

## XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,  
 Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,  
 Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,  
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide;  
 Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,  
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue:  
 But Harold on such arts no more relied;  
 And had he doted on those eyes so blue,  
 Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

## XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,  
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;  
 What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?  
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;  
 But not too humbly, or she will despise  
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;  
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;  
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;  
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

## XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,  
 And those who know it best, deplore it most;  
 When all is won that all desire to woo,  
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:  
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,  
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!  
 If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,  
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,  
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.

## XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,  
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,  
 And many a varied shore to sail along,  
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—  
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head  
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought;  
 Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,  
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought,  
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

## XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
 Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;  
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,  
 Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.  
 Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path.  
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
 Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,  
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath

## XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,  
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,  
 And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes  
 Shrank from his deeds of chivalrous emprise  
 Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes  
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!  
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise,  
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,  
 Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

## XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot\*  
 Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;  
 And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,  
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.  
 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save  
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?  
 Could she not live who life eternal gave?  
 If life eternal may await the lyre,  
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

## XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
 Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar; †  
 A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave:  
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,  
 Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar; ‡  
 Mark then unmoved, for he would not delight  
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)  
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,  
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial wight

## XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above  
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe:  
 And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,  
 He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow:  
 And as the stately vessel glided slow  
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,  
 He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,  
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,  
 More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

## XLII.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,  
 Dark Sul's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,  
 Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,  
 Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,  
 Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,

\* Ithaca.—B.

† Santa Maura.

‡ Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patise. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.—B.

Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :  
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak.  
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,  
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

## XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,  
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;  
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,  
Which all admire, but many dread to view ;  
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few ;  
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :  
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;  
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,  
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

## XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,  
Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear ;  
Churchman and votary alike despised,  
Foul Superstition ! howsoever disguised,  
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,  
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !  
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross ?

## XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost  
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !  
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host  
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king \*  
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :  
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose ! †  
Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering ;  
Imperial anarchy, doubling human woe !  
God ! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose ?

## XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,  
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,  
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,  
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales ;  
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales  
Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast  
A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus fails,  
Though classic ground and consecrated moor,  
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

\* It is said, that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.—B.  
† Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.—B.

## XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake, \*  
And left the primal city of the land,  
And onwards did his further journey take  
To greet Albania's chief, † whose dread command  
Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand  
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold :  
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band  
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold. ‡

## XLVIII.

Monastic Zitzia ! § from thy shady brow,  
Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground !  
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found  
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole :  
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll  
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul

## XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,  
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh  
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,  
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high :  
Here dwells the caloyer, || nor rude is he,  
Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by  
Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee  
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

## L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,  
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;  
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,  
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :  
The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize  
Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray  
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :  
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,  
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve, away.

\* According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.—B.

† The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.—B.

‡ Five thousand Sulloes, among the rocks and in the castle of Sull, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.—B.

§ The convent and village of Zitzia are four hours' journey from Joannina or Yanina, the capital of the Pashalik. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitzia, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Rapti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople—but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.—B.

|| The Greek monks are so called.—B.

## LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,\*  
Chimæra's alps extend from left to right:  
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;  
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir  
Nodding above; behold black Acheron!†  
Once consecrated to the sepulchre,  
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,  
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none

## LII.

No city's towers pollute the lovely view;  
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
Veil'd by the screen of hills: here men are few,  
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot;  
But, peering down each precipice, the goat  
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,  
The little shepherd in his white capote‡  
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

## LIII.

Oh! where, Dodona! is thine aged grove,  
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?  
What valley echoed the response of Jove?  
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?  
All, all forgotten—and shall man repine  
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?  
Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine:  
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?  
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the  
stroke!

## LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;  
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye  
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale  
As ever Spring yelad in grassy die:  
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,  
And woods along the banks are waving high,  
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,  
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

## LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,§  
And Laos wide and fierce came rolling by||

\* The Chimærot mountains appear to have been volcanic.—B.

† Now called Kalamas.—B.

‡ Albanese cloak.—B.

§ Anciently Mount Tomarus.—B.

|| The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Semander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.—B.

The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,  
When down the steep banks winding warily,  
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,  
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,\*  
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing nigh,  
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men  
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening glen

## LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,  
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate  
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,  
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.  
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,  
While busy preparation shook the court,  
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;  
Within, a palace, and without, a fort;  
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

## LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row  
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,  
Circled the wide-extending court below;  
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore;  
And oft-times through the area's echoing door,  
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away:  
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,  
Here mingled in their many-hued array,  
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day

## LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,  
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see:  
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;  
The Delphi with his cap of terror on,  
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;  
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;  
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,  
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

## LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,  
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;  
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,  
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;  
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;  
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;  
Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,  
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,  
"There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great.

\* Tepalen, or Tepaleen, the residence of Ali Pacha, Vizier of Joannina.

## LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast  
Through the long day its penance did maintain:  
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,  
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:  
Now all was bustle, and the menial train  
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within;  
The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,  
But from the chambers came the mingling din,  
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

## LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,  
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,  
She yields to one her person and her heart,  
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:  
For, not unhappy in her master's love,  
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,  
Blest cares! all other feelings far above!  
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,  
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares

## LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
Of living water from the centre rose,  
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,  
ALI reclin'd, a man of war and woes:  
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws  
Along that aged venerable face,  
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace

## LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard  
I'll suits the passions which belong to youth:  
Love conquers age—so Hafiz\* hath averr'd,  
So sings the Teian,† and he sings in sooth—  
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,  
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man  
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth:  
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,  
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

## LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye  
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,  
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat  
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat  
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:  
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet;  
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,  
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys

Hafiz the Persian poet.

† Anacreon, a native of Teos, in Ionia.

## LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack  
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.  
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?  
Who can so well the toil of war endure?  
Their native fastnesses not more secure  
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:  
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,  
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,  
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

## LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower,  
Thronging to war in splendour and success;  
And after view'd them, when, within their power,  
Himself awhile the victim of distress:  
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:  
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,  
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,  
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof\*—  
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!

## LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark  
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,  
When all around was desolate and dark;  
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;  
Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,  
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:  
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore  
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk  
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

## LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,  
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,  
Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so bland,  
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,  
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,  
And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:  
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp—  
To rest the weary and to sooth the sad,  
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

## LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address  
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,  
Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,  
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;  
And therefore did he take a trusty band  
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,  
In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,  
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,  
And from his further bank Etolia's wolds espied.

Alluding to the wrecks Cornwall.—B.

## LXX.

Where lone Utraiky forms its circling cove,  
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,  
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,  
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,  
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,  
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene:—  
Here Harold was received a welcome guest;  
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,  
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

## LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,  
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,\*  
And he that unawares had there ygzaded  
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast:  
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,  
The native revels of the troop began;  
Each Palikar † his sabre from him cast,  
And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,  
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

## LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood,  
And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,  
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:  
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see  
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent glee;  
And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,  
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,  
The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,  
While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd:—

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi! ‡ thy 'larum afar  
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;  
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,  
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote! §

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?  
To the wolfe and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,  
And decends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive  
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?  
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?  
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

\* The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed very few do the others.—B.

† Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικαρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romainic; it means, properly, "a lad."—B.

‡ Drummer.—B.

§ These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romainic and Italian.—B.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;  
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase:  
But those scarfs blood-red shall be redder, before  
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,  
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,  
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,  
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,  
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;  
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,  
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,  
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;  
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,  
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previso fell,\*  
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors' yell;  
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,  
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;  
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier:  
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw  
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,  
Let the yellow-hair'd † Giaour ‡ view his horse-tail § with  
dread;

When his Delhis ‖ come dashing in blood o'er the banks,  
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

Selictar! \*\* unsheathe then our chief's scimitar:  
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war.  
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,  
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

## LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!  
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!  
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,  
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylae's sepulchral strait—  
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

\* It was taken by storm from the French.—B.

† Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.—B.

‡ Infidel.—B.

§ The insignia of a Pasha.—B.

‖ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.—B.

\*\* Sword-bearer.—B.

## LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow\*  
 Thou sat'st with Thrasylbulus and his train,  
 Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which now  
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain †  
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,  
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;  
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Tarkish hand,  
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmann'd

## LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who  
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,  
 Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew  
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!  
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh  
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage:  
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,  
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

## LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsman! know ye not  
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow †  
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?  
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!  
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,  
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
 Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!  
 Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;  
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

## LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,  
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;  
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower  
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest; †  
 Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest  
 The prophet's ‡ tomb of all its pious spoil,  
 May wind their path of blood along the West;  
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,  
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil

## LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,  
 That penance which their holy rites prepare  
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,  
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;

\* Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasylbulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.—B.  
 † When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.—B.  
 ‡ Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.—B.

But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,  
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,  
 To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,  
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,  
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

## LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,  
 Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?  
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,  
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:  
 (Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)  
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,  
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,  
 Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,  
 As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

## LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,  
 Oft music changed, but never ceased her tone,  
 And timely echoed back the measured oar,  
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:  
 The Queen of tides on high, consenting shone,  
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,  
 'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,  
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,  
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave

## LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,  
 Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,  
 No thought had man or maid of rest or home,  
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand  
 Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,  
 Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still:  
 Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,  
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
 These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

## LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,  
 Lurk their no hearts that throb with secret pain,  
 Even through the closest searment half betray'd?  
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main  
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;  
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd  
 Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:  
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,  
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

## LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,  
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:  
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,  
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,  
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:  
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most;  
Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record  
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

## LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,  
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,  
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,  
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,  
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.  
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;  
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when  
Can man its shattered splendour renovate,  
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

## LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,\*  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;  
Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,  
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,  
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:  
So perish monuments of mortal birth,  
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

## LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns  
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave; †  
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along thy wave;  
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,  
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass  
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,  
While strangers only not regardless pass,  
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

## LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,  
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;  
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,  
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;  
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

\* On many of the mountains, particularly Llakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.—B.

† Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendell. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.—B.

## LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:  
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,  
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:  
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

## LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;  
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—  
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame  
The Battlefield, where Persia's victim horde  
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,  
When Marathon became a magic word,\*  
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conquerer's career.

## XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;  
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;  
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!  
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?  
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,  
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?  
The rifed urn, the violated mound,  
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around

## XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past  
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;  
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,  
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;  
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue  
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;  
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!  
Which sages venerate and bards adore,  
As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

## XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,  
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;  
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,  
And gaze complacent on congenial earth,  
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth:

\* Siste, Viator—heros calcas! was the epitaph on the famous Count Mercie—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon! The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, &c., were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—Expende—quot libras in duco summo—invenies?—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.—B.

But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,  
And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,  
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

## XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,  
And pass in peace along the magic waste:  
But spare its relics—let no busy hand  
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!  
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:  
Revere the remnants nations once revered:  
So may our country's name be undisgraced,  
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,  
By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

## XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song  
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,  
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng  
Of louder minstrels in these later days:  
To such resign the strife for fading bays—  
Ill may such contest now the spirit move  
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise;  
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,  
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

## XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!  
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;  
Who did for me what none beside have done,  
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee,  
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!  
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,  
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—  
Would they had never been, or were to come!  
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

## XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!  
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,  
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!  
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.  
All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;  
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:  
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,  
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,  
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

## XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,  
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?  
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,  
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,  
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;

Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,  
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;  
Smiles from the channel of a future tear,  
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer,

## XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now,  
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,  
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:  
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,  
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,  
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

"Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps."—*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

## I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!  
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
But with a hope,—

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,  
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye

## II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!  
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead!  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail

## III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind:  
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,



And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find  
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,  
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

## IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,  
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,  
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain  
I would essay as I have sung to sing.  
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,  
So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling  
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

## V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,  
So that no wonder waits him; nor below  
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,  
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell  
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife  
With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

## VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense, that we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
The life we image, even as I do now.  
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,  
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,  
Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth

## VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought  
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,  
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:  
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!  
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same  
In strength to bear what time can not abate,  
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

## VIII.

Something too much of this;—but now 'tis past,  
And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
Long absent HAROLD reappears at last;  
He of the breast would fain no more would feel,  
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but n'er heal:

Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

## IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found  
The dregs were wormwood; but he filled again,  
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain  
Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,  
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,  
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,  
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

## X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd  
Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd  
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;  
And he, as one, might midst the many stand  
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find  
Fit speculation; such as in strange land  
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

## XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek  
To wear it? who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?  
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold  
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?  
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd  
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,  
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

## XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held  
Little in common; untaught to submit  
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd  
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,  
He would not yield dominion of his mind  
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;  
Proud though in desolation; which could find  
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

## XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;  
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;  
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,  
He had the passion and the power to roam;  
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam.

Were unto him companionship; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tomb  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake  
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

## XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,  
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:  
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight  
He had been happy; but this clay will sink  
Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

## XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing  
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,  
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipped wing,  
To whom the boundless air alone were home:  
Then came his fit again, which to overcome,  
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat  
His breast and beak against his wiry dome  
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat  
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

## XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;  
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
That all was over on this side the tomb,  
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,  
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck  
When mariners would madly meet their doom  
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—  
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

## XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!  
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!  
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?  
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?  
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
As the ground was before, thus let it be:—  
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!  
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

## XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!  
How in an hour the power which gave annals  
Its gifts transferring fame as fleeting too!

In "pride of place"\* here last the eagle flew,  
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;  
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;  
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

## XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit  
And foam in fetters;—but is earth more free?  
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;  
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?  
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be  
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?  
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze  
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

## XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!  
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears  
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years  
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears  
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword  
Such as Harmodias† drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

## XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;‡  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell

## XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—  
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

\* "Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight  
See *Macbeth*, &c.

† An eagle towering in his pride of place," &c.—B.

‡ See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr (Lord Chief Justice) Denman.—

\* With myrtle my sword will I wreath," &c.—B.

‡ On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels

## XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

## XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

## XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come; they  
come!"

## XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instills  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's\* fame rings in each clansman's ears:

## XXVII.

And Ardennes† waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,

\* Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."—B.

† The wood of Solgnise is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Bolardo's "Orlando," and immortal in Shakespeare's "As you like it." It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.—R.

Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

## XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

## XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;  
Yet one I would select from that proud throng  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow song;  
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,  
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,  
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant  
Howard!

## XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,  
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;  
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,  
And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring

## XXXI.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
And one as all a gastly gap did make  
In his on kind and kindred, whom to teach  
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;  
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake  
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame  
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
The fever of vain longing, and the name  
So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

## XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mouru:  
The tree will wither long before it fall;  
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;

The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall  
 In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall  
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;  
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall;  
 The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;  
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:

## XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
 In every fragment multiplies; and makes  
 A thousand images of one that was,  
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;  
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,  
 Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,  
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,  
 Yet withers on till all without is old,  
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

## XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,  
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root  
 Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were  
 As nothing did we die; but Life will suit  
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
 Like to the apples\* on the Dead Sea's shore,  
 All ashes to the taste: Did man compute  
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name three  
 score?

## XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:  
 They are enough; and if thy tale be true,  
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,  
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!  
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew  
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—  
 "Here, where the sword united nations drew,  
 Our countrymen were warring on that day!"  
 And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

## XXXVI.

There sank the greatest, nor the worst of men,  
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt  
 One moment of the mightiest, and again  
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,  
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,  
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;  
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st  
 Even now to reassume the imperial mien,  
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

\* The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltas were said to be fair without, and within ashes. \* Vide Tacitus, *Histor. lib. v. 7.*—B.

## XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!  
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name  
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now  
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,  
 Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became  
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert  
 A god unto thyself; nor less the same  
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
 Who deem'd thee for a time what'er thou didst assert.

## XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,  
 Battling with nations, flying from the field;  
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now  
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:  
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,  
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,  
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,  
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,  
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

## XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide  
 With that untaught innate philosophy,  
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,  
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.  
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled  
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—  
 When fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,  
 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

## XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them  
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show  
 That just habitual scorn, which could contemn  
 Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so  
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
 Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow;  
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;  
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

## XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,  
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,  
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;  
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,  
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone;  
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then  
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)

Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;  
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.\*

## XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire  
And motion of the soul which will not dwell  
In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;  
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

## XXIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad  
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,  
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add  
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things  
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,  
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;  
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings  
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school  
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule!

## XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,  
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
That should their days, surviving perils past,  
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;  
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste  
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,  
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

## XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow,  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below,  
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,  
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,  
*Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

## XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be  
Within its own creation, or in thine,

\* The great error of Napoleon, "If we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.—R.

Maternal Nature! for who seems like thee,  
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?  
There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells  
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

## XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were young and proud,  
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

## XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passion; in proud state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.  
What want these outlaws\* conquerors should have?  
But History's purchased page to call them great?  
A wider space, an ornamented grave?  
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

## XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!  
And love, which lent a blazon to their shields,  
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,  
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;  
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on  
Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,  
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

## L.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!  
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever  
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see  
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,  
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be

\* "What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the allud.—R.

## LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,  
But these and half their fame have passed away,  
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;  
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?  
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,  
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream  
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;  
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

## LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,  
Yet not insensibly to all which here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
In glens which might have made even exile dear:  
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,  
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place  
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,  
Joy was not always absent from his face,  
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

## LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days  
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.  
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
On such a smile upon us; the heart must  
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust  
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,  
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust  
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,  
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

## LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,  
For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—  
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,  
Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,  
To change like this, a mind so far imbued  
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;  
But thus it was; and though in solitude  
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,  
In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased to glow.

## LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,  
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties

*That* love was pure, and, far above disguise,  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
Still undivided, and cemented more  
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;  
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore  
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

The castled crag of Drachenfels\*  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,  
And many a rock which steeply lowers  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;  
Though long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must wither'd be,  
But yet reject them not as such;  
For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,  
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round:  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To Nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

## LVI.

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple pyramid,  
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;  
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,

\* The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions: it is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river. On this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.—E.

Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid  
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb  
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,  
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,  
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

## LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—  
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;  
And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;  
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o'erstept  
The charter to chastise which she bestows  
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

## LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall  
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height  
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball  
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:  
A tower of victory! from whence the flight  
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain.  
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,  
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—  
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

## LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted  
The stranger fain would linger on his way!  
Thine is a scene alike where souls united  
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;  
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey  
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor to gay,  
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

## LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!  
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;  
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;  
And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!  
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;  
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,  
But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,

## LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,  
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been

In mockery of man's art; and these withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall

## LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

## LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,  
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—  
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;  
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast  
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

## LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,  
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;  
They were true Glory's stainless victories,  
Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
All unbought champions in no princely cause  
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land  
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

## LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;  
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,  
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd gaze  
Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands  
Making a marvel that it not decays,  
When the coeval pride of human hands,  
Levell'd Aventicum,\* hath strew'd her subject lands.

## LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—  
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave  
Her youth to heaven; her heart, beneath a claim  
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.

\* Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.—B.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave  
The life she lived in ; but the judge was just,  
And then she died on him she could not save.  
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,  
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

## LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,  
And names that must not wither, though the earth  
Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth ;  
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
And from its immortality look forth  
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,\*  
Imperishably pure, beyond all things below.

## LXVIII.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,  
The mirror where the stars and mountains view  
The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue :  
There is too much of man here, to look through  
With a fit mind the might which I behold ;  
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

## LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind :  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long  
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

## LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years  
In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,  
And colour things to come with hues of Night ;  
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
To those that walk in darkness : on the sea,  
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,  
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

\* This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3d, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 29th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentièrre in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.—B.

## LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?  
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,  
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
A fair but froward infant her own care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—  
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear ?

## LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me ; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture : I can see  
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be  
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,  
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

## LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life :  
I look upon the peopled desert past,  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,  
To act and suffer, but remount at last  
With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,  
Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast  
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,  
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

## LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free  
From what it hates in this degraded form,  
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be  
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—  
When elements to elements conform,  
And dust is as it should be, shall I not  
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?  
The bodiless thought ? the Spirit of each spot ?  
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?

## LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?  
Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
With a pure passion ? should I not contemn  
All objects, if compared with these ? and stem  
A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,  
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow ?

\* The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.



## LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return  
To that which is immediate, and require  
Those who find contemplation in the urn,  
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,  
A native of the land where I respire  
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,  
Where he became a being,—whose desire  
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,  
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

## LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau  
The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew  
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew  
How to make madness beautiful, and cast  
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue  
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past  
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

## LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree  
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame  
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be  
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.  
But his was not the love of living dame,  
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,  
But of ideal beauty, which became  
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems  
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

## LXXIX.

*This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*  
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;  
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss\*  
Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,  
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;  
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast  
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;  
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest  
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

## LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes  
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind  
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose  
For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,  
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.

\* This refers to the account in his "Confessions" of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot, and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.—R.

But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know?  
Since cause might be which skill could never find;  
But he was phrensied by disease or woe  
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

## LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,  
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,  
Those oracles which set the world in flame,  
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:  
Did he not this for France? which lay before  
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?  
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,  
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,  
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears!

## LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!  
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,  
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,  
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.  
But good with ill they also overthrew,  
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
Upon the same foundation, and renew  
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd,  
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

## LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!  
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.  
They might have used it better, but, allured  
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt  
On one another; pity ceased to melt  
With her once natural charities. But they  
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,  
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;  
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

## LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
The heart's bleed, longest, and but heals to wear  
That which disfigures it; and they who war  
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear  
Silence, but not submission: in his lair  
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour  
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:  
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power  
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

## LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once I loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reprov'd,  
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so mov'd

## LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more;

## LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues

## LXXXVIII.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star

## LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—  
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host  
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,  
All is concentr'd in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

## XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are least alone;  
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,  
And purifies from self: it is a tone,

The soul and source of music, which makes known  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm  
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm:

## XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
His altar the high places and the peak  
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,  
Upward of human hands. Come, and compare  
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

## XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

## XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee! \*  
How the lit lakes shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

## XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;  
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

\* The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June 1811, at midnight. I have seen among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimeri several more terrible, but none more beautiful.—B.

## XCIV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :  
For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,  
Flashing and cast around : of all the band,  
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd  
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd

## XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !  
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll  
Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless,—If I rest.  
But where of ye, oh tempests ! is the goal ?  
Are ye like those within the human breast ?  
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

## XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now  
That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,  
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak ;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

## XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—  
And glowing into day : we may resume  
The march of our existence : and thus I,  
Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find rove  
And food for meditation, nor pass by  
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

## XCIX.

Clarens ! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love !  
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought ;  
Thy trees take root in Love ; the snows above  
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,  
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought  
By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,  
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought  
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,  
Which stir and sting the soul with hopes that woos, then mocks

## C.

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—  
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne  
To which the steps are mountains ; where the god  
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower  
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown  
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power  
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

## CI.

All things are here of *him* ; from the black pines  
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar  
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines  
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,  
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,  
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,  
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,  
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,  
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude,

## CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-formed and many-colour'd things,  
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,  
And innocently open their glad wings,  
Fearless and full of life : the gush of springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

## CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,  
And make his heart a spirit ; he who knows  
That tender mystery, will love the more,  
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,  
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,  
For 'tis his nature to advance or die ;  
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
With the immortal lights, in its eternity !

## CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
Peopling it with affections ; but he found  
It was the scene which passion must allot  
To the mind's purified beings ; 'twas the ground  
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,  
And hallow'd it with loveliness : 'tis lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne

## CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes  
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;\*  
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,  
A path to perpetuity of fame:  
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame  
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while  
On man and man's research could deign no more than smile.

## CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—  
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents: But his own  
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,  
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—  
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

## CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,  
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;  
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,  
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,  
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

## CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,  
If merited, the penalty is paid;  
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn,  
The hour must come when such things shall be made  
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd  
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,  
Which, thus much we are sure, much lie decay'd,  
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

## CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read  
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend  
This page, which from my reveries I feed,  
Until it seems prolonging without end.  
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,  
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er  
May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
To their most great and growing region, where  
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air

\* Voltaire and Gibbon.—B.

## CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,  
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,  
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,  
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;  
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still  
The fount at which the panting mind assuages  
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

## CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel  
We are not what we have been, and to deem  
We are not what we should be,—and to steel  
The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—  
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—  
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,  
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

## CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,  
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,  
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

## CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee—  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud  
In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such; I stood  
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,  
Had I not fled\* my mind, which thus itself subdued.

## CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—  
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there may be  
Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
Snares for the falling; I would also deem  
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve; †

—\* If it be thus,  
For Banquo's issue have I fled my mind."—MACBETH.—B.  
† It is said by Rochefoucault, that "there is always something in the misfortune  
of men's best friends not displeasing to them."—B.