thy heart, without partaking  
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!  
Thou canst not murder more than now:  
I've lived to curse my natal day,  
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,  
Can patience preach thee into rest?  
Alas! too late, I dearly know  
That joy is harbinger of woe.

---

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,  
To those thyself so fondly sought;  
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle  
Are doubly bitter from that thought:  
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieve'st,  
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,  
And spurns deceiver and deceit ;  
But she who not a thought disguises,  
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—  
When she can change who loved so truly,  
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow  
Is doom'd to all who love or live ;  
And if, when conscious on the morrow,  
We scarce our fancy can forgive,  
That cheated us in slumber only,  
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision  
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd ?  
Sincere, but swift in sad transition :  
As if a dream alone had charm'd ?  
Ah ! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,  
And all thy change can be but dreaming !

---

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love !" — Ah, why  
That cruel question ask of me,  
When thou mayst read in many an eye  
He starts to life on seeing thee ?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know :  
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,  
He'll linger long in silent woe ;  
But live—until I cease to be.

## 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 bless'd :  
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,  
The wilder wish reprov'd, repress'd.

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 destroy'd 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 pass'd, 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.

1813.

---

#### ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.<sup>9</sup>

WHEN Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent,  
 (I hope I am not violent)  
 Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

<sup>9</sup> [One evening, in 1813, Lord Byron and Moore were ridiculing a volume of poetry, which they chanced to take up at the house of Rogers. While their host was palliating faults and pointing out beauties, their mirth received a fresh impulse by the discovery

And since not even our Roger's praise  
To common sense his thoughts could raise—  
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

\* \* \* \* \*

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!  
Hermilda's first and second canto,  
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

And thus to furnish decent lining,  
My own and others' bays I'm twining,—  
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

#### TO LORD THURLOW.

"I lay my branch of laurel down,  
Then thus to form Apollo's crown,  
Let every other bring his own."

*Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.*

*"I lay my branch of laurel down."*

THOU "lay thy branch of laurel down!"

Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;

And, were it lawfully thine own,

Does Rogers want it most, or thou?

Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,

Or send it back to Doctor Donne:

Were justice done to both, I trow,

He'd have but little, and thou—none.

of a piece in which the author had loudly sung the praises of Rogers himself. "The opening line of the poem," says Moore, "was, 'When Rogers o'er this labour bent;' and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud;—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh,—till even Mr. Rogers himself found it impossible not to join us. A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following:—'My dear Moore, 'When Rogers' must not see the enclosed, which I send for your perusal.'"]



*"Then thus to form Apollo's crown."*

A crown! why, twist it how you will,  
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.  
When next you visit Delphi's town,  
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,  
They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,  
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

*"Let every other bring his own."*

When coals to Newcastle are carried,  
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,  
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,  
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;  
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel  
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,  
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,  
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

---

### TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN  
HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL, MAY 19, 1813.

OH you, who in all names can tickle the town,  
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—  
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,  
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Post Bag;

\* \* \* \* \*

But now to my letter—to *yours* 'tis an answer—  
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,  
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on  
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—  
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice  
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!  
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,  
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;

And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,  
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote ;  
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,  
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.<sup>1</sup>

[First published in 1830.]

#### IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,  
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,  
And o'er the changing aspect flits,  
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye ;  
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink :  
My thoughts their dungeon know too well ;  
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,  
And droop within their silent cell.<sup>2</sup>

September, 1813.

#### SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,  
And the warm lustre of thy features—caught  
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,  
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—  
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,  
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught  
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—  
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.  
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,  
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,

<sup>1</sup> [The reader who wishes to understand the full force of this scandalous insinuation, is referred to Muretus's notes on a celebrated poem of Catullus, entitled *In Casarem* ; but consisting, in fact, of savagely scornful abuse of the favourite *Mamurra* :—

“ Quis hoc potest videre ? quis potest pati,  
Nisi impudicus et vorax et helluo ?  
Mamurram habere quod comata Gallia  
Habebat unctum, et ultima Britannia ? ” &c.]

<sup>2</sup> [These verses are said to have dropped from the poet's pen to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gaiety. —SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)  
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—  
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent !  
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

*December 17, 1813.<sup>3</sup>*

### SONNET, TO THE SAME.

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, through thy long dark lashes low depending,  
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
 Gleans 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.

*December 17, 1813.*

### FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

“TU MI CHAMAS.”

IN moments to delight devoted,  
 “My life !” with tenderest tone, you cry ;  
 Dear words ! on which my heart had doted,  
 If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,  
 Ah ! then repeat those accents never ;  
 Or change “my life !” into “my soul !”  
 Which, like my love, exists for ever.

<sup>3</sup> [“Redde some Italian, and wrote two sonnets. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions.”—*B. Diary*, 1813.]

## ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the word—  
 Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:  
 Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,  
 For, like the soul, my love can never die.

## THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.

AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY.<sup>4</sup>

THE Devil return'd to hell by two,  
 And he stay'd at home till five;  
 When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,  
 And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,  
 And sausages made of a self-slain Jew—  
 And bethought himself what next to do,  
 "And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.  
 I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;  
 In darkness my children take most delight,  
 And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer then—  
 "If I follow'd my taste, indeed,  
 I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,  
 And smile to see them bleed.  
 But these will be furnish'd again and again,  
 And at present my purpose is speed;  
 To see my manor as much as I may,  
 And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,  
 A chariot in Seymour Place;  
 But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends,  
 By driving my favourite pace:

<sup>4</sup> ["I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive,' the notion of which I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'"—*B. Diary*, 1813. "Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is," says Moore, "for the most part rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Coleridge and Southey, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Porson.]"

And they handle their reins with such a grace,  
I have something for both at the end of their race.

“So now for the earth to take my chance:”

Then up to the earth sprung he;  
And making a jump from Moscow to France,  
He stepp’d across the sea,  
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,  
No very great way from a bishop’s abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,  
That he hover’d a moment upon his way,  
To look upon Leipsic plain;  
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,  
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair  
That he perch’d on a mountain of slain;  
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,  
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,  
Nor his work done half as well:  
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,  
That it blush’d like the waves of hell!  
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh’d he:  
“Methinks they have here little need of *me*!”

\* \* \* \* \*

But the softest note that sooth’d his ear  
Was the sound of a widow sighing;  
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,  
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear  
Of a maid by her lover lying—  
As round her fell her long fair hair;  
And she look’d to heaven with that frenzied air,  
Which seem’d to ask if a God were there!  
And, stretch’d by the wall of a ruin’d hut,  
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,  
A child of famine dying:  
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done,  
And the fall of the vainly flying!

\* \* \* \* \*

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,  
 And what did he there, I pray?  
 If his eyes were good, he but saw by night  
 What we see every day:  
 But he made a tour, and kept a journal  
 Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,  
 And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,  
 Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated* him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,  
 Its coachman and his coat;  
 So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,  
 And seized him by the throat:  
 "Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?  
 'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer?"

So he sat him on his box again,  
 And bade him have no fear,  
 But be true to his club, and stanch to his rein,  
 His brothel, and his beer;  
 "Next to seeing a lord at the council board,  
 I would rather see him here."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Devil gat next to Westminster,  
 And he turn'd to "the room" of the Commons;  
 But he heard, as he purposed to enter in there,  
 That "the Lords" had received a summons;  
 And he thought, as a "*quondam* aristocrat,"  
 He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them were flat;  
 And he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,  
 That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,  
 The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,  
 And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size—  
 And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;  
 And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,  
 Because the Catholics would *not* rise,  
 In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;

And he heard—which set Satan himself a-staring—  
 A certain chief Justice say something like *swearing*.  
 And the Devil was shock'd—and quoth he, “I must go,  
 For I find we have much better manners below:  
 If thus he harangues when he passes my border,  
 I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order.”

## WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;  
 Between them stands another sceptred thing—  
 It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
 —In him the double tyrant starts to life:  
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,  
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.  
 Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these disgorge  
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.\*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.<sup>6</sup>

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 which now burns on my cheek may impart  
 The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

<sup>5</sup> [“I cannot conceive how the *Vault* has got about; but so it is. It is too *farouche*; but truth to say, my sallies are not very playful.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, March 12, 1814.]

<sup>6</sup> [“Thou hast asked me for a song, and I enclose you an experiment, which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting. Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *phrase*.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, May 10, 1814.]

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* mayst.

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 by 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 lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

May, 1814.

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ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE  
CALEDONIAN MEETING.

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame  
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;  
The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,  
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,  
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand  
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?  
That race is gone—but still their children breathe,  
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:  
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,  
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.  
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,  
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!  
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,  
But give support—the world hath given him fame!



The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled  
 While cheerly following where the mighty led—  
 Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod  
 Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,  
 To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—  
 The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse :  
 She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise  
 The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,  
 Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose  
 The Highland Seer's anticipated woes,  
 The bleeding phantom of each martial form  
 Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm ;  
 While sad, she chants the solitary song,  
 The soft lament for him who tarries long—  
 For him, whose distant relics vainly crave  
 The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave !

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,  
 Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow ;  
 Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear  
 Of half its bitterness for one so dear ;  
 A nation's gratitude perchance may spread  
 A thornless pillow for the widow'd head ;  
 May lighten well her heart's maternal care,  
 And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

*May, 1814.*

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FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE.

“WHAT say I?”—not a syllable further in prose ;  
 I'm your man “of all measures,” dear Tom,—so, here goes !  
 Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,  
 On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.  
 If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the flood,  
 We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,  
 Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,  
 And Southey's last Pæan has pillow'd his sleep ;—  
 That “Felo de se,” who, half drunk with his malmsey,  
 Walk'd out of his depth and was lost in a caln sea,

Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span stanza,  
 The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never man saw  
 The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,  
 The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes,<sup>7</sup>  
 Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,  
 And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.  
 I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party,—  
 For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.  
 You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,

\* \* \* \* \*

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,  
 But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;  
 And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-  
 -mere breeches whisk'd round, in a waltz with the Jersey,  
 Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted  
 With Majesty's presence as those she invited.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

June, 1814.

# CONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY,

ON THE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE.<sup>8</sup>

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,  
 Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,  
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,  
 That left a likeness of the brave, or just;  
 What most admired each scrutinising eye  
 Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?

<sup>7</sup> ["The newspapers will tell you all that is to be told of emperors, &c. They have dined, and supped, and shown their flat faces in all thoroughfares, and several saloons. Their uniforms are very becoming, but rather short in the skirts; and their conversation is a catechism, for which, and the answers, I refer you to those who have heard it."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, June 14, 1814.]

<sup>8</sup> ["The newspapers have got hold (I know not how) of the Condolatory Address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by our Regent, and have published them—with my name, too, smack—without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! It has put me out of patience, and so—I shall say no more about it."—*Byron Letters*.]

What spread from face to face that wondering air?  
The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!  
That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd  
His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd  
And more decreed his glory to endure,  
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze  
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,  
Amidst those pictur'd charms, whose loveliness,  
Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less;  
If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits  
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,  
If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,  
Could with thy gentle image bear depart;  
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,  
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:  
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,  
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?  
A garden with all flowers—except the rose;—  
A fount that only wants its living stream;  
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.  
Lost to our eyes the present form shall be,  
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;  
And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,  
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,  
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:  
The symmetry of youth, the grace of mien,  
The eye that gladdens, and the brow serene;  
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,  
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!  
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws  
A spell which will not let our looks repose,  
But turn to gaze again, and find anew  
Some charm that well rewards another view.  
These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,  
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;  
And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,  
To please the paltry heart that pleases none;—

That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye  
In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by ;  
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine  
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

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TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR ! from the banquet turn,  
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall ;  
Behold ! while yet before thee burn  
The graven words, the glowing wall,  
Many a despot men miscall  
Crown'd and anointed from on high ;  
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—  
Is it not written, thou must die ?

Go ! dash the roses from thy brow—  
Grey hairs but poorly wreath with them ;  
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,  
More than thy very diadem,  
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem :—  
Then throw the worthless bauble by,  
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves condemn ;  
And learn like better men to die !

Oh ! early in the balance weigh'd,  
And ever light of word and worth,  
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,  
And left thee but a mass of earth.  
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :  
But tears in Hope's averted eye  
Lament that even thou hadst birth—  
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER  
PARKER, BART.<sup>9</sup>

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

FOR them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent :  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument !

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue :  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong.

FOR them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound ;  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot ?  
Who would not die the death they chose ?

And, gallant Parker ! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory.

<sup>9</sup> [This gallant officer fell in August, 1814, in his twenty-ninth year, whilst animating on shore a party from his ship at the storming of the American camp near Baltimore. He was Lord Byron's first cousin ; but they had never met since boyhood.]

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
 In woe, that glory cannot quell;  
 And shuddering hear of victory,  
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?  
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,  
 They cannot choose but weep the more;  
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October, 1814.

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.<sup>1</sup>

“O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
 Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater  
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem  
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.”

GRAY'S *Poemata*.

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 shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

<sup>1</sup> [These verses were given to Moore by Lord Byron for Mr. Power of the Strand, who published them, with beautiful music by Sir John Stevenson.—“I feel merry enough,” Lord Byron wrote, “to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands.” In another letter to Moore he says, “I pique myself on these lines as being the *truest* though the most melancholy I ever wrote.” (March, 1816.)]

'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 ruin'd turret wreath,  
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 vanish'd scene ;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,  
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

*March, 1815.*

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#### 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 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.

## ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,  
 Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,  
 From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,  
 Making *balls* for the ladies, and *bows* to his foes.

March 27, 1815.

## ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

## I.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo !  
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;  
 There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—  
 Rising from each gory trunk,  
 Like the water-spout from ocean,  
 With a strong and growing motion—  
 It soars, and mingles in the air,  
 With that of lost Labedoyère—  
 With that of him whose honour'd grave  
 Contains the "bravest of the brave."  
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
 But shall return to whence it rose ;  
 When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—  
 Never yet was heard such thunder  
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—  
 Never yet was seen such lightning  
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !  
 Like the Wormwood Star foretold  
     By the sainted Seer of old,  
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,  
 Turning rivers into blood.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> See Rev. chap. viii. v. 7, &c. "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," &c. v. 8. "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea ; and the third part of the sea became blood," &c. v. 10. "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp : and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters." v. 11. "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood* : and the third part of the waters became *wormwood* ; and many men died of the waters because they were made bitter."



## II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo !  
When the soldier citizen  
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—  
Who, of all the despots banded,  
With that youthful chief competed ?  
Who could boast o'er France defeated,  
Till lone Tyranny commanded ?  
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
The Hero sunk into the King ?  
Then he fell :—so perish all,  
Who would men by man enthrall !

## III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume !  
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb ;<sup>3</sup>  
Better hadst thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,  
Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly royal name ;  
Such as he of Naples wears,  
Who thy blood-bought title bears.  
Little didst thou deem, when dashing  
On thy war-horse through the ranks,  
Like a stream which burst its banks,  
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,  
Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—  
Of the fate at last which found thee :  
Was that haughty plume laid low  
By a slave's dishonest blow ?  
Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,  
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide ;  
Through the smoke-created night  
Of the black and sulphurous fight,

<sup>3</sup> Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt. [“Poor dear Murat, what an end ! His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage ; so would neither suffer his soul nor body to be bandaged.”—*B. Letters.*]

The soldier raised his seeking eye  
To catch that crest's ascendancy,—  
And, as it onward rolling rose,  
So moved his heart upon our foes.—  
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,  
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner  
Of the eagle's burning crest—  
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
*Who* could then her wing arrest—  
Victory beaming from her breast?)  
While the broken line enlarging  
Fell, or fled along the plain;  
There be sure was Murat charging!  
There he ne'er shall charge again!

## IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,  
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—  
But let Freedom rejoice,  
With her heart in her voice;  
But, her hand on her sword,  
Doubly shall she be adored;  
France hath twice too well been taught  
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—  
Her safety sits not on a throne,  
With Capet or Napoleon!  
But in equal rights and laws,  
Hearts and hands in one great cause—  
Freedom, such as God hath given  
Unto all beneath his heaven,  
With their breath, and from their birth,  
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;  
With a fierce and lavish hand  
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;  
Pouring nations' blood like water,  
In imperial seas of slaughter!

## V.

But the heart and the mind,  
And the voice of mankind,

Shall arise in communion—  
 And who shall resist that proud union ?  
 The time is past when swords subdued—  
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd :  
 Even in this low world of care  
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;  
 Millions breathe but to inherit  
 Her for ever bounding spirit—  
 When once more her hosts assemble,  
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—  
 Smile they at this idle threat ?  
 Crimson tears will follow yet.<sup>4</sup>

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### FROM THE FRENCH.<sup>5</sup>

#### I.

Must thou go, my glorious Chief,  
 Sever'd from thy faithful few ?  
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,  
 Maddening o'er that long adieu ?  
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,  
 Dear as both have been to me—  
 What are they to all I feel,  
 With a soldier's faith for thee ?

#### II.

Idol of the soldier's soul !  
 First in fight, but mightiest now ;  
 Many could a world control ;  
 Thee alone no doom can bow.

<sup>4</sup> [“Talking of politics, pray look at the conclusion of my ‘Ode on Waterloo,’ written in the year 1815, and comparing it with the Duke de Berri’s catastrophe in 1820, tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of ‘*Vates*,’ in both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge ?—

‘Crimson tears will follow yet ;’

and have they not ?”—*B. Letters*, 1820.]

<sup>5</sup> “All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master’s knees ; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted.”

By thy side for years I dared  
 Death ; and envied those who fell,  
 When their dying shout was heard,  
 Blessing him they served so well.<sup>6</sup>

## III.

Would that I were cold with those,  
 Since this hour I live to see ;  
 When the doubts of coward foes  
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,  
 Dreading each should set thee free !  
 Oh ! although in dungeons pent,  
 All their chains were light to me,  
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

## IV.

Would the sycophants of him  
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,  
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,  
 In his native darkness share ?  
 Were that world this hour his own,  
 All thou calmly dost resign,  
 Could he purchase with that throne  
 Hearts like those which still are thine ?

## V.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu !  
 Never did I droop before ;  
 Never to my sovereign sue,  
 As his foes I now implore :  
 All I ask is to divide  
 Every peril he must brave ;  
 Sharing by the hero's side  
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

<sup>6</sup> "At Waterloo one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort !' There were many other instances of the like : this you may, however, depend on as true."—*Private Letter from Brussels.*

## ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed  
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—  
Thou radiant and adored deceit!  
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—  
Wild meteor of immortal birth!  
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;  
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;  
The music of thy martial sphere  
Was fame on high and honour here;  
And thy light broke on human eyes,  
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
And swept down empires with its flood;  
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,  
As thou didst lighten through all space;  
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,  
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
A rainbow of the loveliest hue  
Of three bright colours,<sup>7</sup> each divine,  
And fit for that celestial sign;  
For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;  
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;  
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white  
Had robed in radiance of its light:  
The three so mingled did besem  
The texture of a heavenly dream.

<sup>7</sup> The tricolor.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,  
And darkness must again prevail !  
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free !  
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.  
When thy bright promise fades away,  
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
The silent cities of the dead ;  
For beautiful in death are they  
Who proudly fall in her array ;  
And soon, oh, Goddess ! may we be  
For evermore with them or thee !

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### NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

#### I.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory  
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—  
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,  
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.  
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only  
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;  
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,  
The last single Captive to millions in war.

#### II.

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd me,  
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,  
Put thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.  
Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—  
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,  
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

## III.

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies  
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—  
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;  
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—  
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—  
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,  
*Then* turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

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## ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION,

IN THE APRIL OF 1816.<sup>8</sup>

A YEAR ago, you swore, fond she!  
 “To love, to honour,” and so forth:  
 Such was the vow you pledged to me,  
 And here’s exactly what ’tis worth.

---

DARKNESS.<sup>9</sup>

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 consumed,  
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes

<sup>8</sup> [“Here is an epigram I wrote for the Endorsement of the Deed of Separation in 1816: but the lawyers objected to it, as superfluous. It was written as we were getting up the signing and sealing.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore.*]

<sup>9</sup> [In the original MS.—“A Dream.”]

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 smiled ;  
 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 twined 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,<sup>1</sup> or the dropping dead

<sup>1</sup> [“If thou speak'st false,  
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
 Till famine cling thee.”—*Macbeth*.]

Fruit is said to be clung when the skin shrivels, and a corpse when the face becomes wasted and gaunt.]



Lured 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 raked up,  
And shivering scraped 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 expired 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.<sup>2</sup>

Diodati, *July*, 1816.

<sup>2</sup> [“Darkness” is a grand and gloomy sketch of the supposed consequences of the final extinction of the Sun and the heavenly bodies ; executed, undoubtedly, with great and fearful force, but with something of German exaggeration, and a fantastical solution of incidents. The very conception is terrible above all conception of known calamity, and is too oppressive to the imagination to be contemplated with pleasure even in the faint reflection of poetry.—JEFFREY.]

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE ;

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.<sup>3</sup>

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 I ask'd  
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be  
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd,  
 Through the thick deaths of half a century ?  
 And thus he answer'd—" 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,

<sup>3</sup> [On the sheet containing the original draught of these lines Lord Byron has written :—" The following poem (as most that I have endeavoured to write) is founded on a fact ; and this detail is an attempt at a serious imitation of the style of a great poet — its beauties and its defects : I say the *style* ; for the thoughts I claim as my own. In this, if there be anything ridiculous, let it be attributed to me, at least as much as to Mr. Wordsworth ; of whom there can exist few greater admirers than myself. I have blended what I would deem to be the beauties as well as defects of his style ; and it ought to be remembered, that, in such things, whether there be praise or dispraise, there is always what is called a compliment, however unintentional." ]

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<sup>4</sup>  
 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 soften'd eye,  
 On that Old Sexton's natural homily,  
 In which there was Obscurity and Fame,—  
 The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.<sup>5</sup>

Diodati, 1816.

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## PROMETHEUS.

### I.

TITAN ! to whose immortal eyes  
 The sufferings of mortality,  
 Seen in their sad reality,  
 Were not as things that gods despise ;

<sup>4</sup> [Originally—

——“then most pleased, I shook  
 My inmost pocket's most retired nook,  
 And out fell five and sixpence.”]

<sup>5</sup> [“The Grave of Churchill might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration ; for, though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered, stream ; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The writings of both exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill-regulated, generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT. Churchill, like Lord Byron, breathed his last in a foreign land. He died at Boulogne, but was buried at Dover, and this sensual line of his own was engraved upon his tomb :—

“Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies.”]

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.

## II.

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,  
Refused 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.

## III.

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 concentr'd recompense,  
 Triumphant where it dares defy,  
 And making Death a Victory.

Diodati, *July*, 1816.

#### A FRAGMENT.

COULD I remount the river of my years  
 To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,  
 I would not trace again the stream of hours  
 Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,  
 But bid it flow as now—until it glides  
 Into the number of the nameless tides.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is this Death?—a quiet of the heart?  
 The whole of that of which we are a part?  
 For life is but a vision—what I see  
 Of all which lives alone is life to me,  
 And being so—the absent are the dead,  
 Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread  
 A dreary shroud around us, and invest  
 With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.

The absent are the dead—for they are cold,  
 And ne'er can be what once we did behold;  
 And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet  
 The unforgotten do not all forget,  
 Since thus divided—equal must it be  
 If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;  
 It may be both—but one day end it must  
 In the dark union of insensate dust.

The under-earth inhabitants—are they  
 But mingled millions decomposed to clay?  
 The ashes of a thousand ages spread  
 Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?  
 Or do they in their silent cities dwell  
 Each in his incommunicative cell?  
 Or have they their own language? and a sense  
 Of breathless being?—darkened and intense  
 As midnight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!  
 Where are the past?—and wherefore had they birth?  
 The dead are thy inheritors—and we  
 But bubbles on thy surface; and the key  
 Of thy profundity is in the grave,  
 The ebon portal of thy peopled eave,  
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold  
 Our elements resolved to things untold,  
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore  
 The essence of great bosoms now no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Diodati, *July*, 1816.

#### SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël—  
 Leman! <sup>6</sup> 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,

<sup>6</sup> Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.

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 !

Diodati, *July*, 1816.

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### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

#### I.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.  
On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be ;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine  
When we know that thy God is with thee.

#### II.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !  
May its verdure like emeralds be !  
There should not be the shadow of gloom  
In aught that reminds us of thee.  
Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
May spring from the spot of thy rest :  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;  
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO DEL SITIO Y TOMA DE  
ALHAMA.<sup>7</sup>*El qual dezia en Aravigo assi.*

## I.

PASSEAVASE el Rey Moro  
Por la ciudad de Granada,  
Desde las puertas de Elvira  
Hasta las de Bivarambla.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## II.

Cartas le fueron venidas  
Que Alhama era ganada.  
Las cartas echò en el fuego,  
Y al mensagero matava.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## III.

Descavalga de una mula,  
Y en un cavallo cavalga.  
Por el Zacatin arriba  
Subido se avia al Alhambra.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## IV.

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,  
Al mismo punto mandava  
Que se toquen las trompetas  
Con añafiles de plata.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## V.

Y que atambores de guerra  
Apriessa toquen alarma ;  
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,  
Los de la Vega y Granada.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

<sup>7</sup> The effect of the original ballad—which existed both in Spanish and Arabic—was such, that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.



A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE AND  
CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

*Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.*

I.

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

II.

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, Alhama !

III.

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 !

IV.

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, Alhama !

V.

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 !

## VI.

Los Moros que el son oyeron,  
Que al sangriento Marte llama,  
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,  
Un gran esquadron formavan.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## VII.

Alli hablò un Moro viejo ;  
Desta manera hablava :—  
Para que nos llamas, Rey ?  
Para que es este llamada ?  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## VIII.

Aveys de saber, amigos,  
Una nueva desdichada :  
Que Christianos, con braveza,  
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## IX.

Alli hablò un viejo Alfaqui,  
De barba crecida y cana :—  
Bien se te emplea, buen Rey,  
Buen Rey ; bien se empleava.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## X.

Mataste los 'Bencerrages,  
Que era la flor de Granada ;  
Cogiste los tornadizos  
De Cordova la nombrada.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XI.

Por esso mereces, Rey,  
Una pena bien doblada ;  
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,  
Y que se pierda Granada.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## VI.

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 !

## VII.

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 !

## VIII.

“ 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 !

## IX.

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 !

## X.

“ 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 !

## XI.

“ 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 !

## XII.

Si no se respetan leyes,  
Es ley que todo se pierda ;  
Y que se pierdas Granada,  
Y que te pierdas en ella.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XIII.

Fuego por los ojos vierte,  
El Rey que esto oyera.  
Y como el otro de leyes  
De leyes tambien hablava.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XIV.

Sabe un Rey que no ay leyes  
De darle a Reyes disgusto—  
Esso dize el Rey Moro  
Relinchando de colera.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XV.

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,  
El de la vellida barba,  
El Rey te manda prender,  
Por la perdida de Alhama.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XVI.

Y cortarte la cabeza,  
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,  
Por que a ti castigo sea,  
Y otros tiemblen en miralla.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XVII.

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,  
Dezid de mi parte al Rey,  
Al Rey Moro de Granada,  
Como no le devo nada.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XII.

“ 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 !

## XIII.

Fire flash'd 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 !

## XIV.

“ 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 !

## XV.

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

Woe is me, Alhama !

## XVI.

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone ;  
That this for thee should be the law,  
And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama !

## XVII.

“ 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 !

## XVIII.

De averse Alhama perdido  
A mi me pesa en al alma.  
Que si el Rey perdió su tierra,  
Otro mucho mas perdiera.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XIX.

Perdieran hijos padres,  
Y casados las casadas :  
Las cosas que mas amara  
Perdiò P' un y el otro fama.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XX.

Perdi una hija donzella  
Que era la flor d'esta tierra,  
Cien doblas dava por ella,  
No me las estimo en nada.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XXI.

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,  
Le cortaron la cabeça,  
Y la elevan al Alhambra,  
Assi come el Rey lo manda.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XXII.

Hombres, niños y mugeres,  
Lloran tan grande perdida.  
Lloravan todas las damas  
Quantas en Granada avia.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XXIII.

Por las calles y ventanas  
Mucho luto parecia ;  
Llora el Rey como fembra,  
Qu' es mucho lo que perdia.  
Ay de mi, Alhama !

## XVIII.

“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 !

## XIX.

“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 !

## XX.

“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 !

## XXI.

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 !

## XXII.

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 !

## XXIII.

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 !

## SONETTO DI VITTORELLI.

PER MONACA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un genitore, a cui era morta poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata : e diretto al genitore della sacra sposa.

Di due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte  
 Lieti e miseri padri il ciel ne feo,  
 Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte  
 L' una e l' altra veggendo, ambo chiedo.  
 La mia fu tolta da veloce morte  
 A le fumanti tede d' imeneo :  
 La tua, Francesco, in suggellate porte  
 Eterna prigioniera or si rendeo.  
 Ma tu almeno potrai de la gelosa  
 Irremeabil soglia, ove s' asconde,  
 La sua tenera udir voce pietosa.  
 Io verso un fiume d' amarissim' onde,  
 Corro a quel marmo, in cui la figlia or posa,  
 Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.<sup>8</sup>

In this beloved marble view,  
 Above the works and thoughts of man,  
 What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,  
 And Beauty and Canova *can* !  
 Beyond imagination's power,  
 Beyond the Bard's defeated art,  
 With immortality her dower,  
 Behold the *Helen* of the *heart* !

November, 1816.

<sup>8</sup> [“The Helen of Canova is,” says Lord Byron, “without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, Nov. 25, 1816.]



## TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

## ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

OF two fair virgins, modest, though admired,  
 Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,  
 Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,  
 And gazing upon *either*, *both* required.  
 Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired  
 Becomes extinguish'd,—soon—too soon expires:  
 But thine, within the closing grate retired,  
 Eternal captive, to her God aspires.  
 But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,  
 Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,  
 May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:  
 I to the marble, where *my* daughter lies,  
 Rush,—the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,  
 And knock, and knock, and knock—but none replies.

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 STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

## I.

THEY say that Hope is happiness;  
 But genuine Love must prize the past,  
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:  
 They rose the first—they set the last;

## II.

And all that Memory loves the most  
 Was once our only Hope to be,  
 And all that Hope adored and lost  
 Hath melted into Memory.

## III.

Alas! it is delusion all:

The future cheats us from afar,  
Nor can we be what we recall,  
Nor dare we think on what we are.

---

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.<sup>9</sup>

## I.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea  
Bought their freedom, and cheaply with blood,  
So we, boys, we  
Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,  
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

## II.

When the web that we weave is complete,  
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,  
We will fling the winding sheet  
O'er the despot at our feet,  
And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

## III.

Though black as his heart its hue,  
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,  
Yet this is the dew  
Which the tree shall renew  
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

*December, 1816.*

<sup>9</sup> [The term "Luddites" dates from 1811, and was applied first to frame-breakers, and then to the disaffected in general. It was derived from one Ned Ludd, an idiot, who entered a house in a fit of passion, and destroyed a couple of stocking-frames. The song was an impromptu, which flowed from Lord Byron's pen in a letter to Moore of December, 1816. "I have written it principally," he says, "to shock your neighbour Bowles, who is all clergy and loyalty—mirth and innocence—milk and water."]

VERSICLES.<sup>1</sup>

I READ the "Christabel;"  
     Very well:  
 I read the "Missionary;"  
     Pretty—very:  
 I tried at "Ilderim;"  
     Ahem!  
 I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of *Anjou*;"  
     *Can you?*  
 I turn'd a page of Scott's "Waterloo;"  
     Pooh! pooh!  
 I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone Doe;"  
     Hillo!  
 &c. &c. &c.

March, 1817.

## SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING.

## I.

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.

## II.

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.

## III.

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.

1817.

<sup>1</sup> ["I have been ill with a slow fever. Here are some versicles which I made one sleepless night."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, March 25, 1817. The "Missionary" was written by Mr. Bowles, "Ilderim" by Mr. Gally Knight, and "Margaret of Anjou" by Miss Holford.]

## TO THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT are you doing now,  
 Oh Thomas Moore?  
 What are you doing now,  
 Oh Thomas Moore?  
 Sighing or suing now,  
 Rhyming or wooing now,  
 Billing or cooing now,  
 Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,  
 Oh Thomas Moore!  
 The Carnival's coming,  
 Oh Thomas Moore!  
 Masking and humming,  
 Fifeing and drumming,  
 Guitarring and strumming,  
 Oh Thomas Moore!

---

## TO MR. MURRAY.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,  
 Have publish'd "Anjou's Margaret,"  
 Which won't be sold off in a hurry  
 (At least, it has not been as yet);  
 And then, still further to bewilder 'em,  
 Without remorse, you set up "Ilderim;"  
 So mind you don't get into debt,  
 Because as how, if you should fail,  
 These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape  
 These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,  
 Which would be *very* treacherous—*very*,  
 And get me into such a scrape!

For, firstly, I should have to sally,  
All in my little boat, against a *Galley*;  
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,  
Have next to combat with the female knight.

March 25, 1817.

---

TO THOMAS MOORE.

I.

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!

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.<sup>2</sup>

July, 1817

<sup>2</sup> [“This should have been written fifteen months ago; the first stanza was.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, July 10, 1817.]

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI.<sup>3</sup>

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,  
Which is a good one in its way,—  
Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,  
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels  
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,  
Afford hysterical relief  
To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,  
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery ;  
Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery ;  
Your dialogue is apt and smart ;  
The play's concoction full of art ;  
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,  
All stab, and every body dies.  
In short, your tragedy would be  
The very thing to hear and see :  
And for a piece of publication,  
If I decline on this occasion,  
It is not that I am not sensible  
To merits in themselves ostensible,  
But—and I grieve to speak it—plays  
Are drugs—mere drugs, sir—now-a-days.  
I had a heavy loss by “Manuel,”—  
Too lucky if it prove not annual,—  
And Sotheby, with his “Orestes,”  
(Which, by the bye, the author's best is,)  
Has lain so very long on hand,  
That I despair of all demand.  
I've advertised, but see my books,  
Or only watch my shopman's looks ;—

<sup>3</sup> [“I never,” says Lord Byron, “was much more disgusted with any human production than with the eternal nonsense, and *tracasseries*, and emptiness, and ill-humour, and vanity of this young person ; but he has some talent, and is a man of honour, and has dispositions of amendment. Therefore use your interest for him, for he is improved and improvable. You want a ‘civil and delicate declension’ for the medical tragedy ? Take it.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, August 21, 1817.]

Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,  
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There's Byron too, who once did better  
Has sent me, folded in a letter,  
A sort of—it's no more a drama  
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama ;  
So alter'd since last year his pen is,  
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.  
In short, sir, what with one and t'other,  
I dare not venture on another.  
I write in haste ; excuse each blunder ;  
The coaches through the street so thunder !  
My room's so full—we've Gifford here  
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,  
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles,  
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you  
Had but the genius to review !—  
A smart critique upon St. Helena,  
Or if you only would but tell in a  
Short compass what—but to resume :  
As I was saying, sir, the room—  
The room's so full of wits and bards,  
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards  
And others, neither bards nor wits :  
My humble tenement admits  
All persons in the dress of gent.,  
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,  
All clever men, who make their way :  
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,  
Are all partakers of my pantry.  
They're at this moment in discussion  
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.  
Her book, they say, was in advance—  
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France !  
Thus run our time and tongues away ;—  
But, to return, sir, to your play :

Sorry, sir, but I cannot deal,  
 Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill;  
 My hands so full, my head so busy,  
 I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;  
 And so, with endless truth and hurry,  
 Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

*August, 1817.*

### EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

My dear Mr. Murray,  
 You're in a damn'd hurry  
     To set up this ultimate Canto;<sup>4</sup>  
 But (if they don't rob us)  
 You'll see Mr. Hobhouse  
     Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

For the Journal you hint of,  
 As ready to print off,  
     No doubt you do right to commend it;  
 But as yet I have writ off  
 The devil a bit of  
     Our "Beppo:"—when copied, I'll send it.

Then you've \* \* \* 's Tour,—  
 No great things, to be sure,—  
     You could hardly begin with a less work;  
 For the pompous rascallion,  
 Who don't speak Italian  
     Nor French, must have scribbled by guesswork.

You can make any loss up  
 With "Spence" and his gossip,  
     A work which must surely succeed;  
 Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,  
 With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"  
     Must make people purchase and read.

<sup>4</sup> [The fourth Canto of "Childe Harold."]



Then you've General Gordon,  
 Who girded his sword on,  
     To serve with a Muscovite master,  
 And help him to polish  
 A nation so owlsh,  
     They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

For the man, "poor and shrewd,"<sup>5</sup>  
 With whom you'd conclude  
     A compact without more delay,  
 Perhaps some such pen is  
 Still extant in Venice;  
     But please, sir, to mention *your pay*.

Venice, *January 8, 1818.*

TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,  
 Patron and publisher of rhymes,  
 For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,  
     My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,  
 The unfledged MS. authors come;  
 Thou printest all—and sellest some—  
     My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green  
 The last new Quarterly is seen,—  
 But where is thy new Magazine,  
     My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine  
 The works thou deemest most divine—  
 The "Art of Cookery," and mine,  
     My Murray.

<sup>5</sup> *Vide* your letter.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,  
 And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist ;  
 And then thou hast the "Navy List,"  
 My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude,  
 Without "the Board of Longitude,"  
 Although this narrow paper would,  
 My Murray.

Venice, March 25, 1818.

#### ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.

His father's sense, his mother's grace,  
 In him, I hope, will always fit so ;  
 With—still to keep him in good case—  
 The health and appetite of Rizzo.<sup>6</sup>

February, 1818.

#### STANZAS TO THE PO.<sup>7</sup>

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,<sup>8</sup>  
 Where dwells the lady of my love, when she  
 Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls  
 A faint and fleeting memory of me ;

<sup>6</sup> [These lines, which were written by Lord Byron on the birth of the son of the British vice-consul at Venice, are no otherwise remarkable, than that they were thought worthy of being metrically translated into ten languages : namely, Greek, Latin, Italian (also in the Venetian dialect), German, French, Spanish, Illyrian, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan. The original lines, with the different versions, were printed, in a small neat volume, in the seminary of Padua.]

<sup>7</sup> [About the middle of April, 1819, Lord Byron travelled from Venice to Ravenna, at which last city he expected to find the Countess Guiccioli. The above stanzas, which have been as much admired as anything of the kind he ever wrote, were composed during the journey, while he was sailing on the Po. In transmitting them to England, in May, 1820, he says,—“They must not be published : pray recollect this, as they are mere verses of society, and written upon private feelings and passions.” They were first printed in 1824.]

<sup>8</sup> [Ravenna—a city to which Lord Byron afterwards declared himself more attached than to any other place, except Greece.]

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, unharm'd by summer's heat.

She will look on thee,—I have look'd 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 fann'd  
 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.

April, 1819.

### EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.<sup>9</sup>

IF, for silver or for gold,  
 You could melt ten thousand pimples  
 Into half a dozen dimples,  
 Then your face we might behold,  
 Looking, doubtless, much more snugly;  
 Yet even *then* 'twould be d——d ugly.

August 12, 1819.

<sup>9</sup> ["Would you like an epigram—a translation? It was written on some Frenchwoman, by Rulhières, I believe."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, Aug. 12, 1819.]

## SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH.

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,  
 To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise  
*His* offspring, who expired in other days  
 To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—  
*This* is to be a monarch, and repress  
 Envy into unutterable praise.  
 Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,  
 For who would lift a hand, except to bless?  
 Were it not easy, sir, and is't not sweet  
 To make thyself beloved? and to be  
 Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus  
 Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete:  
 A despot thou, and yet thy people free,  
 And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Bologna, August 12, 1819.<sup>1</sup>STANZAS.<sup>2</sup>

COULD Love for ever  
 Run like a river,  
 And Time's endeavour  
 Be tried in vain—  
 No other pleasure

<sup>1</sup> ["So the prince has been repealing Lord Fitzgerald's forfeiture? Ecco un' sonetto! There, you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you won't have such as that in a hurry from Fitzgerald. You may publish it with my name, an' ye wool. He deserves all praise, bad and good; it was a very noble piece of principality."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray.*]

<sup>2</sup> [A friend of Lord Byron's, who was with him at Ravenna when he wrote these stanzas, says,—“They were composed like many others, with no view of publication, but merely to relieve himself in a moment of suffering. He had been painfully excited by some circumstances which appeared to make it necessary that he should immediately quit Italy; and in the day and the hour that he wrote the song was labouring under an access of fever.”]

With this could measure ;  
And like a treasure  
    We'd hug the chain.  
But since our sighing  
Ends not in dying,  
And, form'd for flying,  
    Love plumes his wing ;  
Then for this reason  
Let's love a season :  
But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted  
Feel broken-hearted,  
And, all hopes thwarted,  
    Expect to die ;  
A few years older,  
Ah ! how much colder  
They might behold her  
    For whom they sigh !  
When link'd together,  
In every weather,  
They pluck Love's feather  
    From out his wing—  
He'll stay for ever,  
But sadly shiver  
Without his plumage, when past the Spring.<sup>3</sup>

Like chiefs of Faction,  
His life is action—  
A formal paction  
    That curbs his reign,  
Obscures his glory,  
Despot no more; he  
Such territory  
    Quits with disdain.  
Still, still advancing,  
With banners glancing,  
His power enhancing,

<sup>3</sup> [V. L.—“ That sped his Spring ”]

He must move on—  
 Repose but cloy's him,  
 Retreat destroys him,  
 Love brooks not a degraded throne.

Wait not, fond lover!  
 Till years are over,  
 And then recover  
     As from a dream.  
 While each bewailing  
 The other's failing,  
 With wrath and railing,  
     All hideous seem—  
 While first decreasing,  
 Yet not quite ceasing,  
 Wait not till teasing,  
     All passion blight:  
 If once diminish'd  
 Love's reign is finish'd—  
 Then part in friendship,—and bid good-might.\*

So shall Affection  
 To recollection  
 The dear connection  
     Bring back with joy:  
 You had not waited  
 Till, tired or hated,  
 Your passions sated  
     Began to cloy.  
 Your last embraces  
 Leave no cold traces—  
 The same fond faces  
     As through the past:  
 And eyes, the mirrors  
 Of your sweet errors,  
 Reflect but rapture—not least though last.

\* [V. L.—“One last embrace, then, and bid good night.”]

True, separations  
 Ask more than patience ;  
 What desperations  
     From such have risen !  
 But yet remaining,  
 What is't but chaining  
 Hearts which, once waning,  
     Beat 'gainst their prison ?  
 Time can but cloy love  
 And use destroy love :  
 The winged boy, Love,  
     Is but for boys—  
 You'll find it torture  
 Though sharper, shorter,  
 To wean, and not wear out your joys.

1812.

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#### ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

HERE's a happy new year ! but with reason  
 I beg you'll permit me to say—  
 Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,  
 But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

January 2, 1820.

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#### EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

WITH death doom'd to grapple,  
 Beneath this cold slab, he  
 Who lied in the Chapel  
 Now lies in the Abbey.

January, 1820.



## EPIGRAM.

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,  
 Will. Cobbett has done well :  
 You visit him on earth again,  
 He'll visit you in hell.<sup>5</sup>

*January, 1820.*<sup>6</sup>

## STANZAS.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,  
 Let him combat for that of his neighbours ;  
 Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,  
 And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,  
 And is always as nobly requited ;  
 Then battle for freedom wherever you can,  
 And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted.

*November, 1820.*

## EPIGRAM.

THE world is a bundle of hay,  
 Mankind are the asses who pull ;  
 Each tugs it a different way,  
 And the greatest of all is John Bull.

<sup>5</sup> [Or,

“ You come to him on earth again,  
 He'll go with you to hell.”]

<sup>6</sup> [“ Pray let not these versiculi go forth with my name, except among the initiated, because my friend Hobhouse has foamed into a reformer, and, I greatly fear, will subside into Newgate.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore.*]

## THE CHARITY BALL.

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and father,  
 If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,  
 So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,  
 And the saint patronises her "charity ball!"

What matters—a heart which, though faulty, was feeling,  
 Be driven to excesses which once could appal—  
 That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,  
 As the saint keeps her charity back for "the ball!"

## EPIGRAM.

ON THE BRAZIERS' COMPANY HAVING RESOLVED TO PRESENT AN  
 ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass  
 An address, and present it themselves all in brass;—  
 A superfluous pageant—for, by the Lord Harry!  
 They'll find where they're going much more than they carry.<sup>7</sup>

## EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

TO PENELOPE.

THIS day, of all our days, has done  
 The worst for me and you:—  
 'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,  
 And *five* since we were *two*.

January 2, 1821.

<sup>7</sup> [These lines were written on reading in the newspapers, that Lady Byron had been patroness of a ball in aid of some charity at Hinckley.]

<sup>8</sup> ["There is an epigram for you, is it not?—worthy

Of Wordsworth, the grand metaquizzical poet,  
 A man of vast merit, though few people know it;  
 The perusal of whom (as I told you at Mestri)  
 I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry."

B. Letters, January 22, 1821.

The procession of the Braziers to Brandenburg House was one of the fooleries at the time of Queen Caroline's trial.]

## ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

JANUARY 22, 1821.<sup>9</sup>

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,  
 I have dragg'd to three and thirty.  
 What have these years left to me?  
 Nothing—except thirty-three.

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## MARTIAL, LIB. I., EPIG. I.

"Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,  
 Tota notus in orbe Martialis," &c.

HE, unto whom thou art so partial,  
 Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,  
 The Epigrammatist: while living,  
 Give him the fame thou would'st be giving;  
 So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—  
 Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

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## BOWLES AND CAMPBELL.

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jade?"

WHY, how now, saucy Tom?  
 If you thus must ramble,  
 I will publish some  
 Remarks on Mister Campbell.

<sup>9</sup> [In Lord Byron's MS. Diary of the preceding day, we find the following entry:—  
 "To-morrow is my birthday—that is to say, at twelve o' the clock, midnight; i. e. in  
 twelve minutes I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!! and I go to  
 my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose.  
 \* \* It is three minutes past twelve—"Tis the middle of night by the castle  
 clock,' and am now thirty-three!—

'Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
 Labuntur anni;'—

but I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I might have  
 done."]

## ANSWER.

WHY, how now, Billy Bowles?

Sure the priest is maudlin!

(*To the public*) How can you, d—n your souls!

Listen to his twaddling?

February 22, 1821.

## EPIGRAMS.

OH, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;  
Cato died for his country, so didst thou:  
He perish'd rather than see Rome enslaved,  
Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may be saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat!—The worst  
Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?  
The man who cut his country's long ago.

## EPITAPH.

POSTERITY will ne'er survey  
A nobler grave than this:  
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:  
Stop, traveller——

JOHN KEATS.<sup>1</sup>

Who kill'd John Keats?  
“I,” says the Quarterly,  
So savage and Tartarly;  
“’Twas one of my feats.”

<sup>1</sup> [It was pretended at the time, that the death of Keats was occasioned by a sarcastic article on his poetry in the Quarterly Review. All the world knows now that he died of consumption and not of criticism.]

Who shot the arrow?

“The poet priest Milman  
(So ready to kill man),  
“Or Southey, or Barrow.”

July, 1821.

### THE CONQUEST.<sup>2</sup>

March 8—9, 1823.

THE SON of Love and Lord of War I sing;  
Him who bade England bow to Normandy,  
And left the name of conqueror more than king  
To his unconquerable dynasty.  
Not fann'd alone by Victory's fleeting wing,  
He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne on high:  
The bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,  
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

### TO MR. MURRAY.

For Orford<sup>3</sup> and for Waldegrave<sup>4</sup>  
You give much more than me you gave;  
Which is not fairly to behave,  
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,  
Be worth a lion fairly sped,  
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,  
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,  
Verse hath a better sale than prose,—  
Certes, I should have more than those,  
My Murray.

<sup>2</sup> [This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers, after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

<sup>3</sup> [Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the last nine Years of the Reign of George II.]

<sup>4</sup> [Memoirs by James Earl Waldegrave, Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales.]

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,  
 So, if *you will*, I shan't be shamm'd,  
 And if you *won't*, *you* may be damm'd,  
 My Murray.<sup>5</sup>

### THE IRISH AVATAR.<sup>6</sup>

"And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider."—CURRAN.

Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,  
 And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,  
 Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,  
 To the long-cherish'd isle which he loved like his—bride.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,  
 The rain-bow-like epoch where Freedom could pause  
 For the few little years, out of centuries won,  
 Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,  
 The castle still stands, and the senate's no more,  
 And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags  
 Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

To her desolate shore—where the emigrant stands  
 For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;  
 Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,  
 For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

<sup>5</sup> ["Can't accept your courteous offer. These matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. He is my trustee, and a man of honour. To him you can state all your mercantile reasons, which you might not like to state to me personally, such as 'heavy season'—'flat public'—'don't go off'—'lordship writes too much'—'won't take advice'—'declining popularity'—'deduction for the trade'—'make very little'—'generally lose by him'—'pirated edition'—'foreign edition'—'severe criticisms,' &c., with other hints and howls for an oration, which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to answer."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, August 23, 1821.]

<sup>6</sup> ["The enclosed lines, as you will directly perceive, are written by the Rev. W. L. Bowles. Of course it is for *him* to deny them, if they are not."—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, September 17, 1821.]

But he comes ! the Messiah of royalty comes !  
Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the waves ;  
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,  
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves !

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,  
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part—  
But long live the shamrock, which shadows him o'er !  
Could the green in his *hut* be transferr'd to his *heart* !

Could that long-wither'd spot but be verdant again,  
And a new spring of noble affections arise—  
Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,  
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now ?  
Where he God—as he is but the commonest clay,  
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—  
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train ! let thine orators lash  
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride—  
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash  
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.<sup>7</sup>

Ever glorious Grattan ! the best of the good !  
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest !  
With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,  
And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,  
Though unequal'd, preceded, the task was begun—  
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb  
Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the *one* !

<sup>7</sup> [“After the stanza on Grattan, will it please you to cause to insert the following addenda, which I dreamed of during to-day's siesta.”—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, September 20, 1821.]

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute ;  
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind ;  
Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,  
And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from the glance of his mind.

But back to our theme ! Back to despots and slaves !  
Feasts furnish'd by Famine ! rejoicings by Pain !  
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,  
When a week's saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford,  
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)  
Gild over the palace, Lo ! Erin, thy lord !  
Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied !

Or if freedom past hope be extorted at last,  
If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,  
Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd  
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey ?

Each brute hath its nature ; a king's is to *reign*,—  
To *reign* ! in that word see, ye ages, comprised  
The cause of the curses all annals contain,  
From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised !

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping ! O'Connell, proclaim  
His accomplishments ! *His* ! ! and thy country convince  
Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,  
And that " Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young* prince ! "

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall  
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs ?  
Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all  
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns ?

Ay ! " build him a dwelling ! " let each give his mite !  
Till, like Babel, the new royal doom hath arisen !  
Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite—  
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison !



Spread—spread for Vitellius, the royal repast,  
Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to the gorge!  
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last  
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd "George!"

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!  
Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!  
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,  
Like their blood which has flowed, and which yet has to flow.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone—  
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!  
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!  
A wretch never named but with curses and jeers!<sup>8</sup>

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,  
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,  
Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd from her earth,  
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile.

Without one single ray of her genius, without  
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race—  
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt  
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,  
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring—  
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,  
Still warming its folds in the breast of a king!

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh! Erin, how low  
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till  
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below  
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still.

<sup>8</sup> ["The last line—'A name never spoke but with curses or jeers,' must run, either 'A name only uttered with curses or jeers,' or, 'A wretch never named but with curses or jeers,' because as *how* 'spoke' is not grammar, except in the House of Commons. So pray put your poetical pen through the MS., and take the least bad of the emendations. Also, if there be any further breaking of Priscian's head, will you apply a plaster?"—*Lord B. to Mr. Moore*, September 19.]

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,  
My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,  
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,  
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for *thee*!

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,  
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,  
And I wept with the world, o'er the patriot band  
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

For happy are they now reposing afar,—  
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all  
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,  
And redeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!  
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day—  
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves  
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,  
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;  
There was something so warm and sublime in the core  
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy *dead*.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour  
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,  
Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon power,  
'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

*September, 1821.*

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STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE  
AND PISA.<sup>9</sup>

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.

<sup>9</sup> [“I composed these stanzas (except the fourth, added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa.”—*B. Diary*, Pisa, 6th November, 1821.]

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 ?

Oh FAME !—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.

November, 1821.

#### STANZAS TO A HINDOO AIR.<sup>1</sup>

Oh ! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow !  
 Where is my lover ? where is my lover ?  
 Is it his bark which my dreary dreams discover ?  
 Far—far away ! and alone along the billow ?

Oh ! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow !  
 Why must my head ache where his gentle brow lay ?  
 How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly,  
 And my head droops over thee like the willow !

Oh ! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow !  
 Send me kind dreams to keep my heart from breaking,  
 In return for the tears I shed upon thee waking ;  
 Let me not die till he comes back o'er the billow.

Then if thou wilt—no more my *lonely* Pillow,  
 In one embrace let these arms again enfold him,  
 And then expire of the joy—but to behold him !  
 Oh ! my lone bosom !—oh ! my lonely Pillow !

<sup>1</sup> [These verses were written by Lord Byron a little before he left Italy for Greece. They were meant to suit the Hindostanee air—"Alla Malla Punca," which the Countess Guiccioli was fond of singing.]

IMPROMPTU.<sup>2</sup>

BENEATH Blessington's eyes  
 The reclaimed Paradise  
 Should be free as the former from evil ;  
 But if the new Eve  
 For an Apple should grieve,  
 What mortal would not play the Devil ?<sup>3</sup>

1823.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

You have ask'd for a verse :—the request  
 In a rhymer 'twere strange to deny ;  
 But my Hippocrene was but my breast,  
 And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung  
 What Lawrence has painted so well ;  
 But the strain would expire on my tongue,  
 And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,  
 And the bard in my bosom is dead ;  
 What I loved I now merely admire,  
 And my heart is as grey as my head.

My life is not dated by years—  
 There are moments which act as a plough,  
 And there is not a furrow appears  
 But is deep in my soul as my brow.

<sup>2</sup> [This impromptu was uttered by Lord Byron on going with Lord and Lady Blessington to a villa at Genoa called "*Il Paradiso*," which his companions thought of renting.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Genoese wits had already applied this threadbare jest to himself. Taking it into their heads that this villa had been the one fixed on for his own residence, they said, "*Il Diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso*."—MOORE.]

Let the young and the brilliant aspire  
To sing what I gaze on in vain ;  
For sorrow has torn from my lyre  
The string which was worthy the strain.

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ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.<sup>4</sup>

'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.

<sup>4</sup> [This morning Lord Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some friends were assembled, and said with a smile—"You were complaining, the other day, that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something, which, I think, is better than what I usually write." He then produced these noble and affecting verses.—COUNT GAMBA.]

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 !

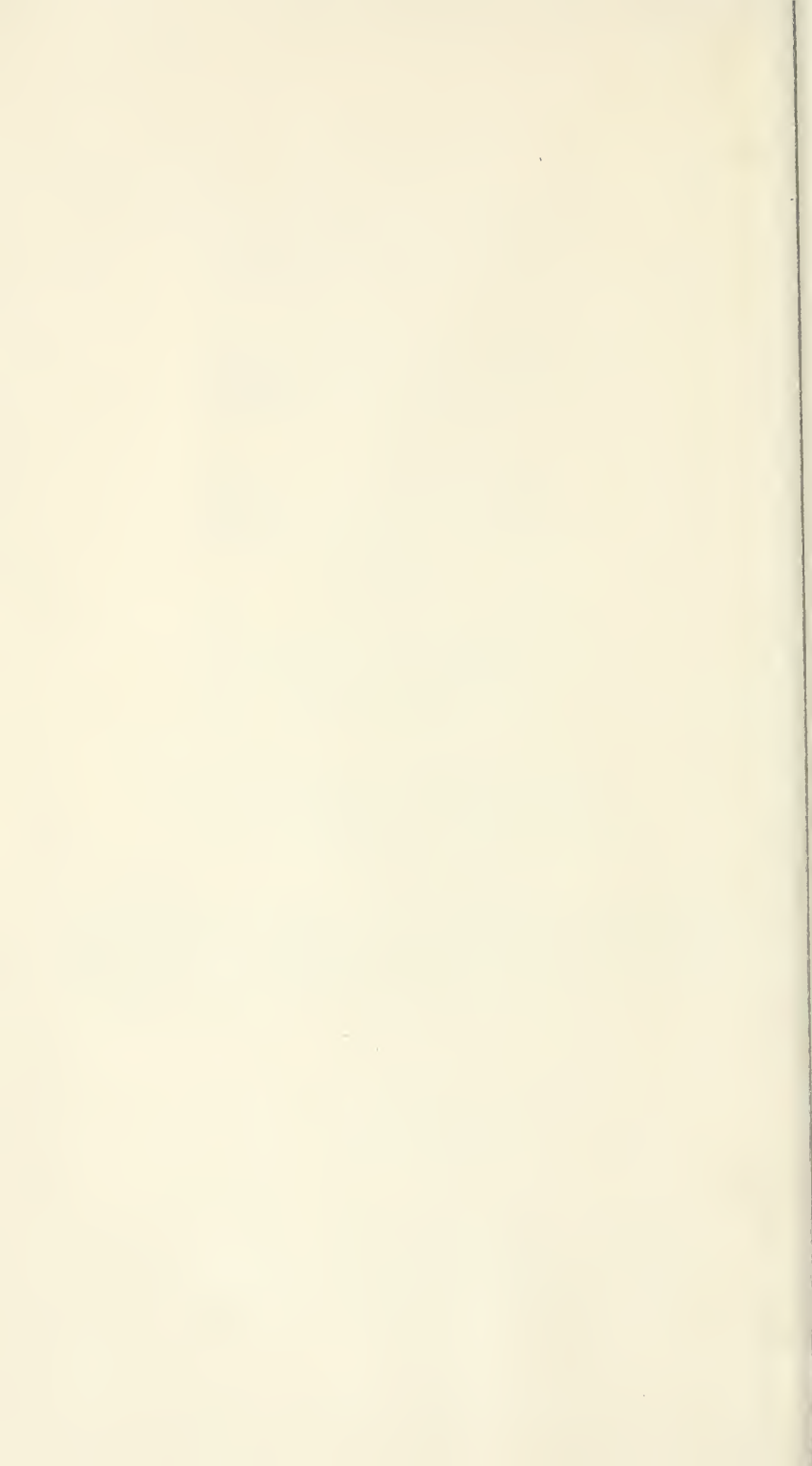
Read those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood !—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

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

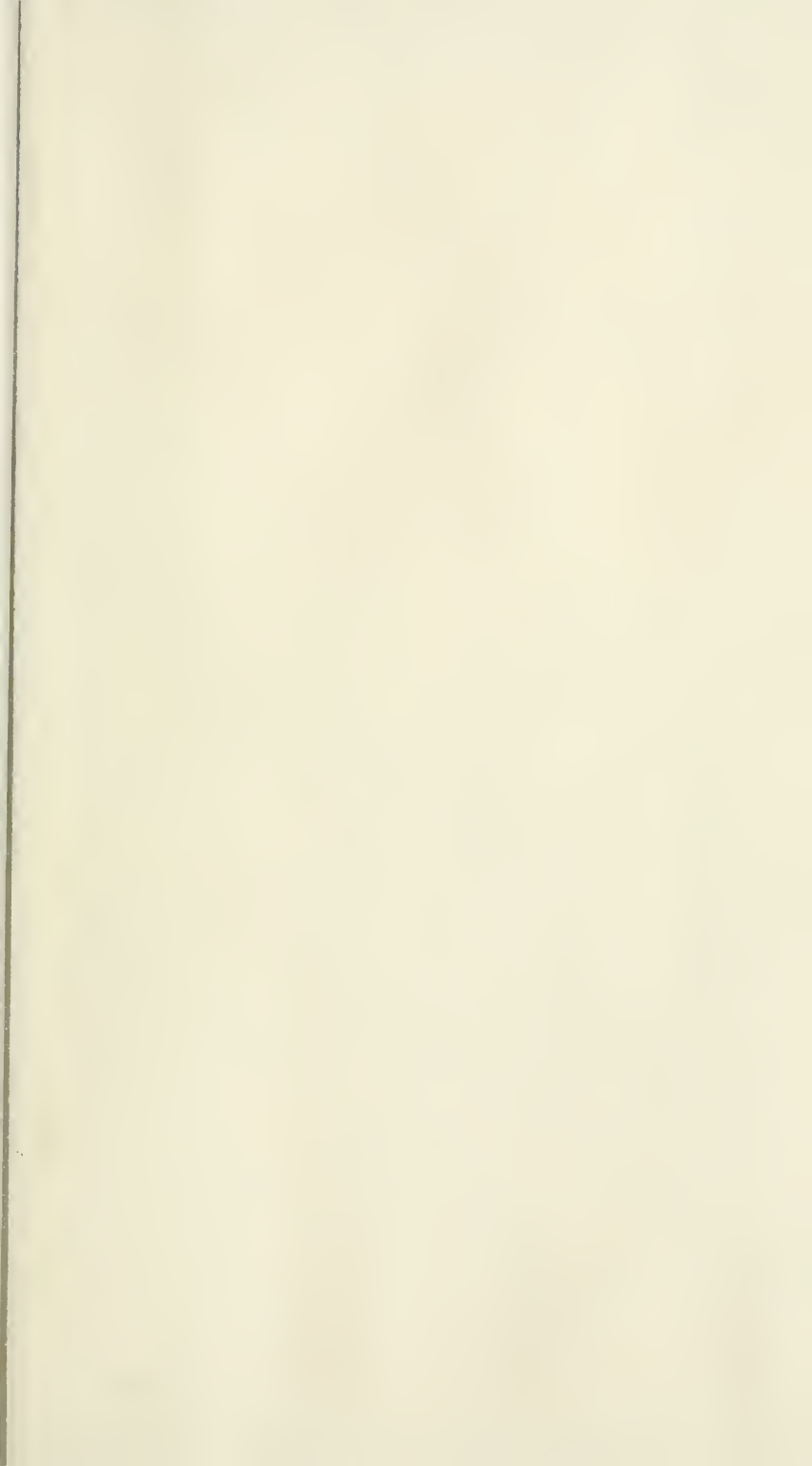
Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> [Taking into consideration everything connected with these verses,—the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole,—there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition, round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest.—MOORE.]











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