

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

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

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

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

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

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

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear.
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.

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

† Margaret Parker, daughter of Admiral Parker. Byron's first verses were written, in 1800, on this lady, for whom he felt a youthful passion. He was then about twelve, she about thirteen.

TO E—.*

LET Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined ;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined.

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

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

November, 1802

TO D—.†

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

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

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

February, 1803

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Ἀσπὴ πρὶν μὲν ἤλαμψεν ἐν ζωῶσιν ἴσος.—LAERTIUS.

OH, Friend ! for ever loved, for ever dear !
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death !
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course ;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.

* The son of one of his tenants at Newstead.

† Lord Delawarr, a school companion at Harrow.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep ;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here :
But, who with me shall hold thy former place ?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
Ah, none !—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1802

A FRAGMENT.

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

1803.

LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

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

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay :
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath ;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan* slumbers ;
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

* Or Horiston Castle in Derbyshire.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy ;
 For the safety of Edward and England they fell :
 My fathers ! the tears of your country redress ye ;
 How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell
 On Marston,* with Rupert, † 'gainst traitors contending,
 Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field ;
 For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.
 Shades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu !
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.
 Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret ;
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.
 That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish ;
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown :
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish :
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own !

1803.

LINES

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

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

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESS TO MISS—

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

July, 1804.

* The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.—B.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.—B.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.

[ANIMULA! vagma, blandula,
 Hospes, comesque, corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

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

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—
 Greater than Jove he seems to me—
 Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
 Securely views thy matchless charms ;
 That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
 That mouth, from whence such music flows,
 To him, alike, are always known,
 Reserved for him, and him alone,
 Ah ! Lesbia ! though 'tis death to me,
 I cannot choose but look on thee ;
 But, at the sight, my senses fly.
 I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die ;
 Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
 Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
 My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short
 My limbs deny their slight support,
 Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
 With deadly languor droops my head,
 My ears with tingling echoes ring,
 And life itself is on the wing ;
 My eyes refuse the cheering light,
 Their orbs are veil'd in starless night :
 Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
 And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND
 TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

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

* The hand of death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.—B.

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib.* 4.

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?
Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again.
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate;
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

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

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

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

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire:
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss:
Nor then my soul should sated be:
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.

To part would be a vain endeavour:
Could I desist?—ah! never—never!

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

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

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
He would unmoved, unawed behold.
The flames of an expiring world,
Again in crushing chaos roll'd,
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile:
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

[Οἶλ'ω λυγρὴν Ἀργεΐδας, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone:
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due:
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms!
Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON

[Μισογονικταίς ποθ' ἄρσις, κ. τ. λ.]

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven
 Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
 Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
 His arctic charge around the pole ;
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
 Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :
 At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
 Descending from the realms of joy,
 Quick to my gate directs his course,
 And knocks with all his little force.
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
 "What stranger breaks my blest repose?"
 "Alas!" replies the wily child,
 In faltering accents sweetly mild,
 "A hapless infant here I roam,
 Far from my dear maternal home.
 Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
 The nightly storm is pouring fast:
 No prowling robber lingers here.
 A wandering baby who can fear?
 I heard his seeming artless tale,
 I heard his sighs upon the gale:
 My breast was never pity's foe,
 But felt for all the baby's woe.
 I drew the bar, and by the light,
 Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
 His bow across his shoulders flung,
 And thence his fatal quiver hung
 (Ah! little did I think the dart
 Would rattle soon within my heart).
 With care I tend my weary guest,
 His little fingers chill my breast;
 His glossy curls, his azure wing,
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring;
 His shivering limbs the embers warm;
 And now reviving from the storm,
 Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
 Than swift he seized his slender bow:—
 "I fain would know, my gentle host,"
 He cried, "if this its strength has lost;
 I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
 The strings their former aid refuse."
 With poison tipped, his arrow flies,
 Deep in my tortured heart it lies;
 Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd:—
 "My bow can still impel the shaft:
 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it:
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

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

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

Harrow, Dec. 4. 1804.

TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
 When you must quit your anxious lover;
 Since now our dream of bliss is past,
 One pang, my girl, and all is over.
 Alas! that pang will be severe,
 Which bids us part to meet no more;
 Which tears me far from one so dear,
 Departing for a distant shore.
 Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,
 And joy will mingle with our tears;
 When thinking on these ancient towers,
 The shelter of our infant years;
 Where from this Gothic casement's height,
 We view'd the lake, the park, the dell;
 And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
 We, lingering, look a last farewell.
 O'er fields through which we used to run,
 And spend the hours in childish play;
 O'er shades where, when our race was done,
 Reposing on my breast you lay;
 Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
 Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
 Yet envy'd every fly the kiss
 It dared to give your slumbering eyes;
 See still the little painted bark,
 In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
 See there, high waving o'er the park,
 The elm I clambered for your sake.

These times are past—our joys are gone,
 You leave me, leave this happy vale;
 These scenes I must retrace alone:
 Without thee, what will they avail?
 Who can conceive, who has not proved,
 The anguish of a last embrace?
 When, torn from all you fondly loved,
 You bid a long adieu to peace.
 This is the deepest of our woes,
 For this these tears our cheeks bedew,
 This is of love the final close,
 Oh, ——! the fondest, last adieu

TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,
 Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
 Yet I forego that bliss divine,
 Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.
 Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
 How could I dwell upon its snows!
 Yet is the daring wish repress;
 For that—would banish its repose.
 A glance from thy soul-searching eye
 Can raise with hope, depress with fear
 Yet I conceal my love,—and why?
 I would not force a painful tear.
 I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
 Hast seen my ardent flame too well;
 And shall I plead my passion now,
 To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?
 No! for thou never canst be mine,
 United by the priest's decree:
 By any ties but those divine,
 Mine, my belov'd, thou ne'er shalt be.
 Then let the secret fire consume,
 Let it consume, thou shalt not know:
 With joy I court a certain doom,
 Rather than spread its guilty glow.
 I will not ease my tortured heart,
 By driving dove-eyed peace from thine
 Rather than such a sting impart,
 Each thought presumptuous I resign.
 Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave;
 More than I here shall dare to tell;
 Thy innocence and mine to save—
 I bid thee now a last farewell.
 Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
 And hope no more thy soft embrace;

Which to obtain my soul would dare,
 All, all reproach—but thy disgrace.
 At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
 No matron shall thy shame reprove;
 Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
 No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE.

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
 Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
 And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
 Which said far more than words can say?
 Though keen the grief thy tears express,
 When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;
 Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
 Throb'd with deep sorrow as thine own.
 But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
 When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,
 The tears that from my eyelids flow'd,
 Were lost in those which fell from thine.
 Thou couldst not feel my burning cheek,
 Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame;
 And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
 In sighs alone it breathed my name.
 And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
 In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
 Remembrance only can remain,—
 But that will make us weep the more.
 Again, thou best belov'd, adieu!
 Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret;
 Nor let thy mind past joys review,—
 Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,
 Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;
 For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,
 And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.
 Yet, still this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
 That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sea;
 That age will come on, when remembrance deploring,
 Contemplates the scenes of our youth with a tear.
 That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
 Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze
 When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining
 Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

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

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

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

Oh ! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
 Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow ;
 Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,
 And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805.

TO CAROLINE.

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

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

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

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

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

Oh ! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,
 Since in life, love and friendship for ever are fled ?
 If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
 Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS.

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

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

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

He was in sooth a genuine bard ;
 His was no faint, fictitious flame :
 Like his, may love be thy reward,
 But not thy hapless fate the same.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Α Βαρύτιος δι' ἡρώδαις

Ἐρωτα μόνον ἔχει.

ANACREON

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

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

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

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

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

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

B

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

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.*

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have stray'd
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
Bade thee obey, and gave me to command; †
Thee on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors, ‡ fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn,—
When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait
On one by birth predestined to be great;
That books were only meant for drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
Believe them not;—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name.

Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart; 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear;
For well I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.

* In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.—B.

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

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

Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside
Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
A race with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too:
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth?
Another view, not less renown'd for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field and favour'd by the Nine,
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguished from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.
Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their name:
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were mine;
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away.
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell;
Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark blue-deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart:
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet and pass each other by,
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice,
Still if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,
If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

1805.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

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

July, 1805.

* Dr Drury, head master of Harrow.
† Dr Butler, with whom Byron, when at Harrow, was constantly in collision.
Byron was afterwards ashamed of his conduct to Dr B., and had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, would have avowed the wrong.

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MARY CHAWORTH.*

HILLS of Annesley! bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling,
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

1305

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

Ἀργυρίου λόγῳσι μίχου καὶ πάντα Κρατήσαις.

OH! could Le Sage's† demon's gift
Be realised at my desire,
This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St Mary's spire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* While he was at Harrow in 1804 he fell deeply in love with this young lady, who resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead. Byron was in his sixteenth year, while the lady was about two years older. She liked him as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at him as a boy.

† The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Dor Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.—Z

‡ Lord Hawke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Seale's publication on Greek Metre displays considerable talent and ingenuity; but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.—B.

† The Latin of the Schools is of the *causis* species, and not very intelligible.—B.

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.—B.

§ On a saint's day the students wear surplices in chapel.—B.

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

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

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

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

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

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

Therefore, farewell, Old Granta's spires!
No more, like Cleofas, I fly;
No more thy theme my muse inspires:
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806

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

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

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

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

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

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

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop* himself was outshone:

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation.
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived;
Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.†

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

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll!
Since darkness o'er shadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
"Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew!"

1806

TO M.—

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

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

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

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

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When beaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all;
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

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

* A cotemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.—B
† At Harrow, Byron was famous for his power of declamation.

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

1806

TO WOMAN.

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

TO M. S. G.

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

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

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

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.—S.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Through hours, through years, through time, 'twill cheer
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO LESBIA.

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

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

* Byron had "a passion for the name of Mary"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.*

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden at Southwell, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.]

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

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

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

* Miss Houson.

† This word is used by Gray, in his poem to the Fatal Sisters:—
"Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurles through the darken'd air."—B.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Αἴε, δ' αἴ με φεύγει.—ANACREON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strow;
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;
His cypress the garland of love's last adieu!

DAMÆTAS.

IN law an infant,† and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school,
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin:
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.

* The Goddess of Justice.

† In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.—L

'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
 Love's a stranger to thy breast ;
 He in dimpling smiles appears,
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
 Then resume thy former fire,
 Some will love, and all admire ;
 While that icy aspect chills us,
 Naught but cool indifference thrills us,
 Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
 Smile at least, or seem to smile.
 Eyes like thine were never meant
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint ;
 Spite of all thou fain would say,
 Still in truant beams they play.
 Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
 Her impulse chaste must needs refuse :
 She blushes, curtsies, frowns—in short she
 Dreads lest the subject should transport me,
 And flying off in search of reason,
 Brings prudence back in proper season.
 All I shall therefore say (whate'er
 I think is neither here nor there)
 Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
 Were form'd for better things than sneering.
 Of soothing compliments divested,
 Advice at least's disinterested ;
 Such is my artless song to thee,
 From all the flow of flattery free ;
 Counsel like mine is like a brother's,
 My heart is given to some others ;
 That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
 It shares itself among a dozen.
 Marion, adieu ! oh, prithee, slight not
 This warning, though it may delight not
 And lest my precepts be displeasing
 To those who think remonstrance teasing,
 At once I'll tell thee our opinion
 Concerning woman's soft dominion :
 Howe'er we gaze with admiration
 On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
 Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
 Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
 Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
 These cannot fix our souls to love :
 It is not too severe a stricture
 To say they form a pretty picture ;
 But wouldst thou see the secret chain
 Which binds us in your humble train,
 To hail you queens of all creation,
 Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

TO A LADY

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

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
 In firmer chains our hearts confine,
 Than all th' unmeaning protestations
 Which swell with nonsense love orations.
 Our love is fixed, I think we've proved it,
 Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it ;
 Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
 With groundless jealousy repine,
 With silly whims and fancies frantic,
 Merely to make our love romantic ?
 Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
 And fret with self-created anguish,
 Or doom the lover you have chosen,
 On winter nights to sigh half frozen ;
 In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
 Only because the scene's a garden ?
 For gardens seem, by ore consent,
 Since Shakespeare set the precedent,
 Since Juliet first declared her passion
 To form the place of assignation.†
 Oh ! would some modern muse inspire
 And seat her by a sea-coal fire ;
 Or had the bard at Christmas written,
 And laid the scene of love in Britain,
 He surely, in commiseration,
 Had changed the place of declaration.
 In Italy I've no objection ;
 Warm nights are proper for reflection ;
 But here our climate is so rigid,
 That love itself is rather frigid.
 Think on our chilly situation,
 And curb this rage for imitation ;
 Then let us meet as oft we've done,
 Beneath the influence of the sun ;
 Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
 Within your mansion let me greet you.
 There we can love for hours together,
 Much better in such snowy weather,
 Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
 That ever witness'd rural loves ;
 Then, if my passion fail to please,
 Next night I'll be content to freeze ;

* Supposed to be the Mary addressed p. 26.

† In the above little piece the author has been accused by some candid readers of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written ; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in "the tomb of all the Capulets," has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel, walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of December, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenious critics. We would advise these liberal commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakespeare*.—B.

No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
But curse my fate for ever after.*

OSCAR OF ALVA †—A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.
But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.
And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low;
While many an eye which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray
Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.
Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.
But who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.
And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.
Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave,
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

* Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has been passed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an admired work, "Carr's Stranger in France."—"As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, among other figures, is the uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have touched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through her glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in that picture. Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear, 'that the indecorum was in the remark.'"—B.

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

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

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note;*
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* See criticism on this line, p.

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

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

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

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

At length young Allan joined the bride:
"Why comes not Oscar," Angus said:
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;
"With me he roved not o'er the glade:"

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

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoined,
"Nor chase nor wave my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would ought to her impede his way

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till time, which soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

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

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

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

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

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

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lover's cheeks adorn!

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

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