

of Byron than in the pages of Lady Blessington's Journal, but it must be borne in mind that before the *Conversations* appeared (in 1832) she had read Moore's *Life*, and was able to correct and to supplement her own reminiscences, and that the Byron of her notes was more or less of an invalid, that the constant sense of being under a ban had increased his self-consciousness, and that "the flippancy and want of self-possession," on which she comments, were symptomatic of physical weakness, if not of nervous derangement. He had passed his prime, and he sat for the likeness at an unfavourable moment. It was not so that he appeared to Sir Walter Scott, or Moore, or even to Shelley.

Byron's first move in the direction of Greece was to sell the *Bolivar* to Lord Blessington, and to purchase the *Hercules*—"a collier-built tub of 120 tons"—to convey himself and his suite to one of the Ionian Islands.

After many delays and false starts the *Hercules* sailed from Leghorn, July 23, and, August 4, anchored off Argostoli on the west coast of Cephalonia. The party or mission consisted of Byron, Pietro Gamba, Trelawny, and James Hamilton Browne¹ an ex-official of the Septinsular Government, an Italian doctor—Francesco Bruno—and six or seven servants.

Byron spent the next four months in Cephalonia; for the first four weeks on board the *Hercules* in the harbour of Argostoli, and afterwards at Metaxata, a "beautiful village" some four miles to the south, where he had taken a house in the Gran Giro for himself and Gamba. It was a tranquil spot, and from the windows of his apartment he looked out on "the islands, the mountains, the sea, with a distant outline of the *Morea* traced between the double azure of the waves and skies." Here he waited for a final and definite summons to the scene of action. "My object," he says, "was not only to obtain some accurate information so as to enable me to proceed to the spot, where I might be, if not most safe, at least more serviceable, but to have an opportunity of forming a judgment on the real state of affairs." Trelawny and Browne were despatched to Tripolizza to get speech with the authorities, and Byron dwelt by the sea-shore, writing letters of admirable advice to the Greek Committee and Greek Government, and arguing like a "school divine" with one James Kennedy, an army surgeon, who strove to convert him to a belief in Evangelical Christianity.

That was a vain endeavour, but the *Conversations on Religion*, etc., which Kennedy put on record (1830), show clearly that if he sometimes mocked, he was, like the Athenians, "exceedingly religious." Talk which would have maddened persons "of culture" of the present day not only amused and excited him, but touched certain chords in his nature. As he says in *Don Juan* he was "bred a moderate Presbyterian."²

¹ See his *Voyage from Leghorn to Cephalonia with Lord Byron, etc.*, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January 1834, vol. xxxv., pp. 56, 57.

² Of his inmost thoughts at this period of suspense and expectation there is a brief but

At length a message reached him, a call to business, to which he could give an immediate answer. Prince Alexander Mavrocordatos, a man of birth and position, and a statesman, who represented the civil and constitutional as opposed to the military party, had at length emerged from his retirement in the Isle of Hydra, and had anchored off Mesolonghi. His first step was to send despatches to Byron, imploring him to come at once to Mesolonghi, and forwarding a letter from the legislative body soliciting him "to co-operate with Mavrocordatos in the organisation of Western Greece." The Prince was, in Byron's judgment, the Washington or Kosciusko of the Greeks, and he felt that now he could "act with a clear conscience," and put himself forward as a leader of the Revolution. Accordingly on December 29 he sailed for Mesolonghi in a "Cephaloniote Mistico"—that is a "long sharp boat with two large latine sails," and after being driven on to rocks and sleeping on the deck in the wet for seven or eight nights, he reached his destination on the 5th of January 1824. He was "welcomed," says Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 84), "with salvos of artillery, firing of muskets, and wild music. . . . His Lordship landed in a Speziot boat, dressed in a red uniform."¹ "He was received," wrote Colonel Leicester Stanhope, "with military honours and popular applause."

After this brief triumph "Glory and Greece" walked no more together, so far as Byron was concerned. Henceforth, if danger and privations were in abeyance, postponements, frustrations, and disappointments, almost to the last, awaited him. But being "of a great spirit" he played an uphill game with pluck and extraordinary self-control. Putting aside the large sums of money which he devoted to the payment of troops, the construction of fortifications, and the provision of medical appliances, by keeping his influence and patronage in reserve, by patience, prudence, and diplomacy, he brought the diverging factions into line, and succeeded in bringing two of them into an approach to union and harmony. He was a link between Mavrocordatos and Odysseus the leader of the insurgents.

He infused some measure of common-sense into the Greek Committee, and without either ridiculing or rejecting their humanitarian schemes for the illuminating record in a Fragment entitled "Journal in Cephalonia" (*vide post.*, p. 1039), first published in 1901 (*Letters* vi., 238):—

"The dead have been awakened—shall I sleep?
The World's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch?
The harvest's ripe—and shall I pause to reap?
I slumber not; the thorn is in my Couch;
Each day a trumpet soundeth in mine ear;
Its echo in my heart——"

The Fragment might be inscribed on a monumental stone to mark that inconspicuous "mound," where Byron's heart lies buried in the Heroon at Mesolonghi.

¹ The "red uniform" had been presented to Byron by Colonel Duffie, the commandant of the garrison at Cephalonia. "I shall wear it," he told him, "somewhat I fear in the mode of the ass in the lion's skin."

education and moral improvement of the Greeks, he made them admit that printing presses, and Lancastrian schools, and Wesleyan tracts were not the sinews of war. But if he laughed, he let the philanthropists have fair play. According to Dr. Millingen, he stocked the entrance-room of his house with Bibles and tracts, and duly presented them to his visitors. Did he say or sing, as he held out a tract, "Un biglietto eccolo quà"?

He gave proof that he could endure fatigue, and was ready and eager to face danger. The red uniform and the brass helmet, blazoned with his crest and motto, proved that his sense of humour went under to his love of display, but they proved nothing else. He never got the chance of fighting. Mavrocordatos would not let him run the risk of boarding a Turkish vessel which appeared off Mesolonghi, and the one military exploit which he reserved for himself, the capture of Epacto, was put off and finally abandoned, at first by the revolt of his Suliote guards, afterwards by disaffection in the *Morea*, and again by the treachery and revolt of the Suliotes. There were dark days at Mesolonghi. Rainy weather, muddy creeks, an earthquake, and the plague were fitting, but dreary, accompaniments to apathy and incompetence, to disloyalty and mutiny, to a constant struggle with friend and foe.

Once there was a break in the clouds. On the 1st of February he was invited to a public reception and dinner with the primates of the village of Anatolikos. The Archbishop Porfiri and the other officials gave him an "excellent dinner of fine fish, English plum pudding, and good champagne." The metropolitan was the merriest of the party. Gamba describes the progress: The women stood in the balconies clothed in their best dresses, and "saluted his Lordship as he passed."

A fortnight later, February 15, he was struck down by "a strong shock of a convulsive description, epileptic, paralytic, or apoplectic," the doctors were unable, or unwilling, to determine. Whether the attack was brought on, as Millingen surmised, by drinking cider and cold water to cool his tongue after immoderate draughts of brandy punch, or whether it was due to worry and nerve exhaustion, or simply an outbreak of latent disease, it was the beginning of the end. A few days before, he had told a correspondent that he was "in good health and spirits," but afterwards, though he recovered and went about his business, he complained of dizziness and spasms of the chest, and in less than a week there was a second, though slighter, attack of the same description.¹ He was strongly advised to retire to the Ionian Islands, recruit his health, and wait the turn of events; but he lingered on from day to day, hoping against hope that he might be able to take the field and lead the attack on Epacto. As late as March 14 he joined in drilling the troops, and in the practice of the sabre and the foil. In spite, however, of a pack of troubles,

¹ "Flashes before the eyes, palpitation, and anxieties hourly afflicted him; and, at times, such a sense of faintness would overpower him, that, fearing to be attacked by similar convulsions, he would send in great haste for medical assistance."—*Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece*, etc., by Julius Millingen, 1831, p. 112.

“strange weather, and strange incidents—natural, moral, physical, martial, and political”—Byron must have perceived that in return for “lost time, money, patience, health,” he had gained something in return. On March 18 he received an invitation from Odysseus and other Chiefs to attend a conference at Salona, for the purpose of concerting measures for uniting the forces of Eastern and Western Greece, and, by the same messengers, an offer from the Government to appoint him Governor-General of the enfranchised parts of the Continent. He replied that he would accompany Mavrocordatos to Salona, and that he would serve the Government in any capacity they might please, provided it was made clear that any real good would result to the cause. In other words, he would not commit himself until the promise of agreement between the rival leaders and their factions was in the way to be fulfilled. He would decide when the Congress had sat, and East and West had reconciled their differences and come together. But the opportunity for decision never came. The state of the “roads and rivers which were impassable” prevented Mavrocordatos or any one else from attending the *rendezvous* at Salona. For the first week of April he was confined to the house, and passed the time chatting and joking with his Suliote guard, playing with his Newfoundland dog, Lyon, which he had brought with him from Genoa, and writing business letters on the Greek loan, which had recently been put on the market in England. On the 9th of April, so Moore tells us, he had received a letter from his sister, news of which raised his spirits, and induced him to go for a ride with Gamba. As usual it came on to rain, and when they reached the gates of the city he was wet to the skin with the rain, and with perspiration from the unusual exercise. Gamba tried to persuade him to ride home through the muddy roads, and not return by boat according to his usual custom, but he laughed at the precaution and was rowed up the creek to the house. Two hours later he was seized with an attack of ague, and with rheumatic pains. The next day he kept the house, but the day after he rode out, once more, through the olive groves, followed by his long train of Suliote guards. “This,” says Moore, “was the last time he crossed the threshold alive.” Whether the end had come and recovery was under any conditions impossible, or whether the doctors by copious blood-letting and ignorant mismanagement sped the parting guest, he gradually grew worse, and on the ninth day of his illness sank into a comatose sleep. He died at six o’clock in the evening, on the 19th of April 1824. The cause of death seems to have been rheumatic fever, ending in congestion of the brain.

The Greeks were heartbroken at the death of their hero. Mavrocordatos, as the representative of the Provisional Government, issued an order that “thirty-seven minute guns—the number to correspond with the age of the illustrious deceased—should be fired at daylight,” and proclaimed a general mourning for twenty-one days. On the 22nd a funeral service, in accordance with the rites of the Greek Church, took place at the Church of St. Nicholas.¹

¹ After the liturgy was sung a funeral oration was delivered by Spiridion Tricoupi, the son

The body, which had been embalmed, was placed on a bier in the middle of the church. A black mantle served for pall. A helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel lay on the mantle. The Greeks would have buried him at Athens in the Temple of Theseus, but it was decided to convey the body to Zante, all but the heart, which was interred in the cemetery at Mesolonghi. There it rested till May 25, when it was brought back to England in the brig *Florida*, under the charge of Colonel Stanhope.

The dead poet lay in state for two days at Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in London, and, on July 16, 1824, he was laid to rest beneath the chancel of "the small village church" of Hucknall Torkard, where his mother and his ancestors had been laid before him, and where his daughter Ada now sleeps beside her father.

It is said that his last words were "My sister—my child," and "now I shall go to sleep." There is surer authority for "the striking incident" that Mary Shelley and Jane Williams "watched the funeral procession of Lord Byron up Highgate Hill," and that Coleridge stood gazing in silence as it passed through Highgate and wound along the Great North Road.

On the whole the descriptions of Byron's head and face, and the long array of portraits, oil-paintings, drawings and miniatures agree with one another. Every one knows what he looked like. We think we should recognise him if we met him in the street.

It is agreed that he had a high and somewhat narrow forehead, of marble smoothness and whiteness; that he had a small head covered and fringed with light brown or auburn curls; that his eyes were a light grey, clear and luminous, his nose long and straight. Writers are silent, and painters not too exact as to the shape of his nostrils, but it is said that his nose thickened at the end, and "looked better in profile than in full face." All praise the modelling of his lips, "the upper lip of Grecian shortness, the corners descending," and the "sweep and shapely curves of chin and jaw. His teeth were white and regular . . . his complexion colourless." That is Byron—the "god of the Vatican," the Apollo Belvidere in mortal guise.

The best known portraits, which correspond almost as closely as different photographs of the same person, are: (1) A large painting in oil by George Sanders (1809)—the neck-tie blown to one side; (2) a miniature by Sanders

of a primate of Mesolonghi. A translation, but it hardly bears a translation, is printed as an appendix to Medwin's *Conversations*, 1824, pp. 531-539. It would seem that the Greeks forgot their customary Easter salutation—to ask "How is Lord Byron?" The announcement of Lord Byron's death in *The Greek Chronicle* of April 19 expressed the same thought with more reserve and in better taste:—

Απαρηγόρητα θρηνεῖ μεταξὺ τῶν χαρμοσύνων τοῦ Πάσχα ἡμερῶν ἡ Ἑλλάς, διότι αἰφνηδῶς στερεῖται ἀπὸ τὰς ἀγκάλας τῆς τὸν πολυτίμον αὐτῆς εὐεργέτην, τὸν λαμπρὸν Λόρδον Νοέλ Βύρωνα.

"In the very midst of Easter joys and festivities Greece mourns and will not be comforted. She is suddenly bereft of her great and invaluable benefactor, the illustrious Lord Noel Byron."

(1812); (3) a portrait in oils by Richard Westall, R.A. (1813-1814); (4) a portrait in oils (of Byron in Albanian dress) by Thomas Phillips, R.A. (1813); (5) a portrait in oils by Phillips—with the open Byron collar (1813); (6) a miniature by James Holmes (1815); and (7) a portrait in oils by an American artist, William Edward West, which was painted at Montenero in 1822.

There are, also, two other well-known likenesses, a sketch by George Henry Harlow, taken at Venice in 1818, and a drawing by Count D'Orsay, taken at Genoa in 1823. West's portrait, which was painted in 1822, corresponds with the typical Greek god portraits of Byron's youth and early manhood, but Harlow's and D'Orsay's sketches, though, no doubt, close to the original, have an older and sharper look. They give an air of greater distinction to the face and general appearance, but they do not recall "the youth that swam from Sestos to Abydos."¹ The bust by Bertel Thorwaldsen (1817)—Byron called it a "worse bust"; and that by Lorenzo Bartolini (1822), "like a superannuated Jesuit," are not very like the Apollo Belvidere, or, one may suppose, Lord Byron. The one picture which, to my thinking, conveys any sense of the fascination of Byron's look and expression, is a pencil sketch by Holmes, done for the miniature of 1815. It is not, I believe, perfect as a work of art, but the eyes are living wells of light ("things of light, and for light," as a poet described them), and they are frank and kind, the eyes of a man whom it is possible to like, and to be drawn to as a friend.

I have endeavoured to give in the foregoing pages a rough sketch or outline of the successive stages of Byron's life, his belongings, his surroundings, his friendships, and his fortunes, by way of a framework or arabesque to a somewhat enlarged table of contents of his poetical works. The facts are all known, the story has been told a hundred times, but no one who has not made a study of his life, as told by Moore and a host of lesser memorialists, has the facts at his fingers' ends, or can recall the precise relation of his works to his history, and without this easily acquired knowledge a great deal of his poetry lacks point and significance.

He wrote "because his mind was full" of images and imaginations, evoked and shaped by the acts and passions, the circumstances and conditions of his life from day to day, from hour to hour. Even when he wrote to practise his art or to exercise his intellectual powers the creative impulse was personal in its origin.

He was a great artist, the creator of certain types or characters, forms of humanity "more real than living man," which have stamped themselves on the minds and hearts of many peoples, but they are made in his own image. He did not see their pattern in his mind's eye, but he transformed, and found a new shape for a phase or part of his own being.

It is the fashion to think in periods. We are reminded that Byron lived

¹ For an interesting comparison of Byron's "breast-stroke" with Leander's "hand-over-hand stroke," and other references to Byron, see *Swimming*, by Ralph Thomas, 1904, p. 140 *et passim*.

in and through the storm and stress of the Napoleonic wars, that he was baptized with the spirit of the revolution that his hour was the hour of darkness before the dawn, that he was the herald of revolt. Now it is quite possible to make or to accept these theories or generalisations, without much actual cognisance of the substance or immediate purport of his writings. Every man of genius is at once the child of the past and the parent of the future. He cannot be detached from his period and contemplated as a kind of intellectual Melchizedek, without beginning of days or end of descent; and to understand him and to do him justice we must, no doubt, look before and after, and estimate the strength and movement of the forces he has generated or displaced.

But if these large considerations are to add to our knowledge, it is necessary, in the first instance, to form as definite conception as may be possible of what the man is in himself, irrespective of the spirit of his age, and then to study his words, not for the purpose of comparison, with a view to putting him in his place, but to be able to judge him on his own merits.

Within the eighteen years of his precocious youth, his brief manhood, his anticipation of old age, he compressed the achievement of a long lifetime. He wrote two epics or quasi-epics, *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, twelve tales or narrative poems, eight dramas, seven or eight satires, and a multitude of occasional poems, lyrics, epigrams, and *jeux d'esprit*. Portions of this vast material are so well known, and are, or seem to be, so familiar that they are passed by as *choses jugées*, while the remainder has "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day," and lingers out a twilight existence in the pages of collected editions. Byron's fame has suffered both from an excess and a defect of popularity. "And will he come back again?" Is he coming back into the intellectual life of a generation which has ceased to feel the inevitable reaction from his immediate vogue, which may be supposed to apply its own standards to art and literature? Apart from any baser plea for a renewal of favour, and apart from the implied belief that Byron's strength, or in other words his immunity from the scruples and refinements of his contemporaries and their successors, should commend him to a stronger and coarser age, there are solid reasons for unsaying the dispraise of the last fifty years, and re-acclaiming his essential greatness.

It will be recognised that he widened the horizon of his countrymen by bringing within their ken wonders and beauties of art and nature, of which they knew but little, and which they learned to admire at his bidding. It may be said that his lessons were elementary, and that the modern world is too well informed to profit by them, but the truth is that if Byron had never put his pen to paper the sense of beauty, the power of wonder, would have been less and other than he has left them for all time. He was a prophet of the beautiful. Does not Ruskin acknowledge him as a master and a teacher?

There is a *vis vivida*, a fire of life in these hackneyed quotations, these mottoes for guide-books, these familiar "Beauties of Byron," which is

inextinguishable. His Marathon and his Venice, his Greece and his Italy still rise before us, "As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand!" Time is on the side of these triumphs of poetic imagery. Their quality will endure.

Much has been written, and with truth, with regard to awkward constructions, rough edges to his lines, grammatical solecisms, harsh assonances, and so forth. But it is only the second and third-rate who are permanently damaged by mistakes, by defects of style, or even of taste. All these little sins are swallowed up in greatness, and, if Byron had been otherwise acceptable to educated men and women, excuses would have been found for these blunders of craftsmanship, if, indeed, they had not been exalted into delightful and honourable mannerisms.

The eclipse of Byron's fame in his own country was due to the conviction that, on the one hand, he was an influence for evil, and on the other, that he sent the mind empty away. When "the spell was broke," and the glamour of his personality passed away, there was a questioning as to the meaning and the value of his message. He was regarded as a temptation to be shunned, or, waiving his morality, as an interpreter of the emotions, but by no means an intellectual poet. Matthew Arnold, who upheld his genius against the stream of contemporary criticism, praises him for "sincerity and strength," but is forced to confess that he cannot put thought against thought, and beat his wisdom out. He quotes a saying of Goethe, "When he reflects he is a child." As to the first count, it must be borne in mind that to ordinary decent folk of his own day, and of many days to come, Byron's politics and Byron's theology were so shocking and so monstrous that the looseness of his morals, as a man and as a poet explained, and was explained by the heinousness of his sentiments and opinions. No one could or would "reflect" on the measure of his iniquity. Nor will reflection make much difference. With whatever excuses on the score of parentage and training, Byron was not a good man, and it cannot be said that he "uttered nothing base." He does not confuse virtue with vice, or condone vice, or minimise the consequences of vice, but he looks at evil, and he laughs, and looks again. He takes the world as he finds it, and, on the whole, his appeal is to the nobler instincts of humanity, but now and again, he bears testimony against himself, and his witness is true.

On the other hand, whatever may be the weight of Goethe's¹ qualification of one out of many tributes of praise, the contemptuous impatience of Byron as a thinker or moralising speculator on the hidden things of life and death proceeds from an over-sensitiveness of the critical faculty. It is true that he made himself the mouthpiece of sentiments and reflections, which are the common property of all preachers and moralists, that he puts them in a heightened and rhetorical shape, and that this does not amount to a philosophy; but it is also true that he brings the wisdom of the many to bear upon his individual experience, "touching it with emotion," and re-making it by the potency of

¹ See "Byron, Goethe, and Mr. Matthew Arnold." (Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*, August 1881.) *Pages from a Journal*, by Mark Rutherford, 1900, pp. 133-148.

his wit. His wisdom is not that of the market, or of the cloister, or of the academy, but of a man of the world, who has realised and faced the problem of existence. If he "taught us little" of the spiritual amenities of the soul, he has taught us the limitations of our hopes and fears, and to bear with reverence and submission the burden and the mystery of our fate. He is neither pessimist nor optimist, but he reasons concerning things as they are, and the judgment which is come already. He closes no door of hope for himself or others, but he would have us take stock of the immediate and the real. He may be of the earth earthy, but when he reflects on the unseen, or the unknown, he does not reflect as a child.

No one has questioned his supremacy as a satirist. Perhaps the originality both of his wit and humour is not sufficiently recognised. In his poetry generally, if we except his boyish imitations of Moore, and the Wordsworthian interlude of 1816 for which Shelley was mainly responsible, Byron affects the style and quality of earlier models, of Spenser, of Dryden and Pope, of Thomson and Beattie, of Collins and Gray. He is of an older fashion than Shelley or Keats, who were younger, than Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were older men than himself. But as a humorist he was in advance of his age. He imparts into nineteenth-century literature the lighter and gayer tone and fancies of colloquial and intimate speech. He is of the following of Rabelais, and Sterne, and Dickens, and Thackeray, neither imitators nor disciples, came after him and were touched with the same spirit. He is the parent of modern fun.

It is only in England and amongst his own people that Byron stands in need of an apology.

On the Continent, with the Latin, the Teuton, and the Slav, Byron is not only the greatest of English poets after Shakespeare, but he is in the first rank, if not the first, of their own. No doubt assails them. "The English," said Goethe,¹ "may think of Byron as they please, but this is certain that they show no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from all the others, and for the most part, greater." Thirty years ago Dr. George Brandes, in his *Main Currents of the Nineteenth Century in Literature*,² bore testimony to the extent and endurance of his influence. "In the intellectual life of Russia and Poland, of Spain and Italy, of France and Germany, the seed which he had strewn broadcast with such a lavish hand fructified—from the dragon's teeth sprang armed men French Romanticism and German Liberalism are both direct descendants of Byron's Naturalism." Professor Max Förster in his revision of the eighty-sixth edition of L. Herrig's *British Classical Authors*, which was published in 1905, labels his final group of representative poets from Wordsworth to Walt Whitman as "The Age of Byron." Bibliographical evidence is even more convincing. To take one work as a specimen—of *Manfred* I have reckoned one Bohemian translation, two Danish, two Dutch, three French, nine German, three Hungarian, three Italian, two Polish, one

¹ *Conversations*, 1874, p. 171.

² *Main Currents*, etc., London, 1905, iv., 363, 364.

Romaic, one Roumanian, four Russian, and three Spanish translations, and the roll is, most probably, incomplete.

Poetry will not be admired or read at the bidding of others, but there is food for reflection in the proof of a world-wide fame.

“Securus judicat orbis terrarum,” is not an axiom, but it has weight. At any rate, to be an Englishman and not to be familiar with Byron’s poetry, to feel its beauty and to realise its force, is to leave to the stranger and the alien the fruition of a great inheritance.

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

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(1806.)

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Epigram ("The world is a bundle of hay"). First published, <i>Letters and Journals</i> , 1830, ii. 494 .	1035	To Mr. Murray ("For Orford," etc.). First published, <i>Letters and Journals</i> , 1830, ii. 517 .	1037
My Boy Hobbie O. First published, <i>Murray's Magazine</i> , March, 1887, vol. i. pp. 292, 293 .	1035	[Napoleon's Snuff-box.] First published, <i>Conversations of Lord Byron</i> , 1824, p. 235 .	1038
Lines, Addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Hobhouse on his election for West- minster. First published, <i>Miscel- laneous Poems</i> , 1824 .	1035	The New Vicar of Bray. First published, <i>Works</i> (Galignani), 1831, p. 116 .	1038
A Volume of Nonsense. First published, <i>Letters</i> , 1900, v. 83 .	1035	Lucietta. A Fragment. First published, 1893 .	1039
Stanzas. First published, <i>Letters and Journals</i> , 1830, ii. 377 .	1036	Epigrams. First published, <i>The Liberal</i> , No. I. October 18, 1822, p. 164 .	1039
To Penelope. First published, Medwin's <i>Conversations</i> , 1824, p. 106 .	1036	The Conquest. First published, <i>Lord Byron's Works</i> , 1833, xvii. 246 .	1039
The Charity Ball. First published, <i>Letters and Journals</i> , 1830, ii. 540 .	1036	Impromptu. ("Beneath Blessington's eyes"). First published, <i>Letters and Journals</i> , 1830, ii. 635 .	1039
Epigram, On the Braziers' Address, etc. First published, <i>Letters and Journals</i> , 1830, ii. 442 .	1036	Journal in Cephalonia. First published, <i>Letters</i> , 1901, vi. 238 .	1039
On my Thirty-third Birthday. First published, <i>Letters and Journals</i> , 1830, ii. 414 .	1036	Song to the Suliotes. First published, 1903 .	1039
Martial, Lib. I. Epig. I. First published, <i>Lord Byron's Works</i> , 1833, xvii. 245 .	1037	[Love and Death.] First published, <i>Murray's Magazine</i> , February, 1887, vol. i. pp. 145, 146 .	1040
Bowles and Campbell. First published, <i>The Liberal</i> , 1823, No. II. p. 398 .	1037	Last Words on Greece. First published, <i>Murray's Magazine</i> , February, 1887, vol. i. p. 146 .	1040
Elegy. First published, Medwin's <i>Con- versations</i> , 1824, p. 121 .	1037	On this day I complete my Thirty-sixth Year. First published, <i>Morning Chronicle</i> , October 29, 1824 .	1040

POETICAL WORKS OF LORD BYRON

HOURS OF IDLENESS AND OTHER EARLY POEMS.¹

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

"Why dost thou build the hall, Son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes: it howls in thy empty court."—OSSIAN.

I.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead,² the hollow winds whistle:

Thou, the hall of my Fathers, art gone to decay;

In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle

Have choak'd up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

2.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who, proudly, to battle,

Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,

The escutcheon and shield, which with ev'ry blast rattle,

Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

¹ [There were four distinct issues of Byron's juvenile poems, (i.) *Fugitive Pieces*, which was printed for private circulation in December 1806; (ii.) *Poems on Various Occasions*, printed for private circulation in January, 1807; (iii.) *Hours of Idleness*, published in June 1807, and (iv.) *Poems Original and Translated*, published in 1808. The whole of the first issue (the Quarto) was destroyed with the exception of two or three copies. In the present issue a general heading, "Hours of Idleness, and other Early Poems," has been applied to the entire collection of Early Poems, 1802-1809.]

² [The priory of Newstead, or de Novo Loco, in Sherwood, was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II. On the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted (in 1540) by Henry VIII. to "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard." His portrait is still preserved at Newstead.]

3.
No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,

Raise a flame, in the breast, for the war-laurell'd wreath;

Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan¹ slumbers,

Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

4.

Paul and Hubert too sleep in the valley of Cressy;

For the safety of Edward and England they fell:

My Fathers! the tears of your country redress ye:

How you fought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

5.

On Marston,² with Rupert,³ 'gainst traitors contending,

Four brothers enrich'd, with their blood, the bleak field;

For the rights of a monarch their country defending,

Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.⁴

¹ Horistan Castle, in *Derbyshire*, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

² The Battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

³ Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the Fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

⁴ [Sir Nicholas Byron, the great-grandson of Sir John Byron the Little, distinguished himself in the Civil Wars. He was Governor of Carlisle, and afterwards Governor of Chester. His nephew and heir-at-law, Sir John Byron, of Clayton, K.B. (1599-1652), was raised to the peerage as Baron Byron of Rochdale, after the Battle of Newbury, October 26, 1643. He died childless, and was succeeded by his brother Richard, the second lord, from whom the poet was descended. Five younger brothers, as Richard's monument in the chancel of Hucknall Torkard Church records, "faithfully served King Charles the First in the Civil Wars, suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes." (See *Life of Lord Byron*, by Karl Elze: Appendix, Note (A), p. 436.)]

6.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant
 departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you
 adieu!
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance im-
 parting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

7.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad
 separation,
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

8.

That fame, and that memory, still will he
 cherish;
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your
 renown:
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with
 your own!
 1803.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO E——.¹

LET Folly smile, to view the names
 Of thee and me, in Friendship twin'd;
 Yet Virtue will have greater claims
 To love, than rank with vice combin'd.

And though unequal is *thy* fate,
 Since title deck'd my higher birth;
 Yet envy not this gaudy state,
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our *souls* at least congenial meet,
 Nor can *thy* lot *my* rank disgrace;
 Our intercourse is not less sweet,
 Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

¹ [E—— was, according to Moore, a boy of Byron's own age, the son of one of the tenants at Newstead.]

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG
LADY,¹COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR
TO HIM.

1.

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening
 gloom,
 Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the
 grove,
 Whilst I return to view my Margaret's tomb,
 And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

2.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
 That clay, where once such animation
 beam'd;
 The King of Terrors seiz'd her as his prey;
 Not worth, nor beauty, have her life
 redeem'd.

3.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
 Or Heaven reverse the dread decree of fate,
 Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
 Not here the Muse her virtues would relate.

4.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit
 soars
 Beyond where splendid shines the orb of
 day;
 And weeping angels lead her to those bowers,
 Where endless pleasures virtuous deeds
 repay.

¹ The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

["My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eye-lashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards. . . . Some years after I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one."—*Letters*, 1901, v. 449.

[Margaret Parker was the sister of Sir Peter Parker, whose death at Baltimore, in 1814, Byron celebrated in the "Elegiac Stanzas," which were first published in the poems attached to the tenth edition of *Childe Harold* (1815).]

5.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven
arraign!

And, madly, Godlike Providence accuse!
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

6.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous
face;

Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO D——.1

1.

IN thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp
A friend, whom death alone could sever;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

2.

True, she has forc'd thee from my *breast*,
Yet, in my *heart*, thou keep'st thy seat;
There, there, thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

3.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
When life again to dust is given,
On *thy dear* breast I'll lay my head—
Without *thee!* where would be *my Heaven?*

February, 1803.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO CAROLINE.

1.

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffus'd in tears, implore to stay;
And heard *unmov'd* thy plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can say?

2.

Though keen the grief *thy* tears exprest,
When love and hope lay *both* o'erthrown;
Yet still, my girl, *this* bleeding breast
Throbb'd, with deep sorrow, as *thine own*.

1 [George John, 5th Earl Delawarr (1791-1869).]

3.

But, when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
When *thy* sweet lips were join'd to mine;
The tears that from *my* eyelids flow'd
Were lost in those which fell from *thine*.

4.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame,
And, as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
In *sighs alone* it breath'd my name.

5.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
Remembrance only can remain,
But *that*, will make us weep the more.

6.

Again, thou best belov'd, adieu!
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret,
Nor let thy mind past joys review,
Our only *hope* is, to *forget!* 1805.
[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO CAROLINE.1

1.

You say you love, and yet your eye
No symptom of that love conveys,
You say you love, yet know not why,
Your cheek no sign of love betrays.

2.

Ah! did that breast with ardour glow,
With me alone it joy could know,
Or feel with me the listless woe,
Which racks my heart when far from thee.

3.

Whene'er we meet my blushes rise,
And mantle through my purpled cheek,
But yet no blush to mine replies,
Nor e'en your eyes your love bespeak.

4.

Your voice alone declares your flame,
And though so sweet it breathes my name,
Our passions still are not the same;
Alas! you cannot love like me.

1 [These lines, which appear in the Quarto, were first published, 1898.]

5.

For e'en your lip seems steep'd in snow,
And though so oft it meets my kiss,
It burns with no responsive glow,
Nor melts like mine in dewy bliss.

6.

Ah! what are words to love like *mine*,
Though utter'd by a voice like thine,
I still in murmurs must repine,
And think that love can ne'er be *true*,

7.

Which meets me with no joyous sign,
Without a sigh which bids adieu;
How different is my love from thine,
How keen my grief when leaving you!

8.

Your image fills my anxious breast,
Till day declines adown the West,
And when at night, I sink to rest,
In dreams your fancied form I view.

9.

'Tis then your breast, no longer cold,
With equal ardour seems to burn,
While close your arms around me fold,
Your lips my kiss with warmth return.

10.

Ah! would these joyous moments last;
Vain HOPE! the gay delusion's past,
That voice!—ah! no, 'tis but the blast,
Which echoes through the neighbouring
grove.

11.

But when *awake*, your lips I seek,
And clasp enraptur'd all your charms,
So chill's the pressure of your cheek,
I fold a statue in my arms.

12.

If thus, when to my heart embrac'd,
No pleasure in your eyes is trac'd,
You may be prudent, fair, and *chaste*,
But ah! my girl, you *do not love*.
[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO EMMA.

1.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover;
Since now, our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

2.

Alas! that pang will be severe,
Which bids us part to meet no more;
Which tears me far from *one* so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

3.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears;
When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years;

4.

Where from this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We lingering look a last farewell,

5.

O'er fields through which we us'd to run,
And spend the hours in childish play;
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
Reposing on my breast you lay;

6.

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envied every fly the kiss,
It dar'd to give your slumbering eyes:

7.

See still the little painted *bark*,
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
The *elm* I clamber'd for your sake.

8.

These times are past, our joys are gone,
You leave me, leave this happy vale;
These scenes, I must retrace alone;
Without thee, what will they avail?

9.

Who can conceive, who has not prov'd,
The anguish of a last embrace?
When, torn from all you fondly lov'd,
You bid a long adieu to peace.

10.

This is the deepest of our woes,
 For *this* these tears our cheeks bedew;
 This is of love the final close,
 Oh, God! the fondest, *last adieu!* 1805.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL
 EXERCISES:

FROM THE "PROMETHEUS VINCTUS" OF
 ÆSCHYLUS.

Μηδ' αὖτ' ὅ πάντα νέμων. κ.τ.λ.

GREAT JOVE! to whose Almighty Throne
 Both Gods and mortals homage pay,
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall,
 In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
 My voice shall raise no impious strain,
 'Gainst Him who rules the sky and azure
 main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
 Since first Hesione thy bride,
 When plac'd aloft in godlike state,
 The blushing beauty by thy side,
 Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smil'd,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguil'd;
 The Nymphs and Tritons danc'd around,
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove
 relentless frown'd.

HARROW, *December* 1, 1804.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN
 NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,
 BY J. J. ROUSSEAU:¹ FOUNDED ON
 FACTS."

"AWAY, away,—your flattering arts
 May now betray some simpler hearts;
 And *you* will *smile* at their believing,
 And *they* shall *weep* at your deceiving."

¹ [A second edition of this work, of which the title is, *Letters, etc., translated from the French of Jean Jacques Rousseau*, was published in London, in 1784. It is, probably, a literary forgery.]

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED
 TO MISS —.

Dear simple girl, those flattering arts,
 (From which thou'dst guard frail female
 hearts,)
 Exist but in imagination,
 Mere phantoms of thine own creation;
 For he who views that witching grace,
 That perfect form, that lovely face,
 With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,
 He never wishes to deceive thee:
 Once in thy polish'd mirror glance
 Thou'lt there descry that elegance
 Which from our sex demands such praises,
 But envy in the other raises.—
 Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
 Believe me, only does his duty:
 Ah! fly not from the candid youth;
 It is not flattery,—'tis truth. *July*, 1804.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT
 A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.¹

WHERE are those honours, IDA! once your
 own,
 When Probus fill'd your magisterial throne?
 As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
 Hail'd a Barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
 So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
 And seat *Pomposus* where your *Probus* sate.
 Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
 Pomposus holds you in his harsh controul;
 Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
 With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
 With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
 (Such as were ne'er before enforc'd in schools).
 Mistaking *pedantry* for *learning's* laws,
 He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause;
 With him the same dire fate, attending Rome,
 Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom:
 Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
 No trace of science left you, but the name.

HARROW, *July*, 1805.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

¹ [In March, 1805, Dr Drury, the Probus of the piece, retired from the Head-mastership of Harrow School, and was succeeded by Dr Butler, the Pomposus. "Dr Drury," said Byron, in one of his note-books, "was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had; and I look upon him still as a father."]

EPITAPH ON A BELOVED
FRIEND.

'Αστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος.
—PLATO'S *Epitaph*.

OH, Friend! for ever lov'd, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd
bier!

What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of
death!

Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst liv'd to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's
delight.

If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will
cheer,

Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But, who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary Friendship sighs alone.

HARROW, 1803.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS
SOUL WHEN DYING.

ANIMULA! vagula, Blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in Loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis Jocos? *la*

TRANSLATION.

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring Sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou, now, wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn. 1806.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my Father's voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall
ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's
side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd
urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth
returns!
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd
stone;
My *epitaph* shall be my name alone:¹
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot;
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO CAROLINE.

I.

OH! when shall the grave hide for ever my
sorrow?
Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight
from this clay?
The present is hell! and the coming to-
morrow
But brings, with new torture, the curse of
to-day.

2.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips
flow no curses,
I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me
from bliss;
For poor is the soul which, bewailing,
rehearses
Its querulous grief, when in anguish like
this—

3.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury
flakes bright'ning,
Would my lips breathe a flame which no
stream could assuage,
On our foes should my glance launch in
vengeance its lightning,
With transport my tongue give a loose to
its rage.

¹ [In his will, drawn up in 1811, Byron gave directions that "no inscription, save his name and age, should be written on his tomb."]

4.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
 Would add to the souls of our tyrants
 delight;
 Could they view us our sad separation
 bewailing,
 Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the
 sight.

5.

Yet, still, though we bend with a feign'd
 resignation,
 Life beams not for us with one ray that
 can cheer;
 Love and Hope upon earth bring no more
 consolation,
 In the grave is our hope, for in life is our
 fear.

6.

Oh! when, my ador'd, in the tomb will they
 place me,
 Since, in life, love and friendship for ever
 are fled?
 If again in the mansion of death I embrace
 thee,
 Perhaps they will leave unmolested—the
 dead.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]
 1805.

TO CAROLINE.

1.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so
 warm,
 Ne'er think, my belov'd, that I do not
 believe;
 For your lip would the soul of suspicion
 disarm,
 And your eye beams a ray which can never
 deceive.

2.

Yet still, this fond bosom regrets, while
 adoring,
 That love, like the leaf, must fall into the
 sear,
 That Age will come on, when Remembrance,
 deploring,
 Contemplates the scenes of her youth, with
 a tear;

3.

That the time must arrive, when, no longer
 retaining
 Their auburn, those locks must wave thin
 to the breeze,
 When a few silver hairs of those tresses
 remaining,
 Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

4.

'Tis this, my belov'd, which spreads gloom
 o'er my features,
 Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign
 the decree
 Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his
 creatures,
 In the death which one day will deprive
 you of me.

5.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of
 emotion,
 No doubt can the mind of your lover
 invade;
 He worships each look with such faithful
 devotion,
 A smile can enchant, or a tear can
 dissuade.

6.

But as death, my belov'd, soon or late shall
 o'ertake us,
 And our breasts, which alive with such
 sympathy glow,
 Will sleep in the grave, till the blast shall
 awake us,
 When calling the dead, in Earth's bosom
 laid low.

7.

Oh! then let us drain, while we may,
 draughts of pleasure,
 Which from passion, like ours, must un-
 ceasingly flow;
 Let us pass round the cup of Love's bliss in
 full measure,
 And quaff the contents as our nectar
 below.
 1805.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE
VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF
HARROW ON THE HILL, 1806.

“Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.”
—VIRGIL.

I.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose lov'd
recollection
Embitters the present, compar'd with the
past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of
reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic
to last;¹

2.

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

3.

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

4.

Again I behold where for hours I have
ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone² I
lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard
I wander'd
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting
ray.

¹ [“My school-friendships were with me *passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure, some have been cut short by death) till now.”—*Letters*, 1801, v. 455.]

² [A tomb in the churchyard at Harrow was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it “Byron's Tomb”: and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought.—*Life*, p. 26. *Vide post*, p. 61.]

5.

I once more view the room, with spectators
surrounded,
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'er-
thrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such
applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop¹ himself was out-
shone.

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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

9.

But if, through the course of the years which
await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open
to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought
shall elate me,
“Oh! such were the days which my
infancy knew.” 1806.
[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A
COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS² his ample front sublime uprears:

¹ [Henry Mossop, who performed Zanga in Young's *Revenge*.]

² No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt

Plac'd on his chair of state, he seems a God,
While Sophs¹ and Freshmen tremble at his
nod;

As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice, in thunder, shakes the sounding
dome;

Unskilful to dire reproach to luckless fools,
Mathematic rules.

Happy the youth! ⁱⁿ
tried,

Though little vers'd in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.

What! though he knows not how his fathers
bled,

When civil discord pil'd the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands
advance,

Or Henry trampled on the crest of France:
Though marvelling at the name of *Magna*
Charta,

Yet well he recollects the *laws* of *Sparta*;
Can tell, what edicts sage *Lycurgus* made,
While *Blackstone's* on the *shelf*, neglected
laid;

Of *Grecian dramas* vaunts the deathless
fame,

Of *Avon's bard*, rememb'ring scarce the
name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the *declamation* prize,
If to such glorious height, he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no *common* orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope:
Not that our *heads* much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN'S² glowing style, or TULLY'S
fire.

A *manner* clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by *speaking* to *convince*;
Be other *orators* of pleasing *proud*,—
We speak to *please* ourselves, not *move* the
crowd:

could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman
is now as much distinguished by his eloquence,
and the dignified propriety with which he fills his
situation, as he was in his younger days for wit
and conviviality. [Dr William Lort Mansel (1753-
1820) was, in 1798, appointed Master of Trinity
College, Cambridge, by Pitt.]

¹ [Undergraduates of the second and third year.]

² Demosthenes.

Our gravity prefers the *muttering* tone,
A proper mixture of the *squeak* and *groan*:
No borrowed *grace* of *action* must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the
Dean;

Whilst every staring Graduate would prate,
Against what—*he* could never imitate.

The man, who hopes t'obtain the promis'd
cup,

No *mean* *posture* stand, and *ne'er* look up;
Thus let him *live* *over* every word—
Who speaks the *fastest* *best* heard:

Who utters most within the shortest space,
May, safely, hope to win the *wordy* race.

The Sons of *Science* these, who, thus
repaid,

Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks, supine, they
lie,

Unknown, unhonour'd live—unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures, which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their
walls:

In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing *Bentley's*, *Brunck's*, or *Porson's*¹
note,

More than the *verse* on which the critic
wrote:

Vain as their honours, heavy as their Ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to
feel,

When Self and Church demand a Bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of
power,

(Whether 'tis PITT or PETTY² rules the hour;)

¹ The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference. [Richard Porson (1759-1808).]

² Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment. [Lord Henry Petty (1780-1863), M.P. for the University of Cambridge, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1805. In 1809 he succeeded his brother as Marquis of Lansdowne.]

To *him*, with suppliant smiles, they bend the
 head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread ;
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with
 disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next, who fill'd his
 place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures
 guard !
Such is their *practice*, such is their *reward* !
 This *much*, at least, we may presume to
 say—
 The premium can't exceed the *pay*.
 [First printed, December, 1806.]

TO MARY,
 ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.¹

I.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
 (Though strong as mortal art could give,)
 My constant heart of fear disarms,
 Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

2.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave ;
 The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's
 mould ;
 The lips, which made me *Beauty's* slave.

3.

Here I can trace—ah, no ! that eye,
 Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
 Must all the painter's art defy,
 And bid him from the task retire.

4.

Here I behold its beauteous hue ;
 But where's the beam so sweetly straying,
 Which gave a lustre to its blue,
 Like Luna o'er the ocean playing ?

5.

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,
 Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
 Than all the living forms could be,
 Save her who plac'd thee next my heart.

¹ [This "Mary" is not to be confounded with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen. She was of "humble station in life." Byron used to show a lock of her light golden hair, as well as her picture, among his friends. (See *Life*, p. 41, note.)]

6.

She plac'd it, sad, with needless fear,
 Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
 Unconscious that her image there
 Held every sense in fast controul.

7.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' *time*, raise ;
 cheer— *will* appear,
 My hope my fond, expiring gaze.
 In *1806*. [First printed, December, 1806.]

ON THE DEATH OF MR FOX,
 THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU
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"OUR Nation's foes lament on *Fox's* death,
 But bless the hour, when PITT resign'd his
 breath :
 These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth
 unclue,
 We give the palm, where Justice points its
 due."

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OH, factious viper ! whose envenom'd tooth
 Would mangle, still, the dead, perverting
 truth ;
 What, though our "nation's foes" lament
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 With generous feeling, of the good and
 great ;
 Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the
 name
 Of him, whose meed exists in endless fame ?
 When PITT expir'd in plenitude of power,
 Though ill success obscur'd his dying hour,
 Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
 For noble spirits "war not with the dead" :
 His friends in tears, a last sad requiem
 gave,
 As all his errors slumber'd in the grave ;
 He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
 Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state.
 When, lo ! a Hercules, in Fox, appear'd,
 Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd :

¹ [September 26, 1806.]

He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied.
 With him, our fast reviving hopes have died ;
 Not one great people, only, raise his urn,
 All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
 "These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth
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 To give the palm where Justice points its
 due ;"
 Yet, let not canker'd Calumny assail,
 Or round her statesman wind her gloomy
 veil.
 Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world
 must weep,
 Whose dear remains in honour'd marble
 sleep ;
 For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
 While friends and foes, alike, his talents
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 Fox! shall, in Britain's future annals, shine,
 Nor e'en to PITT, the patriot's *palm* resign ;
 Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred
 mask,
 For PITT, and PITT alone, has dar'd to ask.
 SOUTHWELL, October, 1806.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO A LADY¹

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A
 LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS
 OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN
 DECEMBER TO MEET HIM IN THE
 GARDEN.

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
 In firmer chains our hearts confine,
 Than all th' unmeaning protestations
 Which swell with nonsense, love orations.
 Our love is fix'd, I think we've prov'd it ;
 Nor time, nor place, nor art have mov'd it ;
 Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
 With groundless jealousy repine ;
 With silly whims, and fancies frantic,
 Merely to make our love romantic ?
 Why should you weep, like *Lydia Languish*,
 And fret with self-created anguish ?
 Or doom the lover you have chosen,
 On winter nights to sigh half frozen ;
 In leafless shades, to sue for pardon,
 Only because the scene's a garden ?

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For gardens seem, by one consent,
 (Since Shakespeare set the precedent ;
 Since Juliet first declar'd her passion)
 To form the place of assignation.
 Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
 And seat her by a *sea-coal* fire ;
 Or had the bard at Christmas written,
 And laid the scene of love in Britain ;
 He, surely, in commiseration,
 Had chang'd the place of declaration.
 In Italy, I've no objection,
 Warm nights are proper for reflection ;
 But here our climate is so rigid,
 That love itself, is rather frigid :
 Think on our chilly situation,
 And curb this rage for imitation.
 Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
 Beneath the influence of the sun ;
 Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
 Within your mansion let me greet you :
There, we can love for hours together,
 Much better, in such snowy weather,
 Than plac'd in all th' Arcadian groves,
 That ever witness'd rural loves ;
Then, if my passion fail to please,
 Next night I'll be content to freeze ;
 No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
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TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.¹

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
 That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
 And though we ne'er may meet again,
 Remembrance will thy form retain;
 I would not say, "I love," but still,
 My senses struggle with my will:
 In vain to drive thee from my breast,
 My thoughts are more and more repress;
 In vain I check the rising sighs,
 Another to the last replies:
 Perhaps, this is not love, but yet,
 Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What, though we never silence broke,
 Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
 The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
 And tells a tale it never feels;
 Deceit, the guilty lips impart,
 And hush the mandates of the heart;
 But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
 Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
 As thus our glances oft convers'd,
 And all our bosoms felt rehears'd,
 No *spirit*, from within, reprov'd us,
 Say rather, "'twas the *spirit mov'd* us."
 Though, what they utter'd, I repress,
 Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess;
 For as on thee, my memory ponders,
 Perchance to me, thine also wanders.
 This, for myself, at least, I'll say,
 Thy form appears through night, through
 day;
 Awake, with it my fancy teems,
 In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;
 The vision charms the hours away,
 And bids me curse Aurora's ray
 For breaking slumbers of delight,
 Which make me wish for endless night.
 Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
 Shall joy or woe my steps await;
 Tempted by love, by storms beset,
 Thine image, I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,
 No more our former looks repeat;
 Then, let me breathe this parting prayer,
 The dictate of my bosom's care:
 "May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
 That anguish never can o'ertake her;

¹ ["Whom the author saw at Harrowgate."—
 MS. Note.

That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
 But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!
 Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
 To be, by dearest ties, related,
 For *her*, each hour, *new joys* discover,
 And lose the husband in the lover!
 May that fair bosom never know
 What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
 Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
 Of him, who never can forget!" 1806.
 [First printed, December, 1806.]

TO LESBIA.¹

I.

LESBIA! since far from you I've rang'd,
 Our souls with fond affection glow not;
 You say, 'tis I, *not you*, have chang'd,
 I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

2.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;
 And Lesbia! we are not much older,
 Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
 Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

3.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
 Two years have lingering pass'd away,
 love!
 And now new thoughts our minds engage,
 At least, I feel dispos'd to stray, love!

4.

'Tis *I* that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason;
 Since your sweet breast is still the same,
 Caprice must be my only reason.

5.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
 With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;
 Warm was the passion of my youth,
 One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

6.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;
 For, oh! I lov'd you most sincerely;
 And—though our dream at last is ended—
 My bosom still esteems you dearly.

¹ ["The lady's name was Julia Leacroft" (Note
 by Miss E. Pigot).]

7.

No more we meet in yonder bowers ;
Absence has made me prone to roving ;
But older, firmer *hearts* than ours
Have found monotony in loving.

8.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
New beauties, still, are daily bright'ning,
Your eye, for conquest beams prepar'd,
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

9.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will throng, to sigh like me, love !
More constant they may prove, indeed ;
Fonder, alas ! they ne'er can be, love !

1806.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN ! experience might have told me
That all must love thee, who behold thee :
Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are nought ;
But, plac'd in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to *adore* thee.
Oh memory ! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing ;
But how much curst by every lover
When hope is fled, and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her !
How throbs the pulse, when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows !
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth !
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When, lo ! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are trac'd in sand." ¹

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

¹ The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

[The last line is not "almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb," but an adaptation of part of a stanza from the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemajor.

[Southey, in his *Letters from Spain*, 1797, pp. 87-91, gives a specimen of the *Diana*, and renders the lines in question thus—

"And Love beheld us from his secret stand,
And mark'd his triumph, laughing, to behold me,
To see me trust a writing traced in sand,
To see me credit what a woman told me."]

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,
DELIVERED BY THE AUTHOR PREVIOUS
TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE
WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A
PRIVATE THEATRE.¹

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage ;
Since taste has now expung'd licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author
writ ;
Since, now, to please with purer scenes we
seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's
cheek ;
Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence—though she find not
fame.

Still, not for *her* alone, we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect :
To-night no *vet'ran Roscii* you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old ;
No COOKE, no KEMBLE, can salute you here,
No SIDDONS draw the sympathetic tear ;
To-night you throng to witness the *début*
Of embryo Actors, to the Drama new :
Here, then, our almost unfledg'd wings we
try ;

Clip not our *pinions*, ere the *birds can fly* :
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas ! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler, only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads to meet your
praise ;
But all our Dramatis Personæ wait,
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward ;
For these, each *Hero* all his power displays,
Each timid *Heroine* shrinks before your
gaze :

Surely the last will some protection find !
None, to the softer sex, can prove unkind :
While Youth and Beauty form the female
shield,
The sternest Censor to the fair must yield.

¹ ["I enacted Penruddock, in *The Wheel of Fortune*, and Tristram Fickle, in Allingham's farce of *The Weathercock*, for three nights, in some private theatricals at Southwell, in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition."—*Letters*, 1801, v. 455.]

Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, *after all*, our best endeavours fail;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least *forgive*.
[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO ELIZA.

I.

ELIZA! what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who, to woman, deny the soul's future
existence;
Could they see thee, Eliza! they'd own their
defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general
resistance.

2.

Had their Prophet possess'd half an atom of
sense,
He ne'er would have *woman* from Paradise
driven;
Instead of his *Houris*, a flimsy pretence,
With *woman alone* he had peopled his
Heaven.

3.

Yet, still, to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of
spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst
four!—
With *souls* you'd dispense; but, this last,
who could bear it?

4.

His religion to please neither *party* is made;
On *husbands* 'tis *hard*, to the wives most
uncivil;
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been
said,
"Though women are angels, yet wedlock's
the devil."

5.

This terrible truth, even Scripture has told,
Ye Benedicks! hear me, and listen with
rapture;
If a glimpse of redemption you wish to
behold,
Of ST. MATT.—read the second and
twentieth chapter.

6.

'Tis surely enough upon earth to be vex'd,
With wives who eternal confusion are
spreading;
"But in Heaven," (so runs the Evangelist's
Text,)
"We neither have giving in marriage, or
wedding."

7.

From this we suppose, (as indeed well we
may,)
That should Saints after death, with their
spouses put up more,
And wives, as in life, aim at absolute sway,
All Heaven would ring with the conjugal
uproar.

8.

Distraction and Discord would follow in
course,
Nor MATTHEW, nor MARK, nor St PAUL,
can deny it,
The only expedient is general divorce,
To prevent universal disturbance and riot.

9.

But though husband and wife shall at length
be disjoin'd,
Yet woman and man ne'er were meant to
dissever,
Our chains once dissolv'd, and our hearts
unconfin'd,
We'll love without bonds, but we'll love
you for ever.

10.

Though souls are denied you by fools and
by rakes,
Should you own it yourselves, I would
even then doubt you,
Your nature so much of *celestial* partakes,
The Garden of Eden would wither without
you.

SOUTHWELL, *October* 9, 1806.
[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

THE TEAR.

“O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.”
—GRAY, *Alcaic Fragment*.

I.

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

2.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wife,
To mask detestation, or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a *Tear*.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

Though my vows I can pour,
To my Mary no more,
My Mary, to Love once so dear,
In the shade of her bow'r,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a *Tear*.

9.

By another possess'd,¹
May she live ever blest!
Her name still my heart must revere:
With a sigh I resign,
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a *Tear*.

10.

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

11.

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

12.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of Vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a *Tear*.

October 26, 1806.

[First printed, December, 1806.]

1 [Mary Chaworth was married in 1805.]

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J.
M. B. PIGOT, ESQ.,
ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

Then quit her, my friend!
Your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart,
When incens'd by the smart
Should lead you to *curse* the *coquette*.

October 27, 1806.

[First printed, December, 1806.]

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

'Αργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα
κρατήσεις.¹

1.

OH! could LE SAGE'S² demon's gift
Be realis'd at my desire,
This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St Mary's spire.

2.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows who dream on *lawn* or *stalls*,
The price of venal votes to pay.

3.

Then would I view each rival wight,
PETTY and PALMERSTON survey;
Who canvass there, with all their might,
Against the next elective day.³

¹ ["Fight with silver spears" (*i.e.* with bribes), "and thou shalt prevail in all things." Reply of the Pythian Oracle to Philip of Macedon.]

² The *Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection. [Don Cleofas, clinging to the cloak of Asmodeus, is carried through the air to the summit of S. Salvador.]

³ [On the death of Pitt, in January, 1806, Lord Henry Petty beat Lord Palmerston in the contest for the representation of the University of Cambridge in Parliament.]

4.

Lo! candidates and voters lie
 All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
 A race renown'd for piety,
 Whose conscience won't disturb their
 slumber.

5.

Lord H——,¹ indeed, may not demur;
 Fellows are sage, reflecting men:
 They know preferment can occur,
 But very seldom,—*now* and *then*.

6.

They know the Chancellor has got
 Some pretty livings in disposal:
 Each hopes that *one* may be his *lot*,
 And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

7.

Now from the soporific scene
 I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
 To view, unheeded and unseen,
 The studious sons of Alma Mater.

8.

There, in apartments small and damp,
 The candidate for college prizes,
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp;
 Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

9.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

10.

Who sacrifices hours of rest,
 To scan precisely metres Attic;
 Or agitates his anxious breast,
 In solving problems mathematic:

11.

Who reads false quantities in Seale,²
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
 Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal;
 In *barbarous Latin*³ doom'd to wrangle:

¹ [Probably Lord Henry Petty.]

² Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy. [*An Analysis of the Greek Metres; for the use of Students at the University of Cambridge.* By John Barlow Seale (1764), 8vo.]

³ The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

12.

Renouncing every pleasing page,
 From authors of historic use;
 Preferring to the letter'd sage,
 The square of the hypotenuse.¹

13.

Still, harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compar'd with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent;

14.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine,
 When Drunkenness and dice invite,
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.

15.

Not so the methodistic crew,
 Who plans of reformation lay:
 In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray:

16.

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 Their exultation in their trial,
 Detracts most largely from the merit
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

17.

'Tis morn:—from these I turn my sight:
 What scene is this which meets the eye?
 A numerous crowd array'd in white,²
 Across the green in numbers fly.

18.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
 'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I
 hear?
 The organ's soft celestial swell
 Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

19.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
 Though *he* who hears the *music* long,
 Will *never* wish to *hear* again.

¹ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

² On a saint's day the students wear surplices in chapel.

20.

Our choir would scarcely be excus'd
E'en as a band of raw beginners ;
All mercy, now, must be refus'd
To such a set of croaking sinners.

21.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before
him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

22.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

23.

Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspir'd by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

24.

But if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will *stay to read* ;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low ;
'Tis almost time to *stop, indeed*.

25.

Therefore, farewell, old *Granta's* spires !
No more, like *Cleofas*, I fly ;
No more thy theme my Muse inspires :
The reader's tir'd, and so am I.

October 28, 1806.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

1.

YOUR pardon, my friend,
If my rhymes did offend,
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er ;
From friendship I strove,
Your pangs to remove,
But, I swear, I will do so no more.

2.

Since your *beautiful* maid,
Your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret ;
She's now most divine,
And I bow at the shrine,
Of this quickly reformèd coquette.

3.

Yet still, I must own,
I should never have known,
From *your verses*, what else she deserv'd ;
Your pain seem'd so great,
I pitied your fate,
As your fair was so dev'lish reserv'd.

4.

Since the balm-breathing kiss
Of this magical Miss,
Can such wonderful transports produce ;
Since the "*world you forget,*
When your lips once have met,"
My counsel will get but abuse.

5.

You say, "When I rove,"
"I know nothing of love ;"
'Tis true, I am given to range ;
If I rightly remember,
I've lov'd a good number ;
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

6.

I will not advance,
By the rules of romance,
To humour a whimsical fair ;
Though a smile may delight,
Yet a *frown* will *affright*,
Or drive me to dreadful despair.

7.

While my blood is thus warm,
I ne'er shall reform,
To mix in the Platonists' school ;
Of this I am sure,
Was my Passion so pure,
Thy *Mistress* would think me a fool.

8.

And if I should shun,
Every *woman* for *one*,
Whose *image* must fill my whole breast ;
Whom I must *prefer*,
And *sigh* but for *her*,
What an *insult* 'twould be to the *rest* !

9.

Now Strephon, good-bye ;
 I cannot deny,
 Your *passion* appears most *absurd* ;
 Such *love* as you plead,
 Is *pure* love, indeed,
 For it *only* consists in the *word*.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

THE CORNELIAN.¹

1.

No specious splendour of this stone
 Endears it to my memory ever ;
 With lustre *only once* it shone,
 And blushes modest as the giver.

2.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
 Have for my weakness, oft reprov'd me ;
 Yet still the simple gift I prize,
 For I am sure the giver lov'd me.

3.

He offer'd it with downcast look,
 As *fearful* that I might refuse it ;
 I told him, when the gift I took,
 My *only fear* should be, to lose it.

4.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
 And *sparkling* as I held it near,
 Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
 And, ever since, *I've lov'd a tear*.

5.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
 Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield ;
 But he, who seeks the flowers of truth,
 Must quit the garden, for the field.

6.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
 Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume ;
 The flowers, which yield the most of both,
 In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

¹ [The cornelian was a present from his friend Edleston, a Cambridge chorister, afterwards a clerk in a mercantile house in London. Edleston died of consumption, May 11, 1811. Their acquaintance began by Byron saving him from drowning.]

7.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
 For once forgetting to be blind,
 His would have been an ample share,
 If well proportioned to his mind.

8.

But had the Goddess clearly seen,
 His form had fix'd her fickle breast ;
 Her countless hoards would *his* have been,
 And none remain'd to give the rest.
 [First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO M—.

1.

OH ! did those eyes, instead of fire,
 With bright, but mild affection shine :
 Though they might kindle less desire,
 Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

2.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
 Howe'er those orbs *may* wildly beam,
 We must *admire*, but still despair ;
 That fatal glance forbids esteem.

3.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
 So much perfection in thee shone,
 She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
 The skies might claim thee for their own.

4.

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
 Lest angels might dispute the prize,
 She bade a secret lightning lurk,
 Within those once celestial eyes.

5.

These might the boldest Sylph appall,
 When gleaming with meridian blaze ;
 Thy beauty must enrapture all ;
 But who can dare thine ardent gaze ?

6.

'Tis said that Berenice's hair,
 In stars adorns the vault of heaven ;
 But they would ne'er permit *thee* there,
 Thou would'st so far outshine the seven.

7.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
 Thy sister-lights would scarce appear :
 E'en suns, which systems now controul,
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.¹

Friday, November 7, 1806.

[First printed, *December, 1806.*]

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG
 LADY.

[AS THE AUTHOR WAS DISCHARGING HIS
 PISTOLS IN A GARDEN, TWO LADIES
 PASSING NEAR THE SPOT WERE
 ALARMED BY THE SOUND OF A
 BULLET HISSING NEAR THEM, TO
 ONE OF WHOM THE FOLLOWING
 STANZAS WERE ADDRESSED THE
 NEXT MORNING.]²

1.

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
 Wafting destruction o'er thy charms
 And hurtling³ o'er thy lovely head,
 Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

2.

Surely some envious Demon's force,
 Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
 Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
 Diverted from its first career.

3.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour,
 The ball obey'd some hell-born guide ;
 But Heaven, with interposing power,
 In pity turn'd the death aside.

¹ "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return."

—SHAKESPEARE.

² [The lady to whom the lines were addressed,
 is also commemorated in the verses "To a
 Vain Lady" and "To Anne." She was the
 daughter of the Rev. Henry Houson of Southwell,
 and married the Rev. Luke Jackson. She died
 on Christmas Day, 1821, and her monument may
 be seen in Hucknall Torkard Church.]

³ This word is used by Gray in his poem to the
 Fatal Sisters :—

"Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darken'd air."

4.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
 Upon that thrilling bosom fell ;
 Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
 Extracted from its glistening cell ;—

5.

Say, what dire penance can atone
 For such an outrage, done to thee?
 Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
 What punishment wilt thou decree?

6.

Might I perform the Judge's part,
 The sentence I should scarce deplore ;
 It only would restore a heart,
 Which but belong'd to *thee* before.

7.

The least atonement I can make
 Is to become no longer free ;
 Henceforth, I breathe but for thy sake,
 Thou shalt be *all in all* to me.

8.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
 Such expiation of my guilt ;
 Come then—some other mode elect ;
 Let it be death—or, what thou wilt.

9.

Choose, then, relentless! and I swear
 Nought shall thy dread decree prevent ;
 Yet hold—one little word forbear !
 Let it be ought but *banishment*.

[First printed, *December, 1806.*]

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—
 Greater than Jove he seems to me—
 Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
 Securely views thy matchless charms ;
 That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
 That mouth, from whence such music flows,
 To him, alike, are always known,
 Reserv'd for him, and him alone.
 Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
 I cannot choose but look on thee ;
 But, at the sight, my senses fly,
 I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die ;
 Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
 Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,

My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves
 short,
 My limbs deny their slight support,
 Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
 With deadly languor droops my head,
 My ears with tingling echoes ring,
 And life itself is on the wing ;
 My eyes refuse the cheering light,
 Their orbs are veil'd in starless night :
 Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
 And feels a temporary death.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH
 ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE who, sublime, in epic numbers roll'd,
 And he who struck the softer lyre of
 Love,
 By Death's *unequal*¹ hand alike controul'd,
 Fit comrades in Elysian regions move !

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

SULPICIA AD CERINTHUM LIB. QUART.

CRUEL Cerinthus ! does the fell disease
 Which racks my breast your fickle bosom
 please ?

Alas ! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
 That I might live for love and you again ;
 But, now, I scarcely shall bewail my fate :
 By death alone I can avoid your hate.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

LUGETE VENERES CUPIDINESQUE
 (CARM. III.).

YE cupids, droop each little head,
 Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
 My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
 Whom dearer than her eyes she lov'd :
 For he was gentle, and so true,
 Obedient to her call he flew,
 No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
 But lightly o'er her bosom mov'd :

¹ The hand of Death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

And softly fluttering here and there,
 He never sought to cleave the air,
 He chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,
 Tun'd to her ear his grateful strain.
 Now having pass'd the gloomy bourn,
 From whence he never can return,
 His death, and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
 Who sighs, alas ! but sighs in vain.

Oh ! curst be thou, devouring grave !
 Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
 From whom no earthly power can save,
 For thou hast ta'en the bird away :
 From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
 Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow ;
 Thou art the cause of all her woe,
 Receptacle of life's decay.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH ! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
 A million scarce would quench desire :
 Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
 And dwell an age on every kiss :
 Nor then my soul should sated be,
 Still would I kiss and cling to thee :
 Nought should my kiss from thine dissever,
 Still would we kiss and kiss for ever ;
 E'en though the numbers did exceed
 The yellow harvest's countless seed.
 To part would be a vain endeavour :
 Could I desist ?—ah ! never—never !

November 16, 1806.

[First printed, *December*, 1806.]

TO M. S. G.

I.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,
 Their hue invites my fervent kiss ;
 Yet, I forego that bliss divine,
 Alas ! it were—unhallow'd bliss.

2.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
 How could I dwell upon its snows !
 Yet, is the daring wish repress,
 For that,—would banish its repose.

3.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye
 Can raise with hope, depress with fear ;
 Yet, I conceal my love,—and why ?
 I would not force a painful tear.

4.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
 Hast seen my ardent flame too well ;
 And shall I plead my passion now,
 To make thy bosom's heaven a hell ?

5.

No ! for thou never canst be mine,
 United by the priest's decree :
 By any ties but those divine,
 Mine, my belov'd, thou ne'er shalt be.

6.

Then let the secret fire consume,
 Let it consume, thou shalt not know :
 With joy I court a certain doom,
 Rather than spread its guilty glow.

7.

I will not ease my tortur'd heart,
 By driving dove-ey'd peace from thine ;
 Rather than such a sting impart,
 Each thought presumptuous I resign.

8.

Yes ! yield those lips, for which I'd brave
 More than I here shall dare to tell ;
 Thy innocence and mine to save,—
 I bid thee now a last farewell.

9.

Yes ! yield that breast, to seek despair,
 And hope no more thy soft embrace ;
 Which to obtain, my soul would dare
 All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

10.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
 No matron shall thy shame reprove ;
 Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
 No martyr shalt thou be to love.
 [First printed, *January*, 1807.]

STANZAS TO A LADY

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS.

1.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
 Perhaps, dear girl ! for me thou'lt prize ;
 It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
 A theme we never can despise.

2.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
 The old and disappointed maid ;
 Or pupil of the prudish school,
 In single sorrow doom'd to fade ?

3.

Then read, dear Girl ! with feeling read,
 For thou wilt ne'er be one of those ;
 To thee, in vain, I shall not plead
 In pity for the Poet's woes.

4.

He was, in sooth, a genuine Bard ;
 His was no faint, fictitious flame :
 Like his, may Love be thy reward,
 But not thy hapless fate the same.
 [First printed, *January*, 1807.]

TO M. S. G.

1.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll
 surely forgive ;
 Extend not your anger to sleep ;
 For in visions alone your affection can live,—
 I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

2.

Then, Morpheus ! envelop my faculties fast,
 Shed o'er me your languor benign ;
 Should the dream of to-night but resemble
 the last,
 What rapture celestial is mine !

3.

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
 Mortality's emblem is given ;
 To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
 If this be a foretaste of Heaven !

4. Ah! frown not, sweet Lady, unbend your soft
 brow me too happy in this;
 Sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
 Thus doom'd, but to gaze upon bliss.

5. Though in visions, sweet Lady, perhaps you
 may smile,
 Oh! think not my penance deficient!
 When dreams of your presence my slumbers
 beguile,
 To awake, will be torture sufficient.
 [First printed, *January*, 1807.]

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

["Justum et tenacem propositi virum."
 —HOR. *Odes*, iii. 3. 1.]

I. THE man of firm and noble soul
 No factious clamours can controul;
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent:
 Gales the warring waves which plough,
 By Auster on the billows spent,
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd, determin'd mind in
 vain.

2. Aye, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurling his lightnings from above,
 With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
 He would, unmov'd, unaw'd, behold.
 The flames of an expiring world,
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
 Might light his glorious funeral pile:
 Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth
 he'd smile.
 [First printed, *January*, 1807.]

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

'Α βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
 Ἔρωτα μόνον ἤχει.
 —ANACREON [*Ode* 1].

I. AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance,
 Those tissues of falsehood which Folly has
 wove;
 Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing
 glance,
 Or the rapture which dwells on the first
 kiss of love.

2. Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with fantasy
 glow,
 Whose pastoral passions are made for the
 grove;
 From what blest inspiration your sonnets
 would flow,
 Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of
 love!

3. If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
 Or the Nine be dispos'd from your service
 to rove.
 Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the Muse,
 And try the effect, of the first kiss of love.

4. I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
 Though prudes may condemn me, and
 bigots reprove;
 I court the effusions that spring from the
 heart,
 Which throbs, with delight, to the first
 kiss of love.

5. Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical
 themes,
 Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can
 move:
 Arcadia displays but a region of dreams;
 What are visions like these, to the first
 kiss of love?

6. Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his
 birth,
 From Adam, till now, has with wretched-
 ness strove;
 Some portion of Paradise still is on earth,
 And Eden revives, in the first kiss of love.

7. When age chills the blood, when our
 pleasures are past—
 For years fleet away with the wings of the
 dove—
 The dearest remembrance will still be the
 last,
 Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of
 love.

December 23, 1806.
 [First printed, *January*, 1807.]

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."—*Macbeth*.

WHEN slow Disease, with all her host of
pains,
Chills the warm tide, which flows along the
veins ;
When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy
wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring ;
Not to the aching frame alone confin'd,
Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind :
What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the
blow,
With Resignation wage relentless strife,
While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to
life !
Yet less the pang when, through the tedious
hour,
Remembrance sheds around her genial
power,
Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
When Love was bliss, and Beauty form'd
our heaven ;
Or, dear to youth, pourtrays each childish
scene,
Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have
been.
As when, through clouds that pour the
summer storm,
The orb of day unveils his distant form,
Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of
rain
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain ;
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless
gleams,
The Sun of Memory, glowing through my
dreams,
Though sunk the radiance of his former
blaze,
To scenes far distant points his paler rays,
Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising
thought,
Which still recurs, unlook'd for and un-
sought ;
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields. 30

Scenes of my
view, develop'd, crowd to
To which I long have bade a
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful
Friends lost to me, for aye, except in dreams ;
Some, who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember, but to weep ;
Some, who yet urge the same scholastic
course
Of early science, future fame the source ;
Who, still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation, fill the senior place !
These, with a thousand visions, now unite,
To dazzle, though they please, my aching
sight.

IDA ! blest spot, where Science holds her
reign,
How joyous, once, I join'd thy youthful
train !
Bright, in idea, gleams thy lofty spire,
Again, I mingle with thy playful quire ;
Our tricks of mischief,¹ every childish game,
Unchang'd by time or distance, seem the
same ;
Through winding paths, along the glade I
trace
The social smile of every welcome face ;
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy or woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
Our feuds dissolv'd, but not my friendship
past,—
I bless the former, and forgive the last.
Hours of my youth ! when, nurtur'd in my
breast,
To Love a stranger, Friendship made me
blest,—

Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth ;

¹ [Newton Hanson relates that on one occasion he accompanied his father to Harrow on Speech Day to see his brother, Hargreaves Hanson, and Byron. "On our arrival at Harrow, we set out in search of Hargreaves and Byron, but the latter was not at his tutor's. Three or four lads, hearing my father's inquiries, set off at full speed to find him. They soon discovered him, and, laughing most heartily, called out, 'Hallo, Byron ! here's a gentleman wants you.' And what do you think ? He had got on Drury's hat. I can still remember the arch cock of Byron's eye at the hat, and then at my father, and the fun and merriment it caused him and all of us whilst, during the day, he was perambulating the highways and byeways of Ida with the hat on. 'Harrow Speech Day and the Governor's Hat' was one of the standing rallying-points for Lord Byron ever after."]

Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential
rein ; 60

When, all we feel, our honest souls disclose,
In love to friends, in open hate to foes ;
No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge purchas'd by
deceit ;

Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
Matur'd by age, the garb of Prudence wears :
When, now, the Boy is ripen'd into Man,
His careful Sire chalks forth some wary plan ;
Instructs his Son from Candour's path to
shrink, 69

Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think ;
Still to assent, and never to deny—

A patron's praise can well reward the lie :
And who, when Fortune's warning voice is
heard,

Would lose his opening prospects for a word ?
Although, against that word, his heart rebel,
And Truth, indignant, all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this ! not mine the
task,

From flattering friends to tear the hateful
mask ;

Let keener bards delight in Satire's sting,
My Fancy soars not on Detraction's wing : 80
Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
To hurl Defiance on a secret Foe ;

But when that foe, from feeling or from
shame,

The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance,
retir'd,

With this submission all her rage expir'd.
From dreaded pangs that feeble Foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave.

Or, if my Muse a Pedant's portrait drew,
POMPOSUS' ¹ virtues are but known to few : 90
I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields must, sometimes, feel the
rod.

If since on Granta's failings, known to all
Who share the converse of a college hall,

¹ [Dr. Butler, then headmaster of Harrow.
Had Byron published another edition of these
poems, it was his intention to replace these four
lines by the four which follow :—

"If once my muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warm with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness
true,

By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns,—
With noble minds a fault confess'd, atones."]

She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again ;
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And, all may rail, when I shall rest in peace.

Here, first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief, obedient to com-
mand ; 100

Who join'd with me, in every boyish sport,
Their first adviser, and their last resort ;
Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown ;
Who, thus, transplanted from his father's
school,

Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days,
PROBUS,¹ the pride of science, and the boast—
To IDA now, alas ! for ever lost ! 110

With him, for years, we search'd the classic
page,

And fear'd the Master, though we lov'd the
Sage :

Retir'd at last, his small yet peaceful seat
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.

POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair ;
POMPOSUS governs,—but, my Muse, forbear :
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot,
His name and precepts be alike forgot ;
No more his mention shall my verse
degrade,—

To him my tribute is already paid.² 120

¹ Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man
retired from his situation in March, 1805, after
having resided thirty-five years at Harrow ; the
last twenty as headmaster ; an office he held with
equal honour to himself, and advantage to the very
extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric
would here be superfluous ; it would be useless to
enumerate qualifications which were never doubted.
A considerable contest took place between three
rival candidates for his vacant chair : of this I
can only say—

*Si mea cum vestri valuissent vota, Pelasgi !
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.*

² This alludes to a character printed in a former
private edition [*Poems on Various Occasions*] for
the perusal of some friends, which, with many
other pieces, is withheld from the present volume.
To draw the attention of the public to insignificance
would be deservedly reprobated ; and another
reason, though not of equal consequence, may be
given in the following couplet :—

"Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a Butterfly upon a wheel ?"

—POPE, *Prologue to the Satires.*

[See the lines "On a Change of Masters at a
Great Public School," p. 5.]

High, through those elms with hoary
 branches crown'd,
 Fair IDA'S bower adorns the landscape
 round ;
 There Science, from her favour'd seat,
 surveys
 The vale where rural Nature claims her
 praise ;
 To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
 Who move in joy, and dance along the
 plain ;
 In scatter'd groups, each favour'd haunt
 pursue,
 Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;
 Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide
 Sun,
 In rival bands, between the wickets run, 130
 Drive o'er the sward the ball with active
 force,
 Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
 But these with slower steps direct their
 way,
 Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents
 stray,
 While yonder few search out some green
 retreat,
 And arbours shade them from the summer
 heat :
 Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
 Some rough and thoughtless stranger plac'd
 in view,
 With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
 And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes ;
 Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
 Tradition treasures for a future day : 142
 "'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance
 fought,
 And here we earn'd the conquest dearly
 bought ;
 Here have we fled before superior might,
 And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
 While thus our souls with early passions
 swell,
 In lingering tones resounds the distant bell ;
 Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
 And Learning beckons from her temple's
 door. 150
 No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
 But ruder records fill the dusky wall :
 There, deeply carv'd, behold ! each Tyro's
 name
 Secures its owner's academic fame ;
 Here mingling view the names of Sire and
 Son,
 The one long grav'd, the other just begun :

These shall survive alike when Son and Sire,
 Beneath one common stroke of fate expire ;¹
 Perhaps, their last memorial these alone,
 Denied, in death, a monumental stone, 160
 Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
 The sighing weeds, that hide their nameless
 grave.
 And, here, my name, and many an early
 friend's
 Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
 Though, still, our deeds amuse the youthful
 race,
 Who tread our steps, and fill our former
 place,
 Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
 Whose nod commanded, and whose voice
 was law ;
 And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
 To rule, the little Tyrants of an hour ; 170
 Though sometimes, with the Tales of ancient
 day,
 They pass the dreary Winter's eve away ;
 "And thus our former rulers stemm'd the
 tide,
 And thus they dealt the combat side by
 side ;
 Just in this place, the mouldering walls they
 scaled,
 Nor bolts, nor bars, against their strength
 avail'd ;
 Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
 And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;
 And, here, one night abroad they dared to
 roam,
 While bold POMPOSUS bravely staid at
 home ;" 180
 While thus they speak, the hour must soon
 arrive,
 When names of these, like ours, alone
 survive :
 Yet a few years, one general wreck will
 overwhelm
 The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race ! though now we meet no
 more,
 One last long look on what we were before—
 Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
 Drew tears from eyes unus'd to weep with
 you.

¹ [During a rebellion at Harrow, the poet prevented the schoolroom from being burnt down, "by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls."—Medwin's *Conversations* (1824), p. 85.]

Through splendid circles, Fashion's gaudy
world,

Where Folly's glaring standard waves
unfurl'd, 190

I plung'd to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hop'd was to forget :

Vain wish ! if, chance, some well-remember'd
face,

Some old companion of my early race,
Advanc'd to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a
boy ;

The glittering scene, the fluttering groups
around,

Were quite forgotten when my friend was
found ;

The smiles of Beauty, (for, alas ! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty
throne ;) 200

The smiles of Beauty, though those smiles
were dear,

Could hardly charm me, when that friend
was near :

My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of IDA danc'd before my eyes ;

I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,

I saw, and join'd again the joyous throng ;

Panting, again I trac'd her lofty grove,

And Friendship's feelings triumph'd over
Love.

Yet, why should I alone with such delight
Retrace the circuit of my former flight? 210

Is there no cause beyond the common claim,
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?

Ah ! sure some stronger impulse vibrates
here,

Which whispers friendship will be doubly
dear

To one, who thus for kindred hearts must
roam,

And seek abroad, the love denied at home.

Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee,
A home, a world, a paradise to me.

Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to
share

The tender guidance of a Father's care ; 220

Can Rank, or e'en a Guardian's name supply
The love, which glistens in a Father's eye?

For this, can Wealth, or Title's sound atone,
Made, by a Parent's early loss, my own?

What Brother springs a Brother's love to
seek ?

What Sister's gentle kiss has prest my
check ?

For me, how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties !

Oft, in the progress of some fleeting dream,
Fraternal smiles, collected round me seem ;

While still the visions to my heart are prest,

The voice of Love will murmur in my rest :

I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice !

I hear again, but, ah ! no Brother's voice.

A Hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must
stray

Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the
way ;

While these a thousand kindred wreaths
entwine,

I cannot call one single blossom mine :

What then remains ? in solitude to groan,

To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone— 240

Thus, must I cling to some endearing hand,

And none more dear, than IDA's social band.

Alonzo !¹ best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him, who thus com-
mends :

From this fond tribute thou canst gain no
praise ;

The praise is his, who now that tribute pays.

Oh ! in the promise of thy early youth,

If Hope anticipate the words of Truth !

Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious
name, 249

To build his own, upon thy deathless fame :

Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list

Of those with whom I lived supremely blest ;

Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore,

Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the
more ;

Yet, when Confinement's lingering hour was
done,

Our sports, our studies, and our souls were
one :

Together we impell'd the flying ball,

Together waited in our tutor's hall ;

Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,

Or shar'd the produce of the river's spoil ; 260

Or plunging from the green declining shore,

Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore :

In every element, unchang'd, the same,

All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor, yet, are you forgot, my jocund Boy !
DAVUS,² the harbinger of childish joy ;

¹ Lord Clare.

² [The Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, who died December 8, 1812, at Hall's Place, Kent, aged twenty-three.]

For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
 The laughing herald of the harmless pun ;
 Yet, with a breast of such materials made,
 Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid ; 270
 Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
 In Danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
 Still, I remember, in the factious strife,
 The rustic's musket aim'd against my life :¹
 High pois'd in air the massy weapon hung,
 A cry of horror burst from every tongue :
 Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
 Fought on, unconscious of th' impending
 blow ;
 Your arm, brave Boy, arrested his career—
 Forward you sprung, insensible to fear ; 280
 Disarm'd, and baffled by your conquering
 hand,
 The grovelling Savage roll'd upon the sand :
 An act like this, can simple thanks repay ?
 Or all the labours of a grateful lay ?
 Oh no ! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
 That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS !² on me thy claims are justly great :
 Thy milder virtues could my Muse relate,
 To thee, alone, unrivall'd, would belong
 The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song. 290
 Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
 A Spartan firmness, with Athenian wit :
 Though yet, in embryo, these perfections
 shine,
 LYCUS ! thy father's fame³ will soon be thine.
 Where Learning nurtures the superior mind,
 What may we hope, from genius thus
 refin'd ;
 When time, at length, matures thy growing
 years,
 How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers !

¹ [The "factious strife" was brought on by the breaking up of school, and the dismissal of some volunteers from drill, both happening at the same hour. The butt-end of a musket was aimed at Byron's head, and would have felled him to the ground, but for the interposition of Tattersall.—*Life*, p. 25.]

² [John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare (1792-1851), afterwards Governor of Bombay, of whom Byron said, in 1822, "I have always loved him better than any *male* thing in the world."—"I never," was his language in 1821, "hear the word '*Clare*' without a beating of the heart even *now* ; and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5, *ad infinitum*."]]

³ [John Fitzgibbon, first Earl of Clare (1749-1802), became Attorney-General and Lord Chancellor of Ireland]

Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
 With Honour's soul, united beam in thee. 300

Shall fair EURYALUS,¹ pass by unsung ?
 From ancient lineage, not unworthy, sprung :
 What, though one sad dissension bade us
 part,
 That name is yet embalm'd within my heart,²
 Yet, at the mention, does that heart rebound,
 And palpitate, responsive to the sound ;
 Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will :
 We once were friends,—I'll think, we are so
 still.

A form unmatch'd in Nature's partial mould,
 A heart untainted, we, in thee, behold : 310
 Yet, not the Senate's thunder thou shalt
 wield,
 Nor seek for glory, in the tented field :
 To minds of ruder texture, these be given—
 Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
 Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
 But that thy tongue could never forge
 deceit :

The courtier's supple bow, and sneering
 smile,
 The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
 Would make that breast with indignation,
 burn,
 And all the glittering snares to tempt thee
 spurn. 320
 Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate,
 Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate ;
 The world admire thee, and thy friends
 adore ;—
 Ambition's slave, alone, would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
 See honest, open, generous CLEON³ stand ;
 With scarce one speck, to cloud the pleasing
 scene,
 No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
 On the same day, our studious race begun,
 On the same day, our studious race was
 run ; 330
 Thus, side by side, we pass'd our first career,
 Thus, side by side, we strove for many a
 year ;

¹ [George John, fifth Earl of Delawarr.]

² [See letter to Lord Clare, February 6, 1807, and lines "To George, Earl Delawarr," *post*, p. 36.]

³ [Edward Noel Long, who was drowned by the foundering of a transport on the voyage to Lisbon with his regiment in 1809. (See lines "To Edward Noel Long, Esq.," *post*, p. 53.)]

At last, concluded our scholastic life,
 We neither conquer'd in the classic strife :
 As Speakers,¹ each supports an equal name,
 And crowds allow to both a partial fame :
 To soothe a youthful Rival's early pride,
 Though Cleon's candour would the palm
 divide,
 Yet Candour's self compels me now to own,
 Justice awards it to my Friend alone. 34°

Oh! Friends regretted, Scenes for ever
 dear,
 Remembrance hails you with her warmest
 tear!
 Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's
 urn,
 To trace the hours, which never can return ;
 Yet, with the retrospection loves to dwell,
 And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell !
 Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
 As infant laurels round my head were twin'd ;
 When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,
 Or plac'd me higher in the studious
 throng ; 35°
 Or when my first harangue receiv'd applause,
 His sage instruction the primeval cause,
 What gratitude, to him, my soul possest,
 While hope of dawning honours fill'd my
 breast !
 For all my humble fame, to him alone,
 The praise is due, who made that fame my
 own.
 Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
 These young effusions of my early days,
 To him my Muse her noblest strain would
 give,
 The song might perish, but the theme might
 live. 36°
 Yet, why for him the needless verse essay ?
 His honour'd name requires no vain display :
 By every son of grateful IDA blest,
 It finds an echo in each youthful breast ;
 A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
 Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
 Nor clos'd the progress of my youthful
 dream.
 How many a friend deserves the grateful
 strain !
 What scenes of childhood still unsung
 remain ! 37°

¹ This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
 This parting song, the dearest and the last ;
 And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,
 To me a silent and a sweet employ,
 While, future hope and fear alike unknown,
 I think with pleasure on the past alone ;
 Yes, to the past alone, my heart confine,
 And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
 And proudly steer through Time's eventful
 tide : 38°
 Still may thy blooming Sons thy name revere,
 Smile in thy Bower, but quit thee with a tear;—
 That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,
 O'er their last scene of happiness below :
 Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
 The feeble Veterans of some former throng,
 Whose friends, like Autumn leaves by
 tempests whirl'd,
 Are swept for ever from this busy world ;
 Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
 While Care has yet withheld her venom'd
 tooth ; 39°
 Say, if Remembrance days like these endears
 Beyond the rapture of succeeding years ?
 Say, can Ambition's fever'd dream bestow
 So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe ?
 Can Treasureshoarded for some thankless Son,
 Can Royal Smiles, or Wreaths by slaughter
 won,
 Can Stars or Ermine, Man's maturer Toys,
 (For glittering baubles are not left to Boys,)
 Recall one scene so much belov'd to view,
 As those where Youth her garland twin'd for
 you? 40°
 Ah, no! amid the gloomy calm of age
 You turn with faltering hand life's varied page,
 Peruse the record of your days on earth,
 Unsullied only where it marks your birth ;
 Still, lingering, pause above each chequer'd
 leaf,
 And blot with Tears the sable lines of Grief ;
 Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle
 threw,
 Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu ;
 But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
 Trac'd by the rosy finger of the Morn ; 41°
 When Friendship bow'd before the shrine
 of Truth,
 And Love, without his pinion,¹ smil'd on
 Youth.

[First printed, *January*, 1807.]

¹ "L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes," is a French proverb.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,
WRITTEN BY MONTGOMERY, AUTHOR
OF "THE WANDERER OF SWITZER-
LAND," ETC., ENTITLED "THE
COMMON LOT."¹

I.

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot,
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

2.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
The hero² rolls the tide of war;
Yet not unknown his martial worth,
Which glares a meteor from afar.

3.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;
Yet nations, now unborn, will know
The record of his deathless name.

4.

The Patriot's and the Poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all:
Their glory will not sleep the same;
That will arise, though Empires fall.

5.

The lustre of a Beauty's eye
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
And sink the yawning grave beneath.

6.

Once more, the speaking eye revives,
Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives:
She died, but ne'er will die again.

¹ [James Montgomery (1771-1854), poet and hymn-writer.]

² No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and, in more modern times, the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, etc., are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

7.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, untiring, waves his wing;
Whilst Honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

8.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb;
The old, the young, with friends and foes,
Fest'ring alike in shrouds, consume.

9.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length an useless fane;
To Ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillar'd Pride remain.

10.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark Oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd,
By those whose virtues claim reward.

11.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806.

[First printed, *January*, 1807.]

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

'Αεὶ δ' ἀεὶ με φεύγει.—[PSEUD.] ANACREON,
[Εἰς χρυσὸν].

I.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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

9.

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

10.

In this life of probation, for rapture divine,
Astrea¹ declares that some penance is due;
From him, who has worshipp'd at Love's
gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample, in Love's last
adieu!

11.

Who kneels to the God, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight—
His cypress, the garland of Love's last
adieu!

[First printed, *January*, 1807.]

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER,²
ON HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO
MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY.

I.

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with man-
kind;
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my
mind:
I will not descend to a world I despise.

2.

Did the Senate or Camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to
go forth;
When Infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance, I may strive to distinguish my
birth.

¹ The Goddess of Justice.

² [The Rev. John Thomas Becher (1770-1848) was Vicar of Rympton and Midsomer Norton, Somers., and made the acquaintance of Byron at Southwell. To him was submitted an early copy of the *Quarto*, and on his remonstrance at the tone of some of the verses, the whole edition (save one or two copies) was burnt.]

3.

The fire, in the cavern of Etna, conceal'd,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;
At length, in a volume terrific, reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can
repress.

4.

Oh! thus, the desire, in my bosom, for fame
Bids me live, but to hope for posterity's
praise.
Could I soar with the phoenix on pinions of
flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the
blaze.

5.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the
death,
What censure, what danger, what woe
would I brave!
Their lives did not end, when they yielded
their breath;
Their glory illumines the gloom of their
grave.

6.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full
herd?
Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to
her rules?
Why bend to the proud, or applaud the
absurd?
Why search for delight, in the friendship of
fools?

7.

I have tasted the sweets, and the bitters, of
love:
In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passion the matrons of prudence reprove,
I have found that a friend may profess,
yet deceive.

8.

To me what is wealth?—it may pass in an
hour,
If Tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should
frown:
To me what is title?—the phantom of power;
To me what is fashion?—I seek but
renown.

9.

Deceit is a stranger, as yet, to my soul:
I, still, am unpractised to varnish the truth:
Then, why should I live in a hateful controul?
Why waste, upon folly, the days of my
youth?

1806.

[First printed, *January*, 1807.]ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT
VERSES

SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR,
COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS
DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO
WARMLY DRAWN.

“But if any old Lady, Knight, Priest, or
Physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?”
—ANSTEY'S *New Bath Guide*, p. 169.

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER! to com-
mend
The verse, which blends the censor with the
friend;
Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause;
For this wild error, which pervades my
strain,
I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways
depart;
Can youth then hush the dictates of the
heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't controul,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul. 10
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing
mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind;
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.
The young, the old, have worn the chains of
love;
Let those, they ne'er confin'd, my lay
reprove;
Let those, whose soul contemn the pleasing
power,
Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng, 20
Whose labour'd lines, in chilling numbers
flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon, I boast, is youth;—
My Lyre, the Heart—my Muse, the simple
Truth.
Far be't from me the “virgin's mind” to
“taint”;
Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint:
The maid whose virgin breast is void of
guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,

Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
 Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe ;
 She, whom a conscious grace shall thus
 refine, 31
 Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
 But, for the nymph whose premature desires
 Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
 No net to snare her willing heart is spread ;
 She would have fallen, though she ne'er had
 read.

For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
 Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
 Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
 The light effusions of a heedless boy. 40
 I seek not glory from the senseless crowd ;
 Of fancied laurels, I shall ne'er be proud ;
 Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely
 prize,

Their sneers or censures, I alike despise.

November 26, 1806.

[First printed, *January, 1807.*]

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.¹

"It is the voice of years, that are gone! they
 roll before me with all their deeds."—OSSIAN.

I.

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent
 dome!
 Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S²
 pride!
 Of Warriors, Monks, and Dames the cloister'd
 tomb,
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins
 glide,

2.

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,
 Than modern mansions, in their pillar'd
 state ;
 Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
 Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

¹ As one poem on this subject is already printed,
 the author had, originally, no intention of inserting
 the following. It is now added at the particular
 request of some friends.

² Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the
 murder of Thomas à Becket.

3.

No mail-clad Serfs,¹ obedient to their Lord,
 In grim array, the crimson cross² demand ;
 Or gay assemble round the festive board,
 Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

4.

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
 Retrace their progress, through the lapse
 of time ;
 Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
 A votive pilgrim, in Judea's clime.

5.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the
 Chief ;
 His feudal realm in other regions lay :
 In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
 Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

6.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
 The monk abjur'd a world, he ne'er could
 view ;
 Or blood-stain'd Guilt, repenting, solace
 found,
 Or Innocence from stern Oppression flew.

7.

A monarch bade thee, from that wild, arise,
 Where Sherwood's outlaws, once, were
 wont to prowl ;
 And Superstition's crimes of various dyes,
 Sought shelter in the priest's protecting
 cowl.

8.

Where, now, the grass exhales a murky dew,
 The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
 In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
 Nor raised their pious voices, but to pray.

¹ This word is used by Walter Scott, in his
 poem, *The Wild Huntsman*, as synonymous with
 "vassal."

² The red cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

9.

Where, now, the bats their wavering wings
 extend,
 Soon as the gloaming¹ spreads her waning
 shade ;
 The choir did, oft, their mingling vespers
 blend,
 Or matin orisons to Mary² paid.

10.

Years roll on years ; to ages, ages yield ;
 Abbots to Abbots, in a line, succeed :
 Religion's charter their protecting shield,
 Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

11.

One holy HENRY rear'd the Gothic walls,
 And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;
 Another HENRY³ the kind gift recalls,
 And bids Devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

12.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer ;
 He drives them exiles from their blest
 abode,
 To roam a dreary world in deep despair—
 No friend, no home, no refuge, but their
 God.⁴

13.

Hark ! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
 Shakes with the martial music's novel din !
 The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
 High crested banners wave thy walls
 within.

¹ As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr Moore in his *Letters to Burns*, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

² The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

³ At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

⁴ [During the lifetime of Lord Byron's predecessor in the title there was found in the lake a large brass eagle, in the body of which were concealed a number of ancient deeds and documents. This eagle is supposed to have been thrown into the lake by the retreating monks.—*Life*, p. 2, note. It is now a lectern in Southwell Minster.]

14.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
 The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd
 arms,
 The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
 Unite in concert with increas'd alarms.

15.

An abbey once, a regal fortress¹ now,
 Encircled by insulting rebel powers ;
 War's dread machines o'erhang thy threat'-
 ning brow,
 And dart destruction, in sulphureous
 showers.

16.

Ah ! vain defence ! the hostile traitor's siege,
 Though oft repuls'd, by guile o'ercomes
 the brave ;
 His thronging foes oppress the faithful Liege,
 Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him
 wave.

17.

Not unaveng'd the raging Baron yields ;
 The blood of traitors smears the purple
 plain ;
 Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he
 wields,
 And days of glory yet for him remain.

18.

Still, in that hour, the warrior wish'd to strew
 Self-gathered laurels on a self-sought grave ;
 But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
 The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope,
 to save.

19.

Trembling, she snatch'd him,² from th'
 unequal strife,
 In other fields the torrent to repel ;
 For nobler combats, here reserv'd his life,
 To lead the band, where godlike FALK-
 LAND³ fell.

¹ Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his Parliament.

² Lord Byron and his brother Sir William held high commands in the royal army. The former was General-in-Chief in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II. ; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

³ Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

20.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder
 given,
 While dying groans their painful requiem
 sound,
 Far different incense, now, ascends to Heaven,
 Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

21.

There many a pale and ruthless Robber's
 corse,
 Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
 O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd
 with horse,
 Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

22.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds
 o'erspread,
 Ransack'd resign, perforce, their mortal
 mould:
 From ruffian fangs, escape not e'en the dead,
 Racked from repose, in search for buried
 gold.

23.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike
 lyre,
 The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in
 death;
 No more he strikes the quivering chords
 with fire,
 Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

24.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with
 prey,
 Retire: the clamour of the fight is o'er;
 Silence again resumes her awful sway,
 And sable Horror guards the massy door.

25.

Here, Desolation holds her dreary court:
 What satellites declare her dismal reign!
 Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
 To flit their vigils, in the hoary fane.

26.

Soon a new Morn's restoring beams dispel
 The clouds of Anarchy from Britain's
 skies;
 The fierce Usurper seeks his native hell,
 And Nature triumphs, as the Tyrant dies.

27.

With storms she welcomes his expiring
 groans;
 Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labour-
 ing breath;
 Earth shudders, as her caves receive his
 bones,
 Loathing¹ the offering of so dark a death.

28.

The legal Ruler² now resumes the helm,
 He guides through gentle seas, the prow
 of state;
 Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful
 realm,
 And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied
 Hate.

29.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
 Howling, resign their violated nest;
 Again, the Master on his tenure dwells,
 Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptur'd
 zest.

30.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
 Loudly carousing, bless their Lord's
 return;
 Culture, again, adorns the gladdening vale,
 And matrons, once lamenting, cease to
 mourn.

31.

A thousand songs, on tuneful echo, float,
 Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
 And, hark! the horns proclaim a mellow
 note,
 The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the
 breeze.

32.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys
 shake;
 What fears! what anxious hopes! attend
 the chase!
 The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake;
 Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

¹ This is an Historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

² Charles II.

33.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure!
 Such simple sports our plain forefathers
 knew:
 No splendid vices glitter'd to allure;
 Their joys were many, as their cares were
 few.

34.

From these descending, Sons to Sires succeed;
 Time steals along, and Death uprears his
 dart;
 Another Chief impels the foaming steed,
 Another Crowd pursue the panting hart.

35.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene
 is thine!
 Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
 The last and youngest of a noble line,
 Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his
 sway.

36.

Deserted now, he scans thy grey worn
 towers;
 Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages
 sleep;
 Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
 These, these he views, and views them but
 to weep.

37.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
 Cherish'd Affection only bids them flow;
 Pride, Hope, and Love, forbid him to
 forget,
 But warm his bosom with impassion'd
 glow.

38.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
 Or gewgaw grottos, of the vainly great;
 Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
 Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of
 Fate.

39.

Haply thy sun, emerging yet may shine,
 Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;
 Hours, splendid as the past, may still be
 thine,
 And bless thy future as thy former day.

[First printed, *January 1807.*]

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

I.

OH! yes, I will own we were dear to each
 other;
 The friendships of childhood, though
 fleeting, are true;
 The love which you felt was the love of a
 brother,
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

2.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;
 The attachment of years, in a moment
 expires:
 Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving
 pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquench-
 able fires.

3.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida
 together,
 And blest were the scenes of our youth, I
 allow:
 In the spring of our life, how serene is the
 weather!
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering
 now.

4.

No more with Affection shall Memory
 blending,
 The wonted delights of our childhood
 retrace:
 When Pride steals the bosom, the heart is
 unbending,
 And what would be Justice appears a
 disgrace.

5.

However, dear George, for I still must
 esteem you—
 The few, whom I love, I can never
 upbraid;
 The chance, which has lost, may in future
 redeem you,
 Repentance will cancel the vow you have
 made.

6.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
 With me no corroding resentment shall live :
 My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
 That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

7.

You knew, that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
 If danger demanded, were wholly your own ;
 You knew me unalter'd, by years or by distance,
 Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

8.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection !
 The bond of affection no longer endures ;
 Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
 And sigh for the friend, who was formerly yours.

9.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for ever ;¹
 For time and regret will restore you at last :
 To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,
 I ask no atonement, but days like the past.
 [First published, June, 1807.]

DAMCETAS.

IN law an infant,² and in years a boy,
 In mind a slave to every vicious joy ;
 From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd,
 In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend ;
 Vers'd in hypocrisy, while yet a child ;
 Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild ;
 Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool ;
 Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school ;

¹ [See Byron's Letter to Lord Clare of February 6, 1807.]

² In law, every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

Damcetas ran through all the maze of sin,
 And found the goal, when others just begin :
 Ev'n still conflicting passions shake his soul,
 And bid him drain the dregs of Pleasure's bowl ;
 But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
 And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

[First published, June, 1807.]

TO MARION.¹

MARION ! why that pensive brow ?
 What disgust to life hast thou ?
 Change that discontented air ;
 Frowns become not one so fair.
 'Tis not Love disturbs thy rest,
 Love's a stranger to thy breast :
He, in dimpling smiles, appears,
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears ;
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But *shuns* the cold forbidding frown.
 Then resume thy former fire,
 Some will *love*, and all admire !
 While that icy aspect chills us,
 Nought but cool Indiff'rence thrills us.
 Would'st thou wand'ring hearts beguile,
 Smile, at least, or *seem* to smile ;
 Eyes like *thine* were never meant
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint ;
 Spite of all thou fain would'st say,
 Still in *truant* beams they play.
 Thy lips—but here my *modest* Muse
 Her impulse *chaste* must needs refuse :
 She *blushes*, *curt'sies*, *frowns*,—in short She
 Dreads lest the *Subject* should transport me ;
 And flying off, in search of *Reason*,
 Brings Prudence back in proper season.
 All I shall, therefore, say (whate'er
 I think, is neither here nor there,)
 Is, that such *lips*, of looks endearing,
 Were form'd for *better things* than *sneering*.
 Of soothing compliments divested,
 Advice at least's disinterested ;

¹ [The MS. of this poem is preserved at Newstead. "This was to Harriet Maltby, afterwards Mrs. Nichols, written upon her meeting Byron, and "being *cold*, *silent*, and *reserved* to him, by the advice of a Lady with whom she was staying ; quite foreign to her *usual* manner, which was gay, lively, and full of flirtation."—(Note by Miss E. Pigot.)]