

2.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poisoned too.

3.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

4.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

5.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

6.

In flattering dreams I deemed thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

7.

My light of Life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of Love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

8.

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm to bid thy lover live.

9.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

10.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

11.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That Joy is harbinger of Woe.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.

1.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieveest,
Too well thou lov'st—*too soon* thou leavest.

2.

The wholly false the *heart* despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When *she* can change who loved so truly,
It *feels* what mine has *felt* so newly.

3.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our Fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

4.

What must they feel whom no false vision
But truest, tenderest Passion warmed?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition:
As if a dream alone had charmed?
Ah! sure such *grief* is *Fancy's* scheming,
And all thy *Change* can be but *dreaming*!

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS
THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayest read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?
And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live until—I cease to be.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814
(Seventh Edition).]

ON THE QUOTATION,

"And my true faith can alter never,
Though thou art gone perhaps for ever."

1.

AND "thy true faith can alter never?"—
Indeed it lasted for a—week!
I know the length of Love's forever,
And just expected such a freak.
In peace we met, in peace we parted,
In peace we vowed to meet again,
And though I find thee, fickle-hearted—
No pang of mine shall make thee vain.

2.

One gone—'twas time to seek a second;
In sooth 'twere hard to blame thy haste;
And whatso'er thy love be reckoned,
At least thou hast improved in taste:
Though one was young, the next was
younger,
His love was new, mine too well known—
And what might make the charm still
stronger,
The youth was present, I was flown.

3.

Seven days and nights of single sorrow!
Too much for human constancy!
A fortnight past, why then to-morrow,
His turn is come to follow me:
And if each week you change a lover,
And so have acted heretofore,
Before a year or two is over
We'll form a very pretty *corps*.

4.

Adieu, fair thing! without upbraiding
I fain would take a decent leave;
Thy beauty still survives unfading,
And undeceived may long deceive.
With him unto thy bosom dearer
Enjoy the moments as they flee;
I only wish his love sincerer
Than thy young heart has been to me.

1812.

[First published, 1900.]

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM
PASSION'S POWER.¹

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

¹ [It is possible that these lines, as well as the Sonnets "To Genevra," were addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster.]

7.

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

8.

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

9.

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

10.

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

11.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

12.

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

13.

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

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814
(Seventh Edition).] 1813.

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A
FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;

Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too
well;
Back to my breast the Wanderers shrink,
And *droop* within their silent cell.

September, 1813.
[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814
(Seventh Edition).]

SONNET.

TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair
hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught,
From contemplation — where serenely
wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its
despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine
air,
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless
thought—
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly
care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more
excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue
scorn.

December 17, 1813.
[First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second
Edition).]

SONNET.

TO GENEVRA.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from
woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round Heaven's airy bow.

For, through thy long dark lashes low depend-
ing,

The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a Seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

[First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second
Edition).]

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

“TU MI CHAMAS.”

1.

IN moments to delight devoted,
“My Life!” with tenderest tone, you cry ;
Dear words ! on which my heart had doted,
If Youth could neither fade nor die.

2.

To Death even hours like these must roll,
Ah ! then repeat those accents never ;
Or change “my Life !” into “my Soul !”
Which, like my Love, exists for ever.

[First published, 1832.]

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *Life*.—Oh ! change the
word—

Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh :
Say rather I'm your Soul ; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my Love can never die.

[First published, 1814.]

THE GIAOUR.¹

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

“ One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can
bring,

For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no
sting.”

MOORE.

[“As a beam o'er the face,” etc.—*Irish Melodies*.]

¹ [The *Giaour* was begun in May 1813. The first edition (685 lines) was published, June 5, the seventh edition which presented the poem in its final shape (1344 lines) was published December 27, 1813.]

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN
OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

LONDON, *May*, 1813.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb¹ which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff
High o'er the land he saved in vain ;
When shall such Hero live again ?

* * * * *

¹ A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Fair clime! where every season smiles
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight, 10
 And lend to loneliness delight.
 There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
 Reflects the tints of many a peak
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave
 These Edens of the Eastern wave:
 And if at times a transient breeze
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
 How welcome is each gentle air
 That wakes and wafts the odours there! 20
 For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,¹

The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
 Far from the winters of the west,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by Nature given 30
 In softest incense back to Heaven;
 And grateful yields that smiling sky
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
 And many a summer flower is there,
 And many a shade that Love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar² 40
 Is heard, and seen the Evening Star;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
 As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
 And every charm and grace hath mixed
 Within the Paradise she fixed,

¹ The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.

"Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
 Thyself the rose and he the bird of spring:
 Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade."

² The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night; with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

There man, enamoured of distress, 50
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
 Strange—that where all is Peace beside,
 There Passion riots in her pride,
 And Lust and Rapine wildly reign 60
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the Fiends prevailed
 Against the Seraphs they assailed,
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of Hell;
 So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of Death is fled,
 The first dark day of Nothingness, 70
 The last of Danger and Distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of Repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow, 80
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy¹
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the Tyrant's power;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by Death revealed!²

¹ "Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction?"

—*Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1, lines 115, 116.

² I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Such is the aspect of this shore : 90
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for Soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past
 away ! 100
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly
 birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its
 cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-
 cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,—110
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce, what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your Sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear, 120
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
 Attest it many a deathless age !
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy Heroes, though the general doom 130
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from Splendour to Disgrace ;
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;

Yet—Self-abasement paved the way 140
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the Muse might soar
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the Grave, 150
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a Slave,¹
 And callous, save to crime ;
 Stained with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast,
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft ;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renowned, 160
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,
 And they who listen may believe,
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
 The shadows of the rocks advancing
 Start on the Fisher's eye like boat 170
 Of island-pirate or Mainote ;
 And fearful for his light caïque,
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek :
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumbered with his scaly spoil,
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest
 steed,² 180
 With slackened bit and hoof of speed ?

¹ Athens is the property of the Kizlar Aga [kizlar-
 aghasi] (the slave of the Seraglio and guardian of
 the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander
 and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appella-
 tions—now *governs* the *governor* of Athens !

² [The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman,
 who has been employed during the day in the gulf
 of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the
 Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands

Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The caverned Echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gathered from the Ocean-tide :
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast ;
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young
 Giaour !¹ 190

I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What Time shall strengthen, not efface :
 Though young and pale, that sallow front
 Is scathed by fiery Passion's brunt ;
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,
 Right well I view and deem thee one
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hastened, and he drew 200
 My gaze of wonder as he flew :
 Though like a Demon of the night
 He passed, and vanished from my sight,
 His aspect and his air impressed
 A troubled memory on my breast,
 And long upon my startled ear
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
 He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep ;
 He winds around ; he hurries by ; 210
 The rock relieves him from mine eye ;
 For, well I ween, unwelcome he
 Whose glance is fixed on those that flee ;
 And not a star but shines too bright
 On him who takes such timeless flight.

with his boat on the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem.—Note by George Ellis.

¹ The pronunciation of the word "Giaour" depends on its origin. If it is associated with the Arabic *ja'wir*, a "deviating" or "erring," the initial consonant would be soft, but if with the Persian *gawr*, or *guebre*, "a fire-worshipper," the word should be pronounced *Gow-er*—as Gower Street has come to be pronounced. It is to be remarked that to the present day the Nestorians of Urumiah are contemned as *Gy-ours* (the *G* hard), by their Mohammedan countrymen.—(From information kindly supplied by Mr. A. G. Ellis, of the Oriental Printed Books and MSS. Department, British Museum.)]

He wound along ; but ere he passed
 One glance he snatched, as if his last,
 A moment checked his wheeling steed,
 A moment breathed him from his speed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood— 220
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood ?
 The Crescent glimmers on the hill,
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still :
 Though too remote for sound to wake
 In echoes of the far tophaïke,¹
 The flashes of each joyous peal
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
 To-night, set Rhamazani's sun ;
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun ;
 To-night—but who and what art thou 230
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?
 And what are these to thine or thee,
 That thou shouldst either pause or flee ?

He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon Hatred settled in its place :
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed ; 240
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly ;
 Impatient of his flight delayed,
 Here loud his raven charger neighed—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasped his
 blade ;
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides ;
 Away—away—for life he rides : 250
 Swift as the hurled on high jerreed²
 Springs to the touch his startled steed ;

¹ "Tophaike," musket. The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset: the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

[The Bairâm, the Moslem Easter, a festival of three days, succeeded the Ramazân.

For the illumination of the mosques during the fast of the Ramazân, see *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lv. line 5.]

² Jerreed, or Djerrid [Jarîd], a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans ; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more ;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.
 'Twas but an instant he restrained
 That fiery barb so sternly reined ;
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by Death pursued ; 260
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seemed to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years :
 What felt *he* then, at once opprest
 By all that most distracts the breast ?
 That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date ! 270
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought !
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,
 Which in itself can comprehend
 Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone ;
 And did he fly or fall alone ?
 Woe to that hour he came or went !
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent 280
 To turn a palace to a tomb ;
 He came, he went, like the Simoom,¹
 That harbinger of Fate and gloom,
 Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead !

The steed is vanished from the stall ;
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall ;
 The lonely Spider's thin gray pall 290
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall ;
 The Bat builds in his Haram bower,
 And in the fortress of his power
 The owl usurps the beacon-tower ;
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim ;
 For the stream had shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are
 spread.

'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day, 300

¹ The blast of the desert, fatal to everything living, and often alluded to in Eastern poetry.

As springing high the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew,
 And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were
 bright,
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night.
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
 Around the verge of that cascade ;
 And oft upon his mother's breast 310
 That sound had harmonized his rest ;
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song ;
 And softer seemed each melting tone
 Of Music mingled with its own.
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
 Along the brink at Twilight's close :
 The stream that filled that font is fled—
 The blood that warmed his heart is
 shed !
 And here no more shall human voice 320
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
 The last sad note that swelled the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail :
 That quenched in silence, all is still,
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is
 shrill :
 Though raves the gust, and floods the
 rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
 The rudest steps of fellow man,
 So here the very voice of Grief 330
 Might wake an Echo like relief—
 At least 'twould say, "All are not
 gone ;
 There lingers Life, though but in one"—
 For many a gilded chamber's there,
 Which Solitude might well forbear ;
 Within that dome as yet Decay
 Hath slowly worked her cankering
 way—
 But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay, 340
 For Bounty cheers not his delay ;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bless the sacred "bread and salt."
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For Courtesy and Pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side.
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is Desolation's hungry den.

The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from
labour, 350
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's
sabre! ¹

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet;
More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathèd ataghan; ²
The foremost of the band is seen
An Emir by his garb of green: ³
“Ho! who art thou?”—“This low salam ⁴
Replies of Moslem faith I am.
The burthen ye so gently bear, 360
Seems one that claims your utmost care,
And, doubtless, holds some precious
freight—
My humble bark would gladly wait.”

“Thou speakest sooth: thy skiff unmoor,
And waft us from the silent shore;
Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply
The nearest oar that's scattered by,
And midway to those rocks where sleep
The channelled waters dark and deep.
Rest from your task—so—bravely done, 370
Our course has been right swiftly run;
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
That one of— * * *

* * * * *

¹ I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour. [“Serve God . . . and show kindness unto parents, and relations, and orphans, and the poor, and your neighbour who is of kin to you . . . and the traveller, and the captives,” etc.—*Qur'ân*, cap. iv. [40].

² The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

³ Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

⁴ “Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!” peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, “Urlarula!” a good journey; or “saban hiresem, saban serula,” good morn, good even; and sometimes, “may your end be happy!” are the usual salutes.

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watched it as it sank, methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirred it more,—'twas but the beam
That checkered o'er the living stream:
I gazed, till vanishing from view, 380
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemmed the tide, then mocked the
sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to Genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
The insect queen ¹ of Eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer 390
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild:
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed, 400
Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast, 410
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim 420
Except an erring Sister's shame.

* * * * *

¹ The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire;
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flame around their captive close,
 Till inly searched by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows—
 The sting she nourished for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain, 430
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain:
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;¹
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death!

* * * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes; 440
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
 That tale can only Hassan tell:
 Strange rumours in our city say
 Upon that eve she fled away
 When Rhamazan's² last sun was set
 And flashing from each Minaret 450
 Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
 Of Bairam through the boundless East.
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly searched in wrath;
 For she was flown her master's rage
 In likeness of a Georgian page,

¹ Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

["Probably in some instances the poor scorpion has been burnt to death; and the well-known habit of these creatures to raise the tail over the back and recurve it so that the extremity touches the fore part of the cephalo-thorax, has led to the idea that it was stinging itself."—*Encycl. Brit.*, art. "Arachnida."]

² The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan.

And far beyond the Moslem's power
 Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour.
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed;
 But still so fond, so fair she seemed, 460
 Too well he trusted to the slave
 Whose treachery deserved a grave:
 And on that eve had gone to Mosque,
 And thence to feast in his Kiosk.
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
 Who did not watch their charge too well;
 But others say, that on that night,
 By pale Phingari's¹ trembling light,
 The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
 Was seen, but seen alone to speed 470
 With bloody spur along the shore,
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well;
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But Soul beamed forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.²
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say 480
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay;
 Though on Al-Sirat's³ arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,

¹ Phingari, the moon.

² The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag [Schabchirāgh], "the torch of night"; also "the cup of the sun," etc. In the First Edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables; so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

[According to Sir Richard Burton (*Arabian Nights*, S.N., iii. 440, "Jám-i-jámshid is a well-known commonplace in Moslem folk-lore; but commentators cannot agree whether 'Jám' be a mirror or a cup. In the latter sense it would represent the Cyathomantic cup of the Patriarch Joseph, and the symbolic bowl of Nestor. Jamshid may be translated either 'Jam the Bright,' or 'the Cup of the Sun'; this ancient King is the Solomon of the grand old Guebres."]

Fitzgerald, Stanza v. of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, embodies a late version of the myth—

"Iram is gone and all his Rose,
 And Jamshyd's sev'n-ringed Cup where no one knows."]

³ Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than

With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?¹ 490
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's² blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new;
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow,³
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,

the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "*facilis descensus Averni*," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

[The legend, or rather allegory, to which there would seem to be some allusion in the words of Scripture, "Strait is the gate," etc., is of Zoroastrian origin. Compare the *Zend-Avesta* (*Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Müller, 1887, xxxi. 261), "With even threefold (safety and with speed) I will bring his soul over the Bridge of *Kinvat*," etc.]

¹ A vulgar error: the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

[Sale, in his *Preliminary Discourse* notes "that there are several passages in the Korân which affirm that women, in the next life, will not only be punished for their evil actions, but will also receive the rewards of their good deeds, as well as the men, and that in this case God will make no distinction of sexes." A single quotation will suffice: "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for aye; and goodly places in the garden of Eden." — *The Qur'ân*, translated by E. H. Palmer, 1880, vi. 183.]

² An Oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "*plus Arabe qu'en Arabie*."

[Gulnâr (the heroine of the *Corsair* is named Gulnare) is Persian for a pomegranate flower.]

³ Hyacinthine, in Arabic "*Sunbul*"; as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Hath swept the marble where her feet 500
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water;
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!¹
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide; 510
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
 Thus armed with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;
 Her heart as tender to her mate;
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
 With twenty vassals in his train, 520
 Each armed, as best becomes a man,
 With arquebuss and ataghan;
 The chief before, as decked for war,
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stained with the best of Arnaut blood,
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few returned to tell the tale
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a Pasha wore, 530
 Which still, though gemmed and bossed
 with gold,

Even robbers tremble to behold.
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side;
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And—worse than faithless—for a Giaour!

* * * * *

The Sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer: 540
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
 In cities lodged too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard—
 Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain."

* * * * *

¹ "Franguestan," Circassia. [Or Europe generally—the land of the Frank.]

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap ; 550
 The rest in lengthening line the while
 Wind slowly through the long defile :
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
 And theirs may be a feast to-night,
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light ;
 Beneath, a river's wintry stream
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,
 And left a channel bleak and bare,
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there : 560
 Each side the midway path there lay
 Small broken crags of granite gray,
 By time, or mountain lightning, riven
 From summits clad in mists of heaven ;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura¹ unveiled ?

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last ;
 " Bismillah !² now the peril's past ;
 For yonder view the opening plain,
 And there we'll prick our steeds amain : " 570
 The Chiaus³ spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o'er his head ;
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground !
 Scarce had they time to check the rein,
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound ;
 But three shall never mount again :
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain.
 With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant, 580
 Half sheltered by the steed ;
 Some fly beneath the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,
 Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
 Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan 590
 Have well secured the only way
 Could now avail the promised prey ;
 Then curled his very beard⁴ with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire ;

¹ [Parnassus.]

² " In the name of God ; " the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one [the ninth], and of prayer and thanksgiving.

³ [A Turkish messenger, sergeant or lictor.]

⁴ A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809 the Capitan Pacha's whiskers

" Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 I've scaped a bloodier hour than this." 600
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit ;
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resigned carbine or ataghan,
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun !¹
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 The lately ambushed foes appear,
 And, issuing from the grove, advance
 Some who on battle-charger prance.
 Who leads them on with foreign brand
 Far flashing in his red right hand ?
 "'Tis he ! 'tis he ! I know him now ; 610
 I know him by his pallid brow ;
 I know him by the evil eye²
 That aids his envious treachery ;
 I know him by his jet-black barb ;
 Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,
 Apostate from his own vile faith,
 It shall not save him from the death :
 'Tis he ! well met in any hour,
 Lost Leila's love—accurséd Giaour ! "

As rolls the river into Ocean, 620
 In sable torrent wildly streaming ;
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
 In azure column proudly gleaming,
 Beats back the current many a rood,
 In curling foam and mingling flood,
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
 Roused by the blast of winter, rave ;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
 The lightnings of the waters flash
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore, 630
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;
 Thus—as the stream and Ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet—
 Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
 And fate, and fury, drive along.

at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans ; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

¹ " Amaun," quarter, pardon.

² The " evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

The bickering sabres' shivering jar ;
 And pealing wide or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar ;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war, 640
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale :
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress ;
 But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes, 650
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold :
 Friends meet to part ; Love laughs at faith ;
 True foes, once met, are joined till death !

* * * * *

With sabre shivered to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt ;
 Yet strained within the severed hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand ;
 His turban far behind him rolled,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold : 660
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streaked with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end ;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore ;¹
 His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
 His back to earth, his face to Heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy, 670
 As if the hour that sealed his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.

* * * * *

“ Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 But his shall be a redder grave ;
 Her spirit pointed well the steel
 Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 He called the Prophet, but his power
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour : 680
 He called on Alla—but the word
 Arose unheeded or unheard.
 Thou Paynim fool ! could Leila's prayer
 Be passed, and thine accorded there ?

¹ The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

I watched my time, I leagued with these,
 The traitor in his turn to seize ;
 My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,
 And now I go,—but go alone.”

* * * * *

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling :
 His mother looked from her lattice high— 690
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye,
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling :
 “ 'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh.”
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest
 tower.

“ Why comes he not ? his steeds are fleet,
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat ;
 Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised
 gift ?
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift ? 700
 Oh, false reproach ! yon Tartar now
 Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,
 And warily the steep descends,
 And now within the valley bends ;
 And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
 How could I deem his courser slow ?
 Right well my largess shall repay
 His welcome speed, and weary way.”

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight ! 710
 His swarthy visage spake distress,
 But this might be from weariness ;
 His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
 But these might be from his courser's side ;
 He drew the token from his vest—
 Angel of Death ! 'Tis Hassan's cloven crest !
 His calpac¹ rent—his caftan red—
 “ Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed :
 Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
 But this empurpled pledge to bear. 720
 Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt :
 Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt.”

* * * * *

A Turban² carved in coarsest stone,
 A Pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,

¹ The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress ; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

² The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos ; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder or revenge.

[The following is a “Koran verse” (l. 726).

Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell
 A victim in that lonely dell.
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee ; 730
 As ever scorned forbidden wine,
 Or prayed with face towards the shrine,
 In orisons resumed anew
 At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"¹
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
 And stranger in his native land ;
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,
 And unavenged, at least in blood.
 But him the maids of Paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite, 740
 And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright ;
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,²
 And welcome with a kiss the brave !
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel ! shall writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkir's³ scythe ;
 And from its torments 'scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis'⁴ throne ; 750

"Every one that is upon it (the earth) perisheth ;
 but the person of thy Lord abideth, the possessor
 of glory and honour" (Sur. lv. 26, 27).]

¹ "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the
 Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery
 on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still
 evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which
 is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and
 beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.
 [Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who
 erected a minaret or turret ; and this he placed on
 the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin
 or crier to announce from it the hour of prayer.]

² The following is part of a battle-song of the
 Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise,
 and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green ;
 and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,'"
 etc."

³ Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the
 dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight
 noviciate and preparatory training for damnation.
 If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled
 up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-
 hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of
 subsidiary probations. The office of these angels
 is no sinecure ; there are but two, and the number
 of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion
 to the remainder, their hands are always full.—
 See *Relig. Ceremon.*, v. 290 ; vii. 59, 68, 118, and
 Sale's *Preliminary Discourse to the Koran*, p. 101.

⁴ Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

And fire unquenched, unquenchable,
 Around, within, thy heart shall dwell ;
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell !
 But first, on earth as Vampire¹ sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent :
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race ;
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life ; 760
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse :
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the demon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
 But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest, most beloved of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame ! 770
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,

¹ The Vampire superstition is still general in the
 Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story,
 which Mr. Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba* quotes
 about these "Vroucolochas" as he calls them.
 The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect
 a whole family being terrified by the scream of
 a child, which they imagined must proceed from
 such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the
 word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas"
 is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least
 is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the
 Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.
 The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

[*Βουρκόλακας* is modern Greek for a ghost or
 vampire.]

Arsenius, Archbishop of Monembasia (circ. 1530),
 was famous for his scholarship. "He submitted
 to the Church of Rome, which made him so odious
 to the Greek schismatics that the Patriarch of
 Constantinople excommunicated him ; and the
 Greeks reported that Arsenius, after his death,
 was *Broukolakas*, that is, that the Devil hovered
 about his corps and re-animated him" (Bayle,
Dictionary, 1724, art. "Arsenius"). Martinus
 Crusius, in his *Turco-Græcia*, lib. ii. records the
 death of Arsenius while under sentence of ex-
 communication, and adds that "his miserable
 corpse turned black, and swelled to the size of a
 drum, so that all who beheld it were horror-stricken,
 and trembled exceedingly." Byron, no doubt, got
 his information from Bayle. By "old legitimate
 Hellenic" he must mean literary as opposed to
 kleptich Greek.]

Of which in life a lock when shorn
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony ! 780
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip ;¹
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave ;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From Sceptre more accursed than they !

* * * * *

"How name ye yon lone Caloyer ?²
 His features I have scanned before
 In mine own land : 'tis many a year,
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore, 790
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed
 As ever served a horseman's need.
 But once I saw that face, yet then
 It was so marked with inward pain,
 I could not pass it by again ;
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,
 As death were stamped upon his brow.

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
 Since first among our freres he came ;
 And here it soothes him to abide 800
 For some dark deed he will not name.

¹ The freshness of the face and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

[Vampires were the reanimated corpses of persons newly buried, which were supposed to suck the blood and suck out the life of their selected victims. The marks by which a vampire corpse was recognized were the apparent non-putrefaction of the body and effusion of blood from the lips. A suspected vampire was exhumed, and if the marks were perceived or imagined to be present, a stake was driven through the heart, and the body was burned. These precautions "laid" the vampire, and the community might sleep in peace.]

² [It is a hard matter to piece together the "fragments" which make up the rest of the poem. Apparently the question, "How name ye?" is put by the fisherman, the narrator of the first part of the *Fragment*, and answered by a monk of the fraternity, with whom the Giaour has been pleased to "abide" during the past six years, under conditions and after a fashion of which the monk disapproves. Hereupon the fisherman disappears, and a kind of dialogue between the author and the protesting monk ensues. The poem concludes with the Giaour's confession, which is addressed to the monk, or perhaps to the interested and more tolerant Prior of the community.]

But never at our Vesper prayer,
 Nor e'er before Confession chair
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 Incense or anthem to the skies,
 But broods within his cell alone,
 His faith and race alike unknown.
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 And here ascended from the coast ;
 Yet seems he not of Othman race, 810
 But only Christian in his face :
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 Repentant of the change he made,
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 Great largess to these walls he brought,
 And thus our Abbot's favour bought ;
 But were I Prior, not a day
 Should brook such stranger's further stay,
 Or pent within our penance cell 820
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 Much in his visions mutters he
 Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea ;
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
 On cliff he hath been known to stand
 And rave as to some bloody hand
 Fresh severed from its parent limb,
 Invisible to all but him,
 Which beckons onward to his grave, 830
 And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl :
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by ;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
 For in it lurks that nameless spell,
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquelled and high, 840
 That claims and keeps ascendancy ;
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook :
 From him the half-affrighted Friar
 When met alone would fain retire,
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferred to others fear and guile :
 Not oft to smile descendeth he, 850
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see
 That he but mocks at Misery.

How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
 Then fix once more as if for ever ;
 As if his sorrow or disdain
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
 From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
 But sadder still it were to trace
 What once were feelings in that face : 860
 Time hath not yet the features fixed,
 But brighter traits with evil mixed ;
 And there are hues not always faded,
 Which speak a mind not all degraded
 Even by the crimes through which it waded :
 The common crowd but see the gloom
 Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
 The close observer can espy
 A noble soul, and lineage high :
 Alas ! though both bestowed in vain, 870
 Which Grief could change, and Guilt could
 stain,
 It was no vulgar tenement
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,
 And still with little less than dread
 On such the sight is riveted.
 The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
 Will scarce delay the passer-by ;
 The tower by war or tempest bent,
 While yet may frown one battlement,
 Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ; 880
 Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
 Pleads haughtily for glories gone !

“ His floating robe around him folding,
 Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle ;
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
 The rites that sanctify the pile.
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,
 And kneel the monks, his steps retire ;
 By yonder lone and wavering torch
 His aspect glares within the porch ; 890
 There will he pause till all is done—
 And hear the prayer, but utter none.
 See—by the half-illumined wall
 His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent-braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead strayed :
 For he declines the convent oath,
 And leaves those locks unhallowed growth, 900
 But wears our garb in all beside ;
 And, not from piety but pride,
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word.
 Lo !—mark ye, as the harmony
 Peals louder praises to the sky,

That livid cheek, that stony air
 Of mixed defiance and despair !
 Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine !
 Else may we dread the wrath divine 910
 Made manifest by awful sign.
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he wore :
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven !”

To Love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own ;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair ;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel 920
 The wound that Time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same ;
 Then tempered to thy want, or will,
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill—
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ;
 But if a dagger's form it bear, 930
 Let those who shape its edge, beware !
 Thus Passion's fire, and Woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart ;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief ;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less. 940
 We loathe what none are left to share :
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear ;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay ! 950
 It is as if the desert bird,¹

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famished nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferred,

¹ The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood. [It has been suggested that the curious

Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void—
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemployed. 960
 Who would be doomed to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on Fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock! 970

* * * * *

“Father! thy days have passed in peace,
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
 To bid the sins of others cease,

Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age;
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,
 Such as thy penitents unfold,
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest 980
 Within thy pure and pitying breast.

My days, though few, have passed below
 In much of Joy, but more of Woe;
 Yet still in hours of love or strife,
 I've 'scaped the weariness of Life:
 Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
 I loathed the languor of repose.

Now, nothing left to love or hate,
 No more with hope or pride elate,
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls 990
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
 Condemned to meditate and gaze.

Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.

Soon shall my Fate that wish fulfil;

And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was, and would be still,

Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
 My memory now is but the tomb 1000
 Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:

bloody secretion ejected from the mouth of the
 flamingo may have given rise to the belief, through
 that bird having been mistaken for the “pelican of
 the wilderness.”—*Encycl. Brit.*, art. “Pelican” (by
 Professor A. Newton), xviii. 474.]

Though better to have died with those
 Than bear a life of lingering woes.
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 Of ancient fool and modern knave:
 Yet death I have not feared to meet;
 And in the field it had been sweet,
 Had Danger wooed me on to move 1010
 The slave of Glory, not of Love.
 I've braved it—not for Honour's boast;
 I smile at laurels won or lost;
 To such let others carve their way,
 For high renown, or hireling pay:
 But place again before my eyes
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize—
 The maid I love, the man I hate—
 And I will hunt the steps of fate,
 To save or slay, as these require, 1020
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire:
 Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one
 Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
 Death is but what the haughty brave,
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
 Then let life go to Him who gave:
 I have not quailed to Danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I *now*?

* * * * *

“I loved her, Friar! nay, adored—
 But these are words that all can use— 1030
 I proved it more in deed than word;

There's blood upon that dinted sword,
 A stain its steel can never lose:

'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
 It warmed the heart of one abhorred:

Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 Nor midst my sin such act record;

Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 For he was hostile to thy creed!
 The very name of Nazarene 1040
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.

Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,

And wounds by Galileans given—
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven—

For him his Houris still might wait
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate.

I loved her—Love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to
 prey;

And if it dares enough, 'twere hard 1050
 If Passion met not some reward—

No matter how, or where or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:

Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how;
 But look—'tis written on my brow!
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 In characters unworn by Time:
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause; 1060
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one.
 Faithless to him—he gave the blow;
 But true to me—I laid him low:
 Howe'er deserved her doom might be
 Her treachery was truth to me;
 To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which Tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
 And I, alas! too late to save! 1070
 Yet all I then could give, I gave—
 'Twas some relief—our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well mayst hate.

His doom was sealed—he knew it well,
 Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear¹
 The deathshot pealed of murder near,

¹ This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East, fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? We are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves."—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—"The shot. Not a tophaike has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice."—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palaocastro*" man? "No," said he; "but these pillars will be useful in making a

As filed the troop to where they fell!
 He died too in the battle broil, 1080
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Alla all he made:
 He knew and crossed me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watched his spirit ebb away:
 Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel,
 He felt not half that now I feel.
 I searched, but vainly searched, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind; 1090
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
 Despair upon his dying face!—
 The late repentance of that hour
 When Penitence hath lost her power
 To tear one terror from the grave,
 And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * * *

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 Their love can scarce deserve the name; 1100
 But mine was like the lava flood
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
 I cannot prate in puling strain
 Of Ladye-love, and Beauty's chain:

stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto 2nd. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in "villanous company" and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined. "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "In the meantime he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
 If bursting heart, and maddening brain,
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 And all that I have felt and feel,
 Betoken love—that love was mine, 1110
 And shown by many a bitter sign.
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
 I knew but to obtain or die.
 I die—but first I have possessed,
 And come what may, I *have been* blessed.
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
 No—reft of all, yet undismayed
 But for the thought of Leila slain,
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,
 So would I live and love again. 1120
 I grieve, but not, my holy Guide!
 For him who dies, but her who died:
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
 This breaking heart and throbbing head
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.
 She was a form of Life and Light,
 That, seen, became a part of sight;
 And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
 The Morning-star of Memory! 1130

“ Yes, Love indeed is light from Heaven;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Alla given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But Heaven itself descends in Love—
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought;
 A ray of Him who formed the whole—
 A Glory circling round the soul! 1140
 I grant *my* love imperfect, all
 That mortals by the name miscall:
 Then deem it evil, what thou wilt—
 But say, oh say, *hers* was not Guilt!
 She was my Life's unerring Light:
 That quenched—what beam shall break my
 night?
 Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
 Although to death or deadliest ill!
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose
 This present joy, this future hope, 1150
 No more with Sorrow meekly cope;
 In phrensy then their fate accuse;
 In madness do those fearful deeds
 That seem to add but Guilt to Woe?
 Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
 Hath nought to dread from outward
 blow:

Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss.
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear: 1160
 I read abhorrence on thy brow,
 And this too was I born to bear!
 'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
 With havock have I marked my way:
 But this was taught me by the dove,
 To die—and know no second love.
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
 The bird that sings within the brake,
 The swan that swims upon the lake, 1170
 One mate, and one alone, will take.
 And let the fool still prone to range,
 And sneer on all who cannot change,
 Partake his jest with boasting boys;
 I envy not his varied joys,
 But deem such feeble, heartless man,
 Less than yon solitary swan,—
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid
 He left believing and betrayed.
 Such shame at least was never mine— 1180
 Leila! each thought was only thine!
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
 My hope on high—my all below.
 Earth holds no other like to thee,
 Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
 For worlds I dare not view the dame
 Resembling thee, yet not the same.
 The very crimes that mar my youth,
 This bed of death—attest my truth!
 'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art 1190
 The cherished madness of my heart!

“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
 But not the breath of human life:
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
 And stung my every thought to strife.
 Alike all time—abhorred all place—
 Shuddering I shrank from Nature's face,
 Where every hue that charmed before
 The blackness of my bosom wore.
 The rest thou dost already know, 1200
 And all my sins, and half my woe.
 But talk no more of penitence;
 Thou seest I soon shall part from hence
 And if thy holy tale were true,
 The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?
 Think me not thankless—but this grief
 Looks not to priesthood for relief.¹

¹ The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be

My soul's estate in secret guess :
 But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
 When thou canst bid my Leila live, 1210
 Then will I sue thee to forgive ;
 Then plead my cause in that high place
 Where purchased masses proffer grace.
 Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,
 And calm the lonely lioness :
 But soothe not—mock not *my* distress !

“ In earlier days, and calmer hours,
 When heart with heart delights to blend,
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers, 1220
 I had—Ah ! have I now—a friend !
 To him this pledge I charge thee send,
 Memorial of a youthful vow ;
 I would remind him of my end :

Though souls absorbed like mine allow
 Brief thought to distant Friendship's claim,
 Yet dear to him my blighted name.
 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
 And I have smiled—I then could smile—
 When Prudence would his voice assume, 1230
 And warn—I recked not what—the while :
 But now Remembrance whispers o'er
 Those accents scarcely marked before.

Say—that his bodings came to pass,
 And he will start to hear their truth,
 And wish his words had not been sooth :
 Tell him—unheeding as I was,
 Through many a busy bitter scene
 Of all our golden youth had been,
 In pain, my faltering tongue had tried 1240
 To bless his memory—ere I died ;
 But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.

I do not ask him not to blame,
 Too gentle he to wound my name ;
 And what have I to do with Fame ?
 I do not ask him not to mourn,
 Such cold request might sound like scorn ;
 And what than Friendship's manly tear
 May better grace a brother's bier ? 1250
 But bear this ring, his own of old,
 And tell him—what thou dost behold !
 The withered frame, the ruined mind,
 The wrack by passion left behind,
 A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,
 Seared by the autumn blast of Grief !

* * * * *

sufficient to say that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

“ Tell me no more of Fancy's gleam,
 No, Father, no, 'twas not a dream ;
 Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,—
 I only watched, and wished to weep ; 1260
 But could not, for my burning brow
 Throbb'd to the very brain as now :
 I wished but for a single tear,
 As something welcome, new, and dear :
 I wished it then, I wish it still ;
 Despair is stronger than my will.
 Waste not thine orison—despair
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer :
 I would not, if I might, be blest ;
 I want no Paradise, but rest. 1270
 'Twas then—I tell thee—Father ! then
 I saw her ; yes, she lived again,
 And shining in her white symar,¹
 As through yon pale gray cloud the star
 Which now I gaze on, as on her,
 Who looked and looks far lovelier ;
 Dimly I view its trembling spark ;
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark ;
 And I, before its rays appear,
 That lifeless thing the living fear. 1280
 I wander—Father ! for my soul
 Is fleeting towards the final goal.
 I saw her—Friar ! and I rose
 Forgetful of our former woes ;
 And rushing from my couch, I dart,
 And clasp her to my desperate heart ;
 I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?
 No breathing form within my grasp,
 No heart that beats reply to mine—
 Yet, Leila ! yet the form is thine ! 1290
 And art thou, dearest, changed so much
 As meet my eye, yet mock my touch ?
 Ah ! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
 I care not—so my arms enfold
 The all they ever wished to hold.
 Alas ! around a shadow prest
 They shrink upon my lonely breast ;
 Yet still 'tis there ! In silence stands,
 And beckons with beseeching hands !
 With braided hair, and bright-black eye— 1300
 I knew 'twas false—she could not die !
 But *he* is dead ! within the dell
 I saw him buried where he fell ;
 He comes not—for he cannot break
 From earth ;—why then art *thou* awake ?

¹ “Symar,” a shroud. [Cymar, or simar, is a long loose robe worn by women. It is, perhaps, the same word as the Spanish *zamarra*, a sheep-skin cloak. It is equivalent to “shroud” only in the primary sense of a “covering.”]

They told me wild waves rolled above
 The face I view—the form I love;
 They told me—'twas a hideous tale!—
 I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave 1310
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
 Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 This brow that then will burn no more;
 Or place them on my hopeless heart:
 But, Shape or Shade! whate'er thou art,
 In mercy ne'er again depart!
 Or farther with thee bear my soul
 Than winds can waft or waters roll!

* * * * *

“Such is my name, and such my tale.
 Confessor! to thy secret ear 1320
 I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
 And thank thee for the generous tear
 This glazing eye could never shed.
 Then lay me with the humblest dead,
 And, save the cross above my head,
 Be neither name nor emblem spread,
 By prying stranger to be read,
 Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread.”¹

¹ The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a “wrench from all we know, from all we love.” The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, “sublime tale,” the “Caliph Vathek.” I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale*; but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations, and bears such marks of

He passed—nor of his name and race
 He left a token or a trace, 1330
 Save what the Father must not say
 Who shrived him on his dying day:
 This broken tale was all we knew
 Of her he loved, or him he slew.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.¹ A TURKISH TALE.

“Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.”—
 —BURNS [*Farwell to Nancy.*]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE
 IS INSCRIBED, WITH
 EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD
 AND RESPECT,
 BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED
 AND SINCERE FRIEND,
 BYRON.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and
 myrtle²
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in
 their clime?
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of
 the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to
 crime?

originality that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it; his “Happy Valley” will not bear a comparison with the “Hall of Eblis.” [The notes to *Vathek* to which Byron was indebted were not written by Beckford, but by his editor and annotator, Samuel Henley.]

¹ [The *Bride of Abydos* was begun and finished early in November 1813, and was published November 29, 1813.]

² [The opening lines were probably suggested by Goethe's—

“Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühn?”]

Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
 And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
 Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
 Must pore where babbling waters flow,
 And watch unfolding roses blow.
 Would that yon Orb, whose matin glow 90
 Thy listless eyes so much admire,
 Would lend thee something of his fire!
 Thou, who would'st see this battlement
 By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
 Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
 Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
 Nor strike one stroke for life and death
 Against the curs of Nazareth!
 Go—let thy less than woman's hand
 Assume the distaff—not the brand. 100
 But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
 And hark—of thine own head take heed—
 If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
 Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

v.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
 At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
 But every frown and every word
 Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
 "Son of a slave!—reproached with fear!
 Those gibes had cost another dear. 110
 Son of a slave!—and *who* my Sire?"
 Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
 And glances ev'n of more than ire
 Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
 Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
 And started; for within his eye
 He read how much his wrath had done;
 He saw rebellion there begun:
 "Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
 I mark thee—and I know thee too; 120
 But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
 But if thy beard had manlier length,
 And if thy hand had skill and strength,
 I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
 Albeit against my own perchance."
 As sneeringly these accents fell,
 On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
 That eye returned him glance for glance,
 And proudly to his Sire's was raised,
 Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk as-
 kance— 130
 And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
 "Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
 Will one day work me more annoy:
 I never loved him from his birth,
 And—but his arm is little worth,

And scarcely in the chase could cope
 With timid fawn or antelope,
 Far less would venture into strife
 Where man contends for fame and life—
 I would not trust that look or tone: 140
 No—nor the blood so near my own.
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
 I'll watch him closer than before.
 He is an Arab¹ to my sight,
 Or Christian crouching in the fight—
 But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;
 Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:
 She is the offspring of my choice;
 Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,
 With all to hope, and nought to fear— 150
 My Peri! ever welcome here!
 Sweet as the desert fountain's wave
 To lips just cooled in time to save—
 Such to my longing sight art thou;
 Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
 More thanks for life, than I for thine,
 Who blest thy birth and bless thee now."

vi.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent
 smiling,
 Whose Image then was stamped upon her
 mind— 160
 But once beguiled—and ever more
 beguiling;
 Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber
 given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams
 Elysian,
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in
 Heaven;
 Soft, as the memory of buried love—
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts
 above,
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.
 Who hath not proved how feebly words
 essay 170
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness?

¹ The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundredfold) even more than they hate the Christians.

Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmarked by her
 alone—
 The light of Love, the purity of Grace,
 The mind, the Music¹ breathing from her face,
 The heart whose softness harmonized the
 whole, 180
 And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
 Across her gently-budding breast;
 At one kind word those arms extending
 To clasp the neck of him who blest
 His child caressing and carest,
 Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
 His purpose half within him melt:
 Not that against her fancied weal
 His heart though stern could ever feel; 190
 Affection chained her to that heart;
 Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

“Zuleika! child of Gentleness!
 How dear this very day must tell,
 When I forget my own distress,
 In losing what I love so well,
 To bid thee with another dwell:

¹ This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to “Him who hath not Music in his soul,” but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between “painting and music,” see vol. iii. cap. 10, DE L’ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!

[The effect of the appeal to Madame de Staël is thus recorded in Byron’s *Journal* of December 7, 1813 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 369): “This morning, a very pretty billet from the Staël,” . . . “She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to *The Bride*.”]

Another! and a braver man
 Was never seen in battle’s van.
 We Moslem reck not much of blood: 200
 But yet the line of Carasman¹
 Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
 First of the bold Timariot bands
 That won and well can keep their lands.
 Enough that he who comes to woo
 Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:²
 His years need scarce a thought employ;
 I would not have thee wed a boy.
 And thou shalt have a noble dower;
 And his and my united power 210
 Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
 Which others tremble but to scan,
 And teach the messenger³ what fate
 The bearer of such boon may wait.
 And now thou know’st thy father’s will—
 All that thy sex hath need to know:
 ’Twas mine to teach obedience still—
 The way to love, thy Lord may show.”

VIII.

In silence bowed the virgin’s head;
 And if her eye was filled with tears 220
 That stifled feeling dare not shed,
 And changed her cheek from pale to red,
 And red to pale, as through her ears
 Those wingéd words like arrows sped,
 What could such be but maiden fears?
 So bright the tear in Beauty’s eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry;

¹ Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

² [The Bey Oglou (= Begzāde) is “the nobleman,” “the high-born chief.”]

³ When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan’s respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seragilo gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less !

Whate'er it was the sire forgot ; 230
Or if remembered, marked it not ;
Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed,¹
 Resigned his gem-adorned chibouque,²
And mounting featly for the mead,
 With Maugrabee³ and Mamaluke,
 His way amid his Delis took,⁴
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislal only and his Moors⁵
Watch well the Haram's massy doors. 240

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
 His eye looked o'er the dark blue water
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles ;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band
 Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt⁶
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt ;
Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd, 250
Nor heard their Ollahs⁷ wild and loud—
 He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter !

¹ Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

² "Chibouque," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

³ "Maugrabee" [*Maghrabī*, Moors], Moorish mercenaries.

⁴ "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

⁵ [The Kizlar aghasi was the head of the black eunuchs; kislal, by itself is Turkish for "girls," "virgins."]

⁶ A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed [*jarīd*] is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

⁷ "Ollahs," *Alla il Allah* [*La Ilāh illā 'llāh*], the "Leilies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed [*jarīd*], or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios [rosaries], form an amusing contrast.

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke ;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke :
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
But little from his aspect learned :
Equal her grief, yet not the same ;
Her heart confessed a gentler flame: 260
But yet that heart, alarmed or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.
Yet speak she must—but when essay?
"How strange he thus should turn away !
Not thus we e'er before have met ;
Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
 And watched his eye—it still was fixed :
 She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,¹ 270
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof² and marble floor :
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addressed,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
"What, sullen yet? it must not be—
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
 The fairest flowers of Eastern land— 280
"He loved them once; may touch them yet,
 If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was plucked and wreathed ;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet :
"This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul³ bears ;

¹ "Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

² The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, etc., are, in general, fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

³ It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare mallem," etc., if Mr. Fox was mistaken.

[Fox, writing to Grey (see Lord Holland's Preface (p. xii.) to the *History . . . of James the*

It says to-night he will prolong
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song ; 290
 And though his note is somewhat sad,
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,
 With some faint hope his altered lay
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
 Nay then I am indeed unblest :
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest? 300
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will kiss thee into rest,
 Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
 I knew our sire at times was stern,
 But this from thee had yet to learn:
 Too well I know he loves thee not ;
 But is Zuleika's love forgot?
 Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman 310
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
 If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,—
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow
 To woman's step admit her vow,—
 Without thy free consent—command—
 The Sultan should not have my hand!
 Think'st thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
 Ah! were I severed from thy side,
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide? 320
 Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
 The hour that tears my soul from thee:
 Even Azrael,¹ from his deadly quiver
 When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
 That parts all else, shall doom for ever
 Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt ;
 He raised the maid from where she knelt ;

Second, by . . . C. J. Fox, London, 1808), remarks, "In defence of my opinion about the nightingale, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a 'merry note,'" etc. Fox's contention was attacked and disproved by Martin Davy (1763-1839, physician and Master of Caius College, Cambridge), in an interesting and scholarly pamphlet entitled, *Observations upon Mr. Fox's Letter to Mr. Grey*, 1809.]

¹ "Azrael," the angel of death.

His trance was gone, his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt; 330
 With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.
 As the stream late concealed
 By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes revealed
 In the light of its billows ;
 As the bolt bursts on high
 From the black cloud that bound it,
 Flashed the soul of that eye
 Through the long lashes round it.
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, 340
 A lion roused by heedless hound,
 A tyrant waked to sudden strife
 By graze of ill-directed knife,
 Starts not to more convulsive life
 Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
 And all, before repressed, betrayed :
 "Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
 With life to keep, and scarce with life resign ;
 Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
 Though sworn by one, hath bound us both. 350
 Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done ;
 That vow hath saved more heads than one :
 But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
 Claims more from me than tenderness ;
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,
 For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar.¹
 This morning clouds upon me lowered,
 Reproaches on my head were showered, 360
 And Giaffir almost called me coward!
 Now I have motive to be brave ;
 The son of his neglected slave,
 Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,
 A heart his words not deeds can daunt.
 His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
 Perchance I am, at least shall be ;
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us as now. 370
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand ;
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 Holds not a Musselim's² control ;

¹ The treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans. See D'Herbelot [1781, ii. 405], article *Istakar* [Estekhar or Istekhar].

² "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha ; a Waywode is the third ; and then come the Agas.

[The Musselim [Mutaselline] is the governor or commander of a city ; Aghas, *i.e.* heads of departments in the army or civil service, or the Sultan's

Was he not bred in Egripo?¹
 A viler race let Israel show!
 But let that pass—to none be told
 Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey!
 I've partisans for Peril's day: 380
 Think not I am what I appear;
 I've arms—and friends—and vengeance near."

XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
 This morn I saw thee gentle—dearest—
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
 My love thou surely knew'st before,
 It ne'er was less—nor can be more.
 To see thee—hear thee—near thee stay—
 And hate the night—I know not why, 390
 Save that we meet not but by day;
 With thee to live, with thee to die,
 I dare not to my hope deny:
 Thy cheek—thine eyes—thy lips to kiss—
 Like this—and this—no more than this;
 For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame:
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?
 My own have nearly caught the same,
 At least I feel my cheek, too, blushing.
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health, 400
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
 And lighten half thy poverty;
 Do all but close thy dying eye,
 For that I could not live to try;
 To these alone my thoughts aspire:
 More can I do? or thou require?
 But, Selim, thou must answer why
 We need so much of mystery?
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell, 410
 But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.
 I meant that Giaffir should have heard
 The very vow I plighted thee;
 His wrath would not revoke my word:
 But surely he would leave me free.
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
 To be what I have ever been?
 What other hath Zuleika seen 420

household, here denote mayors of small towns, or local magnates.]

¹ "Egripo," the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

From simple childhood's earliest hour?
 What other can she seek to see
 Than thee, companion of her bower,
 The partner of her infancy?
 These cherished thoughts with life begun,
 Say, why must I no more avow?
 What change is wrought to make me shun
 The truth—my pride, and thine till now?
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
 Our law—our creed—our God denies; 430
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
 No! happier made by that decree,
 He left me all in leaving thee.
 Deep were my anguish, thus compelled
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld:
 This wherefore should I not reveal?
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood
 To thee hath never boded good; 440
 And he so often storms at nought,
 Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here;
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,¹
 My father leaves the mimic war; 450
 I tremble now to meet his eye—
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
 Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet:
 And now with him I fain must prate
 Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.
 There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
 Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
 For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
 Our Sultan hath a shorter way 460
 Such costly triumph to repay.
 But, mark me, when the twilight drum
 Hath warned the troops to food and sleep,
 Unto thy cell will Selim come;
 Then softly from the Haram creep

¹ "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

[The Turks seem to have used the Persian word *chawki-dâr*, an officer of the guard-house, a policeman (whence our slang word "chokey"), for a "valet de pied," or, in the case of the Sultan, for an apparitor.]

Where we may wander by the deep :
 Our garden battlements are steep ;
 Nor these will rash intruder climb
 To list our words, or stint our time ;
 And if he doth, I want not steel 470
 Which some have felt, and more may feel.
 Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
 Than thou hast heard or thought before :
 Trust me Zuleika—fear not me !
 Thou know'st I hold a Haram key.”
 “ Fear thee, my Selim ! ne'er till now
 Did words like this—— ”
 “ Delay not thou ;
 I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
 Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
 To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear 480
 My tale, my purpose, and my fear :
 I am not, love ! what I appear.”

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young—the beautiful—the brave—
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh ! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam, 490
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him home ;
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;
 His eye but saw that light of Love,
 The only star it hailed above ;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 “ Ye waves, divide not lovers long ! ”—
 That tale is old, but Love anew 500
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

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

III.

Oh ! yet—for there my steps have been ; 510
 These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
 Minstrel ! with thee to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,
 Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own “ broad Hellespont ”¹ still
 dashes,
 Be long my lot ! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee ! 520

IV.

The Night hath closed on Helle's stream,
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That Moon, which shone on his high theme :
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.
 Their flocks are grazing on the Mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow :
 That mighty heap of gathered ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,²
 By nations raised, by monarchs crowned, 530
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow !
 Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow !

¹ The wrangling about this epithet, “ the broad Hellespont ” or the “ boundless Hellespont,” whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot ; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the meantime ; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of “ the tale of Troy divine ” still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word “ ἀπειρος ” : probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time ; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile ; as the latter, by a light figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

² Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsytetes and Antilochus : the first is in the centre of the plain.

[Alexander placed a garland on the tomb of Achilles, and “ went through the ceremony of anointing himself with oil, and running naked up to it.”—See Plutarch's *Lives*.]

Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath :
Dust long outlasts the storied stone ;
But Thou—thy very dust is gone !

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear ;
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff ; 540
The scattered lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away ;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.
Yes ! there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran ;¹
Near these, with emerald rays beset,²
(How could she thus that gem forget ?) 550
Her mother's sainted amulet,³
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next ;
And by her Comboloio⁴ lies
A Koran of illumined dyes ;

¹ When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight, but *not* disagreeable.

² [The emerald preserved the chastity of the wearer. Moore in *Lalla Rookh* speaks of "The emerald's virgin blaze."]

³ The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

[The verse of the throne runs thus : "God, there is no God but He, the living the self-subsistent. Slumber takes Him not, nor sleep. His is what is in the heavens and what is in the earth. Who is it that intercedes with Him, save by His permission ? He knows what is before them, and what behind them, and they comprehend not aught of His knowledge but of what He pleases. His throne extends over the heavens and the earth, and it tires Him not to guard them both, for He is high and grand."—The *Qur'an*, translated by E. H. Palmer, 1880, Part I., *Sacred Books of the East*, vi. 40.]

⁴ "Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance ; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified

And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
By Persian scribes redeemed from Time ;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute ;
And round her lamp of fretted gold 560
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould ;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz'¹ tribute of perfume ;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gathered in that gorgeous room :
But yet it hath an air of gloom.
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night ?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear, 570
To guard from winds of Heaven the breast
As Heaven itself to Selim dear,
With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide ;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side ? 580
How teach her tender lips to chide ?

VII.

They reached at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she went to tune,
And oft her Koran conned apart ;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dreamed what Paradise might be :
Where Woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdained to show ;
But Selim's mansion was secure, 590
Nor deemed she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss
Without *her*, most beloved in this !
Oh ! who so dear with him could dwell ?
What Houri soothe him half so well ?

for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

[The comboloio consists of ninety-nine beads. *Lord Byron's Comboloio* is the title of a metrical *jeu d'esprit*, a rhymed catalogue of the *Poetical Works*, beginning with *Hours of Idleness*, and ending with *Cain, a Mystery*. — *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1822, xi. 162-165.]

¹ [Shiraz, capital of the Persian province of Fars, is celebrated for the attar-gûl, or attar of roses.]

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
 Some change seemed wrought within the grot :
 It might be only that the night
 Disguised things seen by better light :
 That brazen lamp but dimly threw 600
 A ray of no celestial hue ;
 But in a nook within the cell
 Her eye on stranger objects fell.
 There arms were piled, not such as wield
 The turbaned Delis in the field ;
 But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
 And one was red—perchance with guilt !
 Ah ! how without can blood be spilt ?
 A cup too on the board was set
 That did not seem to hold sherbet. 610
 What may this mean ? she turned to see
 Her Selim—“ Oh ! can this be he ? ”

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
 His brow no high-crowned turban bore,
 But in its stead a shawl of red,
 Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore :
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
 Were worthy of a diadem,
 No longer glittered at his waist,
 Where pistols unadorned were braced ; 620
 And from his belt a sabre swung,
 And from his shoulder loosely hung
 The cloak of white, the thin capote
 That decks the wandering Candiote ;
 Beneath—his golden plated vest
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast ;
 The greaves below his knee that wound
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
 But were it not that high command
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand, 630
 All that a careless eye could see
 In him was some young Galiongée.¹

¹ “Galiongée”—or Galiongi [*i.e.* a Galleon-er], a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha, more than once, wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

[Gastouni lies some eight miles S.W. of Palæopolis, the site of the ancient Elis. The “Pyrgo” must be the Castle of Chlemutzi (Castel Tornese), built by Geoffrey II. of Villehouardin, circ. A.D. 1218.]

X.

“ I said I was not what I seemed ;
 And now thou see'st my words were true :
 I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,
 If sooth—its truth must others rue.
 My story now 'twere vain to hide,
 I must not see thee Osman's bride :
 But had not thine own lips declared
 How much of that young heart I shared, 640
 I could not, must not, yet have shown
 The darker secret of my own.
 In this I speak not now of love ;
 That—let Time—Truth—and Peril prove :
 But first—Oh ! never wed another—
 Zuleika ! I am not thy brother ! ”

XI.

“ Oh ! not my brother !—yet unsay—
 God ! am I left alone on earth
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
 That saw my solitary birth ? 650
 Oh ! thou wilt love me now no more !
 My sinking heart foreboded ill ;
 But know *me* all I was before,
 Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
 Thou led'st me here perchance to kill ;
 If thou hast cause for vengeance, see !
 My breast is offered—take thy fill !
 Far better with the dead to be
 Than live thus nothing now to thee :
 Perhaps far worse, for now I know 660
 Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe ;
 And I, alas ! am Giaffir's child,
 For whom thou wert contemned, reviled.
 If not thy sister—would'st thou save
 My life—Oh ! bid me be thy slave ! ”

XII.

“ My slave, Zuleika !—nay, I'm thine :
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,
 Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine ;
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
 And be that thought thy sorrow's balm. 670
 So may the Koran¹ verse displayed
 Upon its steel direct my blade,

¹ The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction: it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the

In danger's hour to guard us both,
 As I preserve that awful oath!
 The name in which thy heart hath prided
 Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
 That tie is widened, not divided,
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
 My father was to Giaffir all
 That Selim late was deemed to thee; 680
 That brother wrought a brother's fall,
 But spared, at least, my infancy!
 And lulled me with a vain deceit
 That yet a like return may meet.
 He reared me, not with tender help,
 But like the nephew of a Cain;¹
 He watched me like a lion's whelp,
 That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
 My father's blood in every vein
 Is boiling! but for thy dear sake 690
 No present vengeance will I take;
 Though here I must no more remain.
 But first, beloved Zuleika! hear
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,
 If Love or Envy made them foes,
 It matters little if I knew;
 In fiery spirits, slights, though few
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
 In war Abdallah's arm was strong, 700
 Remembered yet in Bosniac song,
 And Paswan's² rebel hordes attest
 How little love they bore such guest:

Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

¹ It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

² Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin; who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

[Passwan Oglou (1758-1807), (Passewend's, or

His death is all I need relate,
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
 And how my birth disclosed to me,
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me
 free.

XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
 At last for power, but first for life,
 In Widdin's walls too proudly sate, 710
 Our Pachas rallied round the state;
 Not last nor least in high command,
 Each brother led a separate band;
 They gave their Horse-tails¹ to the wind,
 And mustering in Sophia's plain
 Their tents were pitched, their post assigned;
 To one, alas! assigned in vain!
 What need of words? the deadly bowl,
 By Giaffir's order drugged and given,
 With venom subtle as his soul, 720
 Dismissed Abdallah's hence to Heaven.
 Reclined and feverish in the bath,
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,
 But little deemed a brother's wrath
 To quench his thirst had such a cup:
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
 He drank one draught,² nor needed more!
 If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
 Call Haroum—he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud 730
 In part suppressed, though ne'er subdued,
 Abdallah's Pachalick was gained:—
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan
 Can wealth procure for worse than man—
 Abdallah's honours were obtained
 By him a brother's murder stained;
 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drained
 His ill-got treasure, soon replaced.
 Would'st question whence? Survey the
 waste,

the Watchman's son) was born and died at Widdin. He set the Porte at defiance, and, finally, obtained the coveted "three horse-tails," *i.e.* was made commander-in-chief of the Janissaries at Widdin.]

¹ "Horse-tail,"—the standard of a Pacha.

² Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath keeper, after dressing.

And ask the squalid peasant how 740
 His gains repay his broiling brow!—
 Why me the stern Usurper spared,
 Why thus with me his palace shared,
 I know not. Shame—regret—remorse—
 And little fear from infant's force ;
 Besides, adoption as a son
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
 Preserved me thus ;—but not in peace ;
 He cannot curb his haughty mood, 750
 Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

“ Within thy Father's house are foes ;
 Not all who break his bread are true :
 To these should I my birth disclose,
 His days—his very hours were few :
 They only want a heart to lead,
 A hand to point them to the deed.
 But Haroun only knows, or knew
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh :
 He in Abdallah's palace grew, 760
 And held that post in his Serai
 Which holds he here—he saw him die ;
 But what could single slavery do ?
 Avenge his lord ? alas ! too late ;
 Or save his son from such a fate ?
 He chose the last, and when elate
 With foes subdued, or friends betrayed,
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
 He led me helpless to his gate,
 And not in vain, it seems, essayed 770
 To save the life for which he prayed.
 The knowledge of my birth secured
 From all and each, but most from me—
 Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
 Removed he too from Roumelie
 To this our Asiatic side,
 Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
 With none but Haroun, who retains
 Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
 A Tyrant's secrets are but chains, 780
 From which the captive gladly steals,
 And this and more to me reveals :
 Such still to guilt just Allah sends—
 Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends !

XVII.

“ All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds ;
 But harsher still my tale must be :
 Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
 I saw thee start this garb to see,

Yet is it one I oft have worn, 790
 And long must wear : this Galiongée,
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,
 Whose laws and lives are on their swords ;
 To hear whose desolating tale
 Would make thy waning cheek more pale :
 Those arms thou see'st my band have
 brought,
 The hands that wield are not remote ;
 This cup too for the rugged knaves
 Is filled—once quaffed, they ne'er repine : 800
 Our Prophet might forgive the slaves ;
 They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

“ What could I be ? Proscribed at home,
 And taunted to a wish to roam ;
 And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
 Denied the courser and the spear—
 Though oft—Oh, Mahomet ! how oft !—
 In full Divan the despot scoffed,
 As if *my* weak unwilling hand
 Refused the bridle or the brand : 810
 He ever went to war alone,
 And pent me here untried—unknown ;
 To Haroun's care with women left,
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft,
 While thou—whose softness long endeared,
 Though it unmanned me, still had cheered—
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
 Awaited'st there the field's event.
 Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke, 820
 His captive, though with dread resigning,
 My thraldom for a season broke,
 On promise to return before
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
 My almost drunkenness of heart,¹
 When first this liberated eye
 Surveyed Earth—Ocean—Sun—and Sky—
 As if my Spirit pierced them through,
 And all their inmost wonders knew ! 830
 One word alone can paint to thee
 That more than feeling—I was Free !
 E'en for thy presence ceased to pine ;
 The World—nay, Heaven itself was mine !

¹ I must here shelter myself with the Psalmist—
 is it not David that makes the “ Earth reel to and
 fro like a Drunkard ” ? If the Globe can be thus
 lively on seeing its Creator, a liberated captive
 can hardly feel less on a first view of his work.

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor
 Conveyed me from this idle shore;
 I longed to see the isles that gem
 Old Ocean's purple diadem:
 I sought by turns, and saw them all;¹
 But when and where I joined the crew, 840
 With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,
 When all that we design to do
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them hath found—may find a place:
 But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their Chief's command; 850
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with Terror's eyes;
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vowed for those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than e'en my own intents.
 And some—and I have studied all
 Distinguished from the vulgar rank—
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank:— 860
 And some to higher thoughts aspire;
 The last of Lambro's² patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,
 To snatch the Rayahs³ from their fate.
 So let them ease their hearts with prate
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
 I have a love for freedom too.
 Aye! let me like the ocean-Patriarch⁴
 roam, 870
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!⁵

¹ The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

² Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

³ "Rayahs,"—all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."

⁴ This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

⁵ The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and

My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:¹
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
 Across the desert, or before the gale,
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide,
 my prow!
 But be the Star that guides the wanderer,
 Thou!
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of
 strife, 880
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds
 away,
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's
 wall
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless
 praise;
 Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice
 endears.
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower 890
 Blooming as Aden² in its earliest hour.
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and
 hand,
 Wait — wave — defend — destroy — at thy
 command!
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
 The Haram's languid years of listless ease
 Are well resigned for cares—for joys like these:
 Not blind to Fate, I see, where'er I rove,
 Unnumbered perils,—but one only love!
 Yet well my toils shall that fond breast
 repay, 900
 Though Fortune frown, or falsèr friends betray.
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful
 still!
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;

Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Châteaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture which was indescribable.

¹ [Inns, caravanserais. From *sarāy*, a palace or inn.

² "Jannat-al-Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:
Yet there we follow but the bent assigned 910
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:
Mark! where his carnage and his conquests
cease!

He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!
I, like the rest, must use my skill or strength,
But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:
Power sways but by division—her resource
The blest alternative of fraud or force!
Ours be the last; in time Deceit may come
When cities cage us in a social home:
There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the
heart 920

Corruption shakes which Peril could not part!
And Woman, more than Man, when Death
or Woe,

Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,
Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!
But life is hazard at the best; and here
No more remains to win, and much to fear:
Yes, fear!—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
That dread shall vanish with the favouring
gale, 930

Which Love to-night hath promised to my
sail:

No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest—
Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath
charms;

Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
Aye—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
So that those arms cling closer round my
neck:

The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
The war of elements no fears impart 940
To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:
There lie the only rocks our course can check;
Here moments menace—*there* are years of
wreck!

But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's
shape!

This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
Few words remain of mine my tale to close;
Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;
Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
And is not Osman, who would part us,
thine?

XXI.

“ His head and faith from doubt and death 950
Returned in time my guard to save;
Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
From isle to isle I roved the while:
And since, though parted from my band
Too seldom now I leave the land,
No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
Ere I have heard and doomed it too:
I form the plan—decree the spoil—
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
But now too long I've held thine ear; 960
Time presses—floats my bark—and here
We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train
Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:
And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,—
Perchance *his* life who gave thee thine,—
With me this hour away—away!
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
Appalled by truths imparted now, 970
Here rest I—not to see thee wed:
But be that peril on *my* head!”

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
Stood like that Statue of Distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The Mother hardened into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé.
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply, 980
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
“ Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than
brother!”

Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.
They part—pursue—return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel; 990
And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—“ 'Tis come—soon
past—
One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last:

But yet my band not far from shore
 May hear this signal, see the flash ;
 Yet now too few—the attempt were rash :
 No matter—yet one effort more.” 1000
 Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ;
 His pistol's echo rang on high,
 Zuleika started not, nor wept,
 Despair benumbed her breast and eye!—
 “They hear me not, or if they ply
 Their oars, 'tis but to see me die ;
 That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
 Then forth my father's scimitar,
 Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war !
 Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire : 1010
 Yet stay within—here linger safe,
 At thee his rage will only chafe.
 Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
 Some erring blade or ball should glance.
 Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
 If in this strife I seek thy sire !
 No—though by him that poison poured ;
 No—though again he call me coward !
 But tamely shall I meet their steel?
 No—as each crest save *his* may feel !” 1020

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gained the sand :
 Already at his feet had sunk
 The foremost of the prying band,
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk :
 Another falls—but round him close
 A swarming circle of his foes ;
 From right to left his path he cleft,
 And almost met the meeting wave :
 His boat appears—not five oars' length—
 His comrades strain with desperate
 strength— 1030
 Oh! are they yet in time to save?
 His feet the foremost breakers lave ;
 His band are plunging in the bay,
 Their sabres glitter through the spray ;
 Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
 They struggle—now they touch the land !
 They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
 His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharmed by steel,
 Or scarcely grazed its force to feel, 1040
 Had Selim won, betrayed, beset,
 To where the strand and billows met ;
 There as his last step left the land,
 And the last death-blow dealt his hand—

Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
 For her his eye but sought in vain?
 That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
 Hath doomed his death, or fixed his chain.
 Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
 How late will Lover's hope remain ! 1050
 His back was to the dashing spray ;
 Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
 When, at the instant, hissed the ball—
 “So may the foes of Giaffir fall !”
 Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
 Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
 Too nearly, deadly aimed to err?
 'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer !
 The father slowly rued thy hate,
 The son hath found a quicker fate : 1060
 Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
 The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
 If aught his lips essayed to groan,
 The rushing billows choked the tone !

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ;
 Few trophies of the fight are there :
 The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
 Are silent ; but some signs of fray
 That strand of strife may bear,
 And fragments of each shivered brand ; 1070
 Steps stamped ; and dashed into the sand
 The print of many a struggling hand
 May there be marked ; nor far remote
 A broken torch, an oarless boat ;
 And tangled on the weeds that heap
 The beach where shelving to the deep
 There lies a white capote !
 'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
 The wave yet ripples o'er in vain :
 But where is he who wore ? 1080
 Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep
 Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
 And cast on Lemnos' shore :
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
 As shaken on his restless pillow,
 His head heaves with the heaving billow ;
 That hand, whose motion is not life,
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife, 1090
 Flung by the tossing tide on high,
 Then levelled with the wave—¹
 What reck's it, though that corpse shall lie
 Within a living grave?

¹ [“While the *Salsette* lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been

The bird that tears that prostrate form
 Hath only robbed the meaner worm ;
 The only heart, the only eye
 Had bled or wept to see him die,
 Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
 And mourned above his turban-stone,¹ 1100
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
 Yea—closed before his own !

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
 And Woman's eye is wet—Man's cheek is
 pale :
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late :
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh² warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate, 1110
 The Koran-chanters of the Hymn of Fate.³
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale !
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill :
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine
 all,

executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream, moving to and fro with the tumbling of the water, which gave to his arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident he has strikingly depicted in the *Bride of Abydos*.—*Life of Lord Byron*, by John Galt, 1830, p. 144.]

¹ A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only.

² The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*.

³ [At a Turkish funeral, after the interment has taken place, the Imâm offers the prayer *Telkin*, and at the conclusion of the prayer recites the *Fathah*, or "opening chapter" of the Korân. ("In the name of the merciful and compassionate God. Praise belongs to God, the Lord of the worlds, the Merciful, the Compassionate, the Ruler of the day of judgment. Thee we serve, and Thee we ask for aid. Guide us in the right path, the path of those Thou art gracious to ; not of those Thou art wroth with ; nor of those who err."—*The Qur'ân*, p. 1, translated by E. H. Palmer, Oxford, 1880). Writing to Murray, November 14, 1813, Byron instances the funeral (in the *Bride of Abydos*) as proof of his correctness with regard to local colouring.]

And that last thought on him thou could'st
 not save
 Sufficed to kill ; 1120
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
 Peace to thy broken heart—and virgin
 grave !
 Ah ! happy ! but of life to lose the worst !
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—was
 thy first !
 Thrice happy ! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence—shame—pride—hate—revenge—
 remorse !
 And, oh ! that pang where more than
 Madness lies,
 The Worm that will not sleep—and never dies !
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the
 light, 1130
 That winds around, and tears the quivering
 heart !
 Ah ! wherefore not consume it—and depart !
 Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting Chief !
 Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost
 spread :
 By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.
 Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief :
 Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
 She, whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,
 Thy Daughter's dead ! 1140
 Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
 The Star hath set that shone on Helle's
 stream.
 What quenched its ray?—the blood that thou
 hast shed !
 Hark ! to the hurried question of Despair :
 "Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—
 "Where?"¹

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
 That shine beneath, while dark above
 The sad but living cypress glooms
 And withers not, though branch and leaf
 Are stamped with an eternal grief, 1150

¹ "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my Youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?' *From an Arabic MS.*" The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader : it is given in the second annotation, page 67, of *The Pleasures of Memory* [note to Part I. line 103] ; a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous : but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur [*Poems*, by Samuel Rogers, 1852, i. 48.

Like early unrequited Love,
 One spot exists, which ever blooms,
 Ev'n in that deadly grove—
 A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale :
 It looks as planted by Despair—
 So white—so faint—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high ;
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky 1160
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again !
 The stalk some Spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears ;
 For well may maids of Helle deem
 That this can be no earthly flower,
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
 And buds unsheltered by a bower ;
 Nor droops, though Spring refuse her
 shower,
 Nor woos the Summer beam : 1170
 To it the livelong night there sings
 A Bird unseen—but not remote :
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houri strings
 His long entrancing note !
 It were the Bulbul ; but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a
 strain :
 For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain ! 1180
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
 They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
 And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well !
 But when the day-blush bursts from high
 Expires that magic melody.
 And some have been who could believe,
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive, 1190
 Yet harsh be they that blame,)
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable¹ its sound
 Into Zuleika's name.

¹ "And airy tongues that syllable men's names."
 —MILTON, *Comus*, line 208.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven, and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home.

'Tis from her cypress summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word :
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone ;
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone ! 1200
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore ;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn t'was found where Selim fell ;
 Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave :
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
 Is seen a ghastly turbaned head :¹
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's
 pillow !" 1210
 Where first it lay that mourning flower
 Hath flourished ; flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and dewy—coldly pure and pale ;
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale !

THE CORSAIR.²

A TALE.

———"I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."
 TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, Canto X. [stanza
 lxxviii. line 8].

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years ; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by

The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind ; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see *Orford's Letters*.

¹ [According to J. B. Le Chevalier (*Voyage de La Propontide, etc.*, 1800, p. 17), the Turkish name for a small bay which formed the ancient port of Sestos, is *Ak-Bachi-Liman* (Port de la Tête blanche).]

² [The *Corsair* was begun, December 18, 1813, and published, February 1, 1814.]

unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit me, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate: but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of “Gods, men, nor columns.” In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart; Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they

are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of “drawing from self,” the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable: and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than *The Giaour*, and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever “alias” they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,

And affectionately,

His obedient servant,

BYRON.

January 2, 1814.

CANTO THE FIRST.¹

“——— nessun maggior dolore,
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
 Nella miseria,———”
 —DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 121.

I.

“O’ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as
 free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
 Survey our empire, and behold our home!
 These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
 Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
 Whose soul would sicken o’er the heaving
 wave; 10
 Not thou, vain lord of Wantonness and Ease!
 Whom Slumber soothes not—Pleasure cannot
 please—
 Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
 And danced in triumph o’er the waters wide,
 The exulting sense—the pulse’s maddening
 play,
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
 That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
 And turn what some deem danger to delight;
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than
 zeal,
 And where the feebler faint can only feel— 20
 Feel—to the rising bosom’s inmost core,
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
 No dread of Death—if with us die our foes—
 Save that it seems even duller than repose;
 Come when it will—we snatch the life of Life—
 When lost—what reck’s it—by disease or strife?
 Let him who crawls, enamoured of decay,
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied
 head;
 Ours the fresh turf, and not the feverish
 bed,— 30
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes
 control.

¹ The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours’ sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
 And they who loathed his life may gild his
 grave:

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
 For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;
 And the brief epitaph in Danger’s day,
 When those who win at length divide the
 prey, 40
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o’er each
 brow,
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now*!”

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate’s isle
 Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:
 Such were the sounds that thrilled the rocks
 along,
 And unto ears as rugged seemed a song!
 In scattered groups upon the golden sand,
 They game—carouse—converse—or whet the
 brand;
 Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
 And, careless, eye the blood that dims its
 shine; 50
 Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
 While others straggling muse along the shore;
 For the wild bird the busy springes set,
 Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net:
 Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
 With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;
 Tell o’er the tales of many a night of toil,
 And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
 No matter where—their Chief’s allotment this;
 Theirs to believe no prey nor plan amiss. 60
 But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
 Is famed and feared—they ask and know no
 more.
 With these he mingles not but to command;
 Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
 Ne’er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
 But they forgive his silence for success.
 Ne’er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
 That goblet passes him untasted still—
 And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
 Would that, in turn, have passed untasted
 too; 70
 Earth’s coarsest bread, the garden’s homeliest
 roots,
 And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
 His short repast in humbleness supply
 With all a hermit’s board would scarce deny.
 But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
 His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.

“Steer to that shore!” they sail. “Do
this!”—’tis done:—

“Now form and follow me!”—the spoil is
won.

Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few inquire his will; 80
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

“A sail!—a sail!”—a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the
dark.

Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns
the spray. 90

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of Life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck!

IV.

Hoarse o’er her side the rustling cable rings:
The sails are furled, and anchoring round
she swings;

And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern. 100
’Tis manned—the oars keep concert to the
strand,

Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly
speech!

When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the Heart’s promise of festivity!

V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the
crowd:

The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And Woman’s gentler, anxious tone is heard—
Friends’—husbands’—lovers’ names in each
dear word: 110

“Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
From where the battle roars, the billows chafe,
They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!”

VI.

“Where is our Chief? for him we bear report—
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming
—short;

Yet thus sincere—’tis cheering, though so
brief;

But, Juan! instant guide us to our Chief: 120
Our greeting paid, we’ll feast on our return,
And all shall hear what each may wish to
learn.”

Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
To where his watch-tower beetles o’er the bay,
By bushy brake, the wild flowers blossoming,
And freshness breathing from each silver
spring,

Whose scattered streams from granite basins
burst,

Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder
cave,

What lonely straggler looks along the
wave? 130

In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?

“’Tis he—’tis Conrad—here—as wont—alone;
On—Juan!—on—and make our purpose
known.

The bark he views—and tell him we would
greet

His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
We dare not yet approach—thou know’st his
mood,

When strange or uninvited steps intrude.”

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—
He spake not, but a sign expressed assent: 140
These Juan calls—they come—to their salute
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
“These letters, Chief, are from the Greek—
the spy,

Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:
Whate’er his tidings, we can well report,
Much that”—“Peace, peace!”—he cuts
their prating short.

Wondering they turn abashed, while, each
to each,

Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
They watch his glance with many a stealing
look,

To gather how that eye the tidings took; 150
But, this as if he guessed, with head aside,
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,

He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—
Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchored bark."

"There let him stay—to him this order bear—
Back to your duty—for my course prepare:
Myself this enterprise to-night will share."

"To-night, Lord Conrad?"

"Aye! at set of sun:

The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
My corslet—cloak—one hour and we are
gone. 160

Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;
Be the edge sharpened of my boarding-brand,
And give its guard more room to fit my hand.
This let the Armourer with speed dispose;
Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes;
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired.
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste: 170
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides;
And who dare question aught that he decides?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to
sigh;

Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow
hue;

Still sways their souls with that commanding
art

That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy—yet oppose in vain! 180
What should it be, that thus their faith can
bind?

The power of Thought—the magic of the
Mind!

Linked with success, assumed and kept with
skill,

That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these
unknown,

Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his
own.

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the Sun
The many still must labour for the one!

'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who
toils,

Accuse not—hate not—*him* who wears the
spoils. 190

Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains!

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of
fire:

Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar
men; 200

They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft, perforce, his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce
conceals.

Though smooth his voice, and calm his
general mien,
Still seems there something he would not
have seen:

His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view, 210
As if within that murkiness of mind
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye;
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would
seek

To probe his heart and watch his changing
cheek,

At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny, 220
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that Chief's
to-day.

There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sighed
farewell! 1

1 That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing *The Corsair*.

"Eccelin, prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant; il fixoit sur la terre son visage féroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes partes cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant . . . et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes partes. . . ."

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
 Within — within — 'twas there the spirit
 wrought !
 Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition,
 Guile,
 Betray no further than the bitter smile ; 230
 The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
 Along the governed aspect, speak alone
 Of deeper passions ; and to judge their mien,
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
 Then—with the hurried tread, the upward
 eye,
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear :
 Then—with each feature working from the
 heart,
 With feelings, loosed to strengthen — not
 depart : 240
 That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze or
 glow,
 Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow ;
 Then—Stranger ! if thou canst, and tremblest
 not,
 Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot !
 Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears
 The scathing thought of execrated years !
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free ?

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
 To lead the guilty—Guilt's worst instru-
 ment— 250
 His soul was changed, before his deeds had
 driven
 Him forth to war with Man and forfeit
 Heaven.

Eccelino étoit d'une petite taille ; mais tout l'aspect
 de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient
 un soldat. Son langage étoit amer, son déporte-
 ment superbe, et par son seul regard, il faisoit
 trembler les plus hardis."—Simonde de Sismondi,
Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen
Age, 1809, iii. 219.

Again, "Cizericus [Genseric, king of the
 Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and
 Rome] . . . staturâ mediocris, et equi casu
 claudicans, animo profundus, sermone raturus,
 luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus,
 ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus," etc., etc.
 —Jornandes, *De Getarum Origine* ("De Rebus
 Geticis"), cap. 33, ed. 1597, p. 92.

I beg leave to quote those gloomy realities to
 keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.

Warped by the world in Disappointment's
 school,
 In words too wise—in conduct *there* a fool ;
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
 Doomed by his very virtues for a dupe,
 He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
 And not the traitors who betrayed him still ;
 Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
 Had left him joy, and means to give again. 260
 Feared — shunned — belied — ere Youth had
 lost her force,
 He hated Man too much to feel remorse,
 And thought the voice of Wrath a sacred call,
 To pay the injuries of some on all.
 He knew himself a villain—but he deemed
 The rest no better than the thing he seemed ;
 And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
 He knew himself detested, but he knew
 The hearts that loathed him, crouched and
 dreaded too. 270
 Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike
 exempt
 From all affection and from all contempt :
 His name could sadden, and his acts surprise ;
 But they that feared him dared not to despise :
 Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake :
 The first may turn, but not avenge the blow ;
 The last expires, but leaves no living foe ;
 Fast to the doomed offender's form it clings,
 And he may crush—not conquer—still it
 stings ! 280

XII.

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart,
 One softer feeling would not yet depart ;
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
 By passions worthy of a fool or child ;
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
 And even in him it asks the name of Love !
 Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged ;
 Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
 He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed
 them by ; 290
 Though many a beauty drooped in prisoned
 bower,
 None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
 Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness,
 Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
 And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by
 Time ;

Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
 Could render sullen were She near to smile,
 Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
 On her one murmur of his discontent; 300
 Which still would meet with joy, with calm-
 ness part,
 Less that his look of grief should reach her
 heart;
 Which nought removed, nor menaced to
 remove—
 If there be Love in mortals—this was Love!
 He was a villain—aye, reproaches shower
 On him—but not the Passion, nor its power,
 Which only proved—all other virtues gone—
 Not Guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
 Passed the first winding downward to the
 glen. 310
 “Strange tidings!—many a peril have I
 passed,
 Nor know I why this next appears the last!
 Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
 Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
 ’Tis rash to meet—but surer death to wait,
 Till, here, they hunt us to undoubted fate;
 And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
 We’ll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.
 Aye, let them slumber—peaceful be their
 dreams!
 Morn ne’er awoke them with such brilliant
 beams 320
 As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou
 breeze!)
 To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
 Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,
 Long may her own be lighter than thou art!
 Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are
 brave!
 Ev’n insects sting for aught they seek to save—
 This common courage which with brutes we
 share,
 That owes its deadliest efforts to Despair,
 Small merit claims—but ’twas my nobler
 hope
 To teach my few with numbers still to
 cope; 330
 Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:
 No medium now—we perish or succeed!
 So let it be—it irks not me to die;
 But thus to urge them whence they cannot
 fly.

My lot hath long had little of my care,
 But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
 Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
 Hope, Power, and Life upon a single cast?
 Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly—not thy fate;
 She may redeem thee still—nor yet too
 late.” 340

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, til
 He reached the summit of his tower-crowned
 hill:
 There at the portal paused—for wild and soft
 He heard those accents never heard too oft!
 Through the high lattice far yet sweet they
 rung,
 And these the notes his Bird of Beauty sung:

1.

“Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
 Save when to thine my heart responsive
 swells,
 Then trembles into silence as before. 350

2.

“There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
 Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
 Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,
 Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

“Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my
 grave
 Without one thought whose relics there
 recline:
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

“My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear—
 Grief for the dead not Virtue can
 reprove; 360
 Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,
 The first—last—sole reward of so much
 love!”

He passed the portal, crossed the corridor,
 And reached the chamber as the strain gave
 o’er:

“My own Medora! sure thy song is sad—”

“In Conrad’s absence would’st thou have it
 glad
 Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul
 betray:

Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
 My heart unhushed—although my lips were
 mute! 370
 Oh! many a night on this lone couch
 reclined,
 My dreaming fear with storms hath winged
 the wind,
 And deemed the breath that faintly fanned
 thy sail
 The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
 Though soft—it seemed the low prophetic
 dirge,
 That mourned thee floating on the savage
 surge:
 Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
 Lest spies less true should let the blaze
 expire;
 And many a restless hour outwatched each
 star,
 And morning came—and still thou wert
 afar. 380
 Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
 And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
 And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
 Was granted to my tears—my truth—my
 vow!
 At length—'twas noon—I hailed and blest
 the mast
 That met my sight—it neared—Alas! it
 passed!
 Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!
 Would that those days were over; wilt thou
 ne'er,
 My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to
 share?
 Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many
 a home 390
 As bright as this invites us not to roam:
 Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
 I only tremble when thou art not here;
 Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
 Which flies from love and languishes for
 strife—
 How strange that heart, to me so tender
 still,
 Should war with Nature and its better will!"

"Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long
 been changed;
 Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like
 avenged—
 Without one hope on earth beyond thy
 love, 400
 And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.

Yet the same feeling which thou dost
 condemn,
 My very love to thee is hate to them,
 So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
 I cease to love thee when I love Mankind:
 Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
 Assures the future that my love will last;
 But—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart;
 This hour again—but not for long—we part."

"This hour we part!—my heart foreboded
 this: 410

Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
 This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
 Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:
 Her consort still is absent, and her crew
 Have need of rest before they toil anew;
 My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and
 wouldst steel
 My breast before the time when it must feel;
 But trifle now no more with my distress,
 Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
 Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and
 share 420

The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
 Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
 See, I have plucked the fruit that promised
 best,

And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased,
 I guessed

At such as seemed the fairest; thrice the
 hill

My steps have wound to try the coolest
 rill;

Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
 See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!

The grape's gay juice thy bosom never
 cheers;

Thou more than Moslem when the cup
 appears: 430

Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
 What others deem a penance is thy choice.
 But come, the board is spread; our silver
 lamp

Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco's
 damp:

Then shall my handmaids while the time
 along,

And join with me the dance, or wake the
 song;

Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
 Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine
 ear,

We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old. 440

Why, thou wert worse than he who broke
his vow
To that lost damsel, should thou leave
me *now*—

Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee
smile,

When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the
while:

And thus half sportive—half in fear—I said,
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more
than dread,

Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the
main:

And he deceived me—for—he came again!"

"Again, again—and oft again—my Love! 450
If there be life below, and hope above,
He will return—but, now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why, the where—what boots it now to
tell?

Since all must end in that wild word—
Farewell!

Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
Fear not—these are no formidable foes!
And here shall watch a more than wanted
guard,

For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
Nor be thou lonely, though thy Lord's
away, 460

Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee
stay;

And this thy comfort—that, when next we
meet,

Security shall make repose more sweet.
List!—'tis the bugle!"—Juan shrilly blew—
"One kiss — one more — another — Oh!
Adieu!"

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his
embrace,

Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden
face:

He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his
arms, 470

In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;
Scarce beat that bosom where his image
dwelt

So full—*that* feeling seemed almost unfelt!
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 'twas sunset, and he cursed that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly pressed,
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed!

And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;
Felt that for him Earth held but her alone, 480
Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is Conrad
gone?

XV.

"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
" 'Twas but an instant passed, and here he
stood!

And now"—without the portal's porch she
rushed,

And then at length her tears in freedom
gushed;

Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they
fell;

But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—how'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes
Despair. 490

O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had Sorrow fixed what Time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of
him,

And then it flowed, and phrensied seemed to
swim

Through those long, dark, and glistening
lashes dewed

With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.

"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand
is driven,

Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to
Heaven: 500

She looked and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look
again;

But turned with sickening soul within the
gate—

"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

XVI.

From crag to crag descending, swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turned his
head;

But shrunk whene'er the windings of his
way

Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,
That hailed him first when homeward from
the deep: 510

And she—the dim and melancholy Star,
Whose ray of Beauty reached him from afar,

On her he must not gaze, he must not think—
 There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink:
 Yet once almost he stopped and nearly gave
 His fate to chance, his projects to the wave:
 But no—it must not be—a worthy chief
 May melt, but not betray to Woman's grief.
 He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
 And sternly gathers all his might of mind: 520
 Again he hurries on—and as he hears
 The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
 The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
 The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar;
 As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
 The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
 The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
 That mute Adieu to those who stem the surge;
 And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
 He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft. 530
 Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
 He feels of all his former self possess;
 He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
 The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
 There checks his speed; but pauses less to breathe
 The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
 Than there his wonted statelier step renew;
 Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view:
 For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd,
 By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud; 540
 His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
 That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen:
 The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;
 All these he wielded to command assent:
 But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
 That Kindness cancelled fear in those who heard,
 And others' gifts showed mean beside his word,
 When echoed to the heart as from his own
 His deep yet tender melody of tone: 550
 But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
 He cared not what he softened, but subdued;

The evil passions of his youth had made
 Him value less who loved—than what obeyed.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard:
 Before him Juan stands—"Are all prepared?"
 "They are—nay more—embarked: the latest boat
 Waits but my Chief——"
 "My sword, and my capote!"
 Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
 His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung: 560
 "Call Pedro here!" He comes—and Conrad bends,
 With all the courtesy he deigned his friends;
 "Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
 Words of high trust and truth are graven there;
 Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
 Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:
 In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
 On our return—till then all peace be thine!"
 This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,
 Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung. 570
 Flashed the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,
 Around the waves' phosphoric¹ brightness broke;
 They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,—
 Shrieks the shrill whistle, ply the busy hands—
 He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
 How gallant all her crew, and deigns to praise.
 His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
 Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
 Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
 And live a moment o'er the parting hour; 580
 She—his Medora—did she mark the prow?
 Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
 But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
 Again he mans himself and turns away;
 Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
 And there unfolds his plan—his means, and ends;
 Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
 And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
 They to the midnight watch protract debate;
 To anxious eyes what hour is ever late? 590

¹ By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
 And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;
 Passed the high headlands of each clustering
 isle,
 To gain their port—long—long ere morning
 smile:
 And soon the night-glass through the narrow
 bay
 Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
 Count they each sail, and mark how there supine
 The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
 Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow passed by,
 And anchored where his ambush meant to
 lie; 600
 Screened from espial by the jutting cape,
 That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.¹
 Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
 Equipped for deeds alike on land or deep;
 While leaned their Leader o'er the fretting
 flood,
 And calmly talked—and yet he talked of blood!

CANTO THE SECOND.

“Conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?”
 —DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 120.

I.

IN Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
 Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,²
 For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:
 A feast for promised triumph yet to come, 610
 When he shall drag the fettered Rovers home;
 This hath he sworn by Allah and his sword,
 And faithful to his firman and his word,
 His summoned prows collect along the coast,
 And great the gathering crews, and loud the
 boast;
 Already shared the captives and the prize,
 Though far the distant foe they thus despise;
 'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
 Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won!
 Meantime the watch may slumber, if they
 will, 620
 Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.

¹ [Cape Gallo is at least eight miles to the south of Corone; but Point Lividia, the promontory on which part of the town is built, can hardly be described as a “jutting cape,” or as (see line 1623) a “giant shape.”]

² [Coron, or Corone, the ancient Colonides, is situated a little to the north of a promontory, Point Lividia, on the western shore of the Gulf of Kalamata, or Coron, or Messenia.]

Though all, who can, disperse on shore and
 seek
 To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;
 How well such deed becomes the turbaned
 brave—
 To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!
 Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
 Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
 And do not deign to smite because they may!
 Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
 To keep in practice for the coming foe. 630
 Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
 And they who wish to wear a head must smile;
 For Moslem mouths produce their choicest
 cheer,
 And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turbaned Seyd;
 Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
 Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
 Forbidden draughts, 'tissaid, he dared to quaff,
 Though to the rest the sober berry's juice¹
 The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems'
 use; 640
 The long chibouque's² dissolving cloud supply,
 While dance the Almas³ to wild minstrelsy.
 The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
 But waves are somewhat treacherous in the
 dark:
 And revellers may more securely sleep
 On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep:
 Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
 And less to conquest than to Korans trust;
 And yet the numbers crowded in his host
 Might warrant more than even the Pacha's
 boast. 650

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate
 Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
 Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,
 Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
 “A captive Dervise, from the Pirate's nest
 Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.”⁴

¹ Coffee.

² “Chibouque” [chibúk], pipe.

³ Dancing girls.

⁴ It has been observed, that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.—“Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric

He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
 And led the holy man in silence nigh.
 His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
 His step was feeble, and his look deprest; 660
 Yet worn he seemed of hardship more than
 years,
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from
 fears.
 Vowed to his God—his sable locks he wore,
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:
 Around his form his loose long robe was
 thrown,
 And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone;
 Submissive, yet with self-possession manned,
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned,
 And question of his coming fain would seek,
 Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak. 670

IV.

“Whence com'st thou, Dervise?”
 “From the Outlaw's den
 A fugitive—”

 “Thy capture where and when?”
 “From Scalanova's port¹ to Scio's isle,
 The Saick² was bound; but Allah did not
 smile

Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's
 gains
 The Rovers won; our limbs have worn their
 chains.

I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
 Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;
 At length a fisher's humble boat by night
 Afforded hope, and offered chance of flight; 680
 I seized the hour, and find my safety here—
 With thee—most mighty Pacha! who can
 fear?”

“How speed the outlaws? stand they well
 prepared,
 Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock,
 to guard?
 Dream they of this our preparation, doomed
 To view with fire their scorpion nest con-
 sumed?”

was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero.”—See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* [1854, iv. 272.]

¹ [On the coast of Asia Minor, twenty-one miles south of Smyrna.]

² [A Levantine bark—“a kind of ketch without top-gallant sail, or mizzen-top sail.”]

“Pacha! the fettered captive's mourning eye,
 That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
 I only heard the reckless waters roar,
 Those waves that would not bear me from
 the shore; 690

I only marked the glorious Sun and sky,
 Too bright—too blue—for my captivity;
 And felt that all which Freedom's bosom cheers
 Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
 This mayst thou judge, at least, from my
 escape,

They little deem of aught in Peril's shape;
 Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance
 That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance:
 The careless guard that did not see me
 fly,

May watch as idly when thy power is nigh. 700
 Pacha! my limbs are faint—and nature craves
 Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves:
 Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace
 With all around!—now grant repose—re-
 lease.”

“Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,
 I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!
 More I must ask, and food the slaves shall
 bring;

Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:
 The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
 Clearly and full—I love not mystery.” 710

'Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,
 Who looked not lovingly on that Divan;
 Nor showed high relish for the banquet prest,
 And less respect for every fellow guest.

'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic passed
 Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
 He sate him down in silence, and his look
 Resumed the calmness which before forsook:
 The feast was ushered in—but sumptuous fare
 He shunned as if some poison mingled
 there. 720

For one so long condemned to toil and fast,
 Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.
 “What ails thee, Dervise? eat—dost thou
 suppose

This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?
 Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred
 pledge,

Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
 Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
 And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!”

“Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
 The humblest root, my drink the simplest
 rill; 730

And my stern vow and Order's¹ laws oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
That peril rests upon my single head;
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's
throne,

I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone;
Infringed our Order's rule, the Prophet's rage
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."

"Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—
One question answer; then in peace depart. 740
How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?
What Star—what Sun is bursting on the bay?
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!
Accurséd Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay
him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appalled the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb, 750
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dashed his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his
sabre's ray!

His close but glittering casque, and sable
plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler
gloom,

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit Sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell— 760
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of Hell!
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!²
He saw their terror—checked the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obeyed.
The flame was kindled ere the signal made; 770

¹ The Dervises [Dervish, Persian *darvesh*, poor] are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

² "Zatanai," Satan. [Probably a phonetic rendering of *σατανά*(s). The Turkish form would be *sheytān*. Compare letter to Moore, April 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 66, note 1.]

He saw their terror—from his baldrick drew
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew;
'Tis answered—"Well ye speed, my gallant
crew!

Why did I doubt their quickness of career?
And deem design had left me single here?"
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;
Completes his fury, what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread, 780
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:
Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelmed, with rage,
surprise,

Retreats before him, though he still defies.
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe!
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight;¹
For now the pirates passed the Haram gate,
And burst within—and it were death to wait;
Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling
—throws 790

The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows!
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!
But short their greeting, shorter his reply—
" 'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must
die—

Much hath been done—but more remains
to do— 800
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?"

v.

Quick at the word they seized him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye,
But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
Knocked at that heart unmoved by Battle's yell.
"Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not on your
lives

One female form—remember—*we* have wives.
On them such outrage Vengeance will
repay; 810

Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:
But still we spared—must spare the weaker
prey.

¹ A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's *Mémoires*, 1811, p. 6, "The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field."

Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive
 If at my word the helpless cease to live;
 Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
 Our souls to lighten of at least a crime.”
 He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the
 door,
 Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the
 floor;
 His breath choked gasping with the volumed
 smoke,
 But still from room to room his way he
 broke. 820
 They search—they find—they save: with lusty
 arms
 Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;
 Calm their loud fears, sustain their sinking
 frames
 With all the care defenceless Beauty claims:
 So well could Conrad tame their fiercest
 mood,
 And check the very hands with gore imbrued.
 But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey,
 From reeking pile and combat's wreck, away—
 Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
 The Haram queen—but still the slave of
 Seyd! 830

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,¹
 Few words to reassure the trembling Fair;
 For in that pause Compassion snatched from
 War,
 The foe before retiring, fast and far,
 With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
 First slowlier fled—then rallied—then with-
 stood.
 This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how
 few,
 Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
 And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
 The ruin wrought by Panic and Surprise. 840
 Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
 Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
 And flame for flame and blood for blood must
 tell,
 The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well—
 When Wrath returns to renovated strife,
 And those who fought for conquest strike for
 life.
 Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
 His followers faint by freshening foes repelled:

¹ Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

“One effort—one—to break the circling host!”
 They form—unite—charge—waver—all is
 lost! 850
 Within a narrower ring compressed, beset,
 Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle
 yet—
 Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,
 Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down and trampled
 o'er;
 But each strikes singly—silently—and home,
 And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome—
 His last faint quittance rendering with his
 breath,
 Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of Death!

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
 And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose, 860
 Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
 Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
 By Conrad's mandate safely were bestowed,
 And dried those tears for life and fame that
 flowed:
 And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
 Recalled those thoughts late wandering in
 despair,
 Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
 That smoothed his accents, softened in his
 eye—
 'Twas strange—that robber thus with gore
 bedewed,
 Seemed gentler then than Seyd in fondest
 mood. 870
 The Pacha wooed as if he deemed the slave
 Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;
 The Corsair vowed protection, soothed
 affright,
 As if his homage were a Woman's right.
 “The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female
 —vain:
 Yet much I long to view that Chief again;
 If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
 The life—my loving Lord remembered not!”

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage
 spread,
 But gathered breathing from the happier
 dead; 880
 Far from his band, and battling with a host
 That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
 Felled—bleeding—baffled of the death he
 sought,
 And snatched to expiate all the ills he wrought;

Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance pondered o'er new plans of
 pain,
And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed
 again—

But drop by drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die!
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw, 890
When his red hand's wild gesture waved a
 law!

'Tis he indeed—disarmed but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possest;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that
 will,

Which would have kissed the hand that then
 could kill.

Oh were there none, of all the many given,
To send his soul—he scarcely asked to Heaven?
Must he alone of all retain his breath,
Who more than all had striven and struck for
 death?

He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must
 feel, 900

When thus reversed on faithless Fortune's
 wheel,

For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil Pride
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening
 wound,

But few that saw—so calmly gazed around:
Though the far shouting of the distant
 crowd, 910

Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
The better warriors who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;
And the grim guards that to his durance led,
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent—but not in mercy—there,
To note how much the life yet left could bear;
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wretch of Pain;
To-morrow — yea — to-morrow's evening
 Sun 920

Will, sinking, see Impalement's pangs begun,
And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,

That day by day Death still forbears to slake,
While famished vultures flit around the stake.
"Oh! water—water!"—smiling Hate denies
The victim's prayer, for if he drinks he dies.
This was his doom;—the Leech, the guard,
 were gone, 930
And left proud Conrad fettered and alone.

X.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbéd force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse—
That juggling fiend, who never spake before,
But cries "I warned thee!" when the deed
 is o'er.

Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent, 940
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,—
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest, as once, unseen, unsought,
But the wild prospect when the Soul reviews,
All rushing through their thousand avenues—
Ambition's dreams expiring, Love's regret,
Endangered Glory, Life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate 950
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our
 fate;

The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if Hell or Heaven;
Deeds — thoughts — and words, perhaps
 remembered not

So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern Reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of Evil unrevealed,
Not cankering less because the more con-
 cealed—

All, in a word, from which all eyes must
 start— 960

That opening sepulchre, the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes—till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul, and break.
Aye, Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all—
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise:
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and
 flies,—

But he who looks on Death—and silent dies:
So, steeled by pondering o'er his far career, 970
He half-way meets Him should he menace near!

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower
Sate Conrad, fettered in the Pacha's power.
His palace perished in the flame—this fort
Contained at once his captive and his court.
Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
His foe, if vanquished, had but shared the
same :—

Alone he sate—in solitude had scanned
His guilty bosom, but that breast he manned :
One thought alone he could not—dared not
meet—

“ Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet ? ”
Then—only then—his clanking hands he
raised,

And strained with rage the chain on which
he gazed :

But soon he found, or feigned, or dreamed
relief,

And smiled in self-derision of his grief,
“ And now come Torture when it will, or
may—

More need of rest to nerve me for the day ! ”
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,
And, whatso'er his visions, quickly slept.

'Twas hardly midnight when that fray
began, 990
For Conrad's plans matured, at once were
done,

And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
One hour beheld him since the tide he
stemmed—

Disguised—discovered—conquering—ta'en—
condemned—

A Chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
Destroying—saving—prisoned—and asleep !

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming, for his breath
Was hushed so deep—Ah ! happy if in death !
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber
bends? 1000

His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends ;
Is it some Seraph sent to grant him grace ?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face !
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemmed and braided
hair ;

With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot, 1010
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as
mute—

Through guards and dunnest night how
came it there ?

Ah ! rather ask what will not Woman dare ?
Whom Youth and Pity lead like thee, Gulnare !
She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's
rest

In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorned her hand before—
And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign
obey. 1020

Worn out with toil, and tired with changing
blows,

Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose ;
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no
more ;

Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, “ Can he calmly sleep,
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep ?
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
What sudden spell hath made this man so
dear? 1030

True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
And me and mine he spared from worse than
woe :

'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber
breaks—

How heavily he sighs !—he starts—awakes ! ”
He raised his head, and dazzled with the light,
His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright :
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.

“ What is that form ? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous
fair ! ” 1040

“ Pirate ! thou know'st me not, but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done ;
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
Snatched from the flames, and thy more
fearful band.

I come through darkness—and I scarce know
why—

Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die.”

“ If so, kind lady ! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight :
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their
right.

But still I thank their courtesy or thine, 1050
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"
Strange though it seem—yet with extremest
grief

Is linked a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold¹ echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whate'er it was that flashed on Conrad,
now 1060

A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short
life,
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom
and strife.

XIV.

"Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have
power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
Thee would I spare—nay more—would save
thee now,
But this—Time—Hope—nor even thy
strength allow;
But all I can,—I will—at least delay 1070
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to
both."

"Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is nerved to all,
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:
Tempt not thyself with peril—me with hope
Of flight from foes with whom I could not
cope:
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die?
Yet there is one—to whom my Memory
clings, 1080
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.

¹ In Sir Thomas Moore, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn, in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it "was too slender to trouble the headsman much." During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some "*mot*" as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

My sole resources in the path I trod
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—
my God!

The last I left in youth!—He leaves me now—
And Man but works his will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock his throne with
prayer

Wrung from the coward crouching of Despair;
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.

My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
That might have better kept so true a
brand;

My bark is sunk or captive—but my Love— 1090
For her in sooth my voice would mount
above:

Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—
And this will break a heart so more than kind,
And blight a form—till thine appeared,
Gulnare!

Mine eye ne'er asked if others were as fair."
"Thou lov'st another then?—but what to me
Is this?—'tis nothing—nothing e'er can be:
But yet—thou lov'st—and—Oh! I envy those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can
repose, 1100

Who never feel the void—the wandering
thought
That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath
wrought."

"Lady—methought thy love was his, for
whom
This arm redeemed thee from a fiery tomb."

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—
not my love—
Yet much this heart, that strives no more,
once strove

To meet his passion—but it would not be.
I felt—I feel—Love dwells with—with the free.
I am a slave, a favoured slave at best,
To share his splendour, and seem very
blest! 1110

Oft must my soul the question undergo,
Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer,
'No!'

Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor checked—nor quickened—
calmly cold:

And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate. 1120

No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chilled Remembrance shudders o'er the
rest.

Yes—had I ever proved that Passion's zeal,
The change to hatred were at least—to feel :
But still—he goes unmourned—returns
unsought—

And oft when present—absent from my
thought.

Or when Reflection comes—and come it
must—

I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust ;
I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
'Twere worse than bondage to become his
bride. 1130

Oh ! that this dotage of his breast would cease !
Or seek another and give mine release,
But yesterday—I could have said, to peace !
Yes, if unwonted fondness now I feign,
Remember—Captive ! 'tis to break thy chain ;
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe ;
To give thee back to all endeared below,
Who share such love as I can never know.

Farewell—Morn breaks—and I must now
away :

'Twill cost me dear—but dread no death
to-day !" 1140

XV.

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart,
And bowed her head, and turned her to depart,
And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here? and is he now alone?
What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er
his chain?

The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from
Pity's mine,

Already polished by the hand divine !
Oh ! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In Woman's eye the unanswerable tear ! 1150
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield :
Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers !
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

Yet be the soft Triumvir's fault forgiven ;
By this—how many lose not earth—but
Heaven !

Consign their souls to Man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some Wanton's
woe ! 1160

XVI.

'Tis Morn—and o'er his altered features play
The beams—without the Hope of yesterday.

What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing,
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that Sun, and dews of Evening melt,
Chill, wet, and misty round each stiffened
limb,
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him !

CANTO THE THIRD.

"Come vedi—ancor non m'abbandona."

—DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 105.

I.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,¹
Along Morea's hills the setting Sun ; 1170
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he
throws,

Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis ! 1180
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing
glance,

And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of
Heaven ;

Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens ! here thy Wisest looked his
last.

How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered Sage's² latest
day ! 1190

Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;

¹ The opening lines, as far as section ii., have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem [*The Curse of Minerva*]; but they were written on the spot, in the Spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can. [See letter to Murray, October 23, 1812.]

² Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.