

LXXV.

By some odd chance too, he was placed
between

Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
A situation difficult, I ween,
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to
dine.

Also the conference which we have seen
Was not such as to encourage him to shine,
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,
With two transcendent eyes seemed to look
through him.

LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears:
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,
Of which I can't tell whence their know-
ledge springs.

Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears, so loudly though it
rings,
'T is wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues—which passed without a
word!

LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a *preux chevalier*—as it
ought:

Of all offences that 's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a
thought.

Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught,
Like a good ship entangled among ice—
And after so much excellent advice.

LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as
Urbanity

Required. Aurora scarcely looked aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The Devil was in the girl! Could it be pride?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?
Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious eyes
Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

LXXIX.

And looked as much as if to say, "I said it;"
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,
Because it sometimes, as I have seen or read
it,
Both in the case of lover and of friend,

Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
To bring what was a jest to a serious end:
For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,
And hate those who won't let them come
to pass.

LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more
than less.

Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than
guess)
So far relaxed her thoughts from their sweet
prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

LXXXI.

From answering she began to question: this
With her was rare; and Adeline, who as
yet

Thought her predictions went not much amiss,
Began to dread she 'd thaw to a coquette—
So very difficult, they say, it is

To keep extremes from meeting, when once
set
In motion; but she here too much refined—
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which showed such deference to what females
say,

As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, tempered him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free:
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference
Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flatterers, though she deemed he had more
sense

Than whispering foplings, or than witlings
loud—
Commenced (from such slight things will
great commence)
To feel that flattery which attracts the proud
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks ;—that point was
carried

Nem. con. amongst the women, which I
grieve
To say leads oft to *crim. con.* with the
married—

A case which to the juries we may leave,
Since with digressions we too long have
tarried.

Now though we know of old that looks
deceive,
And always have done,—somehow these good
looks
Make more impression than the best of books.

LXXXV.

Aurora, who looked more on books than faces,
Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.
But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Owned to a *penchant*, though discreet, for
beauty.

LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,
But innocently so, as Socrates ;
And really, if the Sage sublime and Attic
At seventy years had phantasies like these,
Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
Has shown, I know not why they should
displease
In virgins—always in a modest way,
Observe,—for that with me 's a *sine quâ*.¹

LXXXVII.

Also observe, that, like the great Lord Coke
(See Littleton), whene'er I have expressed
Opinions two, which at first sight may look
Twin opposites, the second is the best.
Perhaps I have a third too, in a nook,
Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest :
But if a writer should be quite consistent,
How could he possibly show things existent ?

LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I
Help contradicting them, and everybody,
Even my veracious self?—But that 's a lie :
I never did so, never will—how should I ?
He who doubts all things nothing can deny :
Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams
are muddy,

¹ Subauditur "*non*"; omitted for the sake of
euphony.

And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.

Apologue, Fable, Poesy, and Parable,
Are false, but may be rendered also true,
By those who sow them in a land that 's
arable :

'T is wonderful what Fable will not do !
'T is said it makes Reality more bearable :
But what 's Reality? Who has its clue?
Philosophy? No ; she too much rejects.
Religion? *Yes* ; but which of all her sects ?

XC.

Some millions must be wrong, that 's pretty
clear ;
Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
God help us ! Since we have need on our
career
To keep our holy beacons always bright,
'T is time that some new prophet should
appear,
Or *old* indulge man with a second sight.
Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
Without a small refreshment from the
spheres.

XCI.

But here again, why will I thus entangle
Myself with Metaphysics? None can hate
So much as I do any kind of wrangle ;
And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,
I always knock my head against some angle
About the present, past, or future state :
Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

XCII.

But though I am a temperate theologian,
And also meek as a metaphysician,
Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan,
As Eldon on a lunatic commission,—
In politics my duty is to show John
Bull something of the lower world's con-
dition.
It makes my blood boil like the springs of
Hecla,¹
To see men let these scoundrel Sovereigns
break law.

¹ Hecla is a famous hot-spring in Iceland.
[Byron seems to mistake the volcano for the
Geysers.]

XCIII.

But Politics, and Policy, and Piety,
 Are topics which I sometimes introduce,
 Not only for the sake of their variety,
 But as subservient to a moral use ;
 Because my business is to *dress* society,
 And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.
 And now, that we may furnish with some
 matter all
 Tastes, we are going to try the Supernatural.

XCIV.

And now I will give up all argument ;
 And positively, henceforth, no temptation
 Shall " fool me to the top up of my bent " :—
 Yes, I ' ll begin a thorough reformation.
 Indeed, I never knew what people meant
 By deeming that my Muse's conversation
 Was dangerous ;—I think she is as harmless
 As some who labour more and yet may
 charm less.

XCV.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?
 No ; but you have heard—I understand—
 be dumb!
 And don't regret the time you may have lost,
 For you have got that pleasure still to
 come :
 And do not think I mean to sneer at most
 Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
 That source of the Sublime and the
 Mysterious :—
 For certain reasons my belief is serious.

XCVI.

Serious? You laugh ;—you may : that will I
 not ;
 My smiles must be sincere or not at all.
 I say I do believe a haunted spot
 Exists—and where? That shall I not
 recall,
 Because I ' d rather it should be forgot,
 " Shadows the soul of Richard " may appal.
 In short, upon that subject I ' ve some
 qualms very
 Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.¹

¹ Hobbes ; who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

XCVII.

The night—(I sing by night—sometimes an
 owl,
 And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,
 And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl
 Rattles around me her discordant hymn :
 Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
 I wish to Heaven they would not look so
 grim ;
 The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
 I think too that I have sat up too late :

XCVIII.

And therefore, though ' t is by no means my
 way
 To rhyme at noon—when I have other
 things
 To think of, if I ever think—I say
 I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,
 And prudently postpone, until mid-day,
 Treating a topic which, alas ! but brings
 Shadows ;—but you must be in my condition,
 Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.

Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,
 ' Twixt Night and Morn, upon the
 horizon's verge.
 How little do we know that which we are !
 How less what we may be ! The eternal
 surge
 Of Time and Tide rolls on and bears afar
 Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the
 graves
 Of Empires heave but like some passing
 waves.

CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful
 things,
 To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the
 truth.
 This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—
 A mode adopted since by modern youth.
 Bows have they, generally with two strings ;
 Horses they ride without remorse or ruth ;
 At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,
 But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—
 “For this effect defective comes by
 cause,”—
 Is what I have not leisure to inspect ;
 But this I must say in my own applause,
 Of all the Muses that I recollect,
 Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws
 In some things, mine 's beyond all con-
 tradiction
 The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats
 From anything, this Epic will contain
 A wilderness of the most rare conceits,
 Which you might elsewhere hope to find
 in vain.
 'T is true there be some bitters with the
 sweets,
 Yet mixed so slightly, that you can't
 complain,
 But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
 “*De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis.*”

IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most
 True is that which she is about to tell.
 I said it was a story of a ghost—
 What then? I only know it so befell.
 Have you explored the limits of the coast,
 Where all the dwellers of the earth must
 dwell?
 'T is time to strike such puny doubters dumb
 as
 The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

V.

Some people would impose now with authority,
 Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle ;
 Men whose historical superiority
 Is always greatest at a miracle.
 But Saint Augustine has the great priority,
 Who bids all men believe the impossible,
Because 't is so. Who nibble, scribble,
 quibble, he
 Quiets at once with “*quia impossibile.*”¹

¹ [Not St. Augustine, but Tertullian. See his
 treatise, *De Carne Christi*, cap. V.]

VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all ;
 Believe :—if 't is improbable, you *must*,
 And if it is impossible, you *shall* :
 'T is always best to take things upon trust.
 I do not speak profanely to recall
 Those holier Mysteries which the wise and
 just
 Receive as Gospel, and which grow more
 rooted,
 As all truths must, the more they are disputed:

VII.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
 That in the course of some six thousand
 years,
 All nations have believed that from the dead
 A visitant at intervals appears :
 And what is strangest upon this strange head
 Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
 'Gainst such belief, there 's something stronger
 still
 In its behalf—let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the *soirée* too were done,
 The supper too discussed, the dames
 admired,
 The banqueteers had dropped off one by
 one—
 The song was silent, and the dance expired :
 The last thin petticoats were vanished, gone
 Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,
 And nothing brighter gleamed through the
 saloon
 Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day
 Is like the last glass of champagne, without
 The foam which made its virgin bumper gay ;
 Or like a system coupled with a doubt ;
 Or like a soda bottle when its spray
 Has sparkled and let half its spirit out ;
 Or like a billow left by storms behind,
 Without the animation of the wind ;

X.

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest,
 Or none ; or like—like nothing that I know
 Except itself ;—such is the human breast ;
 A thing, of which similitudes can show

No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest
 Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,
 If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.¹
 So perish every Tyrant's robe piece-meal!

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
 Undressing is a woe; our *robe de chambre*
 May sit like that of Nessus, and recall
 Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear
 than amber.

Titus exclaimed, "I 've a lost a day!" Of
 all

The nights and days most people can re-
 member,
 (I have had of both, some not to be disdained,)
 I wish they 'd state how many they have
 gained.

XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,
 Felt restless, and perplexed, and com-
 promised:

He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright
 Than Adeline (such is advice) advised;
 If he had known exactly his own plight,
 He probably would have philosophized:
 A great resource to all, and ne'er denied
 Till wanted; therefore Juan only sighed.

XIII.

He sighed;—the next resource is the full
 moon,

Where all sighs are deposited; and now
 It happened luckily, the chaste orb shone
 As clear as such a climate will allow;
 And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
 To hail her with the apostrophe—"O
 thou!"

Of amatory egotism the *Tuism*,
 Which further to explain would be a truism.

XIV.

But Lover, Poet, or Astronomer—
 Shepherd, or swain—whoever may behold,
 Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her;
 Great thoughts we catch from thence (be-
 sides a cold
 Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err);
 Deep secrets to her rolling light are told;
 The Ocean's tides and mortals' brains she
 sways,
 And also hearts—if there be truth in lays.

¹ The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish, or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute; and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say nothing.

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
 For contemplation rather than his pillow:
 The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,
 Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,
 With all the mystery by midnight caused:
 Below his window waved (of course) a
 willow;
 And he stood gazing out on the cascade
 That flashed and after darkened in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*
 Of these is not exactly ascertained,—
 (I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch
 Of nicety, where a fact is to be gained,)
 A lamp burned high, while he leant from a
 niche,

Where many a Gothic ornament remained,
 In chiselled stone and painted glass, and all
 That Time has left our fathers of their Hall.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he
 threw
 His chamber door wide open—and went
 forth
 Into a gallery of a sombre hue,
 Long, furnished with old pictures of great
 worth,
 Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
 As doubtless should be people of high
 birth;
 But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
 Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

XVIII.

The forms of the grim Knight and pictured
 Saint
 Look living in the moon; and as you turn
 Backward and forward to the echoes faint
 Of your own footsteps—voices from the
 Urn
 Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
 Start from the frames which fence their
 aspects stern,
 As if to ask how you can dare to keep
 A vigil there, where all but Death should
 sleep.

XIX.

And the pale smile of Beauties in the grave,
 The charms of other days, in starlight
 gleams,
 Glimmer on high; their buried locks still
 wave
 Along the canvas; their eyes glance like
 dreams

On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,
But Death is imaged in their shadowy
beams.

A picture is the past ; even ere its frame
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

XX.

As Juan mused on Mutability,
Or on his Mistress—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
Or step ran sadly through that antique
house ;

When suddenly he heard, or thought so,
nigh,

A supernatural agent—or a mouse,
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people as it plays along the arras.

XXI.

It was no mouse—but lo ! a monk, arrayed
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, ap-
peared,

Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in
shade,

With steps that trod as heavy, yet un-
heard ;

His garments only a slight murmur made ;

He moved as shadowy as the Sisters weird,
But slowly ; and as he passed Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright
eye.

XXII.

Juan was petrified ; he had heard a hint
Of such a Spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, that there was
nothing in 't

Beyond the rumour which such spots un-
fold,

Coined from surviving Superstition's mint,
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
But rarely seen, like gold compared with
paper.

And did he see this ? or was it a vapour ?

XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice passed, repassed—the
thing of air,

Or earth beneath, or Heaven, or t' other
place ;

And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,

Yet could not speak or move ; but, on its
base

As stands a statue, stood : he felt his hair
Twine like a knot of snakes around his
face ;

He taxed his tongue for words, which were
not granted,

To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow passed away—but where? the
hall

Was long, and thus far there was no great
cause

To think his vanishing unnatural :

Doors there were many, through which, by
the laws

Of physics, bodies whether short or tall
Might come or go ; but Juan could not state
Through which the Spectre seemed to eva-
porate.

XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it
seemed

An age—expectant, powerless, with his
eyes

Strained on the spot where first the figure
gleamed ;

Then by degrees recalled his energies,
And would have passed the whole off as a
dream,

But could not wake ; he was, he did sur-
mise,

Waking already, and returned at length
Back to his chamber, shorn of half his
strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it : still his taper
Burned, and not *blue*, as modest tapers use,
Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour ;

He rubbed his eyes, and they did not refuse
Their office : he took up an old newspaper ;

The paper was right easy to peruse ;
He read an article the King attacking,
And a long eulogy of " Patent Blacking."

XXVII.

This savoured of this world ; but his hand
shook :

He shut his door, and after having read
A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,
Undressed, and rather slowly went to bed.
There, couched allsnugly on his pillow's nook.

With what he had seen his phantasy he fed ;
And though it was no opiate, slumber crept
Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

XXVIII.

He woke betimes ; and, as may be supposed,
Pondered upon his visitant or vision,
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,
At risk of being quizzed for superstition.
The more he thought, the more his mind was
posed :

In the mean time, his valet, whose precision
Was great, because his master brooked no
less,
Knocked to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dressed ; and like young people he was
wont

To take some trouble with his toilet, but
This morning rather spent less time upon 't ;
Aside his very mirror soon was put ;
His curls fell negligently o'er his front,
His clothes were not curbed to their usual
cut,
His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied
Almost an hair's breadth too much on one
side.

XXX.

And when he walked down into the Saloon,
He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea,
Which he perhaps had not discovered soon,
Had it not happened scalding hot to be,
Which made him have recourse unto his
spoon ;

So much *distract* he was, that all could see
That something was the matter—Adeline
The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She looked, and saw him pale, and turned as
pale

Herself ; then hastily looked down, and
muttered
Something, but what 's not stated in my tale.
Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill
battered ;

The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke played with her
veil,

And looked at Juan hard, but nothing
uttered.

Aurora Raby with her large dark eyes
Surveyed him with a kind of calm surprise.

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,
And everybody wondering more or less,
Fair Adeline inquired, " If he were ill ?"
He started, and said, " Yes—no—rather—
yes."

The family physician had great skill,
And being present, now began to express
His readiness to feel his pulse and tell
The cause, but Juan said, he was " quite well."

XXXIII.

" Quite well ; yes, — no." — These answers
were mysterious,

And yet his looks appeared to sanction both,
However they might savour of delirious ;

Something like illness of a sudden growth
Weighed on his spirit, though by no means
serious :

But for the rest, as he himself seemed loth
To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted
It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discussed his
chocolate,

Also the muffin whereof he complained,
Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,
At which he marvelled, since it had not
rained ;

Then asked her Grace what news were of the
Duke of late ?

Her Grace replied, *his* Grace was rather
pained

With some slight, light, hereditary twinges
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turned to Juan, and addressed
A few words of condolence on his state :

" You look," quoth he, " as if you had had
your rest

Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."
" What Friar ?" said Juan ; and he did his
best

To put the question with an air sedate,
Or careless ; but the effort was not valid
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

" Oh ! have you never heard of the Black
Friar ?

The Spirit of these walls ?" — " In truth not
I."

" Why Fame—but Fame you know 's some-
times a liar—

Tells an odd story, of which by and by :
Whether with time the Spectre has grown
shyer,

Or that our Sires had a more gifted eye

For such sights, though the tale is half
believed,
The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.

“The last time was——”——“I pray,” said
Adeline—
(Who watched the changes of Don Juan’s
brow,
And from its context thought she could divine
Connections stronger than he chose to avow
With this same legend)—“if you but design
To jest, you ’ll choose some other theme
just now,
Because the present tale has oft been told,
And is not much improved by growing old.”

XXXVIII.

“Jest!” quoth Milor; “why, Adeline, you
know
That we ourselves—’t was in the honey
moon—
Saw——”——“Well, no matter, ’t was so long
ago;
But, come, I ’ll set your story to a tune.”
Graceful as Dian when she draws her bow,
She seized her harp, whose strings were
kindled soon
As touched, and plaintively began to play
The air of “’T was a Friar of Orders Gray.”

XXXIX.

“But add the words,” cried Henry, “which
you made;
For Adeline is half a poetess,”
Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.
Of course the others could not but express
In courtesy their wish to see displayed
By one *three* talents, for there were no less—
The voice, the words, the harper’s skill, at
once,
Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—
The charming of these charmers, who seem
bound,
I can’t tell why, to this dissimulation,—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fixed on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with much simplicity,—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

I.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman Church his prey,
And expelled the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he came in his might, with King
Henry’s right,
To turn church lands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay;
A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
And he did not seem formed of clay,
For he ’s seen in the porch, and he ’s seen in
the church,
Though he is not seen by day.

3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still with the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage-bed of their lords, ’t is said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And ’t is held as faith, to their bed of Death
He comes—but not to grieve.

4.

When an heir is born, he ’s heard to mourn
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
’T is shadowed by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the fold
between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

5.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the Church’s heir,
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is Lord by day,
But the monk is Lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that Friar’s right.

6.

Say nought to him as he walks the Hall,
 And he'll say nought to you ;
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
 As o'er the grass the dew.
 Then grammercy ! for the Black Friar ;
 Heaven sain him ! fair or foul,—
 And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
 Let ours be for his soul.

XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling
 wires
 Died from the touch that kindled them to
 sound ;
 And the pause followed, which when song
 expires
 Pervades a moment those who listen round ;
 And then of course the circle much admires,
 Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
 The tones, the feeling, and the execution,
 To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
 As if she rated such accomplishment
 As the mere pastime of an idle day,
 Pursued an instant for her own content,
 Would now and then as 't were *without*
 display,
 Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent
 To such performances with haughty smile,
 To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
 Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
 Trampling on Plato's pride with greater
 pride,
 As did the Cynic on some like occasion ;
 Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
 Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
 For a spoilt carpet—but the " Attic Bee "
 Was much consoled by his own repartee.¹

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
 (By doing easily, whene'er she chose,
 What dilettanti do with vast parade)
 Their sort of *half profession* ; for it grows

¹ I think that it *was* a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod, with—"Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," as the other replied. But as *carpets* are *meant* to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a tablecloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

To something like this when too oft displayed ;
 And that it is so, everybody knows,
 Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady
 T' other,
 Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh ! the long evenings of duets and trios !
 The admirations and the speculations ;
 The " Mamma Mia's ! " and the " Amor
 Mio's ! "
 The " Tanti palpiti's " on such occasions :
 The " Lasciami's," and quavering " Addio's,"
 Amongst our own most musical of nations !
 With " Tu mi chamas's " from Portingale,
 To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.¹

XLVI.

In Babylon's *bravuras*—as the Home-
 Heart-Ballads of Green Erin or Grey
 Highlands,
 That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
 O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
 The calentures of music which o'ercome
 All mountaineers with dreams that they are
 nigh lands,
 No more to be beheld but in such visions—
 Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of " *Blue*,"
 Could write rhymes, and compose more
 than she wrote,
 Made epigrams occasionally too
 Upon her friends, as everybody ought.
 But still from that sublimer azure hue,
 So much the present dye, she was remote ;

¹ I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music—for the words, besides being in recondite languages (it was some years before the peace, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian), were sorely disguised by the performers:—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, " Rot your Italianos ! for my part, I loves a simple ballat ! " Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion some day. Who would imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart ? However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini's ; but we may say, as the connoisseur did of painting in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that " the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains."

Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
And what was worse, was not ashamed to
show it.

XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
Which now-a-days is the thermometer
By whose degrees all characters are classed—
Was more Shakespearian, if I do not err.
The worlds beyond this World's perplexing
waste
Had more of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as
Space.

XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace,
The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose
mind,
If she had any, was upon her face,
And that was of a fascinating kind.
A little turn for mischief you might trace
Also thereon,—but that 's not much; we
find
Few females without some such gentle leaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in
Heaven.

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
Though once she was seen reading the
Bath Guide,
And Hayley's *Triumphs*, which she deemed
pathetic,
Because she said *her temper* had been tried
So much, the bard had really been prophetic
Of what she had gone through with—since
a bride.
But of all verse, what most ensured her praise
Were sonnets to herself, or *bouts rimés*.

LI.

'T were difficult to say what was the object
Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
To bear on what appeared to her the subject
Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
To laugh him out of his supposed dismay;
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this
minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
Who wish to take the tone of their society :

In which you cannot be too circumspect,
Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy.

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
His spirits, and without more explanation
To jest upon such themes in many a sally.
Her Grace, too, also seized the same
occasion,
With various similar remarks to tally,
But wished for a still more detailed narration
Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
About the present family's deaths and wooings.

LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been
said ;
They passed as such things do, for
superstition
With some, while others, who had more in
dread
The theme, half credited the strange
tradition ;
And much was talked on all sides on that
head :
But Juan, when cross-questioned on the
vision,
Which some supposed (though he had not
avowed it)
Had stirred him, answered in a way to cloud it.

LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
The company prepared to separate ;
Some to their several pastimes, or to none,
Some wondering 't was so early, some so
late.
There was a goodly match, too, to be run
Between some greyhounds on my Lord's
estate,
And a young race-horse of old pedigree,
Matched for the spring, whom several went
to see.

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought
A special Titian, warranted original,
So precious that it was not to be bought,
Though Princes the possessor were besieg-
ing all—
The King himself had cheapened it, but
thought
The civil list he deigns to accept (obliging all
His subjects by his gracious acceptation)—
Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—
The friend of Artists, if not Arts,—the
owner,
With motives the most classical and pure,
So that he would have been the very donor,
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
So much he deemed his patronage an
honour,
Had brought the *capo d'opera*, not for sale,
But for his judgment—never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Bricklayer of Babel, called an architect,
Brought to survey these grey walls which,
though so thick,
Might have from Time acquired some slight
defect;
Who, after rummaging the Abbey through
thick
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old—which he called *restora-
tion*.

LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an “old song,”
Set to some thousands ('t is the usual burden
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would
go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.¹

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wished to raise for a new
purchase;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,²
And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's
torches,

¹ “Ausu Romano, ære Veneto” is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, Imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon the *First*. It is time to continue to him that title—there will be a second by and by, “Spes altera mundi,” *if he live*; let him not defeat it like his father. But in any case, he will be preferable to “*Imbéciles*.” There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it.

[Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt, died at Vienna, July 22, 1832. But, none the less, Byron's prophecy was fulfilled.]

² [Burgage, or tenure in burgage, is where the

Kindling Religion till she throws down *her*
gage,
“Untying” squires “to fight against the
churches”;
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and
ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel
trap,
Ready for gaol, their place of convalescence;
There was a country girl in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see,
since—
Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—
But luckily I have paid few parish fees since):
That scarlet cloak, alas! unclosed with rigour,
Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
One can't tell how it e'er got in or out;
Therefore the present piece of natural history
I leave to those who are fond of solving
doubt;
And merely state, though not for the Con-
sistory,
Lord Henry was a Justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bagged this poacher upon Nature's
manor.

LXIII.

Now Justices of Peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who have not a licence for the
same;
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
Are puzzles to the most precautionous benches.

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hale
'T is white, at least when they just rise from
bed.
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
Poor soul! for she was country born and
bred,
And knew no better in her immorality
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.
king or some other person is lord of an ancient
borough, in which the tenements are held by a
yearly rent certain.]

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet *espiègle* eye.
 Had gathered a large tear into its corner,
 Which the poor thing at times essayed to dry,
 For she was not a sentimental mourner
 Parading all her sensibility,
 Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
 But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
 To be called up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scattered here
 and there,
 Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.
 The lawyers in the study; and in air
 The prize pig, ploughman, poachers: the
 men sent
 From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
 Both busy (as a General in his tent
 Writing despatches) in their several stations,
 Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,
 While Scout, the parish guardian of the
 frail,
 Discussed (he hated beer yclept the "small")
 A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.
 She waited until Justice could recall
 Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
 To name a thing in nomenclature rather
 Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
 For the Lord Henry, linked with dogs and
 horses.
 There was much hustle too, and preparation
 Below stairs on the score of second courses;
 Because as suits their rank and situation,
 Those who in counties have great land
 resources
 Have "public days," when all men may
 carouse,
 Though not exactly what 's called "open
 house."

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*
 (Thus we translate a *general invitation*)
 All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,
 May drop in without cards, and take their
 station
 At the full board, and sit alike delighted
 With fashionable wines and conversation;

And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,
 Talk o'er themselves, the past and next
 election.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
 Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or
 rabbit.
 But county contests cost him rather dearer,
 Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of
 Giftgabbit
 Had English influence, in the self-same
 sphere here;
 His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbitt,
 Was member for the "other interest"
 (meaning
 The same self-interest, with a different
 leaning).

LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his
 county,
 He was all things to all men, and dispensed
 To some civility, to others bounty,
 And promises to all—which last commenced
 To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
 Not calculating how much they condensed;
 But what with keeping some, and breaking
 others,
 His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend to Freedom and freeholders—yet
 No less a friend to Government—he held,
 That he exactly the just medium hit
 'Twixt Place and Patriotism—albeit com-
 pelled,
 Such was his Sovereign's pleasure, (though
 unfit,
 He added modestly, when rebels railed,)
 To hold some sinecures he wished abolished,
 But that with them all Law would be
 demolished.

LXXIII.

He was "free to confess"—(whence comes
 this phrase?
 Is 't English? No—'tis only parliamentary)
 That Innovation's spirit now-a-days
 Had made more progress than for the
 last century.
 He would not tread a factious path to praise,
 Though for the public weal disposed to
 venture high;
 As for his place, he could but say this of it,
 That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private
life

Had ever been his sole and whole ambition ;
But could he quit his King in times of strife,
Which threatened the whole country with
perdition?

When demagogues would with a butcher's
knife

Cut through and through (oh! damnable
incision!)

The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot, whose
strings

Have tied together Commons, Lords, and
Kings.

LXXV.

Sooner "come Place into the Civil List
And champion him to the utmost—" he
would keep it,

Till duly disappointed or dismissed :

Profit he cared not for, let others reap it ;
But should the day come when Place ceased
to exist,

The country would have far more cause to
weep it :

For how could it go on? Explain who can!
He gloried in the name of Englishman.

LXXVI.

He was as independent—aye, much more—
Than those who were not paid for inde-
pendence,

As common soldiers, or a common—shore,
Have in their several arts or parts ascend-
ance

O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,

Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
And thought. I say no more—I've said
too much ;

For all of us have either heard or read—

Off—or *upon* the hustings—some slight such
Hints from the independent heart or head
Of the official candidate. I'll touch

No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rung,
And grace is said ; the grace I *should* have
sung—

LXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make
play.

'T was a great banquet, such as Albion old
Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray
Were something very glorious to behold.

But 't was a public feast and public day,—
Quite full—right dull—guests hot, and
dishes cold,—

Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,—
And everybody out of their own sphere.

LXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and
My Lords and Ladies proudly condescend-
ing ;

The very servants puzzling how to hand
Their plates—without it might be too
much bending

From their high places by the sideboard's
stand—

Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending ;
For any deviation from the graces
Might cost both man and master too—their
places.

LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers
keen,

Whose hounds ne'er erred, nor greyhounds
deigned to lurch ;

Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search
Of the poor partridge through his stubble
screen.

There were some massy members of the
church,
Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,
And several who sung fewer psalms than
catches.

LXXXI.

There were some country wags too—and,
alas!

Some exiles from the Town, who had been
driven

To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.

And lo! upon that day it came to pass,

I sate next that o'erwhelming son of
Heaven,

The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,¹
The loudest wit I e'er was deafened with.

¹ ["Query, *Sydney Smith*, author of *Peter Plimley's Letters?*—Printer's Devil."—Ed. 1833.]

LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,
 A brilliant diner-out, though but a curate,
 And not a joke he cut but earned its praise,
 Until Preferment, coming at a sure rate,
 (O Providence! how wondrous are thy ways!
 Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes
 obdurate?)
 Gave him, to lay the Devil who looks o'er
 Lincoln,¹
 A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons
 jokes;
 But both were thrown away amongst the
 fens;
 For Wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.
 No longer ready ears and short-hand
 pens
 Imbided the gay *bon-mot*, or happy hoax:
 The poor priest was reduced to common
 sense,
 Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
 To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick
 throng.

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, "between
 A beggar and a Queen," or *was* (of late
 The latter worse used of the two we've seen—
 But we'll say nothing of affairs of state);
 A difference "'twixt a Bishop and a Dean,"
 A difference between crockery ware and
 plate,
 As between English beef and Spartan broth—
 And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

LXXXV.

But of all Nature's discrepancies, none
 Upon the whole is greater than the
 difference
 Beheld between the Country and the Town,
 Of which the latter merits every preference

The "fat fen vicarage" (*vide infra*, stanza lxxxii.
 line 8) was Foston-le-Clay, near Barton Hill,
 Yorkshire, which Lord Chancellor Erskine pre-
 sented to Sydney Smith in 1806.]

¹ [The devil as Fuller (*Worthies: Lincolnshire*)
 has it, "overlooked this church, when first finished,
 with a torve and tetrick countenance, as maligning
 men's costly devotions." A grotesque figure at
 the eastern end of St Hugh's Chapel in the
 Cathedral is said to depict him "looking over
 Lincoln."]

From those who have few resources of their
 own,
 And only think, or act, or feel, with
 reference
 To some small plan of interest or ambition—
 Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.

But *En avant!* The light loves languish o'er
 Long banquets and too many guests,
 although
 A slight repast makes people love much more,
 Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
 Even from our grammar upwards, friends of
 yore
 With vivifying Venus, who doth owe
 To these the invention of champagne and
 truffles:
 Temperance delights her, but long fasting
 ruffles.

LXXXVII.

Dully passed o'er the dinner of the day;
 And Juan took his place, he knew not
 where,
 Confused, in the confusion, and *distrain*,
 And sitting as if nailed upon his chair:
 Though knives and forks clanked round as in
 a fray,
 He seemed unconscious of all passing there,
 Till some one, with a groan, expressed a wish
 (Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the banns,
 He started; and perceiving smiles around
 Broadening to grins, he coloured more than
 once,
 And hastily—as nothing can confound
 A wise man more than laughter from a
 dunce—
 Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
 And with such hurry, that, ere he could curb it,
 He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half
 a turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occurred,
 The supplicator being an amateur;
 But others, who were left with scarce a third,
 Were angry—as they well might, to be sure,
 They wondered how a young man so absurd
 Lord Henry at his table should endure;
 And this, and his not knowing how much oats
 Had fallen last market, cost his host three
 votes.

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathized,
 That he the night before had seen a ghost,
 A prologue which but slightly harmonized
 With the substantial company engrossed
 By matter, and so much materialised,
 That one scarce knew at what to marvel
 most
 Of two things—*how* (the question rather odd
 is)
 Such bodies could have souls, or souls such
 bodies!

XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or
 stare
 From all the 'squires and 'squiresses around,
 Who wondered at the abstraction of his air,
 Especially as he had been renowned
 For some vivacity among the fair,
 Even in the country circle's narrow bound—
 (For little things upon my Lord's estate
 Were good small talk for others still less
 great)—

XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
 And something like a smile upon her cheek.
 Now this he really rather took amiss;
 In those who rarely smile, their smile
 bespeaks
 A strong external motive; and in this
 Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique,
 Or Hope, or Love—with any of the wiles
 Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'T was a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
 Indicative of some surprise and pity;
 And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
 Which was not very wise, and still less
 witty,
 Since he had gained at least her observation,
 A most important outwork of the city—
 As Juan should have known, had not his
 senses
 By last night's Ghost been driven from their
 defences.

XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
 Nor seem embarrassed—quite the contrary;
 Her aspect was as usual, still—*not* stern—
 And she withdrew, but cast not down, her
 eye,
 Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
 I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—

Though sometimes faintly flushed — and
 always clear,
 As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
 This day; and watching, witching, con-
 descending
 To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
 And dignity with courtesy so blending,
 As all must blend whose part it is to aim
 (Especially as the sixth year is ending)
 At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's
 Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole
 And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance
 On Adeline while playing her grand *rôle*,
 Which she went through as though it were
 a dance,
 Betraying only now and then her soul
 By a look scarce perceptibly askance
 (Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
 Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real*;

XCVII.

So well she acted all and every part
 By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
 Which many people take for want of heart.
 They err—'t is merely what is called
 mobility,¹
 A thing of temperament and not of art,
 Though seeming so, from its supposed
 facility;
 And false—though true; for, surely, they 're
 sincerest
 Who are strongly acted on by what is
 nearest.

XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and ro-
 mancans,
 Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages
 never:
 But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
 Little that 's great, but much of what is
 clever;

¹ In French "*mobilité*." I am not sure that mobility is English; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past: and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.

Most orators, but very few financiers,
 Though all Exchequer Chancellors en-
 deavour,
 Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's
 rigours,
 And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.

The poets of Arithmetic are they
 Who, though they prove not two and two
 to be
 Five, as they might do in a modest way,
 Have plainly made it out that four are
 three,
 Judging by what they take, and what they
 pay:
 The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
 That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
 The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
 The fair Fitz-Fulke seemed very much at
 ease;
 Though too well bred to quiz men to their
 faces,
 Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could
 seize

The ridicules of people in all places—
 That honey of your fashionable bees—
 And store it up for mischievous enjoyment;
 And this at present was her kind employment.

CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close;
 The evening also waned—and coffee came.
 Each carriage was announced, and ladies
 rose,

And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,
 Retired: with most unfashionable bows

Their docile Esquires also did the same,
 Delighted with their dinner and their Host,
 But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty: others her great
 grace;

The warmth of her politeness, whose
 sincerity

Was obvious in each feature of her face,
 Whose traits were radiant with the rays of
 verity.

Yes; *she* was truly worthy *her* high place!

No one could envy her deserved prosperity.
 And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
 Draperied her form with curious felicity!

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their
 praises,
 By an impartial indemnification
 For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
 In a most edifying conversation,
 Which turned upon their late guests' miens
 and faces,
 Their families, even to the last relation;
 Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and
 dresses,
 And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little—'t was the rest that broke
 Forth into universal epigram;
 But then 't was to the purpose what she
 spoke:

Like Addison's "faint praise," so wont to
 damn,

Her own but served to set off every joke,
 As music chimes in with a melodrame.

How sweet the task to shield an absent
 friend!

I ask but this of mine, to——*not* defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
 Skirmish of wits o'er the departed; one,
 Aurora, with her pure and placid mien;
 And Juan, too, in general behind none
 In gay remark on what he had heard or seen,
 Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone:
 In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
 He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'T is true he saw Aurora look as though
 She approved his silence; she perhaps mis-
 took

Its motive for that charity we owe

But seldom pay the absent, nor would look
 Farther—it might or it might not be so.

But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
 Observing little in his reverie,
 Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

CVII.

The Ghost at least had done him this much
 good,

In making him as silent as a ghost,
 If in the circumstances which ensued

He gained esteem where it was worth the
 most;

And, certainly, Aurora had renewed
 In him some feelings he had lately lost,
 Or hardened; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
 Are so divine, that I must deem them real:—

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days;
 The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
 Of what is called the World, and the World's
 ways;
 The moments when we gather from a
 glance
 More joy than from all future pride or praise,
 Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
 The Heart in an existence of its own,
 Of which another's bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh *Al' al' τὰν Κυθέρειαν*
 That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart?
 Alas! *her* star must fade like that of Dian:
 Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.
 Anacreon only had the soul to tie an
 Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted
 dart
 Of Eros: but though thou hast played us
 many tricks,
 Still we respect thee, "*Alma Venus Gene-*
trix!"

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows
 Heaving between this World and Worlds
 beyond,
 Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
 Arrived, retired to his; but to despond
 Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows
 Waved o'er his couch; he meditated, fond
 Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish
 sleep,
 And make the wordling sneer, the youngling
 weep.

CXI.

The night was as before: he was undrest,
 Saving his night-gown, which is an un-
 dress;
 Completely *sans culotte*, and without vest;
 In short, he hardly could be clothed with
 less:
 But apprehensive of his spectral guest,
 He sate with feelings awkward to express
 (By those who have not had such visitations),
 Expectant of the Ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listened;—Hush! what 's
 that?
 I see—I see—Ah, no!—'t is not—yet 't is—
 Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! the
 cat!
 The Devil may take that stealthy pace of
 his!
 So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
 Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,
 Gliding the first time to a *rendezvous*,
 And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again—what is 't? The wind? No, no,—
 this time
 It is the sable Friar as before,
 With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
 Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much
 more.
 Again through shadows of the night sublime,
 When deep sleep fell on men,¹ and the
 World wore
 The starry darkness round her like a girdle
 Spangled with gems—the Monk made his
 blood curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,²
 Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight
 clatter,
 Like showers which on the midnight gusts
 will pass,
 Sounding like very supernatural water,
 Came over Juan's ear, which throbbed, alas!
 For Immaterialism 's a serious matter;
 So that even those whose faith is the most
 great
 In Souls immortal, shun them *tête-à-tête*.

CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth
 too.
 Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
 Yet leave the gate which Eloquence slips
 through
 As wide as if a long speech were to come.
 Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
 Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:
 His eyes were open, and (as was before
 Stated) his mouth. What opened next?—the
 door.

¹ [*Job* iv. 13.]

² See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroepfer—
 "Karl—Karl—was willst du mit mir?"

CXVI.

It opened with a most infernal creak,
 Like that of Hell. "Lasciate ogni speranza,
 Voi, ch' entrate!" The hinge seemed to
 speak,
 Dreadful as Dante's *rima*, or this stanza;
 Or—but all words upon such themes are weak:
 A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
 Hero—for what is Substance to a Spirit?
 Or how is 't *Matter* trembles to come near it?

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly,—but, as fly
 The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
 And then swung back; nor close—but stood
 awry,
 Half letting in long shadows on the light,
 Which still in Juan's candlesticks burned high,
 For he had two, both tolerably bright,
 And in the doorway, darkening darkness,
 stood
 The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
 The night before; but being sick of shak-
 ing,
 He first inclined to think he had been mis-
 taken;
 And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;
 His own internal ghost began to awaken
 Within him, and to quell his corporal
 quaking—
 Hinting that Soul and Body on the whole
 Were odds against a disembodied Soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his
 wrath fierce,
 And he arose, advanced—the Shade re-
 treated;
 But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
 Followed, his veins no longer cold, but
 heated,
 Resolved to thrust the mystery *carte* and
tierce,
 At whatsoever risk of being defeated:
 The Ghost stopped, menaced, then retired,
 until
 He reached the ancient wall, then stood stone
 still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal powers!
 It touched no soul, nor body, but the wall,
 On which the moonbeams fell in silvery
 showers,
 Chequered with all the tracery of the Hall;
 He shuddered, as no doubt the bravest cowers
 When he can't tell what 't is that doth appal.
 How odd, a single hobgoblin's nonentity
 Should cause more fear than a whole host's
 identity!

CXXI.

But still the Shade remained: the blue eyes
 glared,
 And rather variably for stony death;
 Yet one thing rather good the grave had
 spared,
 The Ghost had a remarkably sweet breath:
 A straggling curl showed he had been fair-
 haired;
 A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
 Gleamed forth, as through the casement's ivy
 shroud
 The Moon peeped, just escaped from a grey
 cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
 His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder!
 It pressed upon a hard but glowing bust,
 Which beat as if there was a warm heart
 under.
 He found, as people on most trials must,
 That he had made at first a silly blunder,
 And that in his confusion he had caught
 Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The Ghost, if Ghost it were, seemed a sweet
 soul
 As ever lurked beneath a holy hood:
 A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
 Forth into something much like flesh and
 blood;
 Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
 And they revealed—alas! that e'er they
 should!
 In full, voluptuous, but *not o'ergrown* bulk,
 The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke!

CANTO THE SEVENTEENTH.¹

I.

THE world is full of orphans: firstly, those
 Who are so in the strict sense of the phrase;
 But many a lonely tree the loftier grows
 Than others crowded in the Forest's maze—
 The next are such as are not doomed to lose
 Their tender parents, in their budding days,
 But, merely, their parental tenderness,
 Which leaves them orphans of the heart no
 less.

II.

The next are "*only* Children," as they are
 styled,
 Who grow up *Children* only, since th' old
 saw
 Pronounces that an "*only's*" a spoilt child—
 But not to go too far, I hold it law,
 That where their education, harsh or mild,
 Transgresses the great bounds of love or
 awe,
 The sufferers—be 't in heart or intellect—
 Whate'er the *cause*, are orphans in *effect*.

III.

But to return unto the stricter rule—
 As far as words make rules—our common
 notion
 Of orphan paints at once a parish school,
 A half-starved babe, a wreck upon Life's
 ocean,
 A human (what the Italians nickname)
 "Mule"!²
 A theme for Pity or some worse emotion;

¹ [May 8, 1823.—*MS.* More than one "Seventeenth Canto," or so-called continuation of *Don Juan*, has been published. Some of these "Sequels" pretend to be genuine, while others are undisguisedly imitations or parodies. There was, however, a foundation for the myth. Before Byron left Italy he had begun (May 8, 1823) a seventeenth canto, and when he sailed for Greece he took the new stanzas with him. Trelawny found "fifteen stanzas of the seventeenth canto of *Don Juan*" in Byron's room at Mesolonghi (*Recollections, etc.*, 1858, p. 237). The *MS.*, together with other papers, was handed over to John Cam Hobhouse, and is now in the possession of his daughter, the Lady Dorchester. The copyright was purchased by the late John Murray. The fourteen (not fifteen) stanzas were printed and published for the first time in 1903.]

² The Italians, at least in some parts of Italy, call bastards and foundlings the *mules*—*why*, I cannot see, unless they mean to infer that the offspring of matrimony are asses.

Yet, if examined, it might be admitted
 The wealthiest orphans are to be more pitied.

IV.

Too soon they are Parents to themselves: for
 what
 Are Tutors, Guardians, and so forth,
 compared
 With Nature's genial Genitors? so that
 A child of Chancery, that Star-Chamber
 ward,
 (I'll take the likeness I can first come at,
 Is like—a duckling by Dame Partlett
 reared,
 And frights—especially if 't is a daughter,
 Th' old Hen—by running headlong to the
 water.

V.

There is a common-place book argument,
 Which glibly glides from every tongue;
 When any dare a new light to present,
 "If you are right, then everybody's
 wrong"!
 Suppose the converse of this precedent
 So often urged, so loudly and so long;
 "If you are wrong, then everybody's right"!
 Was ever everybody yet so quite?

VI.

Therefore I would solicit free discussion
 Upon all points—no matter what, or
 whose—
 Because as Ages upon Ages push on,
 The last is apt the former to accuse
 Of pillowing its head on a pin-cushion,
 Heedless of pricks because it was obtuse;
 What was a paradox becomes a truth or
 A something like it—witness Luther!

VII.

The Sacraments have been reduced to two,
 And Witches unto none, though somewhat
 late
 Since burning agéd women (save a few—
 Not witches only b—ches—who create
 Mischief in families, as some know or knew,
 Should still be singed, but lightly, let me
 state,
 Has been declared an act of inurbanity,
Malgré Sir Matthew Hales's great humanity.

VIII.

Great Galileo was debarred the Sun,
 Because he fixed it; and, to stop his talking
 How Earth could round the solar orbit run,
 Found his own legs embargoed from mere
 walking:

The man was well-nigh dead, ere men begun
To think his skull had not some need of
caulking ;
But now, it seems, he 's right—his notion just :
No doubt a consolation to his dust.

IX.

Pythagoras, Locke, Socrates—but pages
Might be filled up, as vainly as before,
With the sad usage of all sorts of sages,
Who in his life-time, each, was deemed a
Bore !
The loftiest minds outrun their tardy ages :
This they must bear with and, perhaps,
much more ;
The wise man 's sure when he no more can
share it, he
Will have a firm Post Obit on posterity.

X.

If such doom waits each intellectual Giant,
We little people in our lesser way,
In Life's small rubs should surely be more
pliant,
And so for one will I—as well I may—
Would that I were less bilious—but, oh, fie
on 't !
Just as I make my mind up every day,
To be a "*totus, teres,*" Stoic, Sage,
The wind shifts and I fly into a rage.

XI.

Temperate I am—yet never had a temper ;
Modest I am—yet with some slight
assurance ;
Changeable too — yet somehow "*Idem
semper*" :
Patient—but not enamoured of endurance ;
Cheerful — but, sometimes, rather apt to
whimper :
Mild—but at times a sort of "*Hercules
furens*" :
So that I almost think that the same skin,
For one without—has two or three within.

XII.

Our Hero was, in Canto the Sixteenth,
Left in a tender moonlight situation,
Such as enables Man to show his strength
Moral or physical : on this occasion
Whether his virtue triumphed—or, at length,
His vice—for he was of a kindling nation—
Is more than I shall venture to describe ;—
Unless some Beauty with a kiss should bribe.

XIII.

I leave the thing a problem, like all things :—
The morning came—and breakfast, tea
and toast,
Of which most men partake, but no one sings.
The company whose birth, wealth, worth,
has cost
My trembling Lyre already several strings,
Assembled with our hostess, and mine host ;
The guests dropped in—the last but one, Her
Grace,
The latest, Juan, with his virgin face.

XIV.

Which best it is to encounter—Ghost, or none,
'Twere difficult to say—but Juan looked
As if he had combated with more than one,
Being wan and worn, with eyes that hardly
brooked
The light, that through the Gothic window
shone :
Her Grace, too, had a sort of air rebuked—
Seemed pale and shivered, as if she had kept
A vigil, or dreamt rather more than slept.

JEUX D'ESPRIT AND MINOR POEMS, 1798-1824.

EPIGRAM ON AN OLD LADY WHO HAD SOME CURIOUS NOTIONS RESPECTING THE SOUL.

IN Nottingham county there lives at Swan
Green,¹
As curst an old Lady as ever was seen ;
And when she does die, which I hope will be
soon,
She firmly believes she will go the Moon !

1798.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, i. 28.]

¹ ["Swan Green" should be "Swine Green." It lay about a quarter of a mile to the east of St. James's Lane, where Byron lodged in 1799, at the house of a Mr. Gill.

Moore took down "these rhymes" from the lips of Byron's nurse, May Gray. He questioned their originality.]

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS,
OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of
Southwell,

A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth
well ;

He carried so much and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at
last ;

For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not *carry off* ;—so he's now *carri-on*.

September, 1807.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, i. 106.]

A VERSION OF OSSIAN'S
ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

FROM THE POEM "CARTHON."

O THOU! who rollest in yon azure field,
Round as the orb of my forefather's shield,
Whence are thy beams? From what eternal
store

Dost thou, O Sun! thy vast effulgence pour?
In awful grandeur, when thou movest on high,
The stars start back and hide them in the sky;
The pale Moon sickens in thy brightening
blaze,

And in the western wave avoids thy gaze.
Alone thou shinest forth—for who can rise
Companion of thy splendour in the skies!
The mountain oaks are seen to fall away—
Mountains themselves by length of years
decay—

With ebbs and flows is the rough Ocean tost;
In heaven the Moon is for a season lost,
But thou, amidst the fullness of thy joy,
The same art ever, blazing in the sky!

When tempests wrap the world from pole to
pole,

When vivid lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Thou far above their utmost fury borne,
Look'st forth in beauty, laughing them to
scorn.

But vainly now on me thy beauties blaze—
Ossian no longer can enraptured gaze!
Whether at morn, in lucid lustre gay,
On eastern clouds thy yellow tresses play,
Or else at eve, in radiant glory drest,
Thou tremblest at the portals of the west,
I see no more! But thou mayest fail at length,
Like Ossian lose thy beauty and thy strength,

Like him—but for a season—in thy sphere
To shine with splendour, then to disappear!
Thy years shall have an end, and thou no more
Bright through the world enlivening radiance
pour,

But sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,
Heedless when Morning calls thee to the skies!
Then now exult, O Sun! and gaily shine,
While Youth and Strength and Beauty all are
thine.

For Age is dark, unlovely, as the light
Shed by the Moon when clouds deform the
night,

Glimmering uncertain as they hurry past.
Loud o'er the plain is heard the northern blast,
Mists shroud the hills, and 'neath the growing
gloom,

The weary traveller shrinks and sighs for home.

1806.

[First published, *Atlantic Monthly*,
December, 1898.]¹

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON
PACKET.

I.

HUZZA! Hodgson,² we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.

Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the Custom-house,
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking—

Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearched amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

¹ [It is strange that Byron should have made two versions (for another "version" from the Newstead MSS. (*vide ante*, p. 67, 68), of the "Address to the Sun," which forms the conclusion of "Carthon"; but the second version (the MS. belongs to Harvard University) appears to be genuine. It is to be noted that Byron appended to the earlier version eighteen lines of his own composition, by way of moral or application.]

² [Francis Hodgson (1781-1852), the translator of Juvenal, one of Byron's earliest friends. He was appointed Provost of Eton in 1840.]

2.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We 're impatient, push from shore.
 "Have a care! that case holds liquor—
 Stop the boat—I 'm sick—oh Lord!"
 "Sick, Ma'am, damme, you 'll be sicker,
 Ere you 've been an hour on board."
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax.—
 Such the general noise and racket,
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

3.

Now we 've reached her, lo! the Captain,
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
 Passengers their berths are clapt in,
 Some to grumble, some to spew.
 "Hey day! call you that a cabin?
 Why 't is hardly three feet square:
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
 Who the deuce can harbour there?"
 "Who, sir? plenty—
 Nobles twenty
 Did at once my vessel fill."—
 "Did they? Jesus,
 How you squeeze us!
 Would to God they did so still:
 Then I 'd 'scape the heat and racket
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

4.

Fletcher! Murray! Bob!¹ where are you?
 Stretched along the deck like logs—
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
 Here 's a rope's end for the dogs.
 Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
 As the hatchway down he rolls,
 Now his breakfast, now his verses,
 Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
 "Here 's a stanza
 On Braganza—
 Help!"—"A couplet?"—"No, a cup
 Of warm water—"
 "What 's the matter?"
 "Zounds! my liver 's coming up;
 I shall not survive the racket
 Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

¹ [Murray was "Joe" Murray, an ancient retainer of Byron's predecessor the "Wicked Lord." Bob was Robert Rushton, the "little page" of "Childe Harold's Good Night."]

5.

Now at length we 're off for Turkey,
 Lord knows when we shall come back!
 Breezes foul and tempests murky
 May unship us in a crack.
 But, since Life at most a jest is,
 As philosophers allow,
 Still to laugh by far the best is,
 Then laugh on—as I do now.
 Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore;
 While we're quaffing,
 Let's have laughing—
 Who the devil cares for more?—
 Some good wine! and who would lack it,
 Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?
 Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.
 [First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, i. 230-232.]

[TO DIVES.¹ A FRAGMENT.]

UNHAPPY Dives! in an evil hour
 'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds
 accurst!
 Once Fortune's minion now thou feel'st her
 power;
 Wrath's vial on thy lofty head hath burst.
 In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
 How wondrous bright thy blooming morn
 arose!
 But thou wert smitten with th' unhallowed
 thirst
 Of Crime unnamed, and thy sad noon must
 close
 In scorn, and solitude unsought—the worst
 of woes. 1809.
 [First published, *Lord Byron's Works*,
 1833, xvii. 241.]

FAREWELL PETITION TO J. C. H.,
 ESQ^{RE}.

O THOU yclep'd by vulgar sons of Men
 Cam Hobhouse!² but by wags Byzantian Ben!
 Twin sacred titles, which combined appear
 To grace thy volume's front, and gild its rear,

¹ [Dives was William Beckford. The Fragment is a suppressed stanza of the First Canto of *Childe Harold*.]

² [John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), afterwards Lord Broughton de Gyfford.]

Since now thou put'st thyself and work to Sea,
And leav'st all Greece to *Fletcher*¹ and to me,
Oh, hear my single muse our sorrows tell,
One song for *self* and *Fletcher* quite as well—

First to the *Castle* of that man of woes
Dispatch the letter which *I must* enclose,
And when his lone *Penelope* shall say,
“*Why, where, and wherefore* doth my
William stay?”

Spare not to move her pity, or her pride—
By all that *Hero* suffered, or defied;
The *chicken's toughness*, and the *lack of ale*,
The *stoney mountain* and the *miry vale*,
The *Garlick* steams, which *half* his meals
enrich,
The *impending vermin*, and the threatened
Itch—

That *ever breaking* Bed, beyond repair!
The hat too *old*, the coat too *cold* to wear,
The *Hunger*, which *repulsed* from *Sally's door*
Pursues her grumbling half from shore to
shore,—

Be these the themes to greet his faithful *Rib*,
So may thy pen be smooth, thy tongue be glib!

This duty done, let me in turn demand
Some friendly office in my native land,
Yet let me ponder well, before I ask,
And set thee swearing at the tedious task.

First the *Miscellany*!²—to *Southwell town*
Per coach for *Mrs. Pigot* frank it down,
So may'st thou prosper in the paths of *Sale*,
And *Longman* smirk and critics cease to rail.

All hail to *Matthews*!³ wash his reverend
feet,

And in my name the man of *Method* greet,—
Tell him, my *Guide*, *Philosopher*, and *Friend*,
Who cannot love me, and who will not mend,
Tell him, that not in vain I shall assay
To tread and trace our “old *Horatian way*,”
And be (with prose supply my dearth of
rhymes)

What better men have been in better times.

Here let me cease, for why should I prolong
My notes, and vex a *Singer* with a *Song*?

¹ [Byron's valet, William Fletcher, was an indifferent traveller, and, like Baillie Nicol Jarvie, sighed for “a' the comforts of the saut-market.”]

² [Hobhouse's *Miscellany* (otherwise known as the *Miss-sell-any*) was published in 1809, under the title of *Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics*. Byron contributed nine original poems.]

³ Charles Skinner Matthews, who was drowned in the *Cam*, August, 1811.]

Oh thou with pen perpetual in thy fist!
Dubbed for thy sins a stark *Miscellanist*,
So pleased the printer's orders to perform
For Messrs. *Longman, Hurst and Rees* and
Orme.

Go—Get thee hence to *Paternoster Row*,
Thy patrons wave a *duodecimo*!
(Best form for *letters* from a distant land,
It fits the pocket, nor fatigues the hand.)
Then go, once more the joyous work
commence¹

With stores of anecdote, and grains of sense;
Oh may *Mammas* relent, and *Sires* forgive!
And scribbling *Sons* grow dutiful and live!

Constantinople, *June 7, 1810*.

[First published, *Murray's Magazine*,
1887, vol. i. pp. 290, 291.]

TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE *MEDEA* OF EURIPIDES.

OH how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship *Argo*!
Who, still unlaunched from *Grecian docks*,
Had never passed the *Azure rocks*;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damned business for my *Miss Medea*, etc.

June, 1810.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, i. 227.]

MY EPITAPH.

YOUTH, Nature, and relenting *Jove*,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove;
But *Romanelli*² was so stout,
He beat all three—and *blew it out*.

October, 1810.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, i. 240.]

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

KIND Reader! take your choice to cry or
laugh;
Here *HAROLD* lies—but where's his *Epitaph*?
If such you seek, try *Westminster*, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens, 1810.

[First published, *Lord Byron's Works*,
1832, ix. 4.]

¹ [Hobhouse's *Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey*, 4to, was published by James Cawthorn, in 1813.]

² A physician who doctored Byron at *Patras* in the *Morea*.]

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKET,
LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.¹

STRANGER! behold, interred together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:
You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitched and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole*.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the *last*.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella"?
For character—he did not lack it;
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

Malta, May 16, 1811.

[First published, *Lord Byron's Works*,
1832, ix. 10.]

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC
FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.²

GOOD plays are scarce,
So Moore writes *farce*:
The poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That *Little's* Moore,
But now 't is Moore that 's *little*.

September 14, 1811.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, i. 295 (note).]

[R. C. DALLAS.]

YES! wisdom shines in all his mien,
Which would so captivate, I ween,
Wisdom's own goddess Pallas;
That she 'd discard her fav'rite owl,
And take for pet a brother fowl,
Sagacious R. C. Dallas.

[First published, *Life, Writings*,
Opinions, etc., 1825, ii. 192.]

¹ [For Joseph Blacket (1786-1810), see *Letters*, 1898, i., p. 314. The authority of the *epitaph* has been questioned.]

² [Moore's *M.P.*; or, *The Blue Stocking*, which was played for the first time at the Lyceum Theatre, September 9, 1811.]

AN ODE TO THE FRAMERS OF
THE FRAME BILL.¹

I.

OH well done Lord E——n! and better done
R——r!²

Britannia must prosper with councils like
yours;
Hawkesbury, Harrowby, help you to guide
her,

Whose remedy only must *kill* ere it cures:
Those villains, the Weavers, are all grown
refractory,

Asking some succour for Charity's sake—
So hang them in clusters round each Manu-
factory,

That will at once put an end to *mistake*.³

2.

The rascals, perhaps, may betake them to
robbing,

The dogs to be sure have got nothing to
eat—

So if we can hang them for breaking a bobbin,
'T will save all the Government's money
and meat:

Men are more easily made than machinery—
Stockings fetch better prices than lives—
Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the
scenery,

Shewing how Commerce, how Liberty
thrives!

3.

Justice is now in pursuit of the wretches,
Grenadiers, Volunteers, Bow-street Police,
Twenty-two Regiments, a score of Jack
Ketches,

Three of the Quorum and two of the Peace;
Some Lords, to besure, would have summoned
the Judges,

To take their opinion, but that they ne'er
shall,

For LIVERPOOL such a concession begrudges,
So now they 're condemned by *no Judges* at
all.

¹ [The subject of Byron's maiden speech in the House of Lords, February 27, 1812.]

² [Richard Ryder (1766-1832), second son of the first Baron Harrowby, was Home Secretary, 1809-12.]

³ Lord E., on Thursday night, said the riots at Nottingham arose from a "*mistake*."

4.

Some folks for certain have thought it was shocking,
When Famine appeals and when Poverty groans,
That Life should be valued at less than a stocking,
And breaking of frames lead to breaking of bones.

If it should prove so, I trust, by this token,
(And who will refuse to partake in the hope?)

That the frames of the fools may be first to be *broken*,

Who, when asked for a *remedy*, sent down a *rope*.

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*, Monday, March 2, 1812.]

[First republished by John Pearson, 1880, 8°.]

TO THE HON^{BLE.} M^{RS.} GEORGE LAMB.

1.

THE sacred song that on mine ear
Yet vibrates from that voice of thine,
I heard, before, from one so dear—
'T is strange it still appears divine.

2.

But, oh! so sweet that *look* and *tone*
To her and thee alike is given;
It seemed as if for me alone
That *both* had been recalled from Heaven!

3.

And though I never can redeem
The vision thus endeared to me;
I scarcely can regret my dream,
When realised again by thee. 1812.
[First published in *The Two Duchesses*,
by Vere Foster, 1898, p. 374.]

[LA REVANCHE.]

1.

THERE is no more for me to hope,
There is no more for thee to fear;
And, if I give my Sorrow scope,
That Sorrow thou shalt never hear.
Why did I hold thy love so dear?
Why shed for such a heart one tear?
Let deep and dreary silence be
My only memory of thee!

2.

When all are fled who flatter now,
Save thoughts which will not flatter then;
And thou recall'st the broken vow
To him who must not love again—
Each hour of now forgotten years
Thou, then, shalt number with thy tears;
And every drop of grief shall be
A vain remembrancer of me!

Undated, ? 1812.

[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, first published, 1903.]

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS
VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN
HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL, MAY 19,
1813.

OH you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom
Brown,—¹

For hang me if I know of which you may
most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny
Post Bag;

* * * * *

But now to my letter—to *yours*'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can,
Sir,

All ready and dressed for proceeding to
spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the
dungeon—

Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same
palace!

I suppose that to-night you're engaged with
some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam
Rogers;

And I, though with cold I have nearly my
death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the
Heathcote;²

¹ [Moore's "*Intercepted Letters; or, The Two-penny Post-Bag*, By Thomas Brown, the Younger," was published in 1813.]

² [Katherine Sophia Manners was married in 1793 to Sir Gilbert Heathcote.]

But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the
Scurra,
 And you 'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.
 [First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, i. 401.]

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.¹

1.
 WHEN Thurlow this damned nonsense sent,
 (I hope I am not violent)
 Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

2.
 And since not even our Rogers' praise
 To common sense his thoughts could raise—
 Why *would* they let him print his lays?

* * * 3. * * *

* * * 4. * * *

5.
 To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!
 Hermilda's² first and second canto,
 I 'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6.
 And thus to furnish decent lining,
 My own and others' bays I 'm twining,—
 So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

June 2, 1813.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, i. 396.]

TO LORD THURLOW.³

1.
"I lay my branch of laurel down."
"THOU lay thy branch of laurel down!"
 Why, what thou 'st stole is not enow;
 And, were it lawfully thine own,
 Does Rogers want it most, or thou?

¹ [The "Poems" were by Edward Hovell, Lord Thurlow (1781-1829). It was the following stanza from "An Epistle to a Friend," which excited the ridicule of Byron and Moore:

"When Rogers o'er this labour bent,
 Their purest fire the Muses lent,
 T' illustrate this sweet argument."

"Byron," says Moore, "undertook to read it aloud;—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh,—till even Mr. Rogers himself . . . found it impossible not to join us."—*Life*, p. 181.]

² [*Hermilda in Palestine* was published in 1812.]

³ ["The lines in Italics are from the eulogy

Keep to thyself thy withered bough,
 Or send it back to Doctor Donne:—
 Were justice done to both, I trow,
 He 'd have but little, and thou—none.

2.

"Then, thus, to form Apollo's crown."

A crown! why, twist it how you will,
 Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
 When next you visit Delphi's town,
 Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
 They 'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown
 Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

3.

"Let every other bring his own."

When coals to Newcastle are carried,
 And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
 From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
 Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
 When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
 When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
 Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
 And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, i. 397.]

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.¹

1.

THE Devil returned to Hell by two,
 And he stayed at home till five;
 When he dined on some homicides done in
ragoût,
 And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
 And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,
 And bethought himself what next to do,
 "And," quoth he, "I 'll take a drive.
 I walked in the morning, I 'll ride to-night;
 In darkness my children take most delight,
 And I 'll see how my favourites thrive." 10

2.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer,
 then—
 "If I followed my taste, indeed,
 I should mount in a waggon of wounded
 men,
 And smile to see them bleed.

("An Epistle," etc.) that provoked his waggish comments."—*Life*, p. 181.]

¹ ["The Devil's Drive" was suggested by Southey and Coleridge's "Devil's Thoughts," first published in the *Morning Post*, September 6, 1799. Byron shared the general belief that the lines were written by Porson.]

But these will be furnished again and again,
 And at present my purpose is speed ;
 To see my manor as much as I may,
 And watch that no souls shall be poached
 away.

3.

" I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
 A chariot in Seymour-place ;¹ 20
 But they 're lent to two friends, who make me
 amends

By driving my favourite pace :
 And they handle their reins with such a grace,
 I have something for both at the end of the
 race.

4.

" So now for the earth to take my chance."
 Then up to the earth sprang he ;
 And making a jump from Moscow to France,
 He stepped across the sea,
 And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
 No very great way from a Bishop's
 abode. 30

5.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
 That he hovered a moment upon his way,
 To look upon Leipsic plain ;
 And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury
 glare,
 And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
 That he perched on a mountain of slain ;
 And he gazed with delight from its growing
 height,
 Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
 Nor his work done half as well :
 For the field ran so red with the blood of the
 dead, 40
 That it blushed like the waves of Hell !
 Then loudly, and wildly, and long laughed
 he :

" Methinks they have little need here of *me* !"

6.

Long he looked down on the hosts of each
 clime,
 While the warriors hand to hand were—
 Gaul — Austrian and Muscovite heroes
 sublime,
 And — (Muse of Fitzgerald arise with a
 rhyme !)

¹ [Lord Yarmouth, nicknamed "Red Herrings," the eldest son of the Regent's elderly favourite, the Marchioness of Hertford, lived at No. 7, Seamore Place, Mayfair.]

A quantity of *Landwehr* !
 Gladness was there,
 For the men of all might and the monarchs
 of earth, 50
 There met for the wolf and the worm to
 make mirth,
 And a feast for the fowls of the Air !

7.

But he turned aside and looked from the
 ridge
 Of hills along the river,
 And the best thing he saw was a broken
 bridge,¹
 Which a Corporal chose to shiver ;
 Though an Emperor's taste was displeased
 with his haste,
 The Devil he thought it clever ;
 And he laughed again in a lighter strain,
 O'er the torrent swoln and rainy, 60
 When he saw " on a fiery steed " Prince Pon,
 In taking care of Number *One*—
 Get drowned with a great *many* !

8.

But the softest note that soothed his ear
 Was the sound of a widow sighing ;
 And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
 Which Horror froze in the blue eye clear
 Of a maid by her lover lying—
 As round her fell her long fair hair,
 And she looked to Heaven with that frenzied
 air 70
 Which seemed to ask if a God were there !
 And stretched by the wall of a ruined hut,
 With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
 A child of Famine dying :
 And the carnage *begun*, when *resistance* is
 done,
 And the fall of the vainly flying !

¹ [For the incident of the "broken bridge" Byron was indebted to the pages of the *Morning Chronicle* of November 8, 1813.

A corporal of sappers blew up the bridge between Leipsic and Lindenau, before the appointed time, whilst part of Napoleon's army was still on the other side. A panic ensued. "Prince Poniatowsky darted into the water and appeared no more. The Emperor was not informed of this disaster until it was too late to remedy it."]

9.

Then he gazed on a town by besiegers taken,
 Nor cared he who were winning ;
 But he saw an old maid, for years forsaken,
 Get up and leave her spinning ; 80
 And she looked in her glass, and to one that
 did pass,
 She said—" pray are the rapes beginning ?"

10.

But the Devil has reached our cliffs so white,
 And what did he there, I pray ?
 If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
 What we see every day ;
 But he made a tour and kept a journal
 Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
 And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the
Row,
 Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated* him,
 though ! 90

11.

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
 Its coachman and his coat ;
 So instead of a pistol he cocked his tail,
 And seized him by the throat ;
 "Aha !" quoth he, " what have we here ?
 'T is a new barouche, and an ancient peer !"

12.

So he sat him on his box again,
 And bade him have no fear,
 But be true to his club, and staunch to his
 rein,
 His brothel and his beer ; 100
 " Next to seeing a Lord at the Council board,
 I would rather see him here."

13.

Satan hired a horse and gig
 With promises to pay ;
 And he pawned his horns for a spruce new
 wig,
 To redeem as he came away :
 And he whistled some tune, a waltz or a jig,
 And drove off at the close of day.

14.

The first place he stopped at—he heard the
 Psalm
 That rung from a Methodist Chapel : 110
 "'T is the best sound I' ve heard," quoth he,
 " since my palm
 Presented Eve her apple !
 When *Faith* is all, 't is an excellent sign,
 That the *Works* and Workmen both are
 mine."

15.

He passed Tommy Tyrwhitt,¹ that standing
 jest,
 To princely wit a Martyr :
 But the last joke of all was by far the best,
 When he sailed away with " the Garter " !
 " And " — quoth Satan — " this Embassy's
 worthy my sight,
 Should I see nothing else to amuse me
 to-night. 120
 With no one to bear it, but Thomas à
 Tyrwhitt,
 This ribband belongs to an ' Order of
 Merit ' !"

16.

He stopped at an Inn and stepped within
 The Bar and read the " Times " ;
 And never such a treat, as—the epistle of one
 " Vetus,"²
 Had he found save in downright crimes :
 " Though I doubt if this drivelling encomiast
 of War
 Ever saw a field fought, or felt a scar,
 Yet his fame shall go further than he can
 guess,
 For I 'll keep him a place in my *hottest*
Press ; 130
 And his works shall be bound in Morocco
d' Enfer,
 And lettered behind with his *Nom de Guerre*."

17.

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
 And he turned to " the room " of the
 Commons ;
 But he heard as he purposed to enter in
 there,
 That " the Lords " had received a
 summons ;

¹ [Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt (*circ.* 1762-1833). He was Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales. He was knighted May 8, 1812. He was sent in the following year in charge of the Garter mission to the Czar, and on that occasion was made a Knight of the Imperial Order of St. Anne, First Class. "Tommy Tyrwhitt" was an important personage at Carlton House, and shared with Colonel McMahon the doubtful privilege of being a confidential servant of the Prince Regent.]

² ["Vetus" [Edward Sterling] contributed a series of letters to the *Times*, 1812, 1813. They were afterwards republished. The purport of the "Letters" was to inflame popular feeling against the French, and to advocate "war to the knife" with Napoleon.]

And he thought, as "a *quondam* Aristocrat,"
 He might peep at the Peers, though to *hear*
 them were flat ;
 And he walked up the House so like one of
 his own,
 That they say that he stood pretty near the
 throne. 140

18.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,
 The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
 And Jockey of Norfolk¹—a man of some size—
 And Chatham, so like his friend Billy ;
 And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
 Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
 In spite of his prayers and his prophecies ;
 And he heard—which set Satan himself a
 staring—
 A certain Chief Justice say something like
swearing.²
 And the Devil was shocked—and quoth he,
 "I must go, 150
 For I find we have much better manners
 below.
 If thus he harangues when he passes my
 border,
 I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to
 to order."

19.

Then the Devil went down to the humbler
 House,
 Where he readily found his way
 As natural to him as its hole to a Mouse,
 He had been there many a day ;
 And many a vote and soul and job he
 Had bid for and carried away from the
 Lobby :
 But there now was a "call" and accom-
 plished debaters 160
 Appeared in the glory of hats, boots and
 gaiters—
Some paid rather more—but *all* worse dressed
 than Waiters !

¹ [Charles Howard (1746-1815), eleventh Duke of Norfolk, known as "Jockey of Norfolk." Wraxall says that "he might have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher by his dress and appearance." He figures *largely* in Gillray's caricatures. See *e.g.* "Meeting of the Moneyed Interest," December, 1798.]

² [Edward Law (1750-1818), first Baron Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1802-18.]

20.

There was Canning for War, and Whitbread
 for peace,
 And others as suited their fancies ;
 But all were agreed that our debts should
 increase
 Excepting the Demagogue Francis.
 That rogue! how could Westminster chuse
 him again
 To leaven the virtue of these honest men !
 But the Devil remained till the Break of Day
 Blushed upon Sleep and Lord Castle-
 reagh :¹ 170
 Then up half the house got, and Satan got
 up
 With the drowsy to snore—or the hungry
 to sup :—
 But so torpid the power of some speakers,
 't is said,
 That they sent even him to his brimstone bed.

21.

He had seen George Rose—but George was
 grown dumb,
 And only lied in thought !²
 And the Devil has all the pleasure to come
 Of hearing him talk as he ought.
 With the falsest of tongues, the sincerest of
 men—
 His veracity were but deceit— 180
 And Nature must first have unmade him again,
 Ere his breast or his face, or his tongue, or
 his pen,
 Conceived—uttered—looked—or wrote down
 letters ten,
 Which Truth would acknowledge complete.

22.

Satan next took the army list in hand,
 Where he found a new "Field Marshal" ;
 And when he saw this high command
 Conferred on his Highness of Cumberland,³
 "Oh! were I prone to cavil—or were I not
 the Devil,
 I should say this was somewhat partial ; 190

¹ [Compare Moore's "Insurrection of the Papers"—

"Last night I toss'd and turned in bed,
 But could not sleep—at length I said,
 'I'll think of Viscount C—stl—r—gh,
 And of his speeches—that's the way.'"]

² George Rose (1744-1818) was at this time Treasurer of the Navy. It was commonly believed that he used language merely "for the purpose of concealing his thoughts."]

³ [Ernest Augustus (1771-1851), Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, fifth son of George III.,

Since the only wounds that this Warrior gat
Were from God knows whom—and the Devil
knows what !”

23.

He then popped his head in a royal Ball,
And saw all the Haram so hoary ;
And who there besides but Corinna de Staël !
Turned Methodist and Tory !

“ Aye—Aye ”—quoth he—“ ’t is the way with
them all,

When Wits grow tired of Glory :
But thanks to the weakness, that thus could
pervert her, 199

Since the dearest of prizes to me ’s a deserter :
Mem—whenever a sudden conversion I want,
To send to the school of Philosopher Kant ;
And whenever I need a critic who can gloss
over

All faults—to send for Mackintosh to write
up the Philosopher.”¹

24.

The Devil waxed faint at the sight of this Saint,
And he thought himself of eating ;

And began to cram from a plate of ham
Wherewith a Page was retreating—
Having nothing else to do (for “ the friends ”
each so near

Had sold all their souls long before), 210
As he swallowed down the bacon he wished
himself a Jew

For the sake of another crime more :
For Sinning itself is but half a recreation,
Unless it ensures most infallible Damnation.

25.

But he turned him about, for he heard a sound
Which even his ear found faults in ;
For whirling above — underneath — and
around—

Were his fairest Disciples Waltzing !

was gazetted as Field-Marshal November 27, 1813. His “wounds,” which, according to the Duke’s sworn testimony, were seventeen in number, were inflicted during an encounter with his valet, Joseph Sellis, a Piedmontese, who had attempted to assassinate the Prince (June 1, 1810), and, shortly afterwards, was found with his throat cut. A jury of Westminster tradesmen brought in a verdict of *felo de se* against Sellis. The event itself and the trial before the coroner provoked controversy, and was the occasion of the grossest scandal.]

¹ [In the review of Madame de Staël’s *De L’Allemagne* (*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1813), Sir James Mackintosh enlarged upon and upheld the “opinions of Kant.”]

And quoth he—“ though this be—the *premier*
pas to me,

Against it I would warn all— 220
Should I introduce these revels among my
younger devils,

They would all turn perfectly carnal :
And though fond of the flesh—yet I never
could bear it

Should quite in my kingdom get the upper
hand of Spirit.”

26.

The Devil (but ’t was over) had been vastly
glad

To see the new Drury Lane,
And yet he might have been rather mad
To see it rebuilt in vain ;

And had he beheld their “Nourjahad,”¹

Would never have gone again : 230
And Satan had taken it much amiss,
They should fasten such a piece on a friend
of his—

Though he knew that his works were some-
what sad,

He never had found them *quite* so bad :
For this was “ the book ” which, of yore, Job,
sorely smitten,

Said, “ Oh that *mine* enemy, *mine* enemy had
written” !

27.

Then he found sixty scribblers in separate cells,
And marvelled what they were doing,
For they looked like little fiends in their own
little hells,

Damnation for others brewing— 240
Though their paper seemed to shrink, from
the heat of their ink,

They were only *coolly* reviewing !
And as one of them wrote down the pronoun
“ *We*,”

“ That Plural ”—says Satan—“ means *him*
and *me*,

With the Editor added to make up the three
Of an Athanasian Trinity,

¹ [*Illusion or the Trances of Nourjahad*, a melodrama founded on *The History of Nourjahad*, By the Editor of Sidney Bidulph (Mrs. Frances Sheridan, *née* Chamberlaine, 1724-1766), was played for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre, November 25, 1813.]

And render the believers in our 'Articles'
sensible,
How many must combine to form *one* Incom-
prehensible"!]

December 9, 1813.

[Stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12, 17,
18, first published, *Letters and
Journals*, 1830, i. 471-474: stanzas
6, 7, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19-27, were
published for the first time in 1903,
from an autograph MS. in the
possession of the Earl of Ilchester.]

WINDSOR POETICS.

LINES COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE
REGENT BEING SEEN STANDING
BETWEEN THE COFFINS OF HENRY
VIII. AND CHARLES I., IN THE
ROYAL VAULT AT WINDSOR.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred
ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptred thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
—In him the double tyrant starts to life:
Justice and Death have mixed their dust in
vain,
Each royal Vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these
disgorge
The blood and dust of both—to mould a
George.¹

[First published, *Poetical Works*, Paris,
1819, vi. 125.]

¹ [The discovery "that King Charles I. was
buried in the vault of King Henry VIII.," was
made on completing the mausoleum which George
III. caused to be built in the tomb-house. The
Prince Regent was informed of the circumstance,
and on April 1, 1813, the day after the funeral of
his mother-in-law, the Duchess of Brunswick, he
superintended in person the opening of the
lead coffin, which bore the inscription, "King
Charles, 1648."]

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

ON A ROYAL VISIT TO THE VAULTS.

[OR CÆSAR'S DISCOVERY OF C. I. AND
H. 8 IN YE SAME VAULT.

FAMED for their civil and domestic quarrels
See heartless Henry lies by headless Charles;
Between them stands another sceptred thing,
It lives, it reigns—"aye, every inch a king."
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
In him the double tyrant starts to life:
Justice and Death have mixed their dust in
vain—

The royal Vampires join and rise again.
What now can tombs avail, since these
disgorge

The blood and dirt¹ of both to mould a George!
[First published, 1903.]

ICH DIEN.

FROM this emblem what variance your motto
evinces,
For the *Man* is his country's—the Arms are
the Prince's!

? 1814.

[First published, 1903.]

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE
PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER
PICTURE TO MRS. MEE.²

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
Whom servile Rome obeyed, and yet ab-
horred,

Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
That left a likeness of the brave, or just;
What most admired each scrutinising eye
Of all that decked that passing pageantry?
What spread from face to face that wonder-
ing air?

The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!
That absence proved his worth,—that absence
fixed

His memory on the longing mind, unmixed; 10

¹ [Πηλὸν αἵματι πεφυραμένον.

"Clay kneaded with blood."

—Suetonius, in *Tiberium*, cap. 57.]

² [Mrs. Anne Mee (1775?-1851) was a miniature-
painter, who was employed by the Prince Regent
to take the portraits of fashionable beauties.]

And more decreed his glory to endure,
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveli-
ness,

Bright though they be, thine own had rendered
less :

If he, that VAIN OLD MAN, whom truth admits
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
If his corrupted eye, and withered heart,
Could with thy gentle image bear to part ; 20
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief :
Yet Comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
A *garden* with all flowers—except the rose ;—
A *fount* that only wants its living stream ;
A *night*, with every star, save Dian's beam.
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
That turn from tracing them to dream of
thee ;

And more on that recalled resemblance pause, 30
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine :
The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—
The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene ;
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more
than fair !

Each glance that wins us, and the life that
throws

A spell which will not let our looks repose, 40
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view.
These are not lessened, these are still as
bright,

Albeit too dazzling *for a dotard's sight* ;
And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,
To please the paltry heart that pleases
none ;—

That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
In envious dimness passed thy portrait by ;
Who racked his little spirit to combine
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*. 50

May 29, 1814.

[First published in *The Champion*,
July 31, 1814.]

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO
THOMAS MOORE.

"WHAT say I?" not a syllable further in
prose ;

I'm your man "of all measures," dear Tom,
—so here goes !

Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old
Time,

On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of
rhyme.

If our weight breaks them down, and we sink
in the flood,

We are smothered, at least, in respectable
mud,

Where the divers of Bathos lie drowned in a
heap,

And Southey's last Pæan has pillowed his
sleep ;

That *Felo de se* who, half drunk with his
Malmsey,

Walked out of his depth and was lost in a
calm sea, 10

Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span
stanza,

The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked)
never man saw.¹

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the
fusses,

The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these
Russes,—

Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to
Hetman,—

And what dignity decks the flat face of the
great man.

I saw him, last week, at two balls and a
party,—

For a Prince, his demeanour was rather too
hearty.

You know, *we* are used to quite different
graces,

* * * * *

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter
and brisker, 20

But then he is sadly deficient in whisker ;
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in
kersey-

mere breeches whisked round, in a waltz with
the Jersey,

¹ [The two first stanzas of Southey's "*Carmen
Triumphale*, 1814," end with the line—

"Glory to God—Deliverance for Mankind !"]

Who, lovely as ever, seemed just as delighted
With Majesty's presence as those she invited.

* * * * *
* * * * *

June, 1814.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, i. 561, 562 (note).]

ANSWER TO —'S PROFESSIONS OF AFFECTION.

IN hearts like thine ne'er may I hold a place
Till I renounce all sense, all shame, all grace—
That seat,—like seats, the bane of Freedom's
realm,

But dear to those presiding at the helm—
Is basely purchased, not with gold alone;
Add Conscience, too, this bargain is your
own—

'T is thine to offer with corrupting art
The *rotten borough* of the human heart.

? 1814.

[First published, 1903.]

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.¹

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at
his leisure,

From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows to* his
foes.

March 27, 1815.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, i. 611.]

ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION, IN THE APRIL OF 1816.

A YEAR ago you swore, fond she!
"To love, to honour," and so forth:
Such was the vow you pledged to me,
And here 's exactly what 't is worth.

[First published, *Poetical Works*, 1831,
vi. 475.]

¹ ["In the *Moniteur* of Thursday we find the Emperor's own account of his *jaunt* from the Island of Elba to the palace of the Thuilleries. It seems certainly more like a jaunt of pleasure than the progress of an invader through a country to be gained." *Morning Chronicle*, March 27, 1815.]

[TO GEORGE ANSON BYRON (?)¹]

I.

AND, dost thou ask the reason of my sadness?
Well, I will tell it thee, unfeeling boy!

'T was ill report that urged my brain to mad-
ness,

'T was thy tongue's venom poisoned all
my joy.

2.

The sadness which thou seest is not sorrow;
My wounds are far too deep for simple
grief;

The heart thus withered, seeks in vain to
borrow

From calm reflection, comfort or relief.

3.

The arrow's flown, and dearly shalt thou
rue it;

No mortal hand can rid me of my pain:
My heart is pierced, but thou canst not
subdue it—

Revenge is left, and is not left in vain.

? 1816.

[First published, *Nicnac*, March 25,
1823.]

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.²

I.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with
blood,

So we, boys, we
Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

2.

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
We will fling the winding sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has poured.

¹ ["A short time before Lord Byron quitted England, in 1816, he addressed these lines to an individual by whom he deemed himself injured; they are but little known."—*Nicnac*, March 25, 1823.]

² [The term "Luddites" dates from 1811, and was applied first to frame-breakers, and then to the disaffected in general. It was derived from a half-witted lad named Ned Lud, who entered a house in a fit of passion, and destroyed a couple of stocking-frames.]

3

Though black as his heart its hue,
 Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
 Yet this is the dew
 Which the tree shall renew
 Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

December 24, 1816.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, ii. 58.]

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 Sighing or suing now,
 Rhyming or wooing now,
 Billing or cooing now,
 Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 The Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 Masking and humming,
 Fifeing and drumming,
 Guitarring and strumming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!

December 24, 1816.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, ii. 58, 59.]

TO MR. MURRAY.

To hook the Reader, you, John Murray,
 Have published "Anjou's Margaret,"¹
 Which won't be sold off in a hurry
 (At least, it has not been as yet);
 And then, still further to bewilder him,
 Without remorse, you set up "Ilderim";²
 So mind you don't get into debt,—
 Because—as how—if you should fail,
 These books would be but baddish bail.
 And mind you do *not* let escape
 These rhymes to *Morning Post* or Perry,
 Which would be *very* treacherous—*very*,
 And get me into such a scrap!
 For, firstly, I should have to sally,
 All in my little boat, against a *Galley*;

¹ [*Margaret of Anjou*, by Margaret Holford,
 1816.]

² [*Ilderim, a Syrian Tale* by H. Gally Knight,
 1816.]

And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian
 wight,
 Have next to combat with the female Knight:
 And pricked to death expire upon her needle,
 A sort of end which I should take indeed ill!

March 25, 1817.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, ii. 91.]

VERSICLES.

I READ the "Christabel";
 Very well:
 I read the "Missionary";¹
 Pretty—very:
 I tried at "Ilderim";
 Ahem!
 I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of Anjou";
 Can you?
 I turned a page of Webster's "Waterloo";²
 Pooh! pooh!
 I looked at Wordsworth's milk-white
 "Rylstone Doe";
 Hillo!
 I read "Glenarvon," too, by Caro Lamb;³
 God damn!

March 25, 1817.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, ii. 87.]

QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE PRIUS DEMENTAT.⁴

GOD maddens him whom 't is his will to lose,
 And gives the choice of death or phrenzy—
 choose.

[First published, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 93.]

TO THOMAS MOORE.

I.

MY boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee!

¹ [*The Missionary of the Andes, a Poem*, by W.
 L. Bowles, 1815.]

² [*Waterloo and other Poems*, by J. Wedderburn
 Webster, 1816.]

³ [*Glenarvon, a Novel* [by Lady Caroline Lamb],
 1816.]

⁴ [*A propos* of Maturin's tragedy, *Manuel* (*vide*
post, p. 48, *note* 1), Byron "does into English"
 the Latin proverb by way of contrast to the text,
 "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth; blessed be
 the Name of the Lord" (Letter to Murray, April 2,
 1817).]

2.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.

3.

Though the Ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

4.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink.

5.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

July, 1817.

[First published, *The Traveller*,
January 8, 1821.]

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI.¹

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way,—
Purges the eyes, and moves the bowels,
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
Afford hysterical relief
To shattered nerves and quickened pulses,
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery ;
Your plot, too, has such scope for Scenery ! 10
Your dialogue is apt and smart ;
The play's concoction full of art ;
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
All stab, and every body dies.
In short, your tragedy would be
The very thing to hear and see :

¹ ["By the way," writes Murray, Aug. 5, 1817 (*Memoir, etc.*, i. 386), "Polidori has sent me his tragedy! Do me the kindness to send by return of post a *delicate* declension of it, which I engage faithfully to copy."]

[J. W. Polidori (1795-1821) was a young physician of Italian origin (his mother was a Rossetti), who was a short time in attendance on Byron. He fell into ill-health and committed suicide.]

And for a piece of publication,
If I decline on this occasion,
It is not that I am not sensible
To merits in themselves ostensible, 20
But—and I grieve to speak it—plays
Are drugs—mere drugs, Sir—now-a-days.
I had a heavy loss by *Manuel*—
Too lucky if it prove not annual,—
And Sotheby, with his *Orestes*,¹
(Which, by the way, the old Bore's best is),
Has lain so very long on hand,
That I despair of all demand ;
I 've advertised, but see my books,
Or only watch my Shopman's looks ;— 30
Still *Ivan, Ina*, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.
There's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of—it 's no more a drama
Than *Darnley, Ivan*, or *Kehama* ;
So altered since last year his pen is,
I think he 's lost his wits at Venice.

* * * * *
* * * * *

In short, Sir, what with one and t' other,
I dare not venture on another. 40
I write in haste ; excuse each blunder ;
The Coaches through the street so thunder !
My room 's so full—we 've Gifford here
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles,
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The *Quarterly*—Ah, Sir, if you
Had but the genius to review !—
A smart Critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would but tell in a 50
Short compass what—but to resume ;
As I was saying, Sir, the Room—
The Room 's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and
Wards

And others, neither bards nor wits :
My humble tenement admits
All persons in the dress of Gent.,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.²

¹ [Sotheby published, in 1814, *Five Tragedies*, viz. "The Confession," "Orestes," "Ivan," "The Death of Darnley," and "Zamorin and Zama."]

² [George Hammond (1763-1853) held the office of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He is associated with the foundation of the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Quarterly Review*.]

[John Dent, M.P., a banker, was nicknamed "Dog Dent" because he was concerned in the introduction of the Dog-tax Bill in 1796.]

A party dines with me to-day,
 All clever men, who make their way : 60
 Crabbe, Malcolm,¹ Hamilton,² and Chantrey,
 Are all partakers of my pantry.
 They 're at this moment in discussion
 On poor De Staël's late dissolution.
 Her book,³ they say, was in advance—
 Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France !
 'T is said she certainly was married
 To Rocca, and had twice miscarried,
 No—not miscarried, I opine,—
 But brought to bed at forty-nine. 70
 Some say she died a Papist ; some
 Are of opinion that 's a Hum ;
 I don't know that—the fellows Schlegel,⁴
 Are very likely to inveigle
 A dying person in compunction
 To try th' extremity of Unction.
 But peace be with her ! for a woman
 Her talents surely were uncommon,
 Her Publisher (and Public too)
 The hour of her demise may rue— 80
 For never more within his shop he—
 Pray—was not she interred at Coppet ?
 Thus run our time and tongues away ;—
 But, to return, Sir, to your play :
 Sorry, Sir, but I cannot deal,
 Unless 't were acted by O'Neill.
 My hands are full—my head so busy,
 I 'm almost dead—and always dizzy ;
 And so, with endless truth and hurry,
 Dear Doctor, I am yours, 90

JOHN MURRAY.

August 21, 1817.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
 1830, ii. 139-141. Lines 67-82
 first published, *Letters*, 1900, iv.
 161.]

¹ [Sir John Malcolm (1769-1833), soldier, and diplomatist, published (January, 1815) a *History of Persia*.]

² [W. R. Hamilton (1777-1859) was Secretary to Lord Elgin, and wrote a pamphlet on the "Elgin Marbles."]

³ [Madame de Staël's *Considérations sur la Révolution Française* was offered to Murray in June, 1816, and the sum of £4000 asked for the work. During the negotiations, Madame de Staël died (July 14, 1817).]

⁴ [Byron and the elder Schlegel met at Coppet, in 1816, but they did not take to each other. Byron "would not flatter him," perhaps because he did not appreciate or flatter Byron.]

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

1.

My dear Mr. Murray,
 You 're in a damned hurry
 To set up this ultimate Canto ;¹
 But (if they don't rob us)
 You 'll see Mr. Hobhouse
 Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

2.

For the Journal you hint of,²
 As ready to print off,
 No doubt you do right to commend it ;
 But as yet I have writ off
 The devil a bit of
 Our "Beppo" :—when copied, I 'll send it.

3.

In the mean time you 've "Galley"³
 Whose verses all tally,
 Perhaps you may say he 's a Ninny,
 But if you abashed are
 Because of *Alashtar*,
 He 'll piddle another *Phrosine*.⁴

4.

Then you 've Sotheby's Tour,—⁵
 No great things, to be sure,—
 You could hardly begin with a less work ;
 For the pompous rascallion,
 Who don't speak Italian
 Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-
 work.

5.

No doubt he 's a rare man
 Without knowing German
 Translating his way up Parnassus,
 And now, still absurder,
 He meditates Murder,
 As you 'll see in the trash he calls *Tasso's*.

¹ [The Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*.]

² [The reference is to Byron's *Swiss Journal* of September, 1816.]

³ [Henry Gally Knight (1786-1846), a contemporary of Byron at Trinity College, Cambridge.]

⁴ [*Phrosyne*, a Grecian tale, and *Alashtar*, an Arabian tale, were published in 1817. Byron writes, September 4, 1817, "I have received safely, though tardily, the magnesia and tooth-powder, *Phrosine* and *Alashtar*. I shall clean my teeth with one, and wipe my shoes with the other."]

⁵ [Sotheby's *Farewell to Italy* and *Occasional Poems* were published in 1818.]

6.

But you 've others, his betters,
The real men of letters,
Your Orators—Critics—and Wits—
And I 'll bet that your Journal
(Pray is it diurnal?)
Will pay with your luckiest hits.

7.

You can make any loss up
With "Spence"¹ and his gossip,
A work which must surely succeed;
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,²
With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
Must make people purchase and read.

8.

Then you 've General Gordon,³
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite Master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlsh,
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

9.

For the man, "poor and shrewd,"⁴
With whom you 'd conclude
A compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice;
But please, Sir, to mention *your pay*.

10.

Now tell me some news
Of your friends and the Muse,
Of the Bar, or the Gown, or the House,
From Canning, the tall wit,
To Wilmot,⁵ the small wit,
Ward's creeping Companion and *Louse*,

¹ [*Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, arranged, with notes, by the late Edmund Malone, Esq., 1 vol. 8vo, 1820.]

² [*The Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, by George Chalmers, 2 vols. 4to, 1819.]

³ [Thomas Gordon (1788-1841) entered the Scots Greys in 1808. From 1813 to 1815 he served in the Russian Army. He wrote a *History of the Greek Revolution*, 1832.]

⁴ *Vide* your letter.

⁵ [Probably Sir Robert John Wilmot (1784-1841) (afterwards Wilmot Horton), Byron's first cousin, who took a prominent part in the destruction of the "Memoirs," May 17, 1824.]

11.

Who 's so damnably bit
With fashion and Wit,
That he crawls on the surface like Vermin,
But an Insect in both,—
By his Intellect's growth,
Of what size you may quickly determine.

Venice, *January 8, 1818.*

[First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, ii. 156, 157; stanzas 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, first published, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 191-193.]

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.¹

HIS father's sense, his mother's grace,
In him, I hope, will always fit so;
With—still to keep him in good case—
The health and appetite of Rizzo.

February 20, 1818.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, ii. 134.]

[E NIHILO NIHIL;

OR

AN EPIGRAM BEWITCHED.]

OF rhymes I printed seven volumes—
The list concludes John Murray's columns:
Of these there have been few translations²
For Gallic or Italian nations;
And one or two perhaps in German—
But in this last I can't determine.
But then I only sung of passions
That do not suit with modern fashions;
Of Incest and such like diversions
Permitted only to the Persians,
Or Greeks to bring upon their stages—
But that was in the earlier ages;

¹ [Richard Belgrave Hoppner (1786-1872), second son of John Hoppner, R.A., was appointed English Consul at Venice, October, 1814. The quatrain was translated (see the following poem) into eleven different languages—Greek, Latin, Italian (also the Venetian dialect), German, French, Spanish, Illyrian, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan, and printed "in a small neat volume in the seminary of Padua."]

² [A French translation of the *Bride of Abydos* appeared in 1816, an Italian translation of the *Lament of Tasso* in 1817. A German translation of the entire text of *Manfred* was issued in 1819.]

Besides my style is the romantic,
 Which some call fine, and some call frantic;
 While others are or would seem *as* sick
 Of repetitions nicknamed Classic.
 For my part all men must allow
 Whatever I was, I'm classic now.
 I saw and left my fault in time,
 And chose a topic all sublime—
 Wondrous as antient war or hero—
 Then played and sung away like Nero,
 Who sang of Rome, and I of Rizzo:
 The subject has improved my wit so,
 The first four lines the poet sees
 Start forth in fourteen languages!
 Though of seven volumes none before
 Could ever reach the fame of four,
 Henceforth I sacrifice all Glory
 To the Rinaldo of my Story:
 I've sung his health and appetite;
 (The last word's not translated right—
 He's turned it, God knows how, to vigour)¹
 I'll sing them in a book that's bigger.
 Oh! Muse prepare for thy Ascension!
 And generous Rizzo! thou my pension.

February, 1818.

[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, first published, 1903.]

TO MR. MURRAY.

1.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,²
 Patron and publisher of rhymes,
 For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
 My Murray.

2.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
 The unfledged MS. authors come;
 Thou printest all—and sellest some—
 My Murray.

¹ [See the last line of the Italian translation of the quatrain.]

² [William Strahan (1715-1785,) published Johnson's *Dictionary*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, etc.]

Jacob Tonson (1656?-1736) published for Otway, Dryden, Addison, etc. He was secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, 1700.

Barnaby Bernard Lintot (1675-1736) was at one time (1718) in partnership with Tonson.]

3.

Upon thy table's baize so green
 The last new Quarterly is seen,—
 But where is thy new Magazine,¹
 My Murray

4.

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
 The works thou deemest most divine—
 The Art of Cookery,² and mine,
 My Murray.

5.

Tours, travels, Essays, too, I wist,
 And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist;
 And then thou hast the *Navy List*,
 My Murray.

6.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude,
 Without "the Board of Longitude,"³
 Although this narrow paper would,
 My Murray.

Venice, April 11, 1818.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, ii. 171.]

BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF "SALLEY IN OUR ALLEY."

I.

Of all the twice ten thousand bards
 That ever penned a canto,
 Whom Pudding or whom Praise rewards
 For lining a portmanteau;
 Of all the poets ever known,
 From Grub-street to Fop's Alley,⁴
 The Muse may boast—the World must own
 There's none like pretty Gally!

2.

He writes as well as any Miss,
 Has published many a poem;
 The shame is yours, the gain is his,
 In case you should not know 'em:

¹ [Murray bought a half-share in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, in August 1818.]

² [Mrs. Rundell's *Domestic Cookery*, published in 1806, was one of Murray's most successful books.]

³ [The sixth edition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1813) was "printed by T. Davidson, Whitefriars, for John Murray, Bookseller to the Admiralty and the Board of Longitude."]

⁴ [For Fop's Alley, *vide ante*, p. 117].

He has ten thousand pounds a year—
I do not mean to vally—
His songs at sixpence would be dear,
So give them gratis, Gally!

3.

And if this statement should seem queer,
Or set down in a hurry,
Go, ask (if he will be sincere)
His bookseller—John Murray.
Come, say, how many have been sold,
And don't stand shilly-shally,
Of bound and lettered, red and gold,
Well printed works of Gally.

4.

For Astley's circus Upton¹ writes,
And also for the Surrey; (*sic*)
Fitzgerald weekly still recites,
Though grinning Critics worry:
Miss Holford's Peg, and Sotheby's Saul,
In fame exactly tally;
From Stationer's Hall to Grocer's Stall
They go—and so does Gally.

5.

He rode upon a Camel's hump
Through Araby the sandy,
Which surely must have hurt the rump
Of this poetic dandy.
His rhymes are of the costive kind,
And barren as each valley
In deserts which he left behind
Has been the Muse of Gally.

6.

He has a Seat in Parliament,
Is fat and passing wealthy;
And surely he should be content
With these and being healthy:
But Great Ambition will misrule
Men at all risks to sally,—
Now makes a poet—now a fool,
And *we* know *which*—of Gally,

7.

Some in the playhouse like to row,
Some with the Watch to battle,
Exchanging many a midnight blow
To Music of the Rattle.

¹ [William Upton was the author of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1788, and of the *Words of the most Favourite Songs, Duets, etc.*, sung at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, etc. dedicated to Mrs. Astley.]

Some folks like rowing on the Thames,
Some rowing in an Alley,
But all the Row my fancy claims
Is *rowing* of my *Gally*.

April 11, 1818.¹
[First published 1903.]

ANOTHER SIMPLE BALLAT.

1.

MRS. WILMOT sate scribbling a play,
Mr. Sotheby sate sweating behind her;
But what are all these to the Lay
Of Gally i.o. the Grinder?
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

2.

I bought me some books t'other day,
And sent them down stairs to the binder;
But the Pastry Cook carried away
My Gally i.o. the Grinder.
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

3.

I wanted to kindle my taper,
And called to the Maid to remind her;
And what should she bring me for paper
But Gally i.o. the Grinder.
Gally i.o. i.o.

4.

Among my researches for EASE
I went where one's certain to find her:
The first thing by her throne that one sees
Is Gally i.o. the Grinder.
Gally i.o. i.o.

5.

Away with old Homer the blind—
I'll show you a poet that's blinder:
You may see him whene'er you've a mind
In Gally i.o. the Grinder.
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

6.

Blindfold he runs groping for fame,
And hardly knows where he will find her:
She don't seem to take to the name
Of Gally i.o. the Grinder.
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

¹ [For a slightly different version of stanzas 3, 4, 6, see *Letters*, 1900, iv. 219, 220. For stanzas 1, 2, 3 of "Another Simple Ballat. To the tune of Tally i.o. the Grinder" (probably a variant of Dibdin's song, "The Grinders, or more Grist to the Mill"), *vide ibid.*, pp. 220, 221.]

7.

Yet the Critics have been very kind,
And Mamma and his friends have been
kinder;
But the greatest of Glory's behind—
For Gally i.o. the Grinder.
Gally i.o. i.o.

April 11, 1818.

[First published, 1903.]

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.¹

IF for silver, or for gold,
You could melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples,
Then your face we might behold,
Looking, doubtless, much more snugly,
Yet even *then* 'twould be damned ugly.

August 12, 1819.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 235.]

EPILOGUE.²

1.

THERE'S something in a stupid ass,
And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school
I heard or saw so damned a fool
As William Wordsworth³ is for once.

2.

And now I've seen so great a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once;
I really wish that Peter Bell
And he who wrote it were in hell,
For writing nonsense for the nonce.

[¹ Claude Carloman de Rulhière (1718-1791), historian, poet, and epigrammatist. His epigrams which were appended to *Les jeux de Mains* (1808), were collected in his *Œuvres Posthumes*, 1819. His published works do not contain the original of Byron's translation.]

² [The MS. of the "Epilogue" is inscribed on the margin of a copy of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* (1819), inserted in a set of Byron's *Works* presented by John Murray to George W. Childs, and by him, in turn, presented to the Drexel Institute.]

³ [So, too, in a letter to Moore, Jan. 22, 1821, he describes his "Epigram on the Braziers' Address" (*vide post* p. 1036) as worthy

Of Wordsworth the grand metaquizzical poet,
A man of vast merit, though few people know it:
The perusal of whom (as I told *you* at Mestri)
I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry.]

3.

It saw the "light in ninety-eight,"
Sweet babe of one and twenty years!
And then he gives it to the nation¹
And deems himself of Shakespeare's peers!

4.

He gives the perfect work to light!
Will Wordsworth, if I might advise,
Content you with the praise you get
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the Excise!

1819.

[First published in Walter Hamilton's
Parodies, 1888, v. 105.]

ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

HERE'S a happy New Year! but with reason
I beg you 'll permit me to say—
Wish me *many* returns of the *Season*,
But as *few* as you please of the *Day*.

January 2, 1820.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 294.]

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

WITH Death doomed to grapple,
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

January 2, 1820.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 295.]

EPIGRAM.

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will. Cobbett² has done well:
You visit him on Earth again,
He 'll visit you in Hell.

or—

You come to him on Earth again
He 'll go with you to Hell!

January 2, 1820.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 295.]

¹ [The missing line may be, "To permanently fill a station." See Preface to *Peter Bell*.]

² [Cobbett, as an atonement for youthful vituperation exhumed Tom Paine's bones from their first resting-place at New Rochelle, and brought them to Liverpool on his return to England in 1819.]

EPITAPH.

POSTERITY will ne'er survey
A nobler grave than this;
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:
Stop traveller, * *

January 2, 1820.

[First published, *Lord Byron's Works*,
1833, xvii. 246.]

EPIGRAM.

THE world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,—
And the greatest of all is John Bull!

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 494.]

MY BOY HOBBIE O.¹

New Song to the tune of

"*Whare hae ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy O?
Courting o' a young thing
Just come frae her Mammie O.*"

1.

How came you in Hob's pound to cool,
My boy Hobbie O?
Because I bade the people pull
The House into the Lobby O.

2.

What did the House upon this call,
My boy Hobbie O?
They voted me to Newgate all,
Which is an awkward Jobby O.

3.

Who are now the people's men,
My boy Hobbie O?
There's I and Burdett—Gentlemen,
And blackguard Hunt and Cobby O.

¹ [John Cam Hobhouse was committed to Newgate in December, 1819, for certain passages in a pamphlet entitled, *A Trifling Mistake in Thomas Lord Erskine's recent Preface*, which were voted (December 10) a breach of privilege. He remained in prison till the dissolution on the king's death, February 20, 1820, when he stood and was returned for Westminster. He did not enter into the humour of "this filthy ballad," as he called it, and denied that he had founded a Whig Club when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge.]

4.

You hate the house—*why* canvass, then?
My boy Hobbie O?
Because I would reform the den
As member for the Mobby O.

5.

Wherefore do you hate the Whigs,
My boy Hobbie O?
Because they want to run their rigs,
As under Walpole Bobby O.

6.

But when we at Cambridge were
My boy Hobbie O,
If my memory don't err
You founded a Whig Clubbie O.

7.

When to the mob you make a speech,
My boy Hobbie O,
How do you keep without their reach
The watch within your fobby O?

8.

But never mind such petty things,
My boy Hobbie O;
God save the people—damn all Kings,
So let us Crown the Mobby O!

Yours truly,

(Signed) *INFIDUS SCURRA.*

March 23rd, 1820.

[First published *Murray's Magazine*,
March, 1887, vol. i. pp. 292, 293.]

LINES

ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO MR.
HOBHOUSE ON HIS ELECTION FOR
WESTMINSTER.

WOULD you go to the house by the true gate,
Much faster than ever Whig Charley went;
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament.

April 9, 1820.

[First published, *Miscellaneous Poems*,
printed for J. Bumpus, 1824.]

A VOLUME OF NONSENSE.

DEAR MURRAY,—

You ask for a "*Volume of Non-*
sense,"

Have all of your authors exhausted their
store?

I thought you had published a good deal not
long since.

And doubtless the Squadron are ready
with more.

But on looking again, I perceive that the
Species
Of "Nonsense" you want must be purely
"facetious";
And, as that is the case, you had best put to
press
Mr. Sotheby's tragedies now in MS.,
Some Syrian Sally
From common-place Gally,
Or, if you prefer the bookmaking of women,
Take a spick and span "Sketch" of your
feminine *He-Man*.¹

Sept. 28, 1820.

[First published, *Letters*, 1900, v. 83.]

STANZAS.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at
home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and
of Rome,
And get knocked on the head for his
labours.
To do good to Mankind is the chivalrous
plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for Freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hanged, you 'll get
knighted.

November 5, 1820.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 377.]

TO PENELOPE.

JANUARY 2, 1821.

THIS day, of all our days, has done
The worst for me and you:—
'T is just *six* years since we were *one*,
And *five* since we were *two*.

November 5, 1820.

[First published, *Medwin's Conversa-
tions*, 1824, p. 106.]

THE CHARITY BALL.²

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and
father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be
small,
So the Pharisee's glories around her she
gather,
And the saint patronises her "Charity
Ball"!

¹ [The poetess Felicia Dorothea Browne (1793-
1835) married Captain Hemans in 1812.]

² [Written on seeing the following paragraph in
a newspaper: "Lady Byron is this year the lady

What matters—a heart which, though faulty,
was feeling,
Be driven to excesses which once could
appal—
That the Sinner should suffer is only fair
dealing,
As the Saint keeps her charity back for
"the Ball"! December 10, 1820.
[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 540.]

EPIGRAM

ON THE BRAZIERS' ADDRESS TO BE PRE-
SENTED IN *ARMOUR* BY THE COMPANY
TO QUEEN CAROLINE.

IT seems that the Braziers propose soon to
pass
An Address and to bear it themselves all in
brass;
A superfluous pageant, for by the Lord
Harry!
They'll *find*, where they're going, much *more*
than they carry.

Or—

THE Braziers, it seems, are determined to pass
An Address, and present it themselves all in
brass;

A superfluous {pageant } for, by the Lord
{trouble } Harry!

They 'll find, where they're going, much
more than they carry.

January 6, 1821.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 442.]

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTH- DAY.

JANUARY 22, 1821.¹

THROUGH Life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.

patroness at the annual Charity Ball, given at the
Town Hall, at Hinckley, Leicestershire. . . ."
Life, p. 535.]

¹ [In a letter to Moore, dated January 22, 1821,
he gives another version—

"Through Life's road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
What *have* these years left to me?
Nothing—except thirty-three."

—*ibid.*, p. 229.]

What have these years left to me?
Nothing—except thirty-three.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 414.]

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EPIG. I.

“Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
Toto notus in orbe Martialis,” etc.

HE, unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou would'st be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

[N.D.? 1821.]

[First published, *Lord Byron's Works*,
1833, xvii. 245.]

BOWLES AND CAMPBELL.

To the air of “How now, Madam Flirt,” in the
Beggar's Opera.

BOWLES.

“WHY, how now, saucy Tom?
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mister Campbell.
Saucy Tom!”

CAMPBELL.

“WHY, how now, Billy Bowles?
Sure the priest is maudlin!
(To the public) How can you, d—n your
souls!
Listen to his twaddling?

Billy Bowles!”

February 22, 1821.

[First published, *The Liberal*, 1823,
No. II. p. 398.]

ELEGY.

BEHOLD the blessings of a lucky lot!
My play is *damned*, and Lady Noel *not*.¹

May 25, 1821.

[First published, *Medwin's Conversa-
tions*, 1824, p. 121.]

¹ [Byron had heard that *Marino Faliero* had
been condemned, and that his mother-in-law had
recovered from an illness.]

JOHN KEATS.¹

WHO killed John Keats?
“I,” says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly;
“‘T was one of my feats.”

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

July 30, 1821.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 506.]

FROM THE FRENCH. *(of de Baum)*

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make
her rhymes. August 2, 1821.

[First published, *The Liberal*, 1823,
No. II. p. 396.]

TO MR. MURRAY.

1.

FOR Orford² and for Waldegrave³
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray!

2.

Because if a live dog, 't is said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray!

3.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose,—
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray!

4.

But now this sheet is nearly crammed,
So, if you will, I shan't be shammed,
And if you won't—you may be damned,
My Murray!⁴

August 23, 1821.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, p. 517.]

¹ [The review of Keats's *Endymion* (*Quarterly
Review*, April, 1818) was by Croker.]

² [Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Last Nine
Years of the Reign of George II.*]

³ [*Memoirs* by James Earl Waldegrave, Governor
of George III. when Prince of Wales.]

⁴ [“Can't accept your courteous offer [*i.e.* £2000
for three cantos of *Don Juan*, *Sardanapalus*, and
The Two Foscari.]”—Letter to Murray, August
23, 1821.]

[NAPOLEON'S SNUFF-BOX.]¹

LADY, accept the box a hero wore,
 In spite of all this elegiac stuff:
 Let not seven stanzas written by a bore,
 Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff!

1821.

[First published, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824, p. 235.]

THE NEW VICAR OF BRAY.

1.

Do you know Doctor Nott?²
 With "a crook in his lot,"
 Who seven years since tried to dish up
 A neat *Codicil*
 To the Princess's Will,³
 Which made Dr. Nott *not* a bishop.

2.

So the Doctor being found
 A little unsound
 In his doctrine, at least as a teacher,
 And kicked from one stool
 As a knave or a fool,
 He mounted another as preacher.

3.

In that Gown (like the Skin
 With no Lion within)
 He still for the Bench would be driving;
 And roareth away,
 A new Vicar of *Bray*,
 Except that *his bray* lost his living.

¹ [Napoleon bequeathed to Lady Holland a snuff-box which had been given to him by the Pope for his clemency in sparing Rome. Lord Carlisle wrote eight stanzas, urging her, as Byron told Medwin, to decline the gift, "for fear that horror and murder should jump out of the lid every time it is opened."—*Conversations*, 1824, p. 362. The first stanza of Lord Carlyle's verses, which Byron parodied, runs thus—

"Lady, reject the gift! 'tis tinged with gore!
 Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate;
 It has been grasp'd by an infernal Power;
 And by that hand which seal'd young Enghien's
 fate."]

² [George Frederick Nott (1767-1841), critic and divine. When he was acting as Chaplain at Pisa, he attacked the Satanic school, and denounced *Cain* as blasphemous. Hence the rejoinder.]

³ [Nott was sub-preceptor to the Princess Charlotte, and the story goes that on being rebuked by her grandmother, the Queen, for displaying an ardent and undue interest in persons in low life, "persons" being intended to include Dr Nott, she threatened to sign a will in his favour.]

4.

"Gainst Freethinkers," he roars,
 "You should all block your doors
 Or be named in the Devil's indentures:"
 And here I agree,
 For *who* e'er would be
 A Guest where old Simony enters?

5.

Let the Priest, who beguiled
 His own Sovereign's child
 To his own dirty views of promotion,
 Wear his Sheep's cloathing still
 Among flocks to his will,
 And dishonour the Cause of devotion.

6.

The Altar and Throne
 Are in danger alone
 From such as himself, who would render
 The Altar itself
 But a step up to Pelf,
 And pray God to pay his defender.

7.

But, Doctor, one word
 Which perhaps you have heard
 "He should never throw stones who has
 windows
 Of Glass to be broken,
 And by this same token
 As a sinner, you can't care what Sin does.

8.

But perhaps you do well:
 Your own windows, they tell,
 Have long ago suffered censure;
 Not a fragment remains
 Of your character's panes,
 Since the Regent refused you a glazier.

9.

Though your visions of lawn
 Have all been withdrawn,
 And you missed your bold stroke for a mitre;
 In a very snug way
 You may still preach and pray,
 And from bishop sink into backbiter!"

[First published, *Works* (Galignani),
 1831, p. 116.]

LUCIETTA. A FRAGMENT.

LUCIETTA, my deary,
That fairest of faces!
Is made up of kisses;
But, in love, oft the case is
Even stranger than this is—
There 's another, that 's slyer,
Who touches me nigher,—
A Witch, an intriguer,
Whose manner and figure
Now piques me, excites me,
Torments and delights me—
Cætera desunt.

[First published, 1893.]

EPIGRAMS.

OH, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so did'st thou:
He perished rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou cut'st thy throat that Britain may be
saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat!—The
worst
Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

? *August*, 1822.

[First published, *The Liberal*, No. I.
October 18, 1822, p. 164.]

THE CONQUEST.¹

THE Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;
Him who bade England bow to Normandy,
And left the name of Conqueror more than
King

To his unconquerable dynasty.
Not fanned alone by Victory's fleeting wing,
He reared his bold and brilliant throne on
high;

The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

March 8-9, 1823.

[First published, *Lord Byron's Works*,
1833, xvii. 246.]

¹ [This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers, after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

IMPROMPTU.

BENEATH Blessington's eyes
The reclaimed Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil;
But if the new Eve
For an Apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the Devil?

April, 1823.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*,
1830, ii. 635.]

JOURNAL IN CEPHALONIA.

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

June 19, 1823.

[First published, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 238.]

SONG TO THE SULIOTES.

1.

Up to battle! Sons of Suli
Up, and do your duty duly!
There the wall—and there the Moat is:
Bouwah!¹ Bouwah! Suliotes!
There is booty—there is Beauty,
Up my boys and do your duty.

2.

By the sally and the rally
Which defied the arms of Ali;
By your own dear native Highlands,
By your children in the islands,
Up and charge, my Stratiotes,
Bouwah!—Bouwah!—Suliotes!

3.

As our ploughshare is the Sabre:
Here 's the harvest of our labour;
For behind those battered breaches
Are our foes with all their riches:
There is Glory—there is plunder—
Then away despite of thunder!

[First published, 1903.]

¹ "Bouwah!" is their war-cry.

[LOVE AND DEATH.]

1.

I WATCHED thee when the foe was at our
side,
Ready to strike at him—or thee and me,
Were safety hopeless—rather than divide
Aught with one loved save love and liberty.

2.

I watched thee on the breakers, when the
rock,
Received our prow, and all was storm and
fear,
And bade thee cling to me through every
shock;
This arm would be thy bark, or breast
thy bier.

3.

I watched thee when the fever glazed thine
eyes,
Yielding my couch and stretched me on
the ground
When overworn with watching, ne'er to rise
From thence if thou an early grave hadst
found.

4.

The earthquake came, and rocked the
quivering wall,
And men and nature reeled as if with wine.
Whom did I seek around the tottering hall?
For thee. Whose safety first provide for?
Thine.

5.

And when convulsive throes denied my breath
The faintest utterance to my fading thought,
To thee—to thee—e'en in the gasp of death
My spirit turned, oh! oftener than it ought.

6.

Thus much and more; and yet thou lov'st
me not,
And never wilt! Love dwells not in our
will.
Nor can I blame thee, though it be my lot
To strongly, wrongly, vainly love thee still.¹

[First published, *Murray's Magazine*,
February, 1887, vol. i. pp. 145,
146.]

¹ ["The last he ever wrote. From a rough copy
found amongst his papers at the back of the
'Song of Suli.' Copied November, 1824.—John C.
Hobhouse."]

"A note, attached to the verses by Lord Byron,
states they were addressed to no one in particular,
and were a mere poetical Scherzo.—J. C. H."]

LAST WORDS ON GREECE.

WHAT are to me those honours or renown
Past or to come, a new-born people's cry?
Albeit for such I could despise a crown
Of aught save laurel, or for such could die.
I am a fool of passion, and a frown
Of thine to me is as an adder's eye.
To the poor bird whose pinion fluttering down
Wafts unto death the breast it bore so high;
Such is this maddening fascination grown,
So strong thy magic or so weak am I.

[First published, *Murray's Magazine*,
February, 1887, vol. i. p. 146.]

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.¹

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

¹ ["This morning Lord Byron came from his
bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stan-
hope and some friends were assembled, and said
with a smile—'You were complaining, the other
day, that I never write any poetry now:—this is
my birthday, and I have just finished something,
which, I think, is better than what I usually write.'
He then produced these noble and affecting verses,
which were afterwards found written in his journals,
with only the following introduction: 'Jan. 22; on
this day I complete my 36th year.'—*A Narrative
of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece*, 1825,
p. 125, by Count Gamba.]

5.

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

6.

The Sword, the Banner, and the Field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

7.

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

8.

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

9.

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

10.

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

Missolonghi, *Jan. 22, 1824.*

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*,
October 29, 1824.]

FINIS

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- Could Love for ever (*Poems* 1816-1823), 537
- Cruel Cerinthus! does the fell disease (*Hours of Idleness*), 21
- Dear are the days of youth! (*Hours of Idleness*), 51
- Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind (*Hours of Idleness*), 31
- Dear Doctor, I have read your play (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1029
- Dear Long, in this sequester'd scene (*Hours of Idleness*), 53
- Dear Murray, — You ask for a "Volume of Nonsense" (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1035
- Dear object of defeated care! (*Poems* 1809-1813), 247
- Dear simple girl, those flattering arts (*Hours of Idleness*), 5

- Do you know Dr Nott? (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1038
 Dorset! whose early steps with mine have stray'd
 (*Hours of Idleness*), 56
 Doubtless, sweet girl! the hissing lead (*Hours of
 Idleness*), 20
- Eliza! What fools are the Mussulman sect (*Hours
 of Idleness*), 14
 Equal to Jove that youth must be (*Hours of
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 Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave
 (*Poems 1816-1823*), 539
 Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind! (*The Prisoner
 of Chillon: Sonnet on Chillon*), 379
- Fame, Wisdom, Love, and Power were mine
 (*Hebrew Melodies*), 344
 Famed for the contemptuous breach of sacred ties
 (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1025
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 d'Esprit, etc.*), 1025
 Fare thee well! and if for ever (*Poems of the
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 Friend of my youth! when young we rov'd (*Hours
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 From out the mass of never-dying ill (*Prophecy of
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 From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
 (*Hebrew Melodies*), 346
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- God maddens him whom 't is his will to lose (*Jeux
 d'Esprit, etc.*), 1028
 Good plays are scarce (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1018
 Great Jove! to whose Almighty Throne (*Hours of
 Idleness*), 5
- Hail, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleeping
 (*Don Juan, Canto III.*), 828
 Harriet, to see such Circumspection (*Hours of
 Idleness*), 78
 He, unto whom thou art so partial (*Jeux
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 Here once engaged the stranger's view (*Hours of
 Idleness*), 76
 Here's a happy New Year! but with reason (*Jeux
 d'Esprit, etc.*), 1034
 High in the midst, surrounded by his peers (*Hours
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- Hills of Annesley, Bleak and Barren (*Hours of
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 In digging up your bones, Tom Paine (*Jeux
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 In hearts like thine ne'er may I hold a place (*Jeux
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- In one dread night our city saw, and sighed (*Poems* 1809-1813), 256
- In one who felt as once he felt (*Hours of Idleness*), 74
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- In the valley of waters we wept on the day (*Hebrew Melodies*), 347
- In the year since Jesus died for men (*Siege of Corinth*), 357
- In thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp (*Hours of Idleness*), 3
- In this belovéd marble view (*Poems* 1816-1823), 533
- Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child? (*Childe Harold*, Canto III.), 185
- It is the hour when from the boughs (*Parisina*), 370
- It seems that the Braziers propose soon to pass (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1036
- John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1015
- Kind Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1017
- Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle (*Bride of Abydos*, Canto I.), 279
- Lady, accept the box a hero wore (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1038
- Lady! if for the cold and cloudy clime (*Prophecy of Dante: Dedication*), 442
- Lady! in whose heroic port (*Poems* 1816-1823), 538
- Lesbia! since far from you I've rang'd (*Hours of Idleness*), 12
- Let Folly smile to view the names (*Hours of Idleness*), 2
- Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear (*Lament of Tasso*), 415
- Lucietta, my deary (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1039
- Maid of Athens, ere we part (*Poems* 1809-1813), 246
- Many are Poets who have never penned (*Prophecy of Dante*, Canto IV.), 450
- Marion! why that pensive brow? (*Hours of Idleness*), 37
- Mingle with the genial bowl (*Hours of Idleness*), 67
- Montgomery! true, the common lot (*Hours of Idleness*), 30
- Mrs. Wilmot sate scribbling a play (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1033
- Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms (*The Waltz*), 135
- Must thou go, my glorious Chief (*Poems* 1814-1816), 353
- My boat is on the Shore (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1028
- My dear Mr. Murray (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1030
- My hair is grey, but not with years (*Prisoner of Chillon*), 380
- My Sister! my sweet Sister! if a name (*Poems of July-September*, 1816), 392
- My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string (*Hebrew Melodies*), 342
- Nay, smile not at my sullen brow (*Childe Harold*, Canto I.: *To Inez*), 158
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- Nose and Chin that make a knocker (*Poems* 1816-1823), 534
- Not in those climes where I have late been straying (*Childe Harold: To Ianthe*), 145
- Nothing so difficult as a beginning (*Don Juan*, Canto IV.) 843
- O Love! O Glory! what are ye who fly (*Don Juan*, Canto VII.), 891
- O Thou! who rollest in yon azure field (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1015
- O thou yclep'd by vulgar sons of Men (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1016
- O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea (*Corsair*, Canto I.), 297
- Of all the barbarous middle ages, that (*Don Juan*, Canto XII.), 950
- Of all the twice ten thousand bards (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1032
- Of rhymes I printed seven volumes (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1031
- Of two fair Virgins, modest, though admired (*Poems* 1816-1823), 533
- Oh, Anne, your offences to me have been grievous (*Hours of Idleness*), 72
- “Oh! banish care”—such ever be (*Poems* 1809-1813), 250
- Oh, blood and thunder! and oh, blood and wounds! (*Don Juan*, Canto VIII.), 901
- Oh, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1039
- Oh! could Le Sage's demon's gift (*Hours of Idleness*), 16
- Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire (*Hours of Idleness*), 19
- Oh, factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth (*Hours of Idleness*), 10
- Oh, Friend! for ever lov'd, for ever dear (*Hours of Idleness*), 6
- Oh! had my Fate been join'd with thine (*Hours of Idleness*), 54
- Oh how I wish that an embargo (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1017
- Oh Lady! when I left the shore (*Poems* 1809-1813), 243
- Oh! little lock of golden hue (*Hours of Idleness*), 69

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- Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream (*Hebrew Melodies*), 341
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- Oh! well I know your subtle Sex (*Hours of Idleness*), 71
- Oh, Wellington! (or "Villainton"—for Fame (*Don Juan, Canto IX.*), 918
- Oh! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow? (*Hours of Idleness*), 6
- Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations (*Don Juan, Canto II.*), 804
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- Once more in Man's frail world! which I had left (*Prophecy of Dante, Canto I.*), 443
- One struggle more, and I am free (*Poems 1809-1813*), 252
- Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world (*Poems of July-September, 1816*), 385
- Parent of golden dreams, Romance! (*Hours of Idleness*), 50
- Posterity will ne'er survey (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1035
- Rail on, Rail on, ye heartless crew! (*Hours of Idleness*), 63
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- Sweet girl, though only once we met (*Hours of Idleness*), 12
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- The Son of Love and Lord of War I sing (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1039
- The spell is broke, the charm is flown (*Poems* 1809-1813), 245
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- There be none of Beauty's daughters (*Poems* 1814-1816), 356
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- There is a tear for all that die (*Poems* 1814-1816), 350
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- They say that Hope is happiness (*Poems* 1814-1816), 356
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- This Band, which bound thy yellow hair (*Hours of Idleness*), 63
- This day, of all our days, has done (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1036
- This faint resemblance of thy charms (*Hours of Idleness*), 10
- This votive pledge of fond esteem (*Hours of Idleness*), 22
- Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue (*Hours of Idleness*), 77
- Thou art not false, but thou art fickle (*Poems* 1809-1813), 259
- Thou lay thy branch of laurel down (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1020
- Thou Power! who hast ruled me through Infancy's days (*Hours of Idleness*), 74
- Thou whose spell can raise the dead (*Hebrew Melodies*), 343
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- Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe (*Poems* 1809-1813), 261
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- Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt (*Hours of Idleness*), 74
- Time! on whose arbitrary wing (*Poems* 1809-1813), 258
- 'T is done—and shivering in the gale (*Hours of Idleness*), 83
- 'T is done—but yesterday a King! (*Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*), 322
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- 'T is fifty years, and yet their fray (*Poems* 1816-1823), 535
- 'T is known, at least it should be, that throughout (*Beppo*), 418
- 'T is midnight—but it is not dark (*Poems* 1816-1823), 534
- 'T is time this heart should be unmoved (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1040
- Titan! to whose immortal eyes (*Poems of July-September*, 1816), 390
- To be the father of the fatherless (*Poems* 1816-1823), 537
- To hook the Reader, you John Murray (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1028
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- Well! thou art happy, and I feel (*Hours of Idleness*), 81

- Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be (*Hebrew Melodies*), 345
- What are to me those honours or renown (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1040
- What are you doing now (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1028
- What matter the pangs of a husband and father (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1036
- "What say I?"—not a syllable further in prose (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1026
- When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1036
- When all around grew drear and dark (*Poems of the Separation*), 379
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- When Friendship or Love (*Hours of Idleness*), 15
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- When I hear you express an affection so warm (*Hours of Idleness*), 7
- When I rov'd a young Highlander o'er the dark heath (*Hours of Idleness*), 55
- When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers (*Hours of Idleness*), 82
- When Newton saw an apple fall, he found (*Don Juan, Canto X.*), 928
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- When the last sunshine of expiring Day (*Monody on the Death of Sheridan*), 394
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- When Thurlow this damned nonsense sent (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1020
- When Time, or soon or late, shall bring (*Poems, 1809-1813*), 252
- When, to their airy hall, my Father's voice (*Hours of Idleness*), 6
- When we two parted (*Poems 1814-1816*), 348
- Whene'er I view those lips of thine (*Hours of Idleness*), 21
- Where are those honours, Ida, once your own (*Hours of Idleness*), 5
- White as a white sail on a dusky sea (*Island, Canto IV.*), 772
- Who hath not glowed above the page where Fame (*Poems 1814-1816*) 349
- Who killed John Keats? (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1037
- Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace (*Hints from Horace*), 111
- Why, how now, saucy Tom? (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1037
- Why, Pigot, complain (*Hours of Idleness*), 16
- Why should my anxious breast repine (*Hours of Idleness*), 65
- With Death doomed to grapple (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1034
- Without a stone to mark the spot (*Poems 1809-1813*), 250
- Woman! experience might have told me (*Hours of Idleness*), 13
- Would you go to the house by the true gate (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1035
- Ye cupids, droop each little head (*Hours of Idleness*), 21
- Ye scenes of my childhood, whose lov'd recollection (*Hours of Idleness*), 8
- Yes! wisdom shines in all his mien (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1018
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- You have asked for a verse:—the request (*Poems 1816-1823*), 543
- You say you love, and yet your eye (*Hours of Idleness*), 3
- Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground (*Hours of Idleness*), 75
- Your pardon, my friend (*Hours of Idleness*), 18
- Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove (*Jeux d'Esprit, etc.*), 1017

