

Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of Flatt'ry free ;
Counsel like *mine* is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others ;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.

Marion, adieu ! oh, pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not ;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing,
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning Woman's soft Dominion :
Howe'er we gaze, with admiration,
On eyes of blue or lips carnation ;
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us ;
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love ;
It is not too *severe* a stricture,
To say they form a *pretty picture* ;
But would'st thou see the secret chain,
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you Queens of all Creation,
Know, in a *word*, 'tis *Animation*.

BYRON, *January 10, 1807.*

[First published, *June, 1807.*]

OSCAR OF ALVA.¹

I.

How sweetly shines, through azure skies,
The lamp of Heaven on Lora's shore ;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more !

2.

But often has yon rolling moon,
On Alva's casques of silver play'd ;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd :

3.

And, on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er Ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low ;

¹ The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's *Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer*. It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of *Macbeth*.

4.

While many an eye, which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

5.

Once, to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light ;
But, now, she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

6.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And grey her towers are seen afar ;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

7.

But, who was last of Alva's clan ?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

8.

And, when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall ;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mould'ring wall.

9.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave ;
But, there, no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

10.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born ;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

11.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The Pibroch rais'd its piercing note,¹
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

12.

And they who heard the war-notes wild,
Hop'd that, one day, the Pibroch's strain
Should play before the Hero's child,
While he should lead the Tartan train.

¹ [It is evident that Byron here confused the *pibroch*, the air, with the *bagpipe*, the instrument. Jeffrey noted the blunder in the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1808.]

13.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son ;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

14.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chas'd the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

15.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war ;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

16.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

17.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of
truth ;
Allan had early learn'd controul,
And smooth his words had been from
youth.

18.

Both, both were brave ; the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel ;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel ;

19.

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell :
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

20.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame ;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came.

21.

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smil'd :
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

22.

Hark ! to the Pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark ! to the swelling nuptial song ;
In joyous strains the voices float,
And, still, the choral peal prolong.

23.

See how the Hero's blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall ;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

24.

It is not war their aid demands,
The Pibroch plays the song of peace ;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

25.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late :
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame ?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

26.

At length young Allan join'd the bride ;
"Why comes not Oscar?" Angus said :
"Is he not here?" the Youth replied ;
"With me he rov'd not o'er the glade :

27.

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe ;
Or Ocean's wave prolong his stay ;
Yet, Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

28.

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd Sire rejoin'd,
"Nor chase, nor wave, my Boy delay ;
Would he to Mora seem unkind ?
Would aught to her impede his way ?

29.

"Oh, search, ye Chiefs! oh, search around !
Allan, with these, through Alva fly ;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

30.

All is confusion—through the vale,
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings.
It rises on the murm'ring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings.

31.

It breaks the stillness of the night,
 But echoes through her shades in vain ;
 It sounds through morning's misty light,
 But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

32.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
 For Oscar search'd each mountain cave ;
 Then hope is lost ; in boundless grief,
 His locks in grey-torn ringlets wave.

33.

" Oscar ! my son !—thou God of Heav'n,
 Restore the prop of sinking age !
 Or, if that hope no more is given,
 Yield his assassin to my rage.

34.

" Yes, on some desert rocky shore
 My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie ;
 Then grant, thou God ! I ask no more,
 With him his frantic Sire may die !

35.

" Yet he may live,—away despair !
 Be calm, my soul ! he yet may live ;
 T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear !
 O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

36.

" What, if he live for me no more,
 I sink forgotten in the dust.
 The hope of Alva's age is o'er :
 Alas ! can pangs like these be just ?"

37.

Thus did the hapless Parent mourn,
 Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
 Had bade serenity return,
 And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

38.

For, still, some latent hope surviv'd
 That Oscar might once more appear ;
 His hope now droop'd and now reviv'd,
 Till time had told a tedious year.

39.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
 Again had run his destin'd race ;
 No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
 And Sorrow left a fainter trace.

40.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
 And, now, his father's only joy :
 And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
 For Beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

41.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
 And Allan's face was wondrous fair ;
 If Oscar liv'd, some other maid
 Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

42.

And Angus said, if one year more
 In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
 His fondest scruples should be o'er,
 And he would name their nuptial day.

43.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
 Arriv'd the dearly destin'd morn :
 The year of anxious trembling past,
 What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn !

44.

Hark to the Pibroch's pleasing note !
 Hark to the swelling nuptial song !
 In joyous strains the voices float,
 And, still, the choral peal prolong.

45.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
 Throng through the gate of Alva's hall ;
 The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
 And all their former joy recall.

46.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
 Grooms in the midst of general mirth ?
 Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
 The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

47.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
 And tall his plume of gory red ;
 His voice is like the rising storm,
 But light and trackless is his tread.

48.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
 The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd ;
 With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
 And all combine to hail the draught.

49.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd,
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

50.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done,
Thou saw'st 'twas truly drunk by me;
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

51.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

52.

"Alas!" the hapless Sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This agéd heart was almost broke.

53.

"Thrice has the earth revolv'd her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

54.

"'Tis well," replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye;
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;
Perhaps the Hero did not die.

55.

"Perchance, if those, whom most he lov'd,
Would call, thy Oscar might return;
Perchance, the chief has only rov'd;
For him thy Beltane, yet, may burn.¹

56.

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crown'd;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

57.

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim:
"Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

¹ Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

58.

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped:
But why does Allan trembling stand?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

59.

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase,
Adown in agonizing dew.

60.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury plac'd.

61.

"And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus Affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear?"

62.

Rous'd by the sneer, he rais'd the bowl,
"Would Oscar now could share our
mirth!"
Internal fear appall'd his soul;
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

63.

"'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice!"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming Form.
"A murderer's voice!" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

64.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A Form was seen, in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

65.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds
there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

66.

And thrice he smil'd, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd, on a Chief on the
ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

67.

The bolts loud roll from pole to pole,
 And thunders through the welkin ring,
 And the gleaming form, through the mist of
 the storm,
 Was borne on high, by the whirlwind's
 wing.

68.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceas'd.
 Who lies upon the stony floor?
 Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
 At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

69.

"Away, away! let the leech essay
 To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"
 His sand is done,—his race is run;
 Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

70.

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
 His locks are lifted by the gale;
 And Allan's barbèd arrow lay
 With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

71.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
 Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
 But no one doubts the form of flame,
 For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

72.

Ambition nerv'd young Allan's hand,
 Exulting demons wing'd his dart;
 While Envy wav'd her burning brand,
 And pour'd her venom round his heart.

73.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;
 Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
 Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
 The dart has drunk his vital tide.

74.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
 She bade his wounded pride rebel:
 Alas! that eyes, which beam'd with love,
 Should urge the soul to deeds of Hell.

75.

Lo! see'st thou not a lonely tomb,
 Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
 It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
 Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

76.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
 Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
 And o'er his corse no banners wave,
 For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

77.

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
 Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
 The song is Glory's chief reward,
 But who can strike a murd'rer's praise?

78.

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
 No minstrel dare the theme awake;
 Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
 His harp in shuddering chords would
 break.

79.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
 Shall sound his glories high in air:
 A dying father's bitter curse,
 A brother's death-groan echoes there.
 [First published, *June*, 1807.]

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας, κ.τ.λ.

ODE I.

TO HIS LYRE.

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre,
 To deeds of fame, and notes of fire;
 To echo, from its rising swell,
 How heroes fought and nations fell,
 When Atreus' sons advanc'd to war,
 Or Tyrian Cadmus rov'd afar;
 But still to martial strains unknown,
 My lyre recurs to Love alone.
 Fir'd with the hope of future fame,
 I seek some nobler Hero's name;
 The dying chords are strung anew,
 To war, to war, my harp is due:
 With glowing strings, the Epic strain
 To Jove's great son I raise again;
 Alcides and his glorious deeds,
 Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds;
 All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft Desire.

Adieu, ye Chiefs renown'd in arms !
 Adieu the clang of War's alarms ! 20
 To other deeds my soul is strung,
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,
 To tell the tale my heart must feel ;
 Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

[First published, *June*, 1807.]

FROM ANACREON.

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις, κ.τ.λ.

ODE III.

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven
 Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
 Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
 His Arctic charge around the Pole ;
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
 Forgot to smile, or ceas'd to weep :
 At this lone hour the Paphian boy,
 Descending from the realms of joy,
 Quick to my gate directs his course,
 And knocks with all his little force ; 10
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
 "What stranger breaks my blest repose?"
 "Alas!" replies the wily child
 In faltering accents sweetly mild ;
 "A hapless Infant here I roam,
 Far from my dear maternal home.
 Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
 The nightly storm is pouring fast.
 No prowling robber lingers here ;
 A wandering baby who can fear?" 20
 I heard his seeming artless tale,
 I heard his sighs upon the gale :
 My breast was never pity's foe,
 But felt for all the baby's woe.
 I drew the bar, and by the light
 Young Love, the Infant, met my sight ;
 His bow across his shoulders flung,
 And thence his fatal quiver hung
 (Ah! little did I think the dart
 Would rankle soon within my heart). 30
 With care I tend my weary guest,
 His little fingers chill my breast ;
 His glossy curls, his azure wing,
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring ;
 His shivering limbs the embers warm ;
 And now reviving from the storm,

Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
 Than swift he seiz'd his slender bow :—
 "I fain would know, my gentle host,"
 He cried, "if this its strength has lost ; 40
 I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
 The strings their former aid refuse."
 With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
 Deep in my tortur'd heart it lies :
 Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd :—
 "My bow can still impel the shaft :
 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

[First published, *June*, 1807.]

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE "ÆNEID,"
 LIB. IX.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
 Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood ;
 Well skill'd, in fight, the quivering lance to
 wield,
 Or pour his arrows thro' th' embattled field :
 From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
 And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
 To watch the movements of the Daunian
 host,
 With him Euryalus sustains the post ;
 No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
 And beardless bloom yet grac'd the gallant
 boy ; 10
 Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
 As yet a novice in the martial strife,
 'Twas his, with beauty, Valour's gifts to
 share—
 A soul heroic, as his form was fair :
 These burn with one pure flame of generous
 love ;
 In peace, in war, united still they move ;
 Friendship and Glory form their joint reward ;
 And now combin'd they hold their nightly
 guard.

"What God," exclaim'd the first, "instils
 this fire?
 Or, in itself a God, what great desire? 20

My lab'ring soul, with anxious thought
 oppress'd,
 Abhors this station of inglorious rest ;
 The love of fame with this can ill accord,
 Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
 See'st thou yon camp, with torches twinkling
 dim,
 Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
 Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
 And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
 Then hear my thought :—In deep and sullen
 grief
 Our troops and leaders mourn their absent
 chief : 30
 Now could the gifts and promised prize be
 thine,
 (The deed, the danger, and the fame be
 mine,)
 Were this decreed, beneath yon rising
 mound,
 Methinks, an easy path, perchance, were
 found ;
 Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
 And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fir'd, and warlike joy,
 His glowing friend address'd the Dardan
 boy :—

"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare
 alone?
 Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own? 40
 Am I by thee despis'd, and left afar,
 As one unfit to share the toils of war?
 Not thus his son the great Opheltès taught :
 Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought ;
 Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
 I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate :
 Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid
 of fear,
 And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
 Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
 And *life*, ignoble *life*, for *Glory* spurns. 50
 Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting
 breath :
 The price of honour is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus :—"Calm thy bosom's fond
 alarms :
 Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
 More dear thy worth, and valour than my
 own,
 I swear by him, who fills Olympus' throne !
 So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
 And clasp again the comrade of my youth !

But should I fall,—and he, who dares
 advance
 Through hostile legions, must abide by
 chance,— 60
 If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
 Should lay the friend, who ever lov'd thee,
 low,
 Live thou—such beauties I would fain
 preserve—
 Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve ;
 When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
 Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me,
 Whose manly arm may snatch me back by
 force,
 Or wealth redeem, from foes, my captive
 corse ;
 Or, if my destiny these last deny,
 If, in the spoiler's power, my ashes lie ; 70
 Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
 To mark thy love, and signalise my doom.
 Why should thy doating wretched mother
 weep
 Her only boy, reclin'd in endless sleep ?
 Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dar'd,
 Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shar'd ;
 Who brav'd what woman never brav'd before,
 And left her native, for the Latian shore."

"In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
 Replied Euryalus ; "it scorns controul ! 80
 Hence, let us haste !" —their brother guards
 arose,
 Rous'd by their call, nor court again repose ;
 The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
 Their stations leave, and speed to seek the
 king.

Now, o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
 And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man ;
 Save where the Dardan leaders, nightly, hold
 Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
 On one great point the council are agreed,
 An instant message to their prince
 decreed ; 90
 Each lean'd upon the lance he well could
 wield,
 And pois'd with easy arm his ancient shield ;
 When Nisus and his friend their leave
 request,
 To offer something to their high behest.
 With anxious tremors, yet unaw'd by fear,
 The faithful pair before the throne appear ;
 Iulus greets them ; at his kind command,
 The elder, first, address'd the hoary band.

“With patience” (thus Hyrtacides began)
 “Attend, nor judge, from youth, our humble
 plan. 100

Where yonder beacons half-expiring beam,
 Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
 Nor heed that we a secret path have trac'd,
 Between the ocean and the portal plac'd;
 Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
 Whose shade, securely, our design will cloak!
 If you, ye Chiefs, and Fortune will allow,
 We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's
 brow,

Where Pallas' walls, at distance, meet the
 sight,
 Seen o'er the glade, when not obscur'd by
 night: 110

Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
 While hostile matrons raise their offspring's
 urn;
 And Latian spoils, and purpled heaps of
 dead

Shall mark the havoc of our Hero's tread;
 Such is our purpose, not unknown the way,
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray;
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
 The distant spires above the valleys gleam.”

Mature in years, for sober wisdom fam'd,
 Mov'd by the speech, Alethes here
 exclaim'd,— 120

“Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of
 Troy,

Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
 When minds, like these, in striplings thus ye
 raise,

Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
 In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
 And Ilion's wonted glories still survive.”

Then in his warm embrace the boys he
 press'd,

And, quivering, strain'd them to his agéd
 breast;

With tears the burning cheek of each
 bedew'd,

And, sobbing, thus his first discourse
 renew'd:— 130

“What gift, my countrymen, what martial
 prize,

Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
 Our Deities the first best boon have given—
 Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.

What poor rewards can bless your deeds on
 earth,

Doubtless await such young, exalted worth;

Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
 To yield applause far, far surpassing mine.”

Iulus then:—“By all the powers above!
 By those Penates, who my country love! 140
 By hoary Vesta's sacred Fane, I swear,
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
 Restore my father, to my grateful sight,
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
 Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
 Sav'd from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown
 My sire secured them on that fatal day,
 Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey.
 Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine,
 Two talents polish'd from the glittering
 mine; 150

An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
 While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave:
 But when the hostile chiefs at length bow
 down,

When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
 Which Turnus guides with more than mortal
 speed,

Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
 I pledge my word, irrevocably past:

Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive
 dames,

To soothe thy softer hours with amorous
 flames, 160

And all the realms, which now the Latins
 sway,

The labours of to-night shall well repay.

But thou, my generous youth, whose tender
 years

Are near my own, whose worth my heart
 reveres,

Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
 Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;

Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine,

Without thy dear advice, no great design;

Alike, through life, esteem'd, thou godlike
 boy,

In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy.” 170

To him Euryalus:—“No day shall shame
 The rising glories which from this I claim.

Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
 But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.

Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,

One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart;

My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,

Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,

Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
 Her feeble age from dangers of the main; 180
 Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
 A bright example of maternal love.
 Unknown, the secret enterprise I brave,
 Lest grief should bend my parent to the
 grave;
 From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
 No fainting mother's lips have press'd my
 cheek;
 By gloomy Night and thy right hand I vow,
 Her parting tears would shake my purpose
 now:
 Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
 In thee her much-lov'd child may live
 again; 190
 Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
 Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
 So dear a hope must all my soul enflame,
 To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
 Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
 In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt;
 Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow!
 Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
 "All thou hast ask'd, receive," the Prince
 replied;
 "Nor this alone, but many a gift beside. 200
 To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
 Creusa's¹ style but wanting to the dame;
 Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
 But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
 Now, by my life!—my Sire's most sacred
 oath—
 To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
 All the rewards which once to thee were
 vow'd,
 If thou should'st fall, on her shall be
 bestow'd."
 Thus spoke the weeping Prince, then forth
 to view 209
 A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
 Lycaon's utmost skill had grac'd the steel,
 For friends to envy and for foes to feel;
 A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
 Slain 'midst the forest in the hunter's toil,
 Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
 And old Alethes' casque defends his brows;
 Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembl'd
 train,
 To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.
 More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
 Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place: 220

¹ The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

His prayer he sends; but what can prayers
 avail,
 Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale?
 The trench is pass'd, and favour'd by the
 night,
 Through sleeping foes, they wheel their wary
 flight.
 When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
 Alas! some slumber, who shall wake no
 more!
 Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are
 seen,
 And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops
 between:
 Bacchus and Mars, to rule the camp,
 combine;
 A mingled Chaos this of war and wine. 230
 "Now," cries the first, for deeds of blood
 prepare,
 With me the conquest and the labour share:
 Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
 Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain
 dies;
 I'll carve our passage, through the heedless
 foe,
 And clear thy road, with many a deadly
 blow."
 His whispering accents then the youth re-
 press'd,
 And pierced proud Rhamnes through his
 panting breast:
 Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king
 repos'd;
 Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had
 clos'd; 240
 To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
 His omens more than augur's skill evince;
 But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
 Could not avert his own untimely fall.
 Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
 And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
 The charioteer along his courser's sides
 Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
 And, last, his Lord is number'd with the
 dead: 249
 Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
 From the swol'n veins the blackening torrents
 pour;
 Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting
 gore.
 Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
 And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
 Half the long night in childish games was
 pass'd;
 Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:

Ah! happier far, had he the morn survey'd,
And, till Aurora's dawn, his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in
sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep; 260
Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls:
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he
roams;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can
feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening
steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides, 269
And, vainly, in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his
veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as
they flow,
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their
way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest
warm: 280
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is
pass'd;
Full foes enough, to-night, have breath'd
their last:
Soon will the Day those Eastern clouds
adorn;
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art
emboss'd,
What bowls and mantles, in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet one glittering
prize
Attracts the younger Hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden
belt: 290
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.

Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head, in triumph, bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they
bend,
To seek the vale, where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destin'd
course:
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens
led, 301
To Turnus with their master's promise sped:
Now they approach the trench, and view the
walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning
night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;
Volscens, with question loud, the pair
alarms:—
'Stand, Stragglers! stand! why early thus
in arms?
From whence? to whom?'—He meets with
no reply;
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly: 310
The thicket's depth, with hurried pace, they
tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron
spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path
between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps
mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze,
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend. 320
"O God! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left!"
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling
ground.
Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise—
The sound elates—the sight his hope
destroys:
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way
confound; 330

Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights
 pursue,
 Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
 What can his friend 'gainst thronging
 numbers dare?
 Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to
 share?
 What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
 Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?
 His life a votive ransom nobly give,
 Or die with him, for whom he wish'd to live?
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:— 340
 "Goddess serene, transcending every star!
 Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
 By night Heaven owns thy sway, by day the
 grove,
 When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to
 rove;
 If e'er myself, or Sire, have sought to grace
 Thine altars, with the produce of the chase,
 Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting
 crowd,
 To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
 Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
 Through parted shades the hurtling weapon
 sung; 350
 The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on
 the clay:
 He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
 Unconscious whence the death, with horror
 gaze;
 While pale they stare, thro' Tagus' temples
 riven,
 A second shaft, with equal force is driven:
 Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering
 eyes;
 Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
 Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers
 fall.
 "Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for
 all!" 360
 Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he
 drew,
 And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
 Nisus, no more the blackening shade
 conceals,
 Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
 Aghast, confus'd, his fears to madness rise,
 And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies;
 "Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone;
 Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your
 own;

Ye starry Spheres! thou conscious Heaven!
 attest!
 He could not—durst not—lo! the guile
 confest! 370
 All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend;
 He only lov'd, too well, his hapless friend:
 Spare, spare, ye Chiefs! from him your rage
 remove;
 His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
 He pray'd in vain; the dark assassin's sword
 Pierc'd the fair side, the snowy bosom gor'd;
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:
 As some young rose whose blossom scents
 the air, 379
 Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
 Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely
 head,
 And lingering Beauty hovers round the
 dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
 Revenge his leader, and Despair his guide;
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's
 ghost;
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on
 foe;
 Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in every
 blow; 390
 In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he
 bleeds,
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus
 heeds;
 In viewless circles wheel'd his falchion flies,
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found.
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the
 wound.
 Thus Nisus all his fond affection prov'd—
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he lov'd;
 Then on his bosom sought his wonted place.
 And death was heavenly, in his friend's
 embrace! 400

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
 Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is
 fame!
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
 No future day shall see your names expire,
 While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
 And vanquish'd millions hail their Empress,
 Rome!

[First published, June, 1807.]

TRANSLATION FROM THE
"MEDEA" OF EURIPIDES,
[ll. 627-660].

"Ἐρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν, κ.τ.λ.

I.

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortur'd breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

2.

But if Affection gently thrills
The soul, by purer dreams possess,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can sooth the aching breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart, unfeeling, would despise
The sweetest boon the Gods have given?

3.

But, never from thy golden bow,
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance! source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

4.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be winged with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
May I with some fond lover sigh!
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
With me to live, with me to die!

5.

My native soil! belov'd before,
Now dearer, as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath!
Nor quit my silent humble bower—
A doom, to me, far worse than death.

6.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
And seen the exile's silent tear,
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive, weary wanderer here?
Ah! hapless dame!¹ no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

7.

Perish the fiend! whose iron heart
To fair Affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly lov'd depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key,²
The milder treasures of his soul;
May such a friend be far from me,
And Ocean's storms between us roll!
[First published, *June*, 1807.]

LACHIN Y GAIR.³

I.

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

¹ Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus, from which this is taken, here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

² The original is *καθαρὰν ἀνοίξαντα κληῖδα φρενῶν*, literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."

³ *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life,

2.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy
wander'd:
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the
plaid;¹
On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory
ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd
glade;
I sought not my home, till the day's dying
glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar
star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na
Garr.

3

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

4.

"Ill starr'd,² though brave, did no visions
foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your
cause?"
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,³
Victory crown'd not your fall with
applause:

the recollection of which has given birth to the
following stanzas. [Prefixed to the poem in *Hours
of Idleness and Poems Original and Translated.*]

¹ This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*;
the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch)
is shown by the orthography.

² I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the
Gordons," many of whom fought for the unfortunate
Prince Charles, better known by the name of the
Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by
blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts.
George, the second Earl of Huntly, married the
Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James I. of
Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third,
Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as
one of my progenitors.

³ Whether any perished in the Battle of Culloden,

Still were you happy, in Death's earthy
slumber,
You rest with your clan, in the caves of
Braemar;¹
The Pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud
number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch
na Garr.

5.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I
left you,
Years must elapse, ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's
plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and
domestic,
To one who has rov'd on the mountains
afar:
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep, frowning glories of dark Loch
na Garr.²

[First published, *June*, 1807.]

TO ROMANCE.

I.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious Queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

2.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue;
When Virgins seem no longer vain,
And even Woman's smiles are true.

I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrec-
tion, I have used the name of the principal action,
"*pars pro toto.*"

¹ A tract of the Highlands so called. There is
also a Castle of Braemar.

² [The love of mountains to the last made Byron
"Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face," . . .
And Loch-na-gar with Ida looked o'er Troy."]

—*The Island* (1823), Canto II. st. xii.]

3.

And must we own thee, but a name,
 And from thy hall of clouds descend?
 Nor find a Sylph in every dame,
 A Pylades¹ in every friend?
 But leave, at once, thy realms of air
 To mingling bands of fairy elves;
 Confess that Woman's false as fair,
 And friends have feeling for—themselves?

4.

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway;
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er;
 No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar;
 Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to truth was dear;
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

5.

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
 Far from thy motley court I fly,
 Where Affectation holds her seat,
 And sickly Sensibility;
 Whose silly tears can never flow
 For any pangs excepting thine;
 Who turns aside from real woe,
 To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

6.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
 With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
 Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
 Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
 And call thy sylvan female choir,
 To mourn a Swain for ever gone,
 Who once could glow with equal fire,
 But bends not now before thy throne.

7.

Ye genial Nymphs, whose ready tears
 On all occasions swiftly flow;
 Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
 With fancied flames and phrenzy glow;
 Say, will you mourn my absent name,
 Apostate from your gentle train?
 An infant Bard, at least, may claim
 From you a sympathetic strain.

¹ It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

8.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
 The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
 E'en now the gulf appears in view,
 Where unlamented you must lie:
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
 Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
 Alas! must perish altogether.

[First published, *June*, 1807.]

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S
 "OSSIAN."¹

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers!" Past is the race of heroes! But their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds. Such is Calmar. The grey stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the Chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks: they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts were given to friendship,—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla:—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean! Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

¹ It may be necessary to observe that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies. But the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the Host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin, to the hero, and call the Chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar."—"Calmar," said the Chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her Son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let her not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of Death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on

the notes of Praise."—"Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of Death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the Chiefs. Their steps are to the Host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim-twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the King, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam, at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the Heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, Chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?"—"It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine: but shall I slay him sleeping, Son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The Son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep: but did he rise alone? No: the gathering Chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the North, so pour the men of Lochlin on the Chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the North, so rise the Chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin.

The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the Widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of Ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of Heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the Hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend: raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four grey stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

What Form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark Ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown Chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The Ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the

mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow, and smile through the tears of the storm.¹

[First published, *January*, 1807.]

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.²

"Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."—
HORACE.

DEAR Long, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days, which ours have been,
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;
Thus, if, amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease. 10
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And, still, indulge my wonted theme.

¹ I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's *Ossian* might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults—particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author. [Malcolm Laing (1762-1818) published, in 1802, a *History of Scotland, etc.*, with a dissertation "on the supposed authenticity of Ossian's Poems," and, in 1805, a work entitled *The Poems of Ossian, etc., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq., in Prose and Rhyme, with Notes and Illustrations.*]

² [The MS. of these verses is at Newstead. Long was with Byron at Harrow, and was the only one of his intimate friends who went up at the same time as he did to Cambridge, where both were noted for feats of swimming and diving. Long entered the Guards, and served in the expedition to Copenhagen. He was drowned early in 1809, when on his way to join the army in the Peninsula.]

Although we ne'er again can trace,
 In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore, 20
 Nor through the groves of Ida chase
 Our raptured visions, as before ;
 Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
 And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
 Age will not every hope destroy,
 But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
 Will shed around some dews of spring :
 But, if his scythe must sweep the flowers
 Which bloom among the fairy bowers, 30
 Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
 And hearts with early rapture swell ;
 If frowning Age, with cold controul,
 Confines the current of the soul,
 Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
 Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
 Or hears, unmov'd, Misfortune's groan,
 And bids me feel for self alone ;
 Oh ! may my bosom never learn
 To soothe its wonted heedless flow ; 40
 Still, still, despise the censor stern,
 But ne'er forget another's woe.
 Yes, as you knew me in the days,
 O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
 Still may I rove untutor'd, wild,
 And, even in age, at heart a child.

Though, now, on airy visions borne,
 To you my soul is still the same,—
 Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
 And all my former joys are tame : 50
 But, hence ! ye hours of sable hue !
 Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er :
 By every bliss my childhood knew,
 I'll think upon your shade no more.
 Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
 And caves their sullen roar enclose,
 We heed no more the wintry blast,
 When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse,
 Attun'd to love her languid lyre ; 60
 But, now, without a theme to choose,
 The strains in stolen sighs expire.
 My youthful nymphs, alas ! are flown ;
 E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
 And Carolina sighs alone,
 And Mary's given to another ;
 And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
 Can now no more my love recall—
 In truth, dear LONG, 'twas time to flee—
 For Cora's eye will shine on all. 70

And though the Sun, with genial rays,
 His beams alike to all displays,
 And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
 These last should be confin'd to one.
 The soul's meridian don't become her,
 Whose Sun displays a general *summer* !
 Thus faint is every former flame,
 And Passion's self is now a name ;
 As, when the ebbing flames are low,
 The aid which once improv'd their light, 80
 And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
 Now quenches all their sparks in night ;
 Thus has it been with Passion's fires,
 As many a boy and girl remembers,
 While all the force of love expires,
 Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 'tis midnight's noon,
 And clouds obscure the watery moon,
 Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
 Describ'd in every stripling's verse ; 90
 For why should I the path go o'er
 Which every bard has trod before ?
 Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
 Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
 Has thrice retrac'd her path of light,
 And chas'd away the gloom profound,
 I trust, that we, my gentle Friend,
 Shall see her rolling orbit wend,
 Above the dear-lov'd peaceful seat,
 Which once contain'd our youth's retreat ; 100
 And, then, with those our childhood knew,
 We'll mingle in the festive crew ;
 While many a tale of former day
 Shall wing the laughing hours away ;
 And all the flow of souls shall pour
 The sacred intellectual shower,
 Nor cease, till Luna's waning horn,
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of Morn.
 [First published, *June*, 1807.]

TO A LADY.

I.

OH ! had my Fate been join'd with thine,¹
 As once this pledge appear'd a token,
 These follies had not, then, been mine,
 For, then, my peace had not been broken.

¹ [These verses were addressed to Mrs Chaworth Musters. Byron wrote in 1822, "Our meetings were stolen ones. . . . A gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews. The ardour was all on my

2.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reprov-
ing :
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

3.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother ;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

4.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him ;
Yet let my Rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

5.

Ah ! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any ;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas ! to find in many.

6.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid !
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee ;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

7.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures ;
These varied loves, these matrons' fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's
measures—

8.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd :—
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

9.

Yes, once the rural Scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee ;
And once my Breast abhor'd deceit,—
For then it beat but to adore thee.

side. I was serious ; she was volatile : she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy ; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenour of my life would have been different."—Medwin's *Conversations*, 1824, p. 81.]

10.

But, now, I seek for other joys—
To think, would drive my soul to madness ;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my Bosom's sadness.

11.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour ;
And fiends might pity what I feel—
To know that thou art for lost ever.

[First published, *June*, 1807.]

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

I.

WHEN I rov'd a young Highlander o'er the
dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven
of snow !¹
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd
beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd
below ;²
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks, where my infancy
grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear ;
Need I say, my sweet Mary,³ 'twas centred
in you ?

¹ Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormal of snow" is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

² This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, etc., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

³ [Byron, in early youth, was "unco' wastefu'" of Marys. There was his distant cousin, Mary Duff (afterwards Mrs Robert Cockburn), who lived not far from the "Plain-Stanes" at Aberdeen. Her "brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes—her very dress," were long years after "a perfect image" in his memory (*Life*, p. 9). Secondly, there was the Mary of these stanzas, "with long-flowing ringlets of gold," the "Highland Mary" of local tradition. She was (writes the Rev. J. Michie, of The Manse, Dinnet) the daughter of James Robertson, of the farmhouse of Ballatrach on Deeside, where Byron used to spend his summer holidays (1796-98). She

2.

Yet it could not be Love, for I knew not the
name,—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a
child?
But, still, I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd
wild:
One image, alone, on my bosom impress'd,
I lov'd my bleak regions, nor panted for
new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were
bless'd,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul
was with you.

3.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my
guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded
along;
I breasted¹ the billows of Dee's² rushing
tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's
song:
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to
my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing
on you.

4.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are
gone;
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is
no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days, I have witness'd
before:

was of gentle birth, and through her mother, the
daughter of Captain Macdonald of Rineton, traced
her descent to the Lord of the Isles. "She died at
Aberdeen, March 2, 1867, aged eighty-five years."
A third Mary (see "Lines to Mary," etc., p. 10)
flits through the early poems, evanescent but un-
spiritual. Last of all, there was Mary Anne
Chaworth, of Annesley (see "To a Lady," p. 54,
"A Fragment," p. 62, etc.), whose marriage, in
1805, "threw him out again—alone on a wide,
wide sea" (*Life*, p. 85).]

¹ "Breasting the lofty surge."—SHAKESPEARE.

² The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near
Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New
Aberdeen.

Ah! splendour has rais'd, but embitter'd my
lot;
More dear were the scenes which my
infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they
are not forgot,
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers
with you.

5.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to
the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow
Colbleen;¹
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking
eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude
scene;
When, haply, some light-waving locks I
behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and
you.

6.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains
once more
Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of
snow;
But while these soar above me, unchang'd as
before,
Will Mary be there to receive me?—ah,
no!
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood
was bred!
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters
adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my
head,—
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine, but
with you?

[First published, 1808.]

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.²

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have
stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom, still, Affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,

¹ Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the
Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

² In looking over my papers to select a few
additional poems for this second edition, I found

Though the harsh custom of our youthful
band

Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;¹
Thee, on whose head a few short years will
shower

The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the
throne. 10

Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade controul;
Though passive tutors,² fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may
raise,

View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.
When youthful parasites, who bend the
knee

To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to
fawn,— 20

When these declare, "that pomp alone
should wait

On one by birth predestin'd to be great;
That books were only meant for drudging
fools,

That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
Believe them not,—they point the path to
shame,

And seek to blast the honours of thy name:

the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed, in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from H[arrow]. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision. [The foregoing note was prefixed to the poem in *Poems Original and Translated*. George John Frederick, 4th Duke of Dorset, born 1793, was killed by a fall from his horse when hunting, in 1815, while on a visit to his step-father the Earl of Whitworth, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.]

¹ At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

² Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant. I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the
wrong;

Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dar'd to raise the sterner voice of
truth, 30

Ask thine own heart—'twill bid thee, boy,
forbear!

For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing
day,

But now new scenes invite me far away;

Yes! I have mark'd within that generous
mind

A soul, if well matur'd, to bless mankind;
Ah! though myself, by nature, haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall
alone; 40

Though my proud heart no precept, now,
can tame,

I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page
beside;

Then share with titled crowds the common
lot—

In life just gaz'd at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar
dead,

Except the dull cold stone that hides thy
head, 50

The mouldering 'scutcheon or the Herald's
roll,

That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where Lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may
find

One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
There sleep, unnotic'd as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their
faults,

A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destin'd never to be read.

Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise; 60

A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in Rank, the first in Talent too:
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier Sires
display;

One, though a courtier, liv'd a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British drama
forth.¹

Another view! not less renown'd for Wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates
fit; 70

Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine;
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering
throng—

The pride of Princes, and the boast of Song.²
Such were thy Fathers; thus preserve their
name,

Not heir to titles only, but to Fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will
close,

To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship
all were mine: 80

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions, as the moments flew;
Peace, that Reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let Childhood only
tell;

Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly, through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot
weep. 90

¹ ["Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, was born in 1527. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of *Gorboduc*, which was played before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. This tragedy, and his contribution of the Induction and legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the *Mirroure for Magistraytes*, compose the poetical history of Sackville. The rest of it was political. In 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset by James I. He died suddenly at the council-table, in consequence of a dropsy on the brain."—*Specimens of the British Poets*, by Thomas Campbell, London, 1819, ii. 134, 59.]

² Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset [1637-1706], esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665; on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song ["*To all you Ladies now at Land*"]. His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve. (*Vide Anderson's British Poets* (1793), vi. 107, 108.)

Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace
behind.

And, yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same
sphere,

Since the same Senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant
eye. 100

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe—
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known
voice;

Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings, which, perchance, it
ought,

If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd
strain,—

Oh! if these wishes are not breath'd in
vain, 110

The Guardian Seraph who directs thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee
great. 1805.

[First published, 1808.]

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

"Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago."
—VAL. FLAC. *Argonaut*, iv. 36.

I.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we rov'd,
Like striplings, mutually belov'd,
With Friendship's purest glow;
The bliss, which wing'd those rosy hours,
Was such as Pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

2.

The recollection seems, alone,
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you:
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

3.

My pensive mem'ry lingers o'er
 Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
 Those scenes regretted ever ;
 The measure of our youth is full,
 Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
 And we may meet—ah ! never !

4.

As when one parent spring supplies
 Two streams, which from one fountain rise,
 Together join'd in vain ;
 How soon, diverging from their source,
 Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
 Till mingled in the Main !

5.

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
 Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,
 Nor mingle as before :
 Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
 Till Death's unfathom'd gulph appear,
 And both shall quit the shore.

6.

Our souls, my Friend ! which once supplied
 One wish, nor breath'd a thought beside,
 Now flow in different channels :
 Disdaining humbler rural sports,
 'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
 And shine in Fashion's annals ;

7.

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
 Without the aid of Reason ;
 For Sense and Reason (critics know it)
 Have quited every amorous Poet,
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

8.

Poor LITTLE ! sweet, melodious bard !
 Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard
 That he, who sang before all ;
 He who the lore of love expanded,
 By dire Reviewers should be branded,
 As void of wit and moral.¹

¹ These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon. [Byron refers to the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, of July, 1807, on "*Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, by Thomas Little, Esq."]

9.

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favourite of the Nine ?
 Repine not at thy lot.
 Thy soothing lays may still be read,
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And critics are forgot.

10

Still I must yield those worthies merit
 Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them :
 And though myself may be the next
 By critic sarcasm to be vexed,
 I really will not fight them.¹

11.

Perhaps they would do quite as well
 To break the rudely sounding shell
 Of such a young beginner :
 He who offends at pert nineteen,
 Ere thirty may become, I ween,
 A very harden'd sinner.

12.

Now, Clare, I must return to you ;
 And, sure, apologies are due :
 Accept, then, my concession.
 In truth, dear Clare, in Fancy's flight
 I soar along from left to right ;
 My Muse admires digression.

13.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
 To add one star to royal state ;—
 May regal smiles attend you !
 And should a noble monarch reign,
 You will not seek his smiles in vain,
 If worth can recommend you.

14.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
 Where specious rivals glitter round,
 From snares may Saints preserve you ;
 And grant your love or friendship ne'er
 From any claim a kindred care,
 But those who best deserve you !

¹ A bard [Moore] (*Horresco referens*) defied his reviewer [Jeffrey] to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our Periodical Censors must be dipped in the river Styx : for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants? [Cf. *English Bards*, l. 466, note 3.]

15.

Not for a moment may you stray
 From Truth's secure, unerring way!
 May no delights decoy!
 O'er roses may your footsteps move,
 Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
 Your tears be tears of joy!

16.

Oh! if you wish that happiness
 Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow;
 Be still as you were wont to be,
 Spotless as you've been known to me,—
 Be still as you are now.¹

17.

And though some trifling share of praise,
 To cheer my last declining days,
 To me were doubly dear;
 Whilst blessing your beloved name,
 I'd *waive* at once a *Poet's* fame,
 To *prove* a *Prophet* here. 1807.

[First published, 1808.]

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon² pride,
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

¹ ["Of all I have ever known, Clare has always been the least altered in everything from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at school. I should hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others, during absence and distance."—*Detached Thoughts*, Nov. 5, 1821; *Life*, p. 540.]

² Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

And Woman, lovely Woman! thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all!
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
 Without a sigh would I resign,
 This busy scene of splendid Woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which Virtue knows, or seems to know.

7.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men¹—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh! that to me the wings were given,
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.²

[First published, 1808.]

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN
 ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD
 OF HARROW.³

SPOT of my youth! whose hoary branches
 sigh,
 Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless
 sky;
 Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
 With those I lov'd, thy soft and verdant sod;
 With those who, scatter'd far, perchance
 deplore,
 Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
 Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
 Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
 Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs
 I lay,
 And frequent mus'd the twilight hours away;

¹ [Shyness was a family characteristic of the Byrons. The poet continued in later years to have a horror of being observed by unaccustomed eyes, and in the country would, if possible, avoid meeting strangers on the road.]

² "And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest. —Psalm lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

³ [On the death of his daughter, Allegra, in April, 1822, Byron sent her remains to be buried at Harrow, "where," he says, in a letter to Murray, "I once hoped to have laid my own." "There is," he wrote, May 26, "a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the church." No tablet was, however, erected, and Allegra sleeps in her unmarked grave inside the church, a few feet to the right of the entrance.]

Where, as they once were wont, my limbs
 recline,
 But, ah! without the thoughts which then
 were mine:
 How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
 Invite the bosom to recall the past,
 And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
 "Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last
 farewell!"

When Fate shall chill, at length, this
 fever'd breast,
 And calm its cares and passions into rest,
 Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying
 hour,—
 If aught may soothe, when Life resigns her
 power,—
 To know some humbler grave, some narrow
 cell,
 Would hide my bosom where it lov'd to
 dwell;
 With this fond dream, methinks 'twere sweet
 to die—
 And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie;
 Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
 Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
 For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling
 shade,
 Press'd by the turf where once my childhood
 play'd;
 Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I lov'd,
 Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps
 mov'd;
 Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youth-
 ful ear,
 Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged
 here;
 Deplor'd by those in early days allied,
 And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2, 1807.

[First published, 1808.]

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

1.

ADIEU, to sweet Mary for ever,
 From her I must quickly depart;
 Though the fates us from each other sever,
 Still her image will dwell in my Heart.

2.

The flame that within my heart burns,
 Is unlike what in Lovers' hearts glows,
 The Love which for Mary I feel
 Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

3.

I wish not your peace to disturb,
I wish not your joy to molest;
Mistake not my passion for Love,
Tis your friendship alone I request.

4.

Not ten thousand Lovers could feel
The friendship my bosom contains;
It will ever within my Heart dwell,
While the warm blood flows through my
veins.

5.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
And my Mary from evil defend;
May she ne'er know Adversity's frown,
May her Happiness ne'er have an end.

6.

Once more my sweet Girl, Adieu!
Farewell, I with anguish repeat,
For ever I'll think upon you,
While the Heart in my bosom shall beat.

1804.

[First published, Paris, 1831.]

TO MARY CHAWORTH.

1.

AH, Memory torture me no more,
The present's all o'er cast;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In Mercy veil the past.

2.

Why bring these Images to view
I henceforth must resign?
Ah, why those happy hours renew,
That never can be mine?

3.

Past pleasure doubles present pain,
To Sorrow adds regret:
Regret and Hope are both in vain,
I ask but —to Forget.

1804.

[First published, Paris, 1831.]

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE
OF MISS CHAWORTH.¹

1.

HILLS of Annesley, Bleak and Barren,
Where my thoughtless Childhood stray'd,
How the northern Tempests, warring,
Howl above thy tufted Shade!

2.

Now no more, the Hours beguiling,
Former favourite Haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling,
Makes ye seem a Heaven to Me.

1805.

[First published, 1830.]

REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis done!—I saw it in my dreams:
No more with Hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few:
Chill'd by Misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of Life is overcast;
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!
Would I could add Remembrance too!

1806.

[First published, 1832.]

¹ [Miss Chaworth was married to John Musters, Esq., in August, 1805.

The original MS. of "The Fragment" (which is in the possession of Mrs Chaworth Musters) formerly belonged to Miss E. B. Pigot, according to whom they "were written by Lord Byron in 1804." "We were reading Burns' *Farewell to Ayrshire*—

"Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu,' etc.

when he said, 'I like that metre; let me try it,' and taking up a pencil, wrote those on the other side in an instant. I read them to Moore, and at his particular request I copied them for him."—E. B. Pigot, 1859.

On the fly-leaf of the same volume (*Poetry of Robert Burns*, vol. iv. Third Edition, 1802), containing the *Farewell to Ayrshire*, Byron wrote in pencil the two stanzas "Oh! little lock of golden hue," in 1806 (*vide post*, p. 69).

It may be noted that the verses quoted, though included until recently among his poems, were not written by Burns, but by Richard Gall, who died in 1801, aged 25.]

TO A LADY.

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE
VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER
TRESSES.

1.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair
Is mine, sweet Girl! thy pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saints above.

2.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee:
From me again 'twill ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.

3.

The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:

4.

This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of Love will still be green,
When Memory bids them bud again.

1806.

[First published, 1832.]

TO A KNOT OF UNGENEROUS
CRITICS.¹

RAIL on, Rail on, ye heartless crew!
My strains were never meant for you;
Remorseless Rancour still reveal,
And damn the verse you cannot feel.
Invoke those kindred passions' aid,
Whose baleful stings your breasts pervade;
Crush, if you can, the hopes of youth,
Trampling regardless on the Truth:

¹ [There can be little doubt that these verses were called forth by the criticisms passed on the *Fugitive Pieces* by certain ladies of Southwell, concerning whom, Byron wrote to Mr Pigot (Jan. 13, 1807), on sending him an early copy of the poems, "That *unlucky* poem to my poor Mary has been the cause of some animadversion from ladies in years. I have not printed it in this collection in consequence of my being pronounced a most *profligate sinner*, in short a '*young Moore*.'" — *Letters*, 1898, i. 112, 113.]

Truth's Records you consult in vain,
She will not blast her native strain;
She will assist her votary's cause,
His will at least be her applause,
Your prayer the gentle Power will spurn:
To Fiction's motley altar turn,
Who joyful in the fond address
Her favour'd worshippers will bless:
And lo! she holds a magic glass,
Where Images reflected pass;
Bent on your knees the Boon receive—
This will assist you to deceive—
The glittering gift was made for you,
Now hold it up to public view;
Lest evil unforeseen betide,
A Mask each canker'd brow shall hide,
(Whilst Truth my sole desire is nigh,
Prepar'd the danger to defy,)
"There is the Maid's perverted name,
"And there the Poet's guilty Flame,
"Gloaming a deep phosphoric fire,
"Threatening—but, ere it spreads, retire."
Says Truth, "Up Virgins, do not fear!
"The Comet rolls its Influence here;
"Tis Scandal's Mirror you perceive,
"These dazzling Meteors but deceive—
"Approach and touch—Nay, do not turn,
"It blazes there, but will not burn."—
At once the shivering Mirror flies,
Teeming no more with varnished Lies;
The baffled friends of Fiction start,
Too late desiring to depart—
Truth poisoning high Ithuriel's spear
Bids every Fiend unmask'd appear,
The vizard tears from every face,
And dooms them to a dire disgrace.
For e'er they compass their escape,
Each takes perforce a native shape—
The Leader of the wrathful Band,
Behold a portly Female stand!
She raves, impell'd by private pique,
This mean unjust revenge to seek;
From vice to save this virtuous Age,
Thus does she vent indecent rage!
What child has she of promise fair,
Who claims a fostering mother's care?
Whose Innocence requires defence,
Or forms at least a smooth pretence,
Thus to disturb a harmless Boy,
His humble hope, and peace annoy?
She need not fear the amorous rhyme,
Love will not tempt her future time,
For her his wings have ceas'd to spread,
No more he flutters round her head;

Her day's Meridian now is past,
 The clouds of Age her Sun o'er cast ;
 To her the strain was never sent,
 For feeling Souls alone 'twas meant—
 The verse she seiz'd, unask'd, unbade,
 And damn'd, ere yet the whole was read !
 Yes ! for one single erring verse,
 Pronounc'd an unrelenting Curse ;
 Yes ! at a first and transient view,
 Condemn'd a heart she never knew.—
 Can such a verdict then decide,
 Which springs from disappointed pride ?
 Without a wondrous share of Wit,
 To judge is such a Matron fit ?
 The rest of the censorious throng
 Who to this zealous Band belong,
 To her a general homage pay,
 And right or wrong her wish obey :
 Why should I point my pen of steel
 To break " such flies upon the wheel ?"
 With minds to Truth and Sense unknown,
 Who dare not call their words their own.
 Rail on, Rail on, ye heartless Crew !
 Your Leader's grand design pursue :
 Secure behind her ample shield,
 Yours is the harvest of the field.—
 My path with thorns you cannot strew,
 Nay more, my warmest thanks are due ;
 When such as you revile my Name,
 Bright beams the rising Sun of Fame,
 Chasing the shades of envious night,
 Outshining every critic Light.—
 Such, such as you will serve to show
 Each radiant tint with higher glow.
 Vain is the feeble cheerless toil,
 Your efforts on yourselves recoil ;
 Then Glory still for me you raise,
 Yours is the Censure, mine the Praise.

—BYRON,

December 1, 1806.

[First published, 1898.]

SOLILOQUY OF A BARD IN THE COUNTRY.

'Twas now the noon of night, and all was
 still,
 Except a hapless Rhymer and his quill.
 In vain he calls each Muse in order down,
 Like other females, these will sometimes
 frown ;
 He frets, he fumes, and ceasing to invoke
 The Nine, in anguish'd accents thus he
 spoke :

Ah, what avails it thus to waste my time,
 To roll in Epic, or to rave in Rhyme ?
 What worth is some few partial readers'
 praise,
 If ancient Virgins croaking *censures* raise ! 10
 Where few attend, 'tis useless to indite ;
 Where few can read, 'tis folly sure to write ;
 Where none but girls and striplings dare
 admire,
 And Critics rise in every country Squire—
 But yet this last my candid Muse admits,
 When Peers are Poets, Squires may well be
 Wits ;
 When schoolboys vent their amorous flames
 in verse,
 Matrons may sure their characters asperse ;
 And if a little parson joins the train,
 And echos back his Patron's voice again— 20
 Though not delighted, yet I must forgive,
 Parsons as well as other folks must live :—
 From rage he rails not, rather say from
 dread,
 He does not speak for Virtue, but for bread ;
 And this we know is in his Patron's giving,
 For Parsons cannot eat without a *Living*.
 The Matron knows I love the Sex too well,
 Even unprovoked aggression to repel.
 What though from private pique her anger
 grew,
 And bade her blast a heart she never knew ? 30
 What though, she said, for one light heedless
 line,
 That Wilmot's¹ verse was far more pure than
 mine !
 In wars like these, I neither fight nor fly,
 When *dames* accuse 'tis bootless to deny ;
 Her's be the harvest of the martial field,
 I can't attack, where Beauty forms the shield.
 But when a pert Physician loudly cries,
 Who hunts for scandal, and who lives by lies,
 A walking register of daily news,
 Train'd to invent, and skilful to abuse— 40
 For arts like these at bounteous tables fed,
 When S—— condemns a book he never read,
 Declaring with a coxcomb's native air,
 The *moral's* shocking, though the *rhymes* are
 fair.
 Ah ! must he rise unpunish'd from the feast,
 Nor lash'd by vengeance into truth at least ?
 Such lenity were more than Man's indeed !
 Those who condemn, should surely deign to
 read.

¹ [John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).
 His *Poems* were published in the year of his death.]

Yet must I spare—nor thus my pen degrade,
I quite forgot that scandal was his trade. 50
For food and raiment thus the coxcomb rails,
For those who fear his physic, like his *tales*.
Why should his harmless censure seem
offence?

Still let him eat, although at my expense,
And join the herd to Sense and Truth
unknown,

Who dare not call their very thoughts their
own,

And share with these applause, a godlike
bribe,

In short, do anything, except *prescribe* :—

For though in garb of Galen he appears,
His practice is not equal to his years. 60

Without improvement since he first began,
A young Physician though an ancient
Man—

Now let me cease—Physician, Parson, Dame,
Still urge your task, and if you can, defame.
The humble offerings of my Muse destroy,
And crush, oh! noble conquest! crush a
Boy.

What though some silly girls have lov'd the
strain,

And kindly bade me tune my Lyre again;
What though some feeling, or some partial
few,

Nay, Men of Taste and Reputation too, 70
Have deign'd to praise the firstlings of my
Muse—

If *you* your sanction to the theme refuse,
If *you* your great protection still withdraw,
Whose Praise is Glory, and whose Voice is
law!

Soon must I fall an unresisting foe,
A hapless victim yielding to the blow.—
Thus Pope by Curl and Dennis was de-
stroyed,

Thus Gray and Mason yield to furious
Lloyd;¹

From Dryden, Milbourne² tears the palm
away,

And thus I fall, though meaner far than
they: 80

As in the field of combat, side by side,
A Fabius and some noble Roman died.

December, 1806.

[First published, 1898.]

¹ [Robert Lloyd (1733-1764).]

² [The Rev. Luke Milbourne (died 1720)
published, in 1698, his *Notes on Dryden's Virgil*,
containing a venomous attack on Dryden.]

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS
AILES.

I.

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

2.

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;
Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptur'd with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

3.

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here, whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove,
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

4.

Oh, Love before thy glowing shrine,
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decay'd;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

5.

Seat of my youth! thy distant spire
 Recalls each scene of joy;
 My bosom glows with former fire,—
 In mind again a boy.
 Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
 Thy every path delights me still,
 Each flower a double fragrance flings;
 Again, as once, in converse gay,
 Each dear associate seems to say,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

6.

My Lycus!¹ wherefore dost thou weep?
 Thy falling tears restrain;
 Affection for a time may sleep,
 But, oh, 'twill wake again.
 Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
 Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!
 From this my hope of rapture springs;
 While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
 Absence, my friend, can only tell,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

7.

In one, and one alone deceiv'd,
 Did I my error mourn?
 No—from oppressive bonds reliev'd,
 I left the wretch to scorn.
 I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
 With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
 Twin'd with my heart's according strings;
 And till those vital chords shall break,
 For none but these my breast shall wake
 Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

8.

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
 My memory and my hope;
 Your worth a lasting love insures,
 Unfetter'd in its scope;
 From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
 With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
 Let Adulation wait on kings;
 With joy elate, by snares beset,
 We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

¹ [Lord Clare had written to Byron, "I think by your last letter that you are very much piqued with most of your friends, and, if I am not much mistaken, you are a little piqued with me. In one part you say, 'There is little or no doubt a few years or months will render us as politely indifferent to each other, as if we had never passed a portion of our time together.' Indeed, Byron, you wrong me; and I have no doubt—at least, I hope, you wrong yourself."—*Life*, p. 25.]

9.

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard,
 Who rolls the epic song;
 Friendship and truth be my reward—
 To me no bays belong;
 If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
 Me the Enchantress ever flies,
 Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
 Simple and young, I dare not feign;
 Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

December 29, 1806.

[First published, 1832.]

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

I.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
 Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
 Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
 Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

2.

Father of Light, on thee I call!
 Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
 Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert from me the death of sin.

3.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
 Oh, point to me the path of truth!
 Thy dread Omnipotence I own;
 Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

4.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
 Let Superstition hail the pile,
 Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
 With tales of mystic rites beguile.

5.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
 To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
 Thy temple is the face of day;
 Earth, Ocean, Heaven thy boundless
 throne.

6.

Shall man condemn his race to Hell,
 Unless they bend in pompous form?
 Tell us that all, for one who fell,
 Must perish in the mingling storm?

7.

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

8.

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

9.

Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they, by Faith, for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

10.

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

11.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Through trackless realms of æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:

12.

Thou, who in wisdom plac'd me here,
Who, when thou wilt, canst take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

13.

To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

14.

If, when this dust to dust's restor'd,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious Name ador'd
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

15.

But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the Grave's eternal bed,
While Life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

16.

To Thee I breathe my humble strain;
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

December 29, 1806.

[First published, 1830.]

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

Eis ῥόδον.

ODE V.

MINGLE with the genial bowl
The Rose, the *flow'ret* of the Soul,
The Rose and Grape together quaff'd,
How doubly sweet will be the draught!
With Roses crown our jovial brows,
While every cheek with Laughter glows;
While Smiles and Songs, with Wine incite,
To wing our moments with Delight.
Rose by far the fairest birth,
Which Spring and Nature cull from Earth—
Rose whose sweetest perfume given,
Breathes our thoughts from Earth to Heaven.
Rose whom the Deities above,
From Jove to Hebe, dearly love,
When Cytherea's blooming Boy,
Flies lightly through the dance of Joy,
With him the Graces then combine,
And rosy wreaths their locks entwine.
Then will I sing divinely crown'd,
With dusky leaves my temples bound—
Lyæus! in thy bowers of pleasure,
I'll wake a wildly thrilling measure.
There will my gentle Girl and I,
Along the mazes sportive fly,
Will bend before thy potent throne—
Rose, Wine, and Beauty, all my own.

1805.

[First published, 1898.]

[OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN
IN "CARTHON."]

OH! thou that roll'st above thy glorious Fire,
Round as the shield which grac'd my godlike
Sire,
Whence are the beams, O Sun! thy endless
blaze,
Which far eclipse each minor Glory's rays?

Forth in thy Beauty here thou deign'st to shine !
 Night quits her car, the twinkling stars
 decline ;
 Pallid and cold the Moon descends to cave
 Her sinking beams beneath the Western
 wave ;
 But thou still mov'st alone, of light the
 Source—
 Who can o'ertake thee in thy fiery course ?
 Oaks of the mountains fall, the rocks decay,
 Weighed down with years the hills dissolve
 away.
 A certain space to yonder Moon is given,
 She rises, smiles, and then is lost in Heaven.
 Ocean in sullen murmurs ebbs and flows,
 But thy bright beam unchanged for ever
 glows !
 When Earth is darken'd with tempestuous
 skies,
 When Thunder shakes the sphere and
 Lightning flies,
 Thy face, O Sun, no rolling blasts deform,
 Thou look'st from clouds and laughest at
 the Storm.
 To Ossian, Orb of Light ! thou look'st in
 vain,
 Nor can'st thou glad his agéd eyes again,
 Whether thy locks in Orient Beauty stream,
 Or glimmer through the West with fainter
 gleam—
 But thou, perhaps, like me with age must
 bend ;
 Thy season o'er, thy days will find their end,
 No more yon azure vault with rays adorn,
 Lull'd in the clouds, nor hear the voice of
 Morn.
 Exult, O Sun, in all thy youthful strength !
 Age, dark unlovely Age, appears at length,
 As gleams the moonbeam through the
 broken cloud
 While mountain vapours spread their misty
 shroud—
 The Northern tempest howls along at last,
 And wayworn strangers shrink amid the
 blast.
 Thou rolling Sun who gild'st those rising
 towers,
 Fair didst thou shine upon my earlier hours !
 I hail'd with smiles the cheering rays of
 Morn,
 My breast by no tumultuous Passion torn—
 Now hateful are thy beams which wake no
 more
 The sense of joy which thrill'd my breast
 before ;

Welcome thou cloudy veil of nightly skies,
 To thy bright canopy the mourner flies :
 Once bright, thy Silence lull'd my frame to
 rest,
 And Sleep my soul with gentle visions blest ;
 Now wakeful Grief disdains her mild controul,
 Dark is the night, but darker is my Soul.
 Ye warring Winds of Heav'n your fury urge,
 To me congenial sounds your wintry Dirge :
 Swift as your wings my happier days have
 past,
 Keen as your storms is Sorrow's chilling
 blast ;
 To Tempests thus expos'd my Fate has been,
 Piercing like yours, like yours, alas ! unseen.
 1805.
 [First published, 1898].

[PIGNUS AMORIS.]

I.

As by the fix'd decrees of Heaven,
 'Tis vain to hope that Joy can last ;
 The dearest boon that Life has given,
 To me is—visions of the past.

2.

For these this toy of blushing hue
 I prize with zeal before unknown,
 It tells me of a Friend I knew,
 Who lov'd me for myself alone.

3.

It tells me what how few can say
 Though all the social tie commend ;
 Recorded in my heart 'twill lay,¹
 It tells me mine was once a Friend.

4.

Through many a weary day gone by,
 With time the gift is dearer grown ;
 And still I view in Memory's eye
 That teardrop sparkle through my own.

5.

And heartless Age perhaps will smile,
 Or wonder whence those feelings sprung ;
 Yet let not sterner souls revile,
 For Both were open, Both were young.

¹ [For the irregular use of "lay" for "lie," compare "The Adieu" (st. 10, l. 4, p. 71), and the much-disputed line, "And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay" (*Childe Harold*, Canto IV. st. clxxx).]

6.

And Youth is sure the only time,
When Pleasure blends no base alloy;
When Life is blest without a crime,
And Innocence resides with Joy.

7.

Let those reprove my feeble Soul,
Who laugh to scorn Affection's name;
While these impose a harsh controul,
All will forgive who feel the same.

8.

Then still I wear my simple toy,
With pious care from wreck I'll save it;
And this will form a dear employ,
For dear I was to him who gave it.

? 1806.

[First published, 1898.]

[A WOMAN'S HAIR.¹]

OH! little lock of golden hue
In gently waving ringlet curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for *a world*.
Not though a thousand more adorn
The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806.

[First published, 1832.]

STANZAS TO JESSY.²

1.

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

¹ [These lines are preserved in MS. at Newstead, with the following memorandum in Miss Pigot's handwriting: "Copied from the fly-leaf in a vol. of my Burns' books, which is written in pencil by himself." They have hitherto been printed as stanzas 5 and 6 of the lines "To a Lady," etc., p. 63.]

² ["Stanzas to Jessy" have often been printed, but were never acknowledged by Byron, or included in any authorised edition of his works. They are, however, unquestionably genuine. They appeared first in *Monthly Literary Recreations* (July, 1807), a magazine published by B.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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

[GEORGE GORDON, LORD] BYRON.

[First published, 1807.]

Crosby & Co., Stationers' Court. Crosby was London agent for Ridge, the Newark bookseller, and, with Longman and others, "sold" the recently issued *Hours of Idleness*. The lines are headed "Stanzas to Jessy," and are signed "George Gordon, Lord Byron." They were republished in 1824, by Knight and Lacy, and again in the same year by John Bumpus and A. Griffin, in their *Miscellaneous Poems*, etc.]

THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT
THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE.

I.

ADIEU, thou Hill! where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
When Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

2.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin plac'd,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effac'd.

3.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snow sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of Pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Mar's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

4.

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view:
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy Hall,
Forgets its wonted simple note—
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
And, sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

5.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,¹
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet!² along whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs were wont to urge,
At noontide heat, their pliant course;
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

6.

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary,³ all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd;
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

7.

And thou, my Friend! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem:
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

8.

All, all is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of Love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,—
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead.

¹ [Mrs Pigot's cottage.]

² [The river Grete, at Southwell.]

³ [Mary Chaworth.]

9.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
 On him who gains thy praise,
 Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
 Consum'd in Glory's blaze;
 But me she beckons from the earth,
 My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
 My life a short and vulgar dream:
 Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
 My hopes recline within a shroud,
 My fate is Lethe's stream.

10.

When I repose beneath the sod,
 Unheeded in the clay,
 Where once my playful footsteps trod,
 Where now my head must lay,
 The meed of Pity will be shed
 In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
 By nightly skies, and storms alone;
 No mortal eye will deign to steep
 With tears the dark sepulchral deep
 Which hides a name unknown.

11.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
 Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:
 There must thou soon direct thy flight,
 If errors are forgiven.
 To bigots and to sects unknown,
 Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
 To Him address thy trembling prayer:
 He, who is merciful and just,
 Will not reject a child of dust,
 Although His meanest care.

12.

Father of Light! to Thee I call;
 My soul is dark within:
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert the death of sin.
 Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
 Who calm'st the elemental war,
 Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
 My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
 And, since I soon must cease to live,
 Instruct me how to die.

1807.

[First published, 1832.]

TO ——.

1.

OH! well I know your subtle Sex,
 Frail daughters of the wanton Eve,—
 While jealous pangs our Souls perplex,
 No passion prompts you to relieve.

2.

From Love, or Pity ne'er you fall,
 By *you*, no mutual Flame is felt,
 'Tis Vanity, which rules you all,
 Desire alone which makes you melt.

3.

I will not say no *souls* are yours,
 Aye, ye have Souls, and dark ones too,
 Souls to contrive those smiling lures,
 To snare our simple hearts for you.

4.

Yet shall you never bind me fast,
 Long to adore such brittle toys,
 I'll rove along, from first to last,
 And change whene'er my fancy cloys.

5.

Oh! I should be a *baby* fool,
 To sigh the dupe of female art—
 Woman! perhaps thou hast a *Soul*,
 But where have *Demons hid thy Heart?*
January, 1807.
 [First published, 1898.]

ON THE EYES OF MISS A——
H——¹.

ANNE'S Eye is liken'd to the *Sun*,
 From it such Beams of Beauty fall;
 And *this* can be denied by none,
 For like the *Sun*—it shines on *All*.

Then do not admiration smother,
 Or say these glances don't become her;
 To *you*, or *I*, or *any other*,
 Her *Sun*, displays perpetual Summer.
January 14, 1807.
 [First published, 1898.]

TO A VAIN LADY.

1.

AH, heedless girl! why thus disclose
 What ne'er was meant for other ears;
 Why thus destroy thine own repose,
 And dig the source of future tears?

¹ [Miss Anne Houson.]

2.

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking envious foes will smile,
For all the follies thou hast said
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

3.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,
If thou believ'st what striplings say:
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

4.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
The words man utters to deceive?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
If thou canst venture to believe.

5.

While now amongst thy female peers
Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,
Canst thou not mark the rising sneers
Duplicity in vain would veil?

6.

These tales in secret silence hush,
Nor make thyself the public gaze:
What modest maid without a blush
Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

7.

Will not the laughing boy despise
Her who relates each fond conceit—
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes,
Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

8.

For she who takes a soft delight
These amorous nothings in revealing,
Must credit all we say or write,
While vanity prevents concealing.

9.

Cease, if you prize your Beauty's reign!
No jealousy bids me reprove:
One, who is thus from nature vain,
I pity, but I cannot love.

January 15, 1807.

[First published, 1832.]

TO ANNE.¹

I.

OH, Anne, your offences to me have been
grievous:

I thought from my wrath no atonement
could save you;
But Woman is made to command and deceive
us—

I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave
you.

2.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect
you,

Yet thought that a day's separation was
long;

When we met, I determined again to suspect
you—

Your smile soon convinced me, *suspicion*
was wrong.

3.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
With fervent contempt evermore to disdain
you:

I saw you—my *anger* became *admiration*;
And now, all my wish, all my hope's to
regain you.

4.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the
contention!

Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before
you;—

At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to
adore you!

January 16, 1807.

[First published, 1832.]

EGOTISM. A LETTER TO J. T. BECHER.

Ἐαυτὸν Βύρων ἀΐδει.

I.

IF Fate should seal my Death to-morrow,
(Though much *I* hope she will *postpone* it,)
I've held a share of *Joy* and *Sorrow*,
Enough for *Ten*; and *here* I own it.

¹ [Miss Annie Houson.]

2.

I've liv'd as many other men live,
And yet, I think, with more enjoyment;
For could I through my days again live,
I'd pass them in the *same* employment.

3.

That *is* to say, with *some exception*,
For though I will not make confession,
I've seen too much of man's deception
Ever again to trust profession.

4.

Some sage *Mammas* with gesture haughty,
Pronounce me quite a youthful Sinner—
But *Daughters* say, "although he's naughty,
You must not check a *Young Beginner!*"

5.

I've lov'd, and many damsels know it—
But whom I don't intend to mention,
As *certain stanzas* also show it,
Some say deserving Reprehension.

6.

Some ancient Dames, of virtue fiery,
(Unless Report does much belie them,)
Have lately made a sharp Enquiry,
And much it grieves me to *deny* them.

7.

Two whom I lov'd had *eyes of Blue*,
To which I hope you've no objection;
The *Rest* had eyes of *darker Hue*—
Each Nymph, of course, was *all perfection*.

8.

But here I'll close my *chaste* Description,
Nor say the deeds of animosity;
For *silence* is the best prescription,
To *physic* idle curiosity.

9.

Of *Friends* I've known a *goodly Hundred*—
For finding *one* in each acquaintance,
By *some deceiv'd*, by others plunder'd,
Friendship, to me, was not *Repentance*.

10.

At *School* I thought like other *Children*;
Instead of *Brains*, a fine Ingredient,
Romance, my *youthful Head* bewildering,
To *Sense* had made me disobedient.

11.

A victim, *nearly* from affection,
To certain *very precious* *scheming*,
The still remaining recollection
Has *cured* my *boyish soul* of *Dreaming*.

12.

By Heaven! I rather would forswear
The Earth, and all the joys reserv'd me,
Than dare again the *specious Snare*,
From which *my Fate* and *Heaven preserv'd*
me.

13.

Still I possess some Friends who love me—
In each a much-esteem'd and true one;
The Wealth of Worlds shall never move me
To quit their Friendship, for a new one.

14.

But, Becher! you're a *reverend pastor*,
Now take it in consideration,
Whether for penance I should fast, or
Pray for my *sins* in expiation.

15.

I own myself the child of *Folly*,
But not so wicked as they make me—
I soon must die of melancholy,
If *Female* smiles should e'er forsake me.

16.

Philosophers have never doubted,
That *Ladies' Lips* were made for *kisses!*
For *Love!* I could not live without it,
For such a *curséd* place as *This is*.

17.

Say, Becher, I shall be forgiven!
If you don't warrant my salvation,
I must resign all *Hopes of Heaven!*
For, *Faith*, I can't withstand Temptation.

P.S.—These were written between one and
two, after *midnight*. I have not *corrected*, or
revised. Yours,

BYRON.

[First published, 1898.]

TO ANNE.¹

I.

OH say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have
decreed
The heart which adores you should wish to
dissever;
Such Fates were to me most unkind ones
indeed,—
To bear me from Love and from Beauty
for ever.

¹ [Miss Anne Houson.]

2.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which
alone
Could bid me from fond admiration refrain;
By these, every hope, every wish were o'er-
thrown,
Till smiles should restore me to rapture
again.

3.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwin'd,
The rage of the tempest united must
weather;
My love and my life were by nature design'd
To flourish alike, or to perish together.

4.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates
have decreed
Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu:
Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall
bleed,
His Soul, his Existence, are centred in
you.

1807.

[First published, 1832.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET
BEGINNING "SAD IS MY VERSE," YOU
SAY, "AND YET NO TEAR."

1.

THY verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:
A devilish deal more sad than witty!
Why we should weep I can't find out,
Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

2.

Yet there is one I pity more;
And much, alas! I think he needs it:
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

3.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
May *once* be read—but never after:
Yet their effect's by no means tragic,
Although by far too dull for laughter.

4.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
And of no common pang complain—
If you would make us weep indeed,
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.

March 8, 1807.

[First published, 1832.]

ON FINDING A FAN.

1.

IN one who felt as once he felt,
This might, perhaps, have fann'd the
flame;
But now his heart no more will melt,
Because that heart is not the same.

2.

As when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improv'd their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their blaze in night.

3.

Thus has it been with Passion's fires—
As many a boy and girl remembers—
While every hope of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

4.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,
Some careful hand may teach to burn;
The *last*, alas! can ne'er survive;
No touch can bid its warmth return.

5.

Or, if it chance to wake again,
Not always doom'd its heat to smother,
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
Its former warmth around another. 1807.
[First published, 1832.]

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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

9.

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

10.

Farewell, my young Muse ! since we now
can ne'er meet ;
If our songs have been languid, they surely
are few :
Let us hope that the present at least will be
sweet—
The present — which seals our eternal
Adieu. 1807.
[First published, 1832.]

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.¹

1.

YOUNG Oak ! when I planted thee deep in
the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer
than mine ;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish
around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

2.

Such, such was my hope, when in Infancy's
years,
On the land of my Fathers I rear'd thee
with pride ;
They are past, and I water thy stem with my
tears,—
Thy decay, not the *weeds* that surround
thee can hide.

¹ [There is no heading to the original MS., but on the blank leaf at the end of the poem is written, "To an oak in the garden of Newstead Abbey, planted by the author in the 9th year of [his] age ; this tree at his last visit was in a state of decay, though perhaps not irrecoverable." On arriving at Newstead, in 1798, Byron, then in his eleventh year, planted an oak, and cherished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, he found the oak choked up by weeds and almost destroyed ;—hence these lines. It may still be seen, a fine and flourishing tree.]

3.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal
hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my
Sire;
Till Manhood shall crown me, not mine is
the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee
expire.

4.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy
wounds gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a Stranger
would feel?

5.

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a
while;
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall
run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to
smile,
When Infancy's years of probation are
done.

6.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the
weeds,
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy
decay,
For still in thy bosom are Life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty
display.

7.

Oh! yet, if Maturity's years may be thine,
Though *I* shall lie low in the cavern of
Death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may
shine,
Uninjur'd by Time, or the rude Winter's
breath.

8.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly
wave
O'er the corse of thy Lord in thy canopy
laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his
grave,
The Chief who survives may recline in thy
shade.

9.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this
spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly
to tread.
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot;
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the
dead.

10.

And here, will they say, when in Life's
glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young
simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of
Time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807.

[First published, 1832.]

ON REVISITING HARROW.¹

1.

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply trac'd;
Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
Resentment's hand the line defac'd.

2.

Deeply she cut—but not eras'd—
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gaz'd,—
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

3.

Repentance plac'd them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

4.

Thus might the record now have been;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever.

September, 1807.

[First published, 1830.]

¹ ["Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imaginary injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas."—Moore's *Life*, p. 50.]

TO MY SON.¹

1.

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

2.

And thou canst lisp a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,—
No self-reproach—but, let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

3.

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast;
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

4.

Why, let the world unfeeling frown:
Must I fond Nature's claims disown?
Ah, no—though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of Love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

5.

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere Age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

6.

Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807.

[First published, 1830.]

¹ [For a reminiscence of what was, possibly, an actual event, see *Don Juan*, Canto XVI. st. lxi. Byron told his wife that he had two natural children, whom he should provide for.]

QUERIES TO CASUISTS.

THE Moralists tell us that Loving is Sinning,
And always are prating about and about it,
But as Love of Existence itself's the beginning,
Say, what would Existence itself be without
it?

They argue the point with much furious In-
vective,

Though perhaps 'twere no difficult task to
confute it;

But if Venus and Hymen should once prove
defective,

Pray who would there be to defend or
dispute it? —BYRON.

[First published, 1898.]

SONG.

1.

BREEZE of the night, in gentler sighs,
More softly murmur o'er the billow;
For Slumber seals my Fanny's eyes,
And Peace must never shun her pillow.

2.

Or breathe those sweet Æolian strains
Stolen from celestial spheres above,
To charm her ear while some remains,
And soothe her soul to dreams of love.

3.

But Breeze of night again forbear,
In softest murmurs only sigh;
Let not a Zephyr's pinion dare
To lift those auburn locks on high.

4.

Chill is thy Breath, thou breeze of night!
Oh! ruffle not those lids of Snow;
For only Morning's cheering light
May wake the beam that lurks below.

5.

Blest be that lip and azure eye!
Sweet Fanny, hallow'd be thy Sleep!
Those lips shall never vent a sigh,
Those eyes may never wake to weep.

February 23, 1808.

[First published, 1898.]

TO HARRIET.

1.

HARRIET! to see such Circumspection,
In Ladies I have no objection,
Concerning what they read;
An ancient Maid's a sage adviser,
Like *her*, you will be much the wiser,
In word, as well as Deed.

2.

But Harriet, I don't wish to flatter,
And really think 'twould make the matter
More perfect if not quite,
If other Ladies when they preach,
Would certain Damsels also teach
More cautiously to write.

[First published, 1898.]

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED
NOT NAME.¹

1.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

2.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown, and thus unfelt, by thine,

3.

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

4.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagin'd true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

¹ [This copy of verses, with eight others, originally appeared in a volume published in 1809 by J. C. Hobhouse, under the title of *Imitations and Translations, From the Ancient and Modern Classics, Together with Original Poems never before published.*]

5.

Yes! my ador'd, yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

6.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

June 10, 1808.

[First published, 1809.]

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I
AM LOW?

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

August 12, 1808.

[First published, 1809.]

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

August 13, 1808.

[First published, 1809.]

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

1.

FEW years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And Childhood's gay sincerity
Preserv'd our feelings long the same.

2.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have lov'd the most
Too soon forget they lov'd at all.

3.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estrang'd again.

4.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

5.

As rolls the Ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

6.

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceas'd to be a boy.

7.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious World's controul,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That World corrupts the noblest soul.

8.

Ah! joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When Thought ere spoke is unconfin'd,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

9.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool;
When Interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule.

10.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend ;
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

11.

Such is the common lot of man :
Can we then 'scape from folly free ?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be ?

12.

No ; for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been ;
Man and the World so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

13.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away ;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

14.

Alas ! whenever Folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls
The welcome vices kindly greet,)

15.

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd ;
And still thy trifling heart is glad
To join the vain and court the proud.

16.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies, along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

17.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love ?

18.

What friend for thee, howe'er inclin'd,
Will deign to own a kindred care ?
Who will debase his manly mind
For friendship every fool may share ?

19.

In time forbear ; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen ;
No more so idly pass along ;
Be something, any thing, but—mean.

August 20, 1808.

[First published, 1809.]

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP
FORMED FROM A SKULL.¹

1.

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

2.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I quaff'd, like thee :
I died : let earth my bones resign ;
Fill up—thou canst not injure me ;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

3.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood ;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptiles' food.

4.

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

5.

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

¹ [Byron gave Medwin the following account of this cup :—"The gardener in digging [discovered] a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the abbey, about the time it was dis-monasteried. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking-cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell."—Medwin's *Conversations*, 1824, p. 87.]

6.

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

Newstead Abbey, 1808.
[First published, 1814.]

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.¹

1.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

2.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him if he lov'd thee not!

3.

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smil'd,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

4.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

5.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

6.

I deem'd that Time, I deem'd that Pride,
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

7.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

¹ [These lines were written after dining at Annesley with Mr and Mrs Chaworth Musters.]

8.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

9.

Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

[First published, 1809.]

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONU-
MENT OF A NEWFOUND-
LAND DOG.¹

WHEN some proud son of man returns to
earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe
And storied urns record who rest below:

¹ [This monument is placed in the garden of Newstead. A prose inscription precedes the verses:—

“Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.”

Byron thus announced the death of his favourite to his friend Hodgson:—“Boatswain is dead!—he expired in a state of madness on the 18th after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last; never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost everything except old Murray.” In the will which the poet executed in 1811, he desired to be buried in the vault with his dog, and Joe Murray was to have the honour of making one of the party. When the poet was on his travels, a gentleman, to whom Murray showed the tomb, said, “Well, old boy, you will take your place here some twenty years hence.” “I don't know that, sir,” replied Joe; “if I was sure his lordship would come here I should like it well enough, but I should not like to lie alone with the dog.”—*Life*, pp. 73, 131.]

When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have
been :

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him
alone,

Unhonour'd falls unnotic'd all his worth—
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
While Man, vain insect! hopes to be
forgiven,

And claims himself a sole exclusive Heaven.
Oh Man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with
disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for
shame.

Ye! who perchance behold its simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to
mourn :

To mark a Friend's remains these stones
arise ;

I never knew but one—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, *October 30, 1808.*

[First published, 1809.]

TO A LADY,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR
QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

I.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

2.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief ;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

3.

Thus, Lady! will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more ;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

4.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare ;
I cannot view my Paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there.

December 2, 1808

[First published, 1809.]

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

I.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart
to its core ;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since,
through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

2.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling
eye ;
I have lov'd!—who has not?—but what heart
can declare
That Pleasure existed while Passion was
there?

3.

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in
its spring,
And dreams that Affection can never take
wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what
tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as
thou?

4.

The heart of a mistress some boy may
estrangle,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou
never canst change ;
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on
earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with
its years?

5.

Yet if blest to the utmost that Love can
bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no
such alloy ;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we
enjoy.

6.

Then the season of youth and its vanities
past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last ;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of
the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the
bowl.

7.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on
earth,
And Misery's triumph commenc'd over Mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet
we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of
bliss.

8.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is
flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own :
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins
be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

[First published, 1809.]

STANZAS TO A LADY,
ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate ;

I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow ;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

9.

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

10.

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

11.

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

1809.

[First published, 1809.]

ENGLISH BARDS,¹
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS;²
A SATIRE.

BY
LORD BYRON.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."
—SHAKESPEARE.

"Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics, too."
—POPE.

PREFACE.³

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An Author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge,

¹ [A first draft of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, then entitled *British Bards*, was begun October, 1807. The First Edition was published anonymously, March 1, 1809. A Fifth Edition, printed in 1812, was suppressed, and was not published till 1831. The text of the present issue is based on that of the Fifth Edition.]

² "The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for the contents. Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another, prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames."—B., 1816.

³ [The Preface, as it is here printed, was prefixed to the Second, Third, and Fourth Editions of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The preface to the First Edition began with the words, "With regard to the real talents," etc. (see next column, line 28). The text of the poem follows that of the suppressed Fifth Edition, which passed under Byron's own supervision, and was to have been issued in 1812. From that Edition the Preface was altogether excluded.]

and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the Authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the Poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,¹ who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With² regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author that there can be little difference of opinion in the Public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr Gifford has devoted himself to

¹ John Cam Hobhouse.

² [Preface to the First Edition.]

Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing rabies for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the Author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

STILL¹ must I hear?—shall hoarse FITZGERALD bawl

His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,²
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my
Muse?

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or
wrong:

Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-
quill!

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men! 10
The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental
throes

Of brains that labour, big with Verse or
Prose;

¹ IMITATION.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"

—JUVENAL, *Satire I. l. 1.*

² "*Hoarse Fitzgerald.*"—"Right enough; but
why notice such a mountebank?"—B., 1816.

Mr Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett
the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute
of verse on the Literary Fund: not content with
writing he spouts in person, after the company have
imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable
them to sustain the operation. [William Thomas
Fitzgerald (circ. 1759-1829) published, *inter alia*,
Nelson's Triumph (1798) and *Nelson's Tomb*
(1806).]

Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may
deride,

The Lover's solace, and the Author's pride.
What Wits! what Poets dost thou daily
raise!

How frequent is thy use, how small thy
praise!

Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!

Once laid aside, but now assumed again, 20
Our task complete, like Hamet's¹ shall be
free;

Though spurned by others, yet beloved by
me:

Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No Eastern vision, no distempered dream²

Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is
plain;

Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign
sway,

Obeied by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every
Clime; 30

When knaves and fools combined o'er all
prevail,

And weigh their Justice in a Golden Scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public
sneers,

Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
And shrink from Ridicule, though not from
Law.

Such is the force of Wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand. 40

Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and
small,

Ode! Epic! Elegy!—have at you all!

¹ Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his
pen, in the last chapter of *Don Quixote*. Oh! that
our voluminous gentry would follow the example
of Cid Hamet Benengeli!

² "This must have been written in the spirit of
prophecy."—B., 1816.

I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
 I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,
 A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or
 blame;
 I printed—older children do the same. 50
 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in
 print;
 A Book's a Book, altho' there's nothing in't.
 Not that a Title's sounding charm can save
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
 This LAMB¹ must own, since his patrician
 name
 Failed to preserve the spurious Farce from
 shame.²
 No matter, GEORGE continues still to write,³
 Tho' now the name is veiled from public
 sight.
 Moved by the great example, I pursue
 The self-same road, but make my own
 review: 60
 Not seek great JEFFREY'S, yet like him will
 be
 Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
 Save Censure—Critics all are ready made.
 Take hackneyed jokes from MILLER,⁴ got
 by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote;
 A mind well skilled to find, or forge a
 fault;
 A turn for punning—call it Attic salt;
 To JEFFREY go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per
 sheet: 70

¹ "He's a very good fellow; and, except his mother and sister, the best of the set, to my mind."—B., 1816. [William (1779-1848, Viscount Melbourne, 1828), and George (1784-1834) Lamb, sons of Sir Peniston Lamb), by Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, were Lady Byron's first cousins. William married, in 1805, Lady Caroline Ponsonby, the writer of *Glenarvon*. George was one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*.]

² This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place. (*Vide post*, l. 515.)

[The farce *Whistle for It* was performed two or three times at Covent Garden Theatre in 1807.]

³ In the *Edinburgh Review*.

⁴ [The proverbial "Joe" Miller (1684-1738), an actor by profession, is said to have been unable to read. His reputation rests mainly on the book of jests, compiled after his death, by John Mottley.]

Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a *sharper* hit;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for
 wit;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a Critic, hated yet caressed.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as
 soon

Seek roses in December—ice in June;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in Critics, who themselves are
 sore; 80
 Or yield one single thought to be misled
 By JEFFREY'S heart, or LAMB'S Bœotian
 head.¹

To these young tyrants, by themselves
 misplaced,
 Combined usurpers on the Throne of Taste;
 To these, when Authors bend in humble
 awe,
 And hail their voice as Truth, their word
 as Law;
 While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to
 spare;²
 While such are Critics, why should I
 forbear?
 But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to
 shun; 90
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to
 strike,
 Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

¹ Messrs Jeffrey and Lamb are the alpha and omega, the first and last of the *Edinburgh Review*; the others are mentioned hereafter.

"This was not just. Neither the heart nor the head of these gentlemen are at all what they are here represented. At the time this was written, I was personally unacquainted with either."—B., 1816.

[Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850) founded the *Edinburgh Review* in conjunction with Sydney Smith, Brougham, and Francis Horner, in 1802. In 1803 he succeeded Smith as editor, and conducted the *Review* till 1829. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1794, and as an advocate was especially successful with juries. He sat as M.P. twice for Malton (1830-1832), and, afterwards, for Edinburgh. In 1834 he was appointed a judge of the Court of Sessions, when he took the title of Lord Jeffrey.]

² IMITATION.

"Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
 — occurras perituræ parcere chartæ."
 —JUVENAL, *Satire I.* ll. 17, 18.

Then should you ask me,¹ why I venture
o'er
The path which POPE and GIFFORD² trod
before ;
If not yet sickened, you can still proceed ;
Go on ; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
"But hold !" exclaims a friend,— "here's
some neglect :
This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect."
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has
got,
And careless Dryden—"Aye, but Pye has
not :"—
Indeed !—'tis granted, faith !—but what care
I?
Better to err with POPE, than shine with
PYE.³

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate
days
Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,
When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,
No fabled Graces, flourished side by side ;
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, reared by Taste, bloomed fairer as they
grew.
Then, in this happy Isle, a POPE'S pure
strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought
in vain ;

¹ IMITATION.

"Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit
alumnus,
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam."
—JUVENAL, *Satire I.* ll. 19-21.

² [William Gifford (1756-1826), a self-taught scholar, was sent by friends to Exeter College, Oxford (1779-82). In the *Baviad* (1794) and the *Mæviad* (1795) he attacked the so-called Della Cruscan School, and in his *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (1800) he laboured to expose the true character of John Wolcot. As editor of the *Quarterly Review*, from its foundation (February, 1809) to his resignation in September, 1824, he soon rose to literary eminence by his sound sense, though his judgments were sometimes narrow-minded and warped by political prejudice. Byron was attracted to Gifford, partly by his devotion to the classical models of literature, partly by the outspoken frankness of his literary criticism, partly also, perhaps, by his physical deformity. "I know no praise," he wrote September 20, 1821, "which would compensate me in my own mind for his censure."]

³ [Henry James Pye (1745-1813), M.P. for Berkshire, held the office of poet laureate from 1790 till his death in 1813, succeeding Thomas Warton, and succeeded by Southey.]

A polished nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great DRYDEN poured the tide of
song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly
strong.
Then CONGREVE'S scenes could cheer, or
OTWAY'S melt ;
For Nature then an English audience felt—
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feebler Bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are
cast,
When taste and reason with those times are
past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling
page,
Survey the precious works that please the
age ;
This truth at least let Satire's self allow,
No dearth of Bards can be complained of
now.
The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
And Printers' devils shake their weary bones ;
While SOUTHEY'S Epics cram the creaking
shelves,
And LITTLE'S Lyrics shine in hot-pressed
twelves.¹
Thus saith the *Preacher*: "Nought beneath
the sun
Is new,"² yet still from change to change we
run.
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass !
The Cow-pox, Tractors,³ Galvanism, and
Gas,
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air !
Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the
prize :

¹ [Little was the name under which Moore's early poems were published.—*The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.* (1801). "Twelves" refers to the "duodecimo." Sheets, after printing, are pressed between cold or hot rollers, to impart smoothness of "surface." Hot rolling is the more expensive process.]

² Eccles. chapter i. verse 9.

³ [Metallic "Tractors" were a remedy much advertised at the beginning of the century by an American quack, Benjamin Charles Perkins, founder of the Perkinian Institution in London, as a "cure for all Disorders, Red Noses, Gouty Toes, Windy Bowels, Broken Legs, Hump Backs."]

O'er Taste awhile these Pseudo-bards pre-
vail;
Each country Book-club bows the knee to
Baal,
And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own; 140
Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
From soaring SOUTHEY, down to groveling
STOTT.¹

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling
crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal
race;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And Tales of Terror² jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;
For simpering Folly loves a varied song, 150
To strange, mysterious Dulness still the
friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels³—may they be the
last!—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the
blast,

¹ Stott, better known in the *Morning Post* by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus:—
(*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia*)—

“Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza,” etc.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows:—

“Oh! for a Lay! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore.”

Lord have mercy on us! the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was nothing to this. [The lines “Princely Offspring,” etc., were published in the *Morning Post*, Dec. 30, 1807.]

² [See line 265, note.]

³ See the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Bayes' tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, “a stark moss-trooper,” videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at
nights;
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's¹ brood
Decoy young Border-nobles through the
wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how
high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows
why; 160
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot
spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his
roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the
fight,
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace—
A mighty mixture of the great and base. 170

phrase, “'twas his neckverse at Harribee,” *i.e.* the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for MESSRS CONSTABLE, MURRAY, and MILLER, worshipful Booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr SCOTT will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of Black-Letter Ballad imitations.

[Constable paid Scott a thousand pounds for *Marmion*, and “offered one fourth of the copyright to Mr Miller of Albemarle Street, and one fourth to Mr Murray of Fleet Street (see line 173). Both publishers eagerly accepted the proposal. . . .” (*Memoirs of John Murray*, i. 76, 95).]

¹ [It was the suggestion of the Countess of Dalkeith, that Scott should write a ballad on the old border legend of *Gilpin Horner*, which first gave shape to the poet's ideas, and led to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

And think'st thou, SCOTT! by vain conceit
perchance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may
combine

To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade,
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for
fame:

Still for stern Mammon may they toil in
vain!

And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain! 180
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion."¹

These are the themes that claim our
plaudits now;

These are the Bards to whom the Muse must
bow;

While MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, alike forgot,
Resign their hallowed Bays to WALTER
SCOTT.

The time has been, when yet the Muse
was young,

When HOMER swept the lyre, and MARO
sung, 190

An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic
name:

The work of each immortal Bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.²

Empires have mouldered from the face of
earth,

Tongues have expired with those who gave
them birth,

Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.

Not so with us, though minor Bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent: 200

¹ "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

² As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the *Paradise Lost* and *Gerusalemme Liberata* as their standard efforts; since neither the *Jerusalem Conquered* of the Italian, nor the *Paradise Regained* of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the Ballad-monger SOUTHEY rise!
To him let CAMOENS, MILTON, TASSO yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the
field.

First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of
France!

Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a
witch,

Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from
prison,

A virgin Phoenix from her ashes risen. 210

Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,¹
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous
son;

Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er
knew.

Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!²

Since startled Metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy
race!

Well might triumphant Genii bear thee
hence,

Illustrious conqueror of common sense! 220
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his
sails,

Cacique in Mexico,³ and Prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.

Oh, SOUTHEY! SOUTHEY!⁴ cease thy varied
song!

A bard may chaunt too often and too long:

¹ *Thalaba*, Mr. SOUTHEY'S second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. *Joan of Arc* was marvellous enough, but *Thalaba* was one of those poems "which," in the words of PORSON, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then." ["Of *Thalaba* the wild and wondrous song."—Proem to *Madoc*, Southey's *Poetical Works* (1838), vol. v. *Joan of Arc* was published in 1796, *Thalaba the Destroyer* in 1801, and *Madoc* in 1805.]

² [The hero of Fielding's farce, *The Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, first played in 1730 at the Haymarket.]

³ [Southey's *Madoc* is divided into two parts—Part I., "Madoc in Wales:" Part II., "Madoc in Aztlan."]

⁴ We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic." See his Preface. [*Poetical Works*, v. p. xxi.] Why is

As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could
bear.

But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary
way; 230

If still in Berkeley-Ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,¹
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
"God help thee," SOUTHEY,² and thy readers
too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,³
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and
trouble,

And quit his books, for fear of growing
double";⁴ 240

Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely
prose;

Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.

Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy";

Epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late
Romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy,
Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted
the Epic Muse; but, as Mr. SOUTHEY'S poem
"disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has
he substituted anything better in its stead? or must
he be content to rival Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE in
the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

¹ See *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, a ballad by
Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is
carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high trotting
horse."

² The last line, "God help thee," is an evident
plagiarism from the *Anti-Jacobin* to Mr Southey,
on his Dactyls:—

"God help thee, silly one!"

—*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, p. 23.

³ [In the annotated copy of the Fourth Edition
Byron has drawn a line down the margin of the
passage on Wordsworth, lines 236-248, and adds
the word "Unjust." The first four lines on
Coleridge (lines 255-258) are also marked "Unjust."
The recantation is, no doubt, intended to apply to
both passages from beginning to end.]

⁴ *Lyrical Ballads*, p. 4.—"The Tables Turned,"
st. 1.

"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with
day;¹ 250

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle COLERIDGE pass unnoticed
here,

To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still Obscurity's a welcome guest.

If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a Pixy for a muse,² 260
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass:
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, the Laureate of the long-eared
kind.

Oh! wonder-working LEWIS!³ Monk, or
Bard,
Who fain would make Parnassus a church-
yard!

¹ Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove,
that prose and verse are much the same; and
certainly his precepts and practice are strictly
conformable:—

"And thus to Betty's questions he
Made answer, like a traveller bold.
'The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold.'"

—*Lyrical Ballads*, p. 179.

² COLERIDGE'S *Poems*, p. 11, "Songs of the
Pixies," *i.e.* Devonshire Fairies; p. 42, we have
"Lines to a Young Lady"; and, p. 52, "Lines to
a Young Ass."

³ [Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818), known
as "Monk" Lewis, was the son of a rich Jamaica
planter. In 1794 he was appointed *attaché* to the
Embassy at the Hague, and in the course of
ten weeks wrote *Ambrosio, or The Monk*, which
was published in 1795. In 1798 he made the ac-
quaintance of Scott, and procured his promise of
co-operation in his contemplated *Tales of Terror*,
which were printed at Kelso, in 1799. Two or
three editions of *Tales of Wonder*, to which Byron
refers, were published in 1801. Lewis borrowed so
freely from all sources that the collection was called
"Tales of Plunder."

As a writer, he is memorable chiefly for his
sponsorship of German literature. Scott said of
him that he had the finest ear for rhythm he ever
met with—finer than Byron's; and Coleridge, in
Table Talk for March 20, 1834, commends his
verses. Certainly his ballad of *Crazy Jane*, once
so famous that ladies took to wearing "Crazy
Jane" hats, is of the nature of poetry.]

Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy
brow,
Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy
stand,
By gibb'ring spectres hailed, thy kindred
band; 270
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age;
All hail, M.P. !¹ from whose infernal brain
Thin-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command "grim women" throng
in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small grey men,"—"wild yagers,"
and what not,
To crown with honour thee and WALTER
SCOTT:
Again, all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St Luke alone can vanquish the disease: 280
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to
dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper Hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion
flushed
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames
are hushed?

'Tis LITTLE! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his Lay!
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be
just,

Nor spare melodious advocates of lust. 290
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, "mend thy line, and sin no
more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian STRANGFORD! with thine eyes of
blue,²

And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,

¹ "For every one knows little Matt's an M.P."—
See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in *The Statesman*,
supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

[Joseph Jekyll (1754-1837) was celebrated for his
witticisms and metrical *jeux d'esprit* which he
contributed to the *Morning Chronicle* and the
Evening Statesman. He was a favourite with
the Prince Regent, at whose instance he was
appointed a Master in Chancery in 1815. See his
Correspondence, published in 1894.]

² The reader, who may wish for an explanation

Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss
admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires, 300
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's
sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher
place,
By dressing Camoëns¹ in a suit of lace?
Mend, STRANGFORD! mend thy morals and
thy taste;
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be
chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfered harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy MOORE.

Behold—Ye Tarts!—one moment spare the
text!—

HAYLEY's last work, and worst—until his
next; 310

Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,²
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame.

Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs"
shine!

At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.
Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may
swear

That luckless Music never triumphed there.³

of this, may refer to "Strangford's Camoëns,"
p. 127, note to p. 56, or to the last page of the
Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Camoëns.
[Percy Clinton Sydney Smythe, sixth Viscount
Strangford (1780-1855), published *Poems from the
Portuguese by Luis de Camoëns*, in 1803. The
note to which Byron refers runs thus: "Locks
of auburn and eyes of blue have ever been dear to
the sons of song," etc. It may be added that
Byron's own locks were auburn, and his eyes a
greyish-blue.]

¹ It is also to be remarked, that the things given
to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to
be found in the original Portuguese, than in the
Song of Solomon.

² See his various Biographies of defunct Painters,
etc. [William Hayley (1745-1820) published a
biography of Milton in 1796, of Cowper in 1803-4,
of Romney in 1809. For his life and works, see
Southey's article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol.
xxx. p. 263). The appeal to "tarts" to "spare
the text," is, possibly, an echo of *The Dunciad*,
l. 155, 156—

"Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size.
Redeemed from toppers and defrauded pies."]

³ Hayley's two most notorious verse productions
are *Triumphs of Temper* (1781) and *The Triumph
of Music* (1804). He has also written much

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet
reward¹
On dull devotion — Lo! the Sabbath
Bard, 320
Sepulchral GRAHAME,² pours his notes
sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the
Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, still whimpering through three-
score of years,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonne-
teers. 330
And art thou not their prince, harmonious
Bowles!³

Comedy in rhyme, Epistles, etc., etc. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend POPE'S advice to WYCHERLEY to Mr. H.'s consideration, viz., "to convert poetry into prose," which may easily be done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

¹ [Lines 319-326 were substituted for a passage which reflected on Samuel Jackson Pratt (1749-1814), a poet of the Cruscan School, author of *Gleaning*, and *Sympathy, a Poem* (1788):—

"In verse most stale, unprofitable, flat—
Come let us change the scene, and 'glean'
with Pratt;
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemned to make the books which once he
sold:
Degraded man! again resume thy trade—
The votaries of the Muse are ill repaid,
Though daily puffs once more invite to buy
A new edition of thy 'Sympathy.'"]

² Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of Cant, under the name of *Sabbath Walks* and *Biblical Pictures*. [James Grahame (1765-1811), a lawyer, afterwards a clergyman. *The Sabbath* was published in 1804; and to a second edition were added *Sabbath Walks. Biblical Pictures* appeared in 1807.]

³ [The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles (1762-1850). His edition of Pope's *Works*, in ten volumes, which stirred Byron's gall, appeared in 1806. The *Fall of Empires*, Tyre, Carthage, etc., is the subject of part of the third book of *The Spirit of Discovery by Sea* (1804). Lines "To a Withered Leaf," are, perhaps, of later date; but the "sear tresses," and "shivering leaves" of "Autumn's gradual gloom" are familiar images in his earlier poems. Among his poems are a "Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."]

Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and
grief,
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford
bells,
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou would'st but add a
cap! 340
Delightful BOWLES! still blessing and still
blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle LITTLE'S moral
song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their
tears,
Ere Miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are
vain;
She quits poor BOWLES for LITTLE'S purer
strain.

Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine; 350
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"¹
Such as none heard before, or will again!
Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
Nor this alone—but, pausing on the road,
The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode,²

¹ "Awake a louder," etc., is the first line in BOWLES'S *Spirit of Discovery*: a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following:—

—"A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power,"
etc., etc.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

"Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the 'woods,' but the people in them who trembled—why, Heaven only knows—unless they were overheard making this prodigious smack."—B., 1816.

² The episode above alluded to is the story of "Robert à Machin" and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira. [See Byron's letter to Murray, February 7, 1821, "On Bowles' Strictures," *Life*, p. 688.]

And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous
Miss!—

When first Madeira trembled to a kiss. 360
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept
dwell,

Stick to thy Sonnets, Man!—at least they
sell.

But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for
a scribe:

If 'chance some bard, though once by dunces
feared,

Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;

If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the
first,

Have foiled the best of critics, needs the
worst,

Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man. 370

Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in
CURLL;¹

Let all the scandals of a former age

Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;

Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,

Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;

Write, as if St John's soul could still inspire,

And do from hate what MALLETT² did for
hire.

Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,

To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to
rhyme³—

Thronged with the rest around his living
head, 380

Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,

A meet reward had crowned thy glorious
gains,

And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy
pains.⁴

¹ CURLL is one of the heroes of the *Dunciad*, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord HERVEY, author of *Lines to the Imitator of Horace*.

² Lord BOLINGBROKE hired MALLETT to traduce POPE after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke—the "Patriot King,"—which that splendid, but malignant genius had ordered to be destroyed.

³ Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymster:—

"Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
howls,

Making Night hideous: answer him, ye
owls!"

—DUNCIAD.

[Book III. ll. 165, 166. Pope wrote, "And makes night," etc.]

⁴ See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for

Another Epic! Who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men?
Bœotian COTTLE, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian
coast,

And sends his goods to market—all alive!

Lines forty thousand, Cantos twenty-five! 390

Fresh fish from Hippocrene!¹ who'll buy?
who'll buy?

The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not
I.

Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,

Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant
fat;

If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the
brain,

And AMOS COTTLE strikes the Lyre in vain.

In him an author's luckless lot behold!

Condemned to make the books which once
he sold.

Oh, AMOS COTTLE!—Phœbus! what a
name

To fill the speaking-trump of future
fame!—

Oh, AMOS COTTLE! for a moment think

What meagre profits spring from pen and
ink!

which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own. ["Too savage all this on Bowles," wrote Byron, in 1816, but he afterwards returned to his original sentiments, and regretted the omission of "fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope," what Hobhouse had contributed to the First Edition of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*. The lines supplied by Hobhouse are here subjoined:—

"Stick to thy Sonnets, man!—at least they sell:

Or take the only path that open lies!

For modern worthies who would hope to rise:

Fix on some well-known name, and, bit by bit,

Pare off the merits of his worth and wit:

On each alike employ the critic's knife,

And when a comment fails prefix a life;

Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,

Review forgotten lies, and add your own;

Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,

And print, if luckily deformed, his shape:

Thus shall the world, quite undeceived at last,

Cleave to their present wits, and quit their past;

Bards once revered no more with favour view,

But give their modern sonneteers their due;

Thus with the dead may living merit cope,

Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of

Pope."]

¹ "'Helicon' is a mountain and not a fish-pond. It should have been 'Hippocrene.'"—B., 1816. [The correction was made in the Fifth Edition.]

When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
 Oh! pen perverted! paper misapplied!
 Had COTTLE¹ still adorned the counter's
 side,
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he
 soils,
 Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty
 limb,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him. 410

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
 Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may
 sleep,
 So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves
 Dull MAURICE² all his granite weight of
 leaves:
 Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
 The petrifications of a plodding brain,
 That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering
 back again.

¹ Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have published a pair of Epics—*Alfred* (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!)—*Alfred* and the *Fall of Cambria*.

"All right. I saw some letters of this fellow (Jh. Cottle) to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions, which the poor woman by no means thought vainly of, he attacked so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly regret assailing him, even were it unjust, which it is not—for verily he is an ass."—B., 1816.

[Compare *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*—

"And Cottle, not he whom that Alfred made famous,

But Joseph of Bristol, the brother of Amos."

The identity of the brothers Cottle appears to have been a matter beneath the notice both of the authors of the *Anti-Jacobin* and of Byron. Amos Cottle, who died in 1800 was the author of a *Translation of the Edda of Sæmund*, published in 1797. Joseph Cottle, *inter alia*, published *Alfred* in 1801, and *The Fall of Cambria*, 1807. The "unfortunate poetess" was, probably, Ann Yearsley, the Bristol milk-woman.]

² Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill" and the like:—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent. [The Rev. Thomas Maurice (1754-1824) published his *Richmond Hill* in 1807. He was assistant keeper of MSS. at the British Museum from 1799 till his death.]

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
 Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale;
 Though fair they rose, and might have
 bloomed at last, 420
 His hopes have perished by the northern
 blast:
 Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
 O'er his lost works let *classic* SHEFFIELD
 weep;
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep! 1

Yet say! why should the Bard, at once,
 resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of Northern Wolves, that still in darkness
 prowl;
 A coward Brood, which mangle as they
 prey, 430
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way:
 Agéd or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find—these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the blood-hounds back to Arthur's
 Seat? ²

Health to immortal JEFFREY! once, in
 name,
 England could boast a judge almost the
 same;
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just, 440
 Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
 And given the Spirit to the world again,
 To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men.

¹ POOR MONTGOMERY, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the *Edinburgh*. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His *Wanderer of Switzerland* is worth a thousand *Lyrical Ballads*, and at least fifty *Degraded Epics*.

[James Montgomery (1771-1854), poet and radical, journalist. His early poems were reviewed by Jeffrey in January 1807. The *Wanderer of Switzerland* was published in 1806. The allusion in line 419 is to the first stanza of *The Lyre*—

"Where the roving rill meand' red
 Down the green, retiring vale,
 Poor, forlorn Alcæus wandered,
 Pale with thoughts—serenely pale."

He is remembered chiefly as the writer of some admirable hymns.]

² Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

With hand less mighty, but with heart as
black,

With voice as willing to decree the rack ;
Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that
law

As yet have taught him is to find a flaw,—
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool—
Who knows? if chance his patrons should
restore 450

Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may
meet,

And raise this Daniel to the Judgment-Seat.¹
Let JEFFREY'S shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope :
"Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind !
Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive ! for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great JEFFREY ! Heaven preserve
his life, 460

To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of
Mars !

Can none remember that eventful day,²
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When LITTLE'S leadless pistol met his eye,³
And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing
by?

Oh, day disastrous ! on her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock ;
Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the
north ; 471

¹ "Too ferocious—this is mere insanity."—B., 1816. [The comment applies to lines 432-453.]

² "All this is bad, because personal."—B., 1816.

³ In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magistracy ; and on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

[The following disclaimer to the foregoing note appears in the MS. in Leigh Hunt's copy of the Fourth Edition, 1811. It was first printed in the Fifth Edition :—

"I am informed that Mr. Moore published at the time a disavowal of the statements in the newspapers, as far as regarded himself ; and, in justice to him, I mention this circumstance. As I never heard of it before, I cannot state the particulars, and was only made acquainted with the fact very lately. November 4, 1811."]

TWEED ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued his calm career ;¹
ARTHUR'S steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If JEFFREY died, except within her arms :²
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground, 481
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound :
Strewed were the streets around with milk-
white reams,

Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams ;
This of his candour seemed the sable dew,
That of his valour showed the bloodless hue ;
And all with justice deemed the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hovered o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath
of Moore ; 490

From either pistol snatched the vengeful
lead,

And straight restored it to her favourite's
head ;

That head, with greater than magnetic
power,

Caught it, as Danæe caught the golden
shower,

And, though the thickening dross will scarce
refine,

Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.

"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for
gore again,

Resign the pistol and resume the pen ;
O'er politics and poesy preside, 499

Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide !
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,

Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,

Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.

¹ The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum ; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

² This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the Edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.