

## VII.

I loved all solitude—but little thought  
To spend I know not what of life, remote  
From all communion with existence, save  
The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been  
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen  
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,  
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?  
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more  
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;  
The world is all before him—*mine is here*,  
Scarce twice the space they must accord my *hier*.  
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye  
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—  
I will not raise my own in such reproof,  
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

## VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,  
But with a sense of its decay:—I see  
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,  
And a strange demon, who is vexing me  
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below  
The feeling of the healthful and the free;  
But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,  
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,  
And all that may be borne, or can debase.  
I thought mine enemies had been but man,  
But spirits may be leagued with them—all earth  
Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth  
Of such defence the powers of evil can,  
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail  
Against the outworn creature they assail.  
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved  
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?  
Because I loved what not to love, and see,  
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

## IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—  
My soars are callous, or I should have dash'd  
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd  
In mockery through them;—If I bear and bore  
The much I have recounted, and the more  
Which hath no words,—'tis that I would not die  
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie  
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame  
Stamp madness deep into my memory,  
And woo compassion to a blighted name,  
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.  
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make  
A future temple of my present cell,  
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.  
Whila thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell  
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,

And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless halls,  
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—  
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,  
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!  
And thou, Leonora!—thou—who wert ashamed  
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear  
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,  
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed  
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be  
A taint of that he would impute to me—  
From long infection of a den like this,  
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,  
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the towers  
And battlements which guard his joyous hours  
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,  
Or left untended in a dull repose,  
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!  
But thou—when all that birth and beauty throws  
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have  
One-half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.  
No power in death can tear our names apart,  
As none in life could rend thee from my heart,—  
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate  
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

## THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

— "Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas  
Immolat, et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."  
*Æneid*, lib. xii.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;  
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light;  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;  
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine.  
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
Their azure arches through the long expanse,  
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast  
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.  
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,  
That closed their murder'd sage's latest day;  
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,  
The precious hour of parting lingers still;  
But sad his light to agonising eyes,  
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;  
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,  
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;  
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,  
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled:  
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly  
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

\* This satire was written in censure of the Earl of Elgin for having despoiled the Parthenon of Athens of its most remarkable ancient monuments. Lord Byron afterwards suppressed the poem, and inserted the first 54 lines in the beginning of the third canto of the *Corsair*, where it will also be found.  
† Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution) notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.—B

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain  
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;  
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.  
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play  
There the white column greets her grateful ray,  
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,  
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:  
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,  
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,  
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,†  
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,  
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;  
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;  
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,  
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;  
Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,  
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,  
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,‡  
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,  
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,  
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;  
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,  
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,  
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,  
And glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours rolled along, and Dian's orb on high  
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;  
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod  
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god:  
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare,  
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair  
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread  
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.  
Long had I mused, and treasured every trace  
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,  
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,  
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self; but, ah! how changed  
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!  
Not such as erst, by her divine command,  
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:

\* The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.—B  
† The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; he palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty and Ilissus has no stream at all.—B  
‡ The Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva.

Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;  
Her helm was dented, and the broken lance  
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance;  
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,  
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp;  
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,  
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;  
Round the rent casque her owl circled slow,  
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!—'twas thus she spake—" that blush of shame  
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;  
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,  
Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:  
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.  
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.  
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,  
I saw successive tyrannies expire.  
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,  
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.  
Survey this vacant, violated fane;  
Recount the relics torn that yet remain.  
*These* Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,\*  
*That* Adrain rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd.  
What more I owe let gratitude attest—  
Know Alaric and Elgin did the rest.  
That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,  
The insulted wall sustains his hated name;  
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,  
Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!  
Be ever hail'd with equal honour here  
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:  
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,  
But basely stole what less barbarians won.  
So when the lion quits his fell repast,  
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:  
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,  
The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.  
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:  
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!  
Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:  
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine:  
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,  
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame.†

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,  
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:  
"Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,  
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.

\* This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular: The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Parthenon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble architecture.—B.

† His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso relievo, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.—B.

Frown not on England; England owns him not:  
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.  
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's towers  
Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.  
And well I know within that bastard land\*  
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;  
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined  
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;  
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,  
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;  
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;  
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.  
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain  
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,  
Till, burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,  
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.  
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride  
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:  
Some east, some west; some everywhere but north,  
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.  
And thus—accursed be the day and year!—  
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.  
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,  
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;  
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,  
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,  
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,  
And shine like children of a happier strand;  
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,  
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once more  
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.  
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,  
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.  
Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;  
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed  
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed:  
Without one spark of intellectual fire,  
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:  
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,  
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:  
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,  
And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;  
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,  
Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell:  
To sell, and make—may shame record the day!  
The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.  
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West  
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,

\* "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.—B.

With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,  
 And own himself an infant of fourscore.\*  
 Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St Giles'  
 That art and nature may compare their styles;  
 While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,  
 And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop' † there.  
 Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,  
 To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;  
 While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,  
 On giant statues casts the curious eye;  
 The room with transient glance appears to skim,  
 Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;  
 Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;  
 Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men:  
 Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those*,  
 And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.  
 When shall a modern maid have swains like these!  
 Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!  
 And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,  
 Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,  
 In silent indignation mix'd with grief,  
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.  
 Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,  
 May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!  
 Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,  
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb.  
 And Eratostratus‡ and Elgin shine  
 In many a branding page and burning line;  
 Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,  
 Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,  
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn;  
 Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,  
 But fits thy country for her coming fate;  
 Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son  
 To do what oft Britannia's self had done.  
 Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,  
 Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.  
 Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,  
 Or break the compact which herself had made;  
 Far from such councils, from the faithless field  
 She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:  
 A fatal gift, that, turn'd your friends to stone,  
 And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race  
 Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;  
 Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,  
 And glares the Nemesis of native dead;

\* Mr West, on seeing the "Elgin Collection" (I suppose we shall hear of the 'Abercrombie' and "Jack Shephard" collection), declares himself "a mere tyro" in art.—B.

† Poor Cribb was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House: he asked if it was not "a stone shop!"—He was right; it is a shop.—B.

‡ He set fire to the temple of Diana, in Ephesus, to immortalize his name.

Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,  
 And claims his long arrear of northern blood.  
 So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave  
 Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

"Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hands she hates  
 But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.  
 Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell  
 Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.  
 But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,  
 Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.  
 Oh, glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,  
 The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!  
 But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat  
 Retrieved three long Olympiads of defeat?

"Look last at home—ye love not to look there;  
 On the grim smile of comfortless despair:  
 Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,  
 Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls  
 See all alike of more or less bereft;  
 No misers tremble when there's nothing left.  
 'Blest paper credit,\* who shall dare to sing?  
 It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.  
 Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,  
 Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;  
 But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,  
 On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:  
 Then raves for \*\*; to that Mentor bends,  
 Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.  
 Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,  
 Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.  
 So, once of yore, each reasonable frog  
 Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log':  
 Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,  
 As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;  
 Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;  
 Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;  
 Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.  
 Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,  
 And pirates barter all that's left behind. †  
 No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,  
 Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.  
 The idle merchant on the useless quay  
 Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;  
 Or, back returning, sees rejected stores  
 Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:  
 The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,  
 And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.  
 Then in the senate of your sinking state  
 Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.

\* "Blest paper credit last and best supply,  
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!"  
 Pope.—

† The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.—B.

Vain is each voice where tones could once command;  
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land:  
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,  
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

" 'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain;  
The Furies seize her abdicated reign:  
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,  
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.  
But one convulsive struggle still remains,  
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.  
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,  
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;  
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,  
That bid the foe defiance ere they come;  
The hero bounding at his country's call,  
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,  
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,  
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.  
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,  
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought:  
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,  
His day of mercy is the day of fight.  
But when the field is fought, the battle won,  
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun  
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name;  
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,  
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,  
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.  
Say with what eye along the distant down  
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town?  
How view the column of ascending flames  
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?  
Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine  
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine:  
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,  
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.  
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,  
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife."

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE:

A ROMANT.

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les, fatigues.—LE COSMOPOLITE.

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two Cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the Border Minstrelsy, edited by Mr Scott (Sir Walter).

With the different poems which have been published on

Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition." [Beattie's Letters.] Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

LONDON, February 1812.

#### ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I HAVE now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind, they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique," flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii., p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar."\* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages, and true knights "sans peur," though not

\* The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement.—B.

"sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less: but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements), are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

## TO IANTHE.

NOT in those climes where I have late been straying,  
 Though beauty long hath there been matchless deemed;  
 Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
 Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,  
 Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:  
 Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
 To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—  
 To such as see thee not my words were weak;  
 To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,  
 Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,  
 As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,  
 Love's image upon earth without his wing,  
 And guileless beyond hope's imagining!  
 And surely she who now so fondly rears  
 Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,  
 Beholds the rainbow of her future years,  
 Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri\* of the West—'tis well for me  
 My years already doubly number thine;  
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,  
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;  
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;  
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,  
 Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign  
 To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
 But mix'd with pangs to love's even loveliest hours decreed

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,  
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,  
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,  
 Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny  
 That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,  
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend:  
 This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why  
 To one so young my strain I would commend,  
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;  
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast  
 On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined  
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last;  
 My days once number'd, should this homage past  
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre  
 Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,  
 Such is the most my memory may desire;  
 Though more than hope can claim, could friendshipless  
 require?

\* Peri, the Persian name for Fairy.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CANTO THE FIRST.

## I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,  
 Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will,  
 Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,  
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:  
 Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;  
 Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,  
 Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;  
 Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine  
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

## II.

Whilome in Albion's isle their dwelt a youth,  
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;  
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night:  
 Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight;  
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight,  
 Save concubines and carnal companie,  
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

## III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name  
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
 And had been glorious in another day;  
 But one sad losel sofs a name for aye,  
 However mighty in the olden time,  
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
 Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,  
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

## IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,  
 Disporting there like any other fly,  
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done  
 One blast might chill him into misery.  
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell;  
 He felt the fulness of satiety:  
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremit's sad cell.

## V.

For he through sin's long labyrinth had run,  
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
 Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,  
 And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.  
 Ah, happy she; to 'scape from him whose kiss  
 Had been pollution unto ought so chaste;  
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
 And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

## VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
 And from his fellow-bacchanals would flee;  
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
 But pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:  
 Apart he talk'd in joyless reverie,  
 And from his native land resolved to go,  
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;  
 With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,  
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below

## VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall;  
 It was a vast and venerable pile;  
 So old, it seem'd only not to fall,  
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.  
 Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!  
 Where Superstition once had made her den,  
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;  
 And monks might deem their time was come again,  
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

## VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood  
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,  
 As if the memory of some deadly feud  
 Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:  
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;  
 For his was not that open, artless soul  
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,  
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,  
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

## IX.

And none did love him—though to hall and bower  
 He gather'd revellers from far and near,  
 He knew them flatt'ers of the festal hour;  
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.  
 Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—  
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,  
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere;  
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

## X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
 Though parting from that mother he did shun;  
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun:  
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.  
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel:  
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon  
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal

## XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,  
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,  
 And long had fed his youthful appetite;  
 His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,  
 And all that mote to luxury invite,  
 Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,  
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central  
 line.

## XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,  
 As glad to waft him from his native home;  
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
 And soon were lost in circumbient foam:  
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did come  
 One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,  
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

## XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea  
 He seized his harp, which he at times could string,  
 And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
 When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:  
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
 And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.  
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight,  
 Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night,



" ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My Native Land—Good Night !

" A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall  
My dog howls at the gate.

" Come hither, hither, my little page !  
Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale ?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye,  
Our ship is swift and strong :  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.

' Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind :  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee—and One above.

' My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain ;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.'—

" Enough, enough, my little lad !  
Such tears become thine eye ;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

" Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale ?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?  
Or shiver at the gale ?"—  
' Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

' My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake,

And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make ?—  
" Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay ;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour ?  
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near ;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

' And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea :  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me ?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands ;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

" With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine ;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !  
My Native Land—Good Night !"

## XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
And winds are rude, in Biscay's sleepless bay.  
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,  
New shores discried make every bosom gay ;  
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,  
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay :  
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,  
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

## XV.

—It is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand !  
But man would mar them with an impious hand :  
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge  
'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,  
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge  
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foeman purge

## XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!  
Her image floating on that noble tide,  
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,  
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:  
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,  
Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves the sword  
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

## XVII.

But whose entereth within this town,  
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;  
For hut and palace show like filthily:  
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;  
No personage of high or mean degree  
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,  
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed; in  
hurt.

## XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—  
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?  
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
To follow half on which the eye dilates  
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken  
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,  
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

## XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,  
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,  
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,  
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

## XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,  
And frequent turn to linger as you go,  
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,  
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;"  
Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!  
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,  
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

## XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,  
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:  
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—  
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath  
For whereso'er the shrieking victim hath  
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,  
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;  
And grove and glen with thousand such as rife  
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

## XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,  
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;  
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe:  
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there,  
And yonder towers the prince's palace fair:  
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,  
Once form'd thy paradise, as not aware,  
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,  
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

## XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,  
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;  
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,  
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!  
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow  
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;  
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how  
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;  
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

## XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened! \*  
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!  
With diadem high foolscap, lo! a fiend,  
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,  
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by  
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,  
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,  
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,  
Whereat the urchin points, and laughs with all his soul.

## XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled  
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:  
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,  
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.

\* The convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Maria'va. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders. He has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors — E.

Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,  
And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:  
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!  
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,  
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast

## XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,  
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;  
And folks in office at the mention fret,  
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.  
How will posterity the deed proclaim!  
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,  
To view these champions cheated of their fame,  
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,  
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year

## XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he  
Did take his way in solitary guise:  
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,  
More restless than the swallow in the skies:  
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,  
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;  
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise  
His early youth mispent in maddest whim;  
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

## XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits  
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:  
Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.  
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal  
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;  
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll  
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,  
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

## XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,  
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;\*  
And church and court did mingle their array,  
And mass and revel were alternate seen;  
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!  
But here the Babylonian whore hath built†  
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,  
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,  
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

\* The Queen of Portugal, who removed with the royal family to the Brazils.  
† The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.—B.

## XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,  
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)  
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance fills,  
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.  
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,  
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

## XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,  
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;  
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!  
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend  
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—  
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:  
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,  
And all must shield their all, or share subjection's woes.

## XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,  
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?  
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,  
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?  
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?  
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—  
No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,  
No horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,  
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul.

## XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
And scarce a name distinguishes the brook,  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.  
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,  
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foeman flow;  
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:  
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know  
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.\*

## XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,  
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along  
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,  
So noted ancient roundelays among.  
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng  
Of Moor and knight in mailed splendour drest:  
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong  
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

\* As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident.—B.

## XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!  
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,  
 When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band\*  
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore  
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore  
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,  
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?  
 Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,  
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

## XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?  
 Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!  
 When granite moulders and when records fail,  
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date,  
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,  
 See how the mighty shrink into a song!  
 Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?  
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,  
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong!

## XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!  
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;  
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,  
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:  
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,  
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar!  
 In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"  
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

## XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?  
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?  
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;  
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath  
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,  
 The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock  
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;  
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,  
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

## XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,  
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,  
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
 And eye that scorseth all it glares upon;  
 Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;  
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

\* \* Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.—B.

## XL.

By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
 Their various arms that glitter in the air!  
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,  
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!  
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share;  
 The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

## XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;  
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;  
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;  
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!  
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

## XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!  
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay! \*  
 Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,  
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
 With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.  
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?  
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,  
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

## XLIII.

Oh, Albuera, glorious field of grief!  
 As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,  
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,  
 A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!  
 Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed  
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong!  
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead,  
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,  
 And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

## XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play  
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:  
 Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,  
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name.  
 In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim  
 Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,  
 And die, that living might have proved her shame;  
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,  
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

\* Collins.—B.

## XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way  
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:  
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd for prey!  
Soon, soon, shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,  
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude,  
Inevitable hour! Gainst fate to strive  
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood  
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,  
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

## XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;  
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,  
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds.  
Nor here War's clarion, but love's rebeck sounds!  
Here Folly still his votaries intrals;  
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight round:  
Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,  
Still to the last kind vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

## XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate  
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,  
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,  
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.  
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star  
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:  
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,  
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;  
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet

## XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?  
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,  
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?  
No! as he speeds, he chaunts "Vivâ el Rey!"\*  
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,  
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,  
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

## XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd  
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,  
Wide-scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground;  
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:

\* "Vivâ el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in disparage of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them; some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.—S.

Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,  
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;  
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,  
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

## L.

And whomso'er along the path you meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet;\*  
Woe to the man that walks in public view  
Without of loyalty this token true!  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;  
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
If subtle poinards, wrap'd beneath the cloak,  
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke

## LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed,  
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,  
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
The ball-piled pyramid,† the ever-blazing match,

## LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod  
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,  
A moment pauseth, ere he lifts the rod;  
A little moment deigneth to delay:  
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;  
The West must own the Scourger of the world.  
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,  
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,  
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd

## LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,  
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?  
No step between submission and a grave?  
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?  
And doth the Power that man adores ordain  
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?  
Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?  
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,  
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel

The red cockade, with "Ferdinando VII." in the centre.—S.  
† All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.—S.

## LIV.

Is it for this, the Spanish maid, aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?  
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,  
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,  
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead  
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread

## LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,  
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

## LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;  
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;  
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:  
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?  
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?\*

## LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,  
But form'd for all the witching arts of love:  
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,  
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:  
In softness as in firmness far above  
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;  
Her mind is nob'ler sure, her charms perchance as great.

## LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd  
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch †

\* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.—B.

† "Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo  
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."—AUL. GEL.—B.

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,  
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:  
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much  
Hath Phoebus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek.  
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!  
Who round the North for paler dames would seek?  
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak

## LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;  
Match me, ye harams of the land! where now\*  
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;  
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow  
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,  
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,  
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,  
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus!† whom I now survey,  
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,  
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!  
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?  
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by  
Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,  
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her  
wing.

## LXI.

Oh! have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious name  
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:  
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame  
That I in feeble accents must adore.  
When I recount thy worshippers of yore  
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

## LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know it not?  
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,  
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,  
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

\* This stanza was written in Turkey.—B.

† These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus now called Liakura, Dec. 1809.—B.

## LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain  
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here ;  
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain ;  
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear ;  
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.  
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt  
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear ;  
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,  
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

## LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was young,  
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,  
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung  
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,  
Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
The song of love than Andalusia's maids,  
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire :  
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades  
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ;  
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.  
Ah, vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!  
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape  
The fascination of thy magic gaze?  
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time!  
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—  
The pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime ;  
And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee ;  
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white ;  
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she  
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled morn  
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn ;  
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns :  
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

## LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest ;  
What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?  
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast :  
Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar ?  
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore  
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;  
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more ;  
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,  
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

## LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.  
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer :  
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air :  
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,  
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair ;  
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

## LXX.

Some o'er thy Themis row the ribbon'd fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike fly ;  
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,  
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why? \*  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,  
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,  
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,  
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

## LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,  
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!  
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,  
Thy saint-adorers count the rosary :  
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free  
(Well do I wean the only virgin there)  
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be ;  
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare :  
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

## LXXII.

The lists are op'd, the spacious area cleared,  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round,  
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
No vacant space, for lated wight is found :  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound.  
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;  
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

\* This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.—B.

## LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists advance;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

## LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds; but not before  
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed.  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—  
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

## LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,  
The den expands, and expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
Bound with one lashing spring the mighty brute,  
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:  
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

## LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed; away,  
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:  
Now is thy time, to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
With well-timed croupe\* the nimble coursers veer;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;  
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;  
Dart follows dart: lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his  
woes.

## LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,  
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;  
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.  
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;  
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,  
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;  
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharin'd he bears

\* The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manego.—E.

## LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,  
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,  
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:  
And now the Matadores around him play,  
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:  
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—  
Vain rage! the mantle quits 'he conynge hand,  
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand

## LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,  
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies,  
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:  
Slowly he falls, amid triumphant cries,  
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
The decorated car appears—on high  
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—  
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

## LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.  
Nurtur'd in blood betimes, his heart delights  
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.  
What private feuds the tumbled village stain!  
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,  
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,  
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,  
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream  
must flow.

## LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,  
His wither'd sentinel, Duenna sago!  
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,  
Which the stern dotard deem'd he could encage,  
Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.  
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,  
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),  
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,  
While on the gay dance shone night's lover-loving queen!

## LXXXII.

Oh! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved,  
Or dream'd he loved, since Rapture is a dream;  
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,  
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;  
And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem  
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:  
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,  
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs\*  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

\* Medio de fonte leporum.  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.—Luc.—B



## LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,  
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;  
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes:  
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;  
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,  
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:  
 Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-aborring gloom  
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

## LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;  
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:  
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song  
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?  
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:  
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,  
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,  
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,  
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day

## TO INEZ.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow;  
 Alas! I cannot smile again:  
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

And dost thou ask, what sacred woe  
 I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
 A pang, ev'n thou must fail to sooth?

It is not love, it is not hate,  
 Nor low Ambition's honours lost,  
 That bids me loathe my present state,  
 And fly from all I prized the most.

It is that weariness which springs  
 From all I meet, or hear, or see:  
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings;  
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;  
 That will not look beyond the tomb,  
 But cannot hope for rest before.

What Exile from himself can flee?  
 To zones, though more and more remote,  
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
 The blight of life—the demon thought.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
 And taste of all that I forsake  
 Oh! may they still of transport dream,  
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
 With many a retrospection curst;  
 And all my solace is to know,  
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask—  
 In pity from the search forbear:  
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

## LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!  
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?  
 When all were changing thou alone wert true,  
 First to be free and last to be subdued,  
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,  
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;  
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud:\*  
 Here all were noble, save Nobility;  
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

## LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!  
 They fight for freedom who were never free;  
 A kingless people for a nerveless state,  
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,  
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery;  
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,  
 Pride points the path that leads to liberty;  
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,  
 War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"†

## LXXXVII.

Ye who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,  
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:  
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe  
 Can act, is acting there against man's life:  
 From flashing scimitar to sacred knife,  
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—  
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,  
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,  
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed.

## LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?  
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;  
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red;  
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,  
 Then to the vulture let each corpse remain;  
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,  
 Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,  
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:  
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

\* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz in May 1808.—B.  
 † "War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragosa.—B.

## LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;  
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:  
 It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,  
 Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.  
 Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees  
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:  
 Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease  
 Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,  
 While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

## XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,  
 Not Albuera, lavish of the dead,  
 Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.  
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?  
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?  
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,  
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

## XCI.

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe  
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—  
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,  
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:  
 But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,  
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!  
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

## XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!  
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!  
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,  
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!  
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,  
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:  
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
 If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.  
 Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:  
 Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
 In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:  
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!  
 Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—  
 Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,  
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire,\*  
 And years, that bade thy worship to expire:  
 But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow  
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire  
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow  
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.

## II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,  
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?  
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:  
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,  
 They won and pass'd away—is this the whole?  
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!  
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole  
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,  
 Dim with the mist of years, gray fits the shade of power.

## III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!  
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:  
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!  
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn,  
 Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:  
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds  
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn  
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;  
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds

## IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—  
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know  
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,  
 That being, thou would'st be again, and go,  
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so  
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?  
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe  
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:  
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

\* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Fenician siege.—B.

## V.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound ;  
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :  
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;  
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,  
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.  
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps :  
Is that a temple where a God may dwell ?  
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell !

## VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit  
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?

## VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son ! \*  
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."  
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?  
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan  
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.  
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;  
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :  
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,  
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

## VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be  
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee  
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labours light !  
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !  
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,  
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right !

## IX.

There, thou !—whose love and life together fled,  
Have left me here to love and live in vain—  
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,  
When busy memory flashes on my brain ?  
Well—I will dream that we may meet again  
And woo the vision to my vacant breast.  
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,  
Be as it may Futurity's behest,  
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest !

\* Socrates.

## X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,  
The marble column's yet unshaken base ;  
Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav'rite throne : \*  
Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace  
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.  
It may not be : nor ev'n can Fancy's eye  
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.  
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh,  
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

## XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane  
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee  
The latest relic of her ancient reign ;  
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?  
Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !  
England ! I joy no child he was of thine :  
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free ;  
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,  
And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant brine. †

## XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,  
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared :  
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,  
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,  
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,  
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains :  
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,  
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains, ‡  
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

## XIII.

What ! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,  
Albion was happy in Athena's tears ?  
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,  
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;  
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears  
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land :  
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,  
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,  
Which envious Eld forebore, and tyrants left to stand.

\* The temple of Jupiter Olympus, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble yet survive : originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.—B.

† The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.—B.

‡ I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines.—"When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure, with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusteri, 'I was present.' The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.—B

## XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appall'd  
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way? \*  
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain enthrall'd,  
His shade from Hades upon that dread day  
Bursting to light in terrible array!  
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,  
To scare a second robber from his prey?  
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,  
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

## XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,  
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;  
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed  
By British hands, which it had best behaved  
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.  
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,  
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,  
And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorr'd

## XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget  
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?  
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;  
No loved one now in feign'd lament could rave;  
No friend the parting hand extended gave,  
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes:  
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;  
But Harold felt not as in other times,  
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

## XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea  
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;  
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,  
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

## XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within.  
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy, †  
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:

\* According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.—B.

† The netting to prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!  
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;  
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

## XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:  
Look on that part which sacred doth remain  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks  
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve  
From law, however stern, which tend their strength to nerve.

## XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!  
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;  
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.  
Ah! grievance sore, and listless, dull delay,  
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!  
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,  
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

## XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!  
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;  
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:  
Such be our fate when we return to land!  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;  
A circle there of merry listeners stand,  
Or to some well-known measure fealty move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

## XXII.

Through Calpe's straits\* survey the steepy shore,  
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!  
Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor  
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:  
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,  
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,  
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;  
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,  
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

## XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel  
We once have loved, though love is at an end.  
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.

\* Gibraltar.

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?  
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!  
 Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

## XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,  
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year  
 None are so desolate but something dear,  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;  
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast  
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

## XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;  
 Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean:  
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd

## XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;  
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!  
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:  
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

## XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,  
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,  
 Watching at eve upon the giant height,  
 Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,  
 That he who there at such an hour hath been  
 Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;  
 Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,  
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,  
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

## XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track  
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;  
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,  
 And each well-known caprice of wave and wind:

Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
 Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;  
 The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
 As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,  
 Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

## XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,\*  
 The sister tenants of the middle deep;  
 There for the weary still a haven smiles,  
 Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,  
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep  
 For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:  
 Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap  
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide;  
 While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sighed.

## XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:  
 But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!  
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,  
 And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.  
 Sweet Florence! could another ever share  
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:  
 But check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,  
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

## XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye  
 He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,  
 Save Admiration glancing harmless by:  
 Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,  
 Who knew his votary often lost and caught,  
 But knew him as his worshipper no more,  
 And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:  
 Since now he vainly urged him to adore,  
 Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway was o'er.

## XXXII.

Fair Florence† found, in sooth with some amaze,  
 One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,  
 Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,  
 Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,  
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;  
 All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:  
 And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw  
 Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,  
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger  
 Dames.

\* Gozo is said to have been the island of Calypso.—B  
 † M. Spencer Smith.