

The haven hums with many a cheering sound,  
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,  
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,  
And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;  
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,  
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!  
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,  
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.  
Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,  
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

## XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,  
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:  
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,  
Amid so many, her's alone is dark.  
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,  
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.  
With the first boat descends he for the shore,  
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.  
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,  
To bear him like an arrow to that height!  
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,  
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,  
Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high  
Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no sound  
Broke from within; and all was night around.  
He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply  
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh;  
He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand  
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.  
The portal opens—'tis a well-known face—  
But not the form he panted to embrace.  
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,  
And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;  
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—  
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.  
He would not wait for that reviving ray—  
As soon could he have linger'd there for day;  
But glimmering through the dusky corridore,  
Another chequers o'er the shadow'd floor;  
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold  
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

## XX.

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,  
And set the anxious frame that lately shook:  
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,  
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!  
In life itself she was so still and fair,  
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there;  
And the cold flowers\* her colder hand contain'd  
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained

\* In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.—B.

As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,  
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below  
Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,  
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light;  
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—  
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,  
And wish'd repose—but only for a while;  
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;  
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—  
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

## XXI.

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd now  
By the first glance on that still—marble brow.  
It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how?  
The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
The source of sorrest wishes, tenderest fears,  
The only living thing he could not hate,  
Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,  
But did not feel it less;—the good explore,  
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar  
The proud—the wayward—who have fix'd below  
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,  
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—  
But who in patience parts with all delight?  
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;  
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,  
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

## XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is inexpress'd  
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;  
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,  
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;  
No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.  
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest  
And stupor almost lull'd it into rest;  
So feeble now—his mother's softness crept  
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:  
It was the very weakness of his brain,  
Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.  
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,  
That useless flood of grief had never been:  
Nor long they flow'd—he dried them to depart,  
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart:  
The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim;  
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.  
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,

On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!  
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside  
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

## XXIII.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong;  
Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long;  
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew  
Within the grot; like that had harden'd too;  
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,  
But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.  
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock,  
If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.  
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,  
Though dark the shade—it shelter'd—saved till now.  
The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,  
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:  
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell  
Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell;  
And of its cold protector, blacken round  
But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground!

## XXIV.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour  
Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his tower.  
He was not there—nor seen along the shore;  
Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed o'er:  
Another morn—another bids them seek,  
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak;  
Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in vain,  
They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain:  
Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.  
'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,  
And Conrad comes not—came not since that day,  
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare  
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!  
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside;  
And fair the monument they gave his bride:  
For him they raise not the recording stone—  
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;  
He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

## LARA;

## A TALE.

## CANTO THE FIRST.

## I.

THE Serfs\* are glad through Lara's wide domain  
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain;  
He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,  
The long self-exiled chieftain, is restored:  
There be bright faces in the busy hall,  
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;  
Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays  
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze;  
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,  
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

## II.

The chief of Lara is returned again:  
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main?  
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself;—that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—  
With none to check, and few to point in time  
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;  
Then, when he most required commandment, then  
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.  
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace  
His youth through all the mazes of its race;  
Short was the course his restlessness had run,  
But long enough to leave him half undone.

## III.

And Lara left in youth his fatherland;  
But from the hour he waved his parting hand  
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all  
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.  
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,  
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there;

\* The reader is apprised, that the name of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word "Serf," which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain. The country is not Spain, but the Morea.—B.

Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew  
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.  
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,  
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,  
Another chief consoled his destined bride,  
The young forgot him, and the old had died ;  
" Yet doth he live ! " exclaims the impatient heir,  
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.  
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace  
The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place ;  
But one is absent from the mouldering file,  
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

## IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,  
And whence they know not, why they need not guess,  
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,  
Not that he came, but came not long before :  
No train is his beyond a single page,  
Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.  
Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away  
To those that wander as to those that stay ;  
But lack of tidings from another clime  
Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.  
They see, they recognise, yet almost deem  
The present dubious, or the past a dream.  
He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,  
Though sear'd by toil, and something touch'd by time ;  
His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,  
Might be untaught him by his varied lot ;  
Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name  
Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame :  
His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins  
No more than pleasure from the stripling wins ;  
And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,  
Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

## V.

And they indeed were changed—'tis quickly seen,  
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been :  
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,  
And spake of passions, but of passion past :  
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise ;  
A high demeanour, and a glance that took  
Their thoughts from others by a single look ;  
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,  
That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
And makes those feel that will not own the wound ;  
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath,  
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.  
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,  
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,  
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,  
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive ;

And some deep feeling it were vain to trace  
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

## VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past,  
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,  
In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,  
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown :  
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,  
Nor glean experience from his fellow man ;  
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,  
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know ;  
If still more prying such inquiry grew,  
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

## VII.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,  
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men,  
Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,  
He mingled with the Magnates of his land ;  
Join'd the carousals of the great and gay,  
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away ;  
But still he only saw, and did not share,  
The common pleasure or the general care ;  
He did not follow what they all pursued,  
With hope still baffled still to be renew'd ;  
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,  
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain :  
Around him some mysterious circle thrown  
Repell'd approach, and show'd him still alone ;  
Upon his eye sat something of reproof,  
That kept at least frivolity aloof ;  
And things more timid that beheld him near,  
In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear ;  
And they the wiser, friendlier few confess'd  
They deem'd him better than his air express'd.

## VIII.

'Twas strange—in youth all action and all life,  
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife ;  
Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave  
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,  
In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,  
And found his recompense in joy or woe,  
No tame, trite medium ; for his feelings sought  
In that intensesness an escape from thought :  
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed  
On that the feebler elements hath raised ;  
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,  
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky :  
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,  
How woke he from the wildness of that dream ?  
Alas ! he told not—but he did awake  
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

## IX.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,  
With eve more curious he appear'd to scan.

And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day,  
 From all communion he would start away;  
 And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,  
 Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread  
 O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd  
 In rude but antique portraiture around:  
 They heard, but whisper'd—"that must not be known—  
 The sound of words less earthly than his own.  
 Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen  
 They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.  
 Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head  
 Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead.  
 That still beside his open'd volume lay,  
 As if to startle all save him away?  
 Why slept he not when others were at rest?  
 Why heard no music, and received no guest?  
 All was not well, they deem'd—but where the wrong?  
 Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long,  
 And such besides were too discreetly wise,  
 To more than hint their knowledge in surmise.  
 But if they would—they could"—around the board  
 Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

## X.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream  
 The stars are studding, each with imaged beam;  
 So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
 And yet they glide like happiness away;  
 Reflecting far and fairy-like from high  
 The immortal lights that live along the sky:  
 Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,  
 And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;  
 Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,  
 And Innocence would offer to her love.  
 These deck the shore; the waves their channel make  
 In windings bright and mazy like the snake.  
 All was so still, so soft in earth and air,  
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;  
 Secure that nought of evil could delight  
 To walk in such a scene, on such a night!  
 It was a moment only for the good:  
 So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,  
 But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;  
 Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:  
 Such scene reminded him of other days,  
 Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,  
 Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts than now—  
 No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow.  
 Unfelt—unsparing—but a night like this,  
 A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his.

## XI.

He turn'd within his solitary hall,  
 And his high shadow shot along the wall:

There were the painted forms of other times,  
 'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
 Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults  
 That hid their dust, their foibles and their faults;  
 And half a column of the pompous page,  
 That speeds the specious tale from age to age;  
 Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,  
 And lies like truth, and still more truly lies.  
 He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone  
 Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,  
 And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there  
 O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,  
 Reflected in fantastic figures grew,  
 Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;  
 His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,  
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume,  
 Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave  
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

## XII.

'Twas midnight—all was slumber; the lone light  
 Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.  
 Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—  
 A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!  
 A long, loud shriek—and silence—did they hear  
 That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?  
 They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,  
 Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save  
 They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,  
 And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands.

## XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,  
 Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,  
 Was Lara stretch'd; his half-drawn sabre near,  
 Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;  
 Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,  
 And still defiance knit his gather'd brow;  
 Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,  
 There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;  
 Some half-form'd threat in utterance there had died,  
 Some imprecation of despairing pride;  
 His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook  
 Even in its trance the gladiator's look,  
 That oft awake his aspect could disclose,  
 And now was fixed in horrible repose.  
 They raise him—bear him;—hush! he breathes, he speaks  
 The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,  
 His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,  
 Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb  
 Recalls its function, but his words are strung  
 In terms that seem not of his native tongue;  
 Distinct but strange, enough they understand  
 To deem them accents of another land;  
 And such they were, and meant to meet an ear  
 That bears him not—alas! that cannot hear!

## XIV.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd  
To know the import of the words they heard;  
And by the changes of his cheek and brow,  
They were not such as Lara should avow,  
Nor he interpret—yet with less surprise  
Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes,  
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,  
And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied,  
And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem  
To soothe away the horrors of his dream—  
If dream it were, that thus could overthrow  
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

## XV.

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye beheld,  
If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,  
Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,  
And breath'd new vigour in his shaken frame;  
And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,  
And soon the same in movement and in speech  
As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,—  
Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lowers,  
Than these were wont; and if the coming night  
Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,  
He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,  
Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot.  
In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl  
The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;  
The waving banner, and the clapping door,  
The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;  
The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,  
The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;  
Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,  
As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

## XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravell'd gloom  
Came not again, or Lara could assume  
A seeming of forgetfulness, that made  
His vassals more amazed nor less afraid—  
Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?  
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord  
Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these  
That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.  
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke  
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke  
Their slumber? his the oppress'd, o'erlabour'd heart  
That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?  
Could he who thus had suffer'd so forget,  
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?  
Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd  
Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd  
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws  
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?  
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,

Nor common gazers could discern the growth  
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told.  
They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

## XVII.

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd  
Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd;  
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,  
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot:  
His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—  
They guess'd—they gazed—they fain would know his fate.  
What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,  
Who walk'd their world, his lineage only known?  
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,  
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;  
But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,  
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer;  
That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,  
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:  
Yet there was softness too in his regard,  
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,  
But once perceived, his spirit seem'd to chide  
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,  
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem  
One doubt from others' half withheld esteem;  
In self-inflicted penance of a breast  
Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest;  
In vigilance of grief that would compel  
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

## XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:  
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,  
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,  
An erring spirit from another hurl'd;  
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped  
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;  
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet  
His mind would half exult and half regret;  
With more capacity for love than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,  
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,  
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth;  
With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,  
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;  
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath  
In hurried desolation o'er his path,  
And left the better feelings all at strife  
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;  
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,  
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,  
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form  
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;  
Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
And half mistook for fate the acts of will;

Too high for common selfishness, he could  
 At times resign his own for others' good,  
 But not in pity, not because he ought,  
 But in some strange perversity of thought  
 That sway'd him onward with a secret pride  
 To do what few or none would do beside ;  
 And this same impulse would, in tempting time,  
 Misdread his spirit equally to crime ;  
 So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath,  
 The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,  
 And long'd by good or ill to separate  
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state,  
 His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne  
 Far from the world, in regions of her own ;  
 Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,  
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow,  
 Ah ! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,  
 But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd !  
 'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,  
 And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,  
 Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,  
 His madness was not of the head, but heart ;  
 And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew  
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

## XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,  
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen,  
 He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art  
 Of fixing memory on another's heart :  
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught  
 That words can image to express the thought ;  
 But they who saw him did not see in vain,  
 And once beheld, would ask of him again :  
 And those to whom he spake remember'd well,  
 And on the words, however light, would dwell :  
 None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined  
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind ;  
 There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,  
 If greeted once ; however brief the date  
 That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,  
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew.  
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,  
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound ;  
 His presence haunted still ; and from the breast  
 He forced an all unwilling interest :  
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net,  
 His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget !

## XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,  
 And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,  
 Appear—a highborn and a welcome guest  
 To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.  
 The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,  
 Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball ;

And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train  
 Links grace and harmony in happiest chain :  
 Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands  
 That mingle there in well according bands :  
 It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,  
 And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,  
 And Youth forget such hour was pass'd on earth,  
 So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth !

## XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,  
 His brow believ'd him if his soul was sad ;  
 And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair,  
 Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there :  
 He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,  
 With folded arms and long attentive eye,  
 Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on him—  
 Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this :  
 At length he caught it—'tis a face unknown,  
 But seems as searching his, and his alone ;  
 Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,  
 Who still till now had gazed on him unseen :  
 At length encountering meets the mutual gaze  
 Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze ;  
 On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,  
 As if distrusting that the stranger threw ;  
 Along the stranger's aspect, fix'd and stern,  
 Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.

## XXII.

" 'Tis he ! " the stranger cried, and those that heard  
 Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.  
 " 'Tis he ! "—" 'Tis who ? " they question far and near,  
 Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear ;  
 So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook  
 The general marvel, or that single look :  
 But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the surprise  
 That sprung at first to his arrested eyes  
 Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor raised  
 Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed ;  
 And drawing nigh, exclaimed with haughty sneer,  
 " 'Tis he !—how came he thence ?—what doth he here ? "

## XXIII.

It were to much for Lara to pass by  
 Such questions, so repeated fierce and high ;  
 With look collected, but with accent cold,  
 More mildly firm than petulantly bold,  
 He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone—  
 " My name is Lara !—when thine own is known,  
 Doubt not my fitting answer to requite  
 The unlook'd-for courtesy of such a knight.  
 'Tis Lara !—further wouldst thou mark or ask ?  
 I shun no question, and I wear no mask."

" Thou shunn'st no question ! Ponder—is there none  
 Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun ? "

And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!  
 At least thy memory was not given in vain.  
 Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,  
 Eternity forbids thee to forget."  
 With slow and searching glance upon his face  
 Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace  
 They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look  
 He deign'd no answer, but his head he shook,  
 And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away;  
 But the stern stranger motion'd him to stay.  
 "A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer here  
 To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,  
 But as thou wast and art—nay frown not, lord,  
 If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—  
 But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,  
 Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.  
 Art thou not he? whose deeds —"

"Whate'er I be,  
 Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,  
 I list no further; those with whom they weigh  
 May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay  
 The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,  
 Which thus begins so courteously and well.  
 Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,  
 To him my thanks and thoughts shall be express'd."  
 And here their wondering host hath interposed—  
 "Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,  
 This is no time nor fitting place to mar  
 The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.  
 If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show  
 Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,  
 To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best  
 Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;  
 I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,  
 Though, like Count Lara, now return'd alone  
 From other lands, almost a stranger grown;  
 And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth  
 I augur right of courage and of worth,  
 He will not that untainted line belie,  
 Nor aught that knighthood may accord, deny."  
 "To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,  
 "And here our several worth and truth be tried:  
 I gage my life, my falchion to attest  
 My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"  
 What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk  
 His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;  
 The words of many, and the eyes of all  
 That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall;  
 But his were silent, his appear'd to stray  
 In far forgetfulness away—away—  
 Alas! that heedlessness of all around  
 Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

## XXIV.

"To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!" further word  
 Than those repeated none from Lara heard;  
 Upon his brow no outward passion spoke;  
 From his large eye no flashing anger broke;  
 Yet there was something fix'd in that low tone,  
 Which show'd resolve, determined, though unknown.  
 He seiz'd his cloak—his head he slightly bow'd,  
 And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd;  
 And, as he pass'd him, smiling met the frown  
 With which that chieftain's brow would bear him down  
 It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride  
 That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide;  
 But that of one in his own heart secure  
 Of all that he would do or could endure.  
 Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?  
 Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?  
 Alas! too like in confidence are each,  
 For man to trust to mortal look or speech;  
 From deeds, and deeds alone may he discern  
 Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn

## XXV.

And Lara call'd his page, and went his way—  
 Well could that stripling word or sign obey:  
 His only follower from those climes afar,  
 Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;  
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,  
 In duty patient, and sedate though young;  
 Silent as him he served, his faith appears  
 Above his station, and beyond his years.  
 Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,  
 In such from him he rarely heard command;  
 But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,  
 When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home.  
 Those accents, as his native mountains dear,  
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,  
 Friends', kindreds', parents', wonted voice recall,  
 Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all:  
 For him earth now disclosed no other guide;  
 What marvel then he rarely left his side?

## XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate  
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,  
 But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,  
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through;  
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show  
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;  
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care  
 That for a burning moment fever'd there;  
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught  
 From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,  
 Though its black orb those long low lashes' fringe  
 Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge;

Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,  
 Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share :  
 And pleased not him the sports that please his age,  
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page ;  
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,  
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance .  
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd lone,  
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none ;  
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ;  
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook ;  
 He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart  
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart ;  
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth  
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

## XXVII.

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara ; but was shown  
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ;  
 In mute attention ; and his care, which guess'd  
 Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue express'd.  
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
 A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid ;  
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,  
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;  
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire  
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.  
 Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,  
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ;  
 To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,  
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore ;  
 But ne'er to mingle with the mental train,  
 To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain,  
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew  
 No sympathy with that familiar crew :  
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,  
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.  
 Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,  
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,  
 So femininely white it might bespeak  
 Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek.  
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays ;  
 A latent fierceness that far more became  
 His fiery climate than his tender frame :  
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
 But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.  
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore  
 Another ere he left his mountain-shore ;  
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,  
 That name repeated loud without reply,  
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
 Start to the sound, as but remember'd then ;  
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake.  
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

## XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,  
 And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all ;  
 And when the crowd around and near him told  
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,  
 Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore  
 Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,  
 The colour of young Kaled went and came,  
 The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame ;  
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw  
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew,  
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
 With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.  
 Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare,  
 And execute ere thought be half aware :  
 Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow  
 To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.  
 He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast  
 That sidelong smile upon the knight he past ;  
 When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,  
 As if on something recognised right well ;  
 His memory read in such a meaning more  
 Than Lara's aspect unto others wore :  
 Forward he sprung—a moment, both were gone,  
 And all within that hall seem'd left alone ;  
 Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,  
 All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene,  
 That when his long dark shadow through the porch  
 No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,  
 Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem  
 To bound as doubting from too black a dream,  
 Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,  
 Because the worse is ever nearest truth.  
 And they are gone—but Ezzelin is there,  
 With thoughtful visage and imperious air ;  
 But long remain'd not ; ere an hour expired  
 He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

## XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest ;  
 The courteous host, and all-approving guest,  
 Again to that accustom'd couch must creep  
 Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,  
 And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,  
 Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life :  
 There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,  
 Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile ;  
 O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
 And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.  
 What better name may slumber's bed become ?  
 Night's sepulchre, the universal home,  
 Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,  
 Alike in naked helplessness recline ;  
 Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,  
 Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,



And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,  
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd  
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.  
Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near to little, but his last;  
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,  
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;  
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.  
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,  
And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine!"  
Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see;  
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:  
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,  
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;  
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,  
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;  
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,  
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

## II.

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall,  
The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call;  
'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim  
The life or death of Lara's future fame;  
When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,  
And whatso'er the tale, it must be told.  
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,  
To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.  
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,  
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

## III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,  
With self-confiding, coldly patient air;  
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,  
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'er-cast.  
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,  
If yet he be on earth expect him here;  
The roof that held him in the valley stands  
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;  
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,  
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,  
But that some previous proof forbade his stay,  
And urged him to prepare against to-day;  
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,  
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."  
He ceased—and Lara answer'd, "I am here  
To lend at thy demand a listening ear

To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,  
Whose words already might my heart have wrung,  
But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,  
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.  
I know him not—but me it seems he knew  
In lands where—but I must not trifle too:  
Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge;  
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw  
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.  
"The last alternative befits me best,  
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,  
However near his own or other's tomb;  
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke  
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke;  
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,  
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.  
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,  
For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed;  
And from his lip those words of insult fell—  
His sword is good who can maintain them well.

## IV.

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,  
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash.  
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,  
Stretch'd by a dex'trous sleight along the ground.  
"Demand thy life!" He answered not: and then  
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,  
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew  
Almost to blackness in its demon hue;  
And fiercer shook his angry falchion now  
Than when his foe's was levell'd at his brow;  
Then all was stern collectedness and art,  
Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart;  
So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,  
That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld  
He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those,  
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;  
But to a moment's thought that purpose bent;  
Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,  
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife  
That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life;  
As if to search how far the wound he gave  
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

## V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the Leech  
Forbade all present question, sign, and speech  
The others met within a neighbouring hall,  
And he, incensed, and heedless of them all,  
The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,  
In haughty silence slowly strode away;

He back'd his steed, his homeward path he took  
Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

## VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,  
Who menaced but to disappear with light.  
Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went  
To leave no other trace of his intent.  
He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,  
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn  
He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;  
But there he was not, and with coming day  
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought  
Except the absence of the chief it sought.  
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,  
His host alarm'd, his murmuring squire distress'd:  
Their search extends along, around the path,  
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:  
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne  
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;  
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,  
Which still retains a mark where murder was;  
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,  
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,  
When agonised hands that cease to guard,  
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.  
Some such had been, if here a life was left,  
But these were not; and doubting hope is left;  
And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,  
Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame;  
Then sudden silent when his form appear'd,  
Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd,  
Again its wonted wandering to renew,  
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

## VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,  
But not his pride; and hate no more conceal'd:  
He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,  
The friend of all who sought to work him woe,  
And from his country's justice now demands  
Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.  
Who else than Lara could have cause to fear  
His presence? who had made him disappear,  
If not the man on whom his menaced charge  
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?  
The general rumour ignorantly loud,  
The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;  
The seeming friendlessness of him who strove  
To win no confidence, and wake no love;  
The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,  
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;  
Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?  
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?  
For it was not the blind capricious rage  
A word can kindle and a word assuage!

But the deep working of a soul unmix'd  
With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd;  
Such as long power and overgorged success  
Concentrates into all that's merciless:  
These, link'd with that desire which ever sways  
Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,  
'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,  
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,  
And he must answer for the absent head  
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

## VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,  
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;  
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,  
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law;  
Long war without and frequent broil within  
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,  
That waited but a signal to begin  
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,  
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends,  
Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,  
In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'd.  
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,  
And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands;  
But that long absence from his native clime  
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,  
And now, diverted by his milder sway,  
All dread by slow degrees had worn away.  
The menials felt their usual awe alone,  
But more for him than them that fear was grown;  
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first  
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,  
And each long restless night, and silent mood,  
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:  
And though his lonely habits threw of late  
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;  
From thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew  
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.  
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,  
The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye;  
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof  
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.  
And they who watch'd, might mark that day by day  
Some new retainers gather'd to his sway;  
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,  
He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host:  
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread  
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;  
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains  
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.  
If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,  
The million judg'd but of him as they found  
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven  
They but required a shelter, and 'twas given.

By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,  
 And scarce the serf could murnur o'er his lot;  
 With him old avarice found its board secure,  
 With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;  
 Youth present cheer and promised recompence  
 Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence:  
 To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,  
 The deep reversion of delay'd revenge;  
 To love, long baffled by the unequal match,  
 The well-won charms success was sure to snatch,  
 All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim  
 That slavery nothing which was still a name.  
 The moment came, the hour when Otho thought  
 Secure at last the vengeance which he sought:  
 His summons found the destined criminal  
 Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,  
 Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,  
 Defying earth, and confident of heaven.  
 That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves  
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!  
 Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight  
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:  
 Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,  
 A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;  
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,  
 That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

## IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had gain'd  
 Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;  
 Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,  
 The serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both:  
 They waited but a leader, and they found  
 One to their cause inseparably bound;  
 By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,  
 In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.  
 Cut off by some mysterious fate from those  
 Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,  
 Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,  
 Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:  
 Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun  
 Inquiry into deeds at distance done;  
 By mingling with his own the cause of all,  
 E'en if he fail'd, he still delay'd his fall.  
 The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,  
 The storm that once had spent itself and slept,  
 Roused by events that seem'd foredoom'd to urge  
 His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,  
 Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,  
 And is again; he only changed the scene.  
 Light care had he for life, and less for fame,  
 But not less fitted for the desperate game:  
 He deem'd himself mark'd out for others' hate,  
 And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.  
 What cared he for the freedom of the crowd?

He raised the humble but to bend the proud.  
 He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,  
 But man and destiny beset him there:  
 Inured to hunters, he was found at bay;  
 And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.  
 Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been  
 Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;  
 But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood  
 A leader not unequal to the feud;  
 In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke,  
 And from his eye the gladiator broke.

## X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,  
 The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?  
 The varying fortune of each separate field,  
 The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?  
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?  
 In this the struggle was the same with all;  
 Save that distemper'd passions lent their force  
 In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.  
 None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,  
 The captive died upon the battle-slain:  
 In either cause, one rage alone possess'd  
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast;  
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway,  
 Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.  
 It was too late to check the wasting brand,  
 And Desolation reap'd the famished land;  
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,  
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

## XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,  
 The first success to Lara's numbers clung:  
 But that vain victory hath ruin'd all;  
 They form no longer to their leader's call:  
 In blind confusion on the foe they press,  
 And think to snatch is to secure success.  
 The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,  
 Lure on the broken brigands to their fate:  
 In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,  
 To check the headlong fury of that crew;  
 In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,  
 The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame;  
 The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,  
 And shown their rashness to that erring brood:  
 The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambuscade,  
 The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,  
 The long privation of the hoped supply,  
 The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,  
 The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,  
 And palls the patience of his baffled heart,  
 Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day  
 They could encounter as a veteran may;  
 But more prefer'd the fury of the strife,

And present death, to hourly suffering life :  
 And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away  
 His numbers melting fast from their array ;  
 Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,  
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent :  
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,  
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band :  
 Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd  
 To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.  
 One hope survives, the frontier is not far,  
 And thence they may escape from native war ;  
 And bear within them to the neighbouring state  
 An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate :  
 Hard is the task their fatherland to quit,  
 But harder still to perish or submit.

## XII.

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night  
 Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight :  
 Already they perceive its tranquil beam  
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream ;  
 Already they desery—Is yon the bank ?  
 Away ! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.  
 Return or fly !—What glitters in the rear ?  
 'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear !  
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height  
 Alas, they blaze too widely for the fight :  
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,  
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil !

## XIII.

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their band,  
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand ?  
 It matters little—if they charge the foes  
 Who by their border-stream their march oppose,  
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,  
 However link'd to baffle such design.  
 "The charge be ours ! to wait for their assault  
 Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."  
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,  
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed :  
 In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath  
 How many shall but hear the voice of death !

## XIV.

His blade is bared,—in him there is an air  
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair ;  
 A something of indifference more than then  
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men  
 He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,  
 And still too faithful to betray one fear ;  
 Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw  
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue  
 Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint express'd  
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast.  
 This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his :

It trembled not in such an hour as this ;  
 His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,  
 His eye alone proclaim'd, "We will not part.  
 Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,  
 Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee !"

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,  
 Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven :  
 Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,  
 And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel ;  
 Outnumber'd, not outbraved, they still oppose  
 Despair to daring, and a front to foes ;  
 And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,  
 Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

## XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,  
 Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,  
 Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,  
 Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.  
 None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain ;  
 But those that waver turn to smite again,  
 While yet they find the firmest of the foe  
 Recoil before their leader's look and blow :  
 Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,  
 He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own ;  
 Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—  
 Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,  
 And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed crest ?  
 The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast !  
 That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,  
 And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.  
 The word of triumph fainted from his tongue ;  
 That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung !  
 But yet the sword instinctively retains,  
 Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins ;  
 These Kaled snatches : dizzy with the blow,  
 And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,  
 Perceives not Lara that his anxious page  
 Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage ;  
 Meantime his followers charge, and charge again ;  
 Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain !

## XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
 The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head ;  
 The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
 And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth ;  
 And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,  
 The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd  
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that die ;  
 That panting thirst which scorches in the breath  
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
 One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave ;

With feeble and convulsive effort swept,  
 Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept;  
 The faint remains of life such struggles waste,  
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste:  
 They feel its freshness, and almost partake—  
 Why pause? No further thirst have they to slake—  
 It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not;  
 It was an agony—but now forgot!

## XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,  
 Where but for him that strife had never been,  
 A breathing but devoted warrior lay:  
 'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.  
 His follower once, and now his only guide,  
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,  
 And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush,  
 With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;  
 And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,  
 In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:  
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,  
 And merely adds another throb to pain.  
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,  
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,  
 Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,  
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;  
 Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,  
 Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

## XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,  
 Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;  
 They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,  
 And he regards them with a calm disdain,  
 That rose to reconcile him with his fate,  
 And that escape to death from living hate:  
 And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,  
 Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,  
 And questions of his state; he answers not,  
 Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,  
 And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word  
 They understood not, if distinctly heard;  
 His dying tones are in that other tongue,  
 To which some strange remembrance wildly clung  
 They spake of other scenes, but what—is known  
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;  
 And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,  
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:  
 They seem'd even then—that twain—unto the last  
 To half forget the present in the past;  
 To share between themselves some separate fate,  
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

## XIX.

Their words though faint were many—from the tone  
 Their import those who heard could judge alone;

From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's death  
 More near than Lara's by his voice and breath.  
 So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke  
 The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;  
 But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear  
 And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely near:  
 But from his visage little could we guess,  
 So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,  
 Save that when struggling nearer to his last,  
 Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;  
 And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,  
 Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:  
 Whether (as then the breaking sun from high  
 Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,  
 Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene,  
 That raised his arm to point where such had been,  
 Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,  
 As if his heart abhorr'd that coming day,  
 And shrunk his glance before that morning light,  
 To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.  
 Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss;  
 For when one near display'd the absolving cross,  
 And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,  
 Of which his parting soul might own the need,  
 He look'd upon it with an eye profane,  
 And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere with disdain  
 And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew  
 From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,  
 With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,  
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,  
 As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,  
 Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,  
 That life of Immortality, secure  
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

## XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,  
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew;  
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er  
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;  
 He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—  
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part  
 With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,  
 For that faint throb which answers not again.  
 "It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—  
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon,

## XXI.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away  
 The haughty spirit of that humble clay;  
 And those around have roused him from his trance,  
 But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;  
 And when, in raising him from where he bore  
 Within his arms the form that felt no more,  
 He saw the head his breast would still sustain,  
 Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain

He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear  
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,  
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,  
 Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well,  
 Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath  
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!  
 That trying moment hath at once reveal'd  
 The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;  
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,  
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd;  
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—  
 What now to her was womanhood or Fame?

## XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,  
 But where he died his grave was dug as deep;  
 Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,  
 Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck the mound;  
 And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,  
 Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.  
 Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,  
 And vain e'en menace—silent to the last;  
 She told nor whence, nor why she left behind  
 Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.  
 Why did she love him? curious fool!—be still—  
 Is human love the growth of human will?  
 To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,  
 And when they love, your smilers guess not how  
 Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.  
 They were not common links, that form'd the chain  
 That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;  
 But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,  
 And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

## XXIII.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,  
 Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,  
 They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar,  
 Which were not planted there in recent war;  
 Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life,  
 It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;  
 But all unknown his glory or his guilt,  
 These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,  
 And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,  
 Return'd no more—that night appear'd his last.

## XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)  
 A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,  
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,  
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;  
 A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,  
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food,  
 Pass'd by the river that divides the plain  
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain.

He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke  
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak  
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,  
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow,  
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,  
 And some foreboding that it might be crime,  
 Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,  
 Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,  
 And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,  
 Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore.  
 Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd to watch.  
 And still another hurried glance would snatch,  
 And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,  
 As if even yet too much its surface show'd:  
 At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown  
 The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;  
 Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,  
 And slung them with a more than common care.  
 Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen  
 Himself might safely mark with this might mean;  
 He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,  
 And something glitter'd starlike on the vest;  
 But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,  
 A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:  
 It rose again, but indistinct to view,  
 And left the waters of a purple hue,  
 Then deeply disappear'd: the horseman gazed  
 Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised;  
 Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,  
 And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.  
 His face was mask'd—the features of the dead;  
 If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;  
 But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,  
 Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,  
 And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn  
 Upon the night that led to such a morn.  
 If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul!  
 His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;  
 And charity upon the hope would dwell  
 It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

## XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,  
 Alike without their monumental stone!  
 The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean  
 From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been;  
 Grief had so tam'd a spirit once too proud,  
 Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;  
 But furious would you tear her from the spot  
 Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,  
 Her eye shot forth with all the living fire  
 That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire:  
 But left to waste her weary moments there,  
 She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,  
 Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,

And woos to listen to her fond complaints :  
 And she would sit beneath the very tree  
 Where lay his drooping head upon her knee ;  
 And in that posture where she saw him fall,  
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;  
 And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,  
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,  
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground,  
 As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.  
 Herself would question, and for him reply ;  
 Then rising, start and beckon him to fly  
 From some imagined spectre in pursuit ;  
 Then seat her down upon some linden's root,  
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,  
 Or trace strange characters along the sand—  
 This could not last—she lies by him she loved :  
 Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

## HEBREW MELODIES.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published with the Music, arranged by Mr Braham and Mr Nathan.

January 1815.

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :  
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.  
 One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace,  
 Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.  
 And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent

### THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
 The King of men, the loved of Heaven,  
 Which Music hallow'd while she wept  
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,  
 Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !  
 It soften'd men of iron mould,  
 It gave them virtues not their own ;  
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
 That felt not, fired not to the tone,  
 Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne !

It told the triumphs of our King,  
 It wafted glory to our God ;  
 It made our gladden'd valleys ring,  
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod ;  
 Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode !  
 Since then, though heard on earth no more,  
 Devotion and her daughter Love,  
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
 To sounds that seem as from above,  
 In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

#### IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
 Our own, surviving Love endears ;  
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,  
 The eye the same, except in tears—  
 How welcome those untrodden spheres !  
 How sweet this very hour to die !  
 To soar from earth and find all fears,  
 Lost in thy light—Eternity !

It must be so : 'tis not for self  
 That we so tremble on the brink ;  
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
 Oh ! in that future let us think  
 To hold each heart the heart that shares ;  
 With them the immortal waters drink,  
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

#### THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills  
 Exulting yet may bound,  
 And drink from all the living rills  
 That gush on holy ground ;  
 Its airy step and glorious eye  
 May glance in tameless transport by :—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,  
 Hath Judah witness'd there ;  
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight  
 Inhabitants more fair.  
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,  
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone !

More blest each palm that shades those plains  
 Than Israel's scatter'd race ;  
 For, taking root, it there remains  
 In solitary grace :  
 It cannot quit its place of birth,  
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,  
 In other lands to die ;  
 And where our fathers' ashes be,  
 Our own may never lie :  
 Our temple hath not left a stone,  
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

#### OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE.

OH ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream  
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;  
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?  
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?  
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
 The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest !  
 The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
 Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !

#### ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
 Yet there—even there—O God ! thy thunders sleep !

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone !  
 There—where thy shadow to thy people shon !  
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire :  
 Thyself—none living see and not expire !

Oh ! in the lightning let thy glance appear ;  
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's  
 How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod !  
 How long thy temple worshipless, O God !

#### JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my sire !  
 Demand that thy Daughter expire ;  
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—  
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
 And the mountains behold me no more :  
 If the hand that I love lay me low,  
 There cannot be pain in the blow !



And of this, Oh, my Father! be sure—  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

#### OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh, snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb:  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:  
Will this unteach us to complain?  
Or make one mourner weep the less?  
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

#### MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That sound shall charm it forth again:  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst;  
For it hath been my sorrow nursed,  
And ached in sleepless silence long;  
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst  
And break at once—or yield to song.

#### I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue;  
And then methought it did appear  
A violet dropping dew:  
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze  
Beside thee ceased to shine;  
It could not match the living rays  
That fill'd that glance of thine.  
As clouds from yonder sun receive  
A deep and mellow dye,  
Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
Can banish from the sky,  
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
Their own pure joy impart;  
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
That lightens o'er the heart.

#### THY DAYS ARE DONE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;  
Thy country's strains record  
The triumph of her chosen Son,  
The slaughters of his sword!  
The deeds he did, the fields he won,  
The freedom he restored!  
Though thou art fall'n, while we are free  
Thou shalt not taste of death!  
The generous blood that flow'd from thee  
Disdain'd to sink beneath:  
Within our veins its currents be,  
Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name our charging hosts along,  
Shall be the battle-word!  
Thy fall, the theme of choral song  
From virgin voices pour'd!  
To weep would do thy glory wrong;  
Thou shalt not be deplored.

#### SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword  
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:  
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who are bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!  
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!  
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

## SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,  
 Bid the prophet's form appear.  
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head!  
 King, behold the phantom seer!"  
 Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:  
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud,  
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;  
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;  
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,  
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;  
 From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,  
 Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?  
 Who is he that calls the dead?  
 Is it thou, O King? Behold,  
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:  
 Such are mine; and such shall be  
 Thine to-morrow, when with me:  
 Ere the coming day is done,  
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
 Fare thee well, but for a day,  
 Then we mix our mouldering clay  
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,  
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
 And the falchion by thy side  
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide:  
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
 Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

## "ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,  
 And health and youth possess'd me.  
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,  
 And lovely forms caress'd me;  
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,  
 And felt my soul grow tender;  
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days  
 Remembrance can discover,  
 Which all that life or earth displays  
 Would lure me to live over.

There rose no day, there roll'd no hour  
 Of pleasure unembitter'd;  
 And not a trapping deck'd my power  
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art  
 And spells, is won from harming;  
 But that which coils around the heart,  
 Oh! who hath power of charming?  
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
 Nor Music's voice can lure it;  
 But there it stings for evermore  
 The soul that must endure it.

## WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,  
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eyes shall roll through chaos back;  
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track.  
 And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quenched or system breaks,  
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure;  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

## VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,  
The Satraps throng'd the hall;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival,  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deem'd divine--  
Jehovah's vessels hold  
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand:  
The fingers of a man;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice;  
All bloodless wax'd his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
"Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth.  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view;  
He read it on that night,—  
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom pass'd away,  
He, in the balance weigh'd,  
Is light and worthless clay,  
The shroud, his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone:  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!"

## SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!  
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,  
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,  
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!  
So gleams the past, the light of other days,  
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;  
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,  
Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT  
TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,  
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;  
It was but abjuring my creed to efface  
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race:  
If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!  
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!  
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,  
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,  
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;  
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine  
The land and the life which for him I resign.

## HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

OH Mariamne! now for thee  
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;  
Revenge is lost in agony,  
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.  
Oh, Maraimne! where art thou?  
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:  
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,  
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding

And is she dead?—and did they dare  
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?  
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:  
The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving  
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!  
And this dark heart is vainly craving  
For her who soars alone above,  
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;  
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;  
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,  
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming: