

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife*—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,†
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell—the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman‡ when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home,—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well;§
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—

* "Certaminis gaudia,"—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army
previous to the battle of Chalons given in Cassiodorus.—B.
† Mlle. ‡ Sylla.—B. § Charles V., Emperor of Germany.

Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean!

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,*
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,†
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!

* Maria Louisa.

† The Island of Elba, in the Mediterranean.

That Corinth's pedagogue* hath now
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.
 Thou Timour! in his captive's cage†
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
 But one—"The world was mine!"
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
 So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,‡
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock!
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very fiends arch mock;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame,
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,—
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star—the string—the crest?
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but One!

* Dionysius the Younger, of Syracuse.

† The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.—S.

‡ Prometheus.—B.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON REVISITING HARROW.*

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
 Young Friendship's record simply traced;
 Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
 Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,
 The characters were still so plain,
 That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—
 Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before;
 Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
 So fair the inscription seem'd once more
 That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the record now have been;
 But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
 Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
 And blotted out the line for ever!

September, 1807

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A Carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
 He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
 He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
 For, the liquer he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not carry off,—so he's now carri-on.

September, 1807.

* Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterward, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place, in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.—F

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel:
 I only know we loved in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine,

On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine,
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
 May its verdure like emeralds be:
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young Flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest:
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
 For why should we mourn for the blest?

1808

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I here thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well:—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

1808

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Few years have past since thou and I
 Were firmest friends, at least in name,
 And childhood's gay sincerity
 Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
 What trifles of the heart recall;
 And those who once have loved thee most
 Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
 So frail is early friendship's reign,
 A month's brief laps, perhaps a day's,
 Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
 To mourn the loss of such a heart;
 The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
 Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
 So human feelings ebb and flow;
 And who would in a breast confide,
 Where stormy passions ever glow?

2G

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend;
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No: for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet.)

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd!
And still thy trifling heart is glad
To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but—mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM
A SKULL.

START not—nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I lov'd, I quaffed like thee:
I died: let earth my bones resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why no—since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce?
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.*

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Written after he had been invited to dine at the residence of Mary Chaworth
the object of his early affection then married to Mr Musters.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot.
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away;
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A
NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below:
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been;
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:

While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1808

TO A LADY,

(MRS MUSTERS.)

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without a wish to enter there.

December 2, 1808.

REMINDE ME NOT, REMINDE ME NOT.

REMINDE me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerves our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?

Oh, by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow,

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy,
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine.

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes; my adored, yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,

To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine,
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—
It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since, through life's varied
round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have lov'd!—who has not?—but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst change
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what appears
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be forgiven
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY (MRS MUSTERS) ON
LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest—
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;

I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place:
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth,
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
But never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run
I love but thee, I love but one.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by ;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye !

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14, 1809.

TO FLORENCE.*

OH Lady ! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth :

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark blue main ;
A few brief, rolling, seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again :

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee :

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh ! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend ;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less ?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress ?

Ah ! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath ?

* Mrs Spencer Smith, daughter of Baron Herbert, whom Lord Byron met at Malta.

Lady ! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose,
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose ;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be,
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity :

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1808

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF, NOVEMBER 14, 1809

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast ;
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman ;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence ! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young ;

Sweet Florence ! those were pleasant times
When worlds were staked for Ladies' eyes :
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thy eyes and ringlets curl'd !
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

STANZAS

COMPOSED OCTOBER 11, 1809, DURING THE NIGHT IN A THUNDERSTORM WHEN HIS GUIDES HAD LOST THE ROAD TO ZITZA, NEAR THE RANGE OF MOUNTAINS FORMERLY CALLED PINDUS, IN ALBANIA.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
Another—'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shores of Spain;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times, from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS
TO ABYDOS *

May 9, 1810.

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loath,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For me, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,

* On the 3d of May 1810, while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate, and the writer of these rhymes, swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic fort. Chevallier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the *Salsette's* crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.—E

My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and———knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Zōn mou, sas agapō.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,

*Zōn mou, sas agapō.**

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge
By those wild eyes like the roe,

Zōn mou, sas agapō.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers † that tell
What words can never speak so well;

* *Zōn mou sas agapō*; Romatic expression of tenderness: if I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.—B.

† In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me, and fly;" but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.—B.

By love's alternate joy and woe,
Zōn mou, sas agapō.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,*
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Zōn mou, sas agapō.

Athens, 1810.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR-SONG

"*Αἰδοτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.*" †

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see your rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellenes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hill'd ‡ city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie!
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!

* Constantinople.—B.

† Written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse, which is of the same measure as that of the original.—B.

‡ Constantinople. "*Ἑπτάλοφος.*"—B.

Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylae,
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free ;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

"Μαυο μες 'τα' αειβηλι
 'Αουστραη Χανδη," &c.*

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung ;
 As the branch at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon'd the bowers ;
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl ;
 But when drank to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save :
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel ?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
 For torture repay me too well ?

* The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls at Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our "Χόροι," in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.—E

Now sad is the garden of Roses,
 Beloved but false Haidée !
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care !
 Though now of love and thee bereft,
 To reconcile me with despair,
 Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with sorrow time can cope ;
 But this I feel can ne'er be true :
 For by the death-blow of my hope
 My Memory immortal grew.

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see :
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone ;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
 My pen were doubly weak :
 Oh ! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent, ache for thee.

March, 1811

TO THYRZA.*

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said,
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,
 Ah ! wherefore art thou lowly laid ?

Lord Byron never would tell even to his intimate friends, who Thyrza was
 2 H

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee,
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here.
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past! But when no more
'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me deserted towers,
E're called but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That Love each warmer wish forebore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine?—Ah? where art thou.
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me,
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 1811

TO THYRZA.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before.
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring:
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon,"—
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
" 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrsa cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!

By Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!

How different now thou meet'st my gaze
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd!
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead!

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE.

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
 Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
 Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
 I dare not trust those sounds again.
 To me they speak of brighter days—
 But lull the chords, for now, alas!
 I must not think, I may not gaze,
 On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
 Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled:
 And now their softest notes repeat
 A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
 Yes, Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,
 Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
 And all that once was harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear
 The well remember'd echoes thrill:
 I hear a voice I would not hear,
 A voice that now might well be still:
 Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;
 Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrsa! waking as in sleep,
 Thou art but now a lovely dream;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
 But he who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanish'd ray
 That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
 Oblivion! may thy languid wing
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
 To weep or wish the coming blow:
 No maiden with dishevell'd hair,
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
 With no officious mourners near:
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,
 Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,
 Might then exert its latest power
 In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
 Thy features still serene to see;
 Forgetful of its struggles past,
 E'en pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
 Will shrink, as shrink's the ebbing breath;
 And woman's tears, produced at will,
 Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
 Without regret, without a groan;
 For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
 And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
 Where all have gone, and all must go!
 To be the nothing that I was
 Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
 And know, whatever thou hast been,
 'Tis something better not to be.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare
 Too soon return'd to Earth!

Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness and mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away ;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatched
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last ;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,

To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed ;
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade.
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self condemn'd, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory !
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine ;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly thine.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care ;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
U'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn ?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd Urn ?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil ;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
 Thy gentle care for him, who now
 Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
 Where none regarded him, but thou:
 And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
 A blessing never meant for me;
 Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
 For earthly Love to merit thee.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be,
 That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
 Have years of care for thine and thee
 Alike been all employ'd in vain?
 Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
 And every fragment dearer grown,
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art
 A fitter emblem of *his own*.

FROM THE FRENCH.

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

LINES WRITTEN IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:—

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
 To trace the birth and nursery of art:
 Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
 He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING:—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
 Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
 But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
 His name would bring more credit than his verse.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT,

LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,
 The *souls* of learning and of leather.
 Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:
 You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
 His works were neat, and often found
 Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.

Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
 He cannot mend the shoe he made;
 Yet is he happy in his hole,
 With verse immortal as his *sole*.
 But still to business he held fast,
 And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
 Then who shall say so good a fellow
 Was only "leather and prunella?"
 For character—he did not lack it;
 And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black it."

LINES TO A LADY WEeping.*

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
 A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
 Ah! happy if each tear of thine
 Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
 Auspicious to these suffering isles;
 And be each drop in future years
 Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

(From the Turkish.)

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
 The lute I added sweet in sound;
 The heart that offer'd both was true,
 And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,
 Thy truth in absence to divine;
 And they have done their duty well,—
 Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
 But not to bear a stranger's touch;
 That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
 In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
 The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
 Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
 Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;
 The chain is broke the music mute.
 'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

* This was written in consequence of a report, that the Princess Charlotte of Wales shed tears on being told that the Whigs, after the death of Mr. Perceval, were unable to form a ministry.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share like me,
In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine!

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY,
OCTOBER, 10, 1812.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you?*

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*;
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,

Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost,
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours lightly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write,
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of our ancestry as they of *theirs*;
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forebore to blame;
If e're the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forebear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside!

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE
AT HALES-OWEN.

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"
His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought,"
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied, and amply too, by innocence;
Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

IMPROMTU.

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe's raven life's burning stream
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream!
Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.
Thy husband too shall think of thee:
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou false to him, thou fæd to me!

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—
Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou couldst spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.
To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain:
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.
Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow,
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse,
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMANIC LOVE-SONG.

AH! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain;
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I dream'd thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of love! My beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doom'd to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
As if a dream alone had charm'd?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And should'st thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forbodes, my fears forsee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live—until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM WHOM PASSION'S POWER

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be bless'd:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reprov'd, repress'd.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fears,
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued;
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh,—! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free:
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy:
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul, from long seclusion, pure ;
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh ! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear ;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet ;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine ;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower ?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set ?
'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour

Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame !
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind ;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon,
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God !
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit ;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—ah ! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows.

Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
 And pile the pyramid of Calumny!
 These are his portion—but if join'd to these
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
 If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
 To soothe Indignity—and face to face
 Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace.
 To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness:—
 If such may be the ills which men assail,
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
 Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
 Such things should be—if such have ever been;
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our mite
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.
 Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!**
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
 He was your Master—emulate him *here!*
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
 While Powers of mind almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind—as various in their change,
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
 That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

Diodati, July 17, 1816

* Fox—Pitt—Burke—B.

FARE THEE WELL.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above,
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain;

* * * * *
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining;
 Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*;
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er can'st know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show!
 Then thou would'st at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embraced me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth—
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?
 When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is press'd,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will—

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816

A SKETCH *

"Honest—honest Iago!
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."

SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
 Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
 And from its wages only to be guess'd—
 Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
 With eye unmoved and forehead unabash'd,
 She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
 Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
 The genial confidante, and general spy—

* Supposed to be a former governess of Lady Byron. Of this poem Mr Moore says, "It was generally, and, it must be owned, justly condemned, as a sort of literary assault upon an obscure female, whose situation ought to have placed her as much beneath his satire, as the undignified mode of his attack certainly raised her above it."

Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
 An only infant's earliest governess!
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
 That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
 An adept next in penmanship she grows,
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
 What she had made the pupil of her art,
 None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
 And panted for the truth it could not hear,
 With longing breast and undeluded ear.
 Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
 Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,
 Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
 Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
 Not genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
 Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now,
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all could be like her below:
 Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—Now laid aside too long,
 The baleful burthen of this honest song—
 Though all her former functions are no more,
 She rules the circle which she served before.
 If mothers—none know why—before her quake
 If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
 If early habits—those false links, which bind
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
 Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will;
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find;
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
 Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
 A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal,
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:

With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;
 A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
 (For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
 Look on her features! and behold her mind
 As in a mirror of itself defined:
 Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged:
 Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
 This monster when their mistress left off trade—
 This female dog-star of her little sky,
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create:
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
 Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
 Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorrd compeers—
 And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29, 1816

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.*

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
 And reason half withheld her ray—
 And hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way;

* Byron's sister, the Honourable Mrs Leigh.

In that deep midnight of the mind,
 And that internal strife of heart,
 When dreading to be deemed too kind,
 The weak despair—the cold depart;

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
 And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
 Thou wert the solitary star
 Which rose, and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
 That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
 And stood between me and the night,
 For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
 Then purer spread its gentle flame,
 And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
 And teach it what to brave or brook—
 There's more in one soft word of thine
 Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,
 Still waves with fond fidelity
 Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour
 But there thou wert—and still would'st be
 Devoted in the stormiest hour
 To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
 Whatever fate on me may fall;
 For heaven in sunshine will requite
 The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
 Be broken—thine will never break;
 Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
 Were found and still are fix'd in thee;—
 And bearing still a breast so tried,
 Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find;