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The corsair - Lara ; Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte ; Poems ; Hebrew melodies

**Byron, George Gordon**

**Zwickau, 1818**

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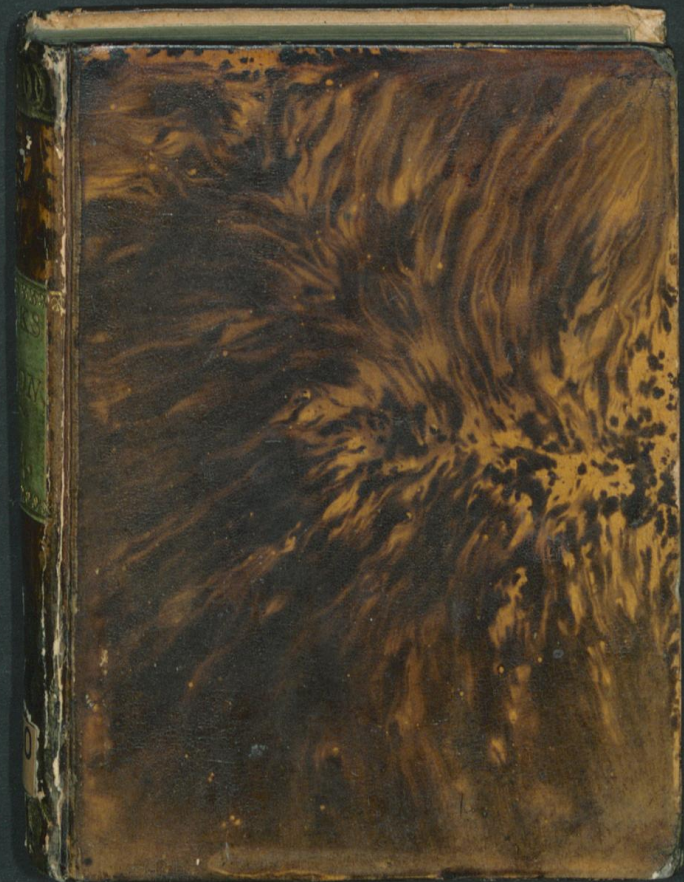
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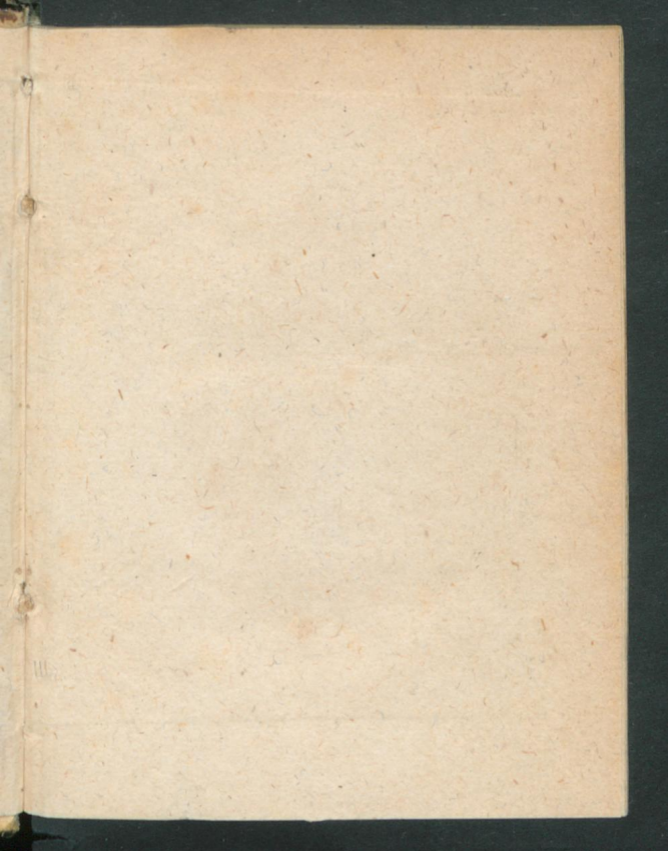
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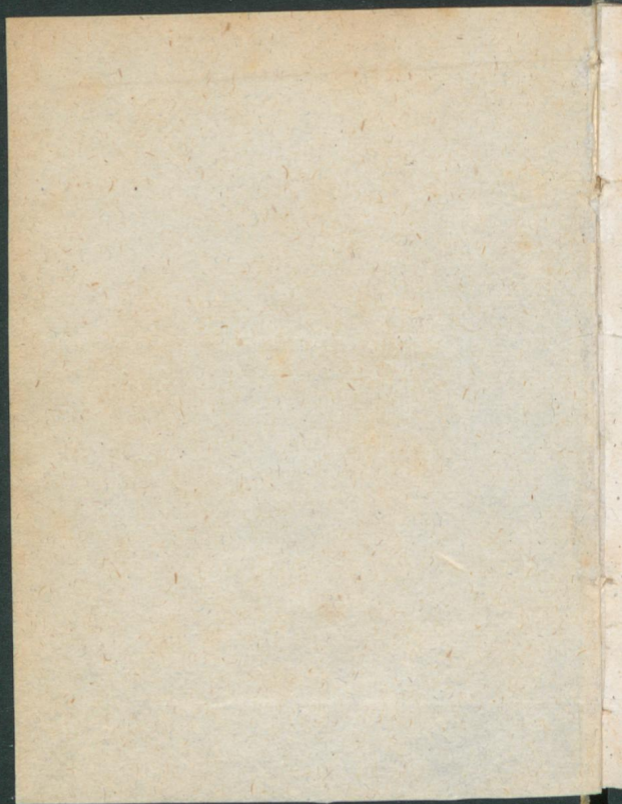


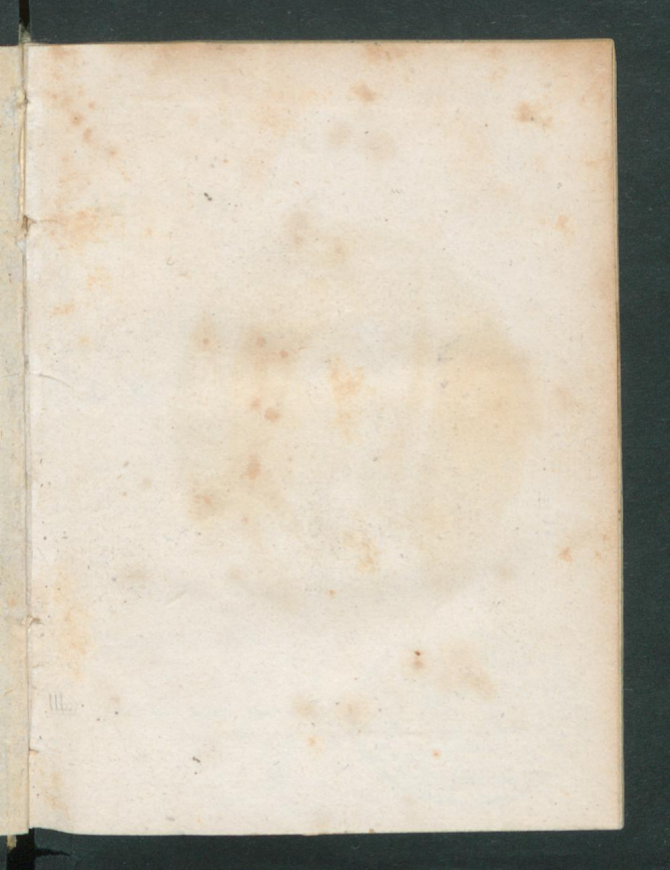
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*Koller d.*

*Conrad*

THE  
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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. III. THE CORSAIR — LARA.

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1812

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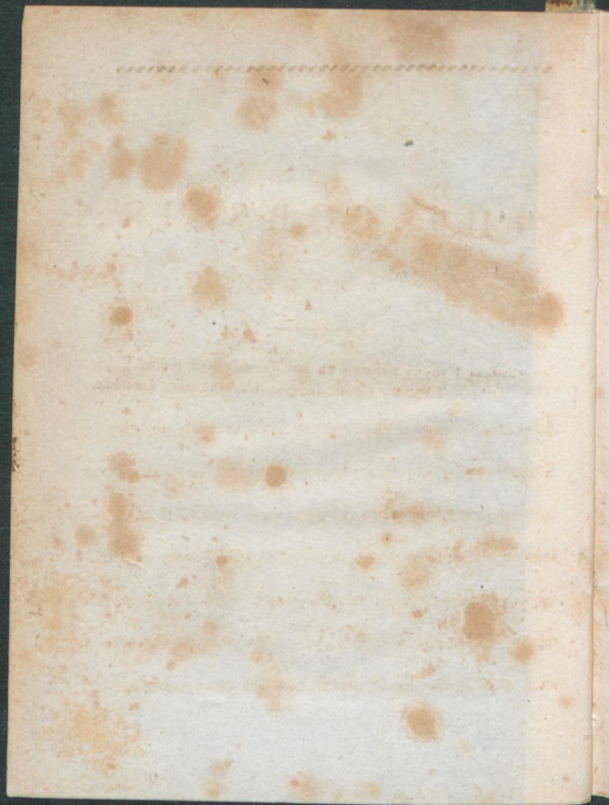
# THE CORSAIR;

A T A L E.

---

"—— I suoni pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."

TASSO, *Canto decimo, Gerusalemme Liberata.*



TO  
THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

---

MY DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents.

While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit me, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble, but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those

friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your

title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable? — Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but for some years to come it is my intention to tempt no further the award of “Gods, men, nor columns.” In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for

narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart: Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once

more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so — if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of “drawing from self,” the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me

are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving, I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining, but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than "The Giaour," and perhaps— but no — I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity,

those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

most truly,

and affectionately,

his obedient servant,

BYRON.

January, 2, 1814.

---

THE CORSAIR;

A TALE.

CANTO I.

---

“ ————— nessun maggior dolore

“ Che ricordarsi del tempo felice

“ Nella miseria, —————, “

————— DANTE.

I.

“ O’ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
“ Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
“ Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam  
“ Survey our empire and behold our home!  
“ These are our realms, no limits to their sway —  
“ Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
“ Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
“ From toil to rest, and joy in every change.

III.

A

“ Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
 “ Whose soul would sicken o’er the heaving wave;  
 “ Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease! 11  
 “ Whom slumber soothes not — pleasure cannot  
 please —

“ Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
 “ And danced in triumph o’er the waters wide,  
 “ The exulting sense—the pulse’s maddening play,  
 “ That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?  
 “ That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
 “ And turn what some deem danger to delight;  
 “ That seeks what cravens shun with more than  
 zeal,

“ And where the feebler faint—can only feel— 20  
 “ Feel—to the rising bosom’s inmost core,  
 “ Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
 “ No dread of death—if with us die our foes —  
 “ Save that it seems even duller than repose:  
 “ Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
 “ When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?  
 “ Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,  
 “ Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;  
 “ Heave his thick breath; and shake his palsied  
 head;

“ Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
 “ While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul, 31  
 “ Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes  
 controul.

" His corse may boast it's urn and narrow cave,  
 " And they who loathed his life may gild his grave:  
 " Oursare the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
 " When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.  
 " For us, even banquets fond regret supply  
 " In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
 " And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
 " When those who win at length divide the prey,  
 " And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each  
     brow,  
 " How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*" 42

## II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle,  
 Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while;  
 Such were the sounds that thrilled the rocks along,  
 And unto ears as rugged seemed a song!  
 In scattered groups upon the golden sand,  
 They game — carouse — converse — or whet the  
     brand;  
 Select the arms — to each his blade assign,  
 And careless eye the blood that dims its shine: 50  
 Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar.  
 While others straggling muse along the shore;  
 For the wild bird the busy springes set,  
 Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net;  
 Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,

With all the thirsting eye of Enterprize;  
 Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,  
 And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil;  
 No matter where—their chief's allotment this;  
 Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss. 60  
 But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore  
 Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more.  
 With these he mingles not but to command;  
 Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.  
 Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,  
 But they forgive his silence for success.  
 Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,  
 That goblet passes him untasted still—  
 And for his fare—the rudest of his crew  
 Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too; 70  
 Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest  
 roots,

And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,  
 His short repast in humbleness supply  
 With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.  
 But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,  
 His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.  
 "Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—  
 'tis done:

"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.  
 Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,  
 And all obey and few enquire his will; 80  
 To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye  
 Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.



Hail to the welcome shout! — the friendly speech!  
 When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;  
 The smile, the question, and the quick reply,  
 And the heart's promise of festivity!

## V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd:  
 The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,  
 And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard —  
 Friends' — husbands' — lovers' names in each  
 dear word: 110

“ Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success —  
 “ But shall we see them? will their accents bless?  
 “ From where the battle roars — the billows  
 chafe —  
 “ They doubtless boldly did — but who are safe?  
 “ Here let them haste to gladden and surprize,  
 “ And kiss the doubt from these delighted  
 eyes!” —

## VI.

“ Where is our chief? for him we bear report —  
 “ And doubt that joy — which hails our coming —  
 short;  
 “ Yet thus sincere — 'tis cheering, though so brief;  
 “ But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief: 120

“Our greeting paid, we’ll feast on our return,  
“And all shall hear what each may wish to learn.”

Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,  
To where his watch-tower beetles o’er the bay,  
By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming,  
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,  
Whose scattered streams from granite basins  
burst,

Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;  
From crag to cliff they mount — Near yonder cave,  
What lonely straggler looks along the wave? 130  
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,  
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?

“’Tis he — ’tis Conrad — here — as wont — alone;

“On — Juan! on — and make our purpose known.

“The bark he views — and tell him we would greet

“His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:

“We dare not yet approach — thou know’st his  
mood,

“When strange or uninvited steps intrude.”

## VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent —

He spake not — but a sign expressed assent. 140

These Juan calls — they come — to their salute

He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.

“These letters, Chief, are from the Greeck — the  
spy,

' Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh :  
 "Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,  
 "Much that" — "Peace, peace!" — He cuts their  
 prating short.

Wondering they turn, abashed, while each to each  
 Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech :  
 They watch his glance with many a stealing look,  
 To gather how that eye the tidings took ; 150  
 But, this as if he guessed, with head aside,  
 Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,  
 He read the scroll — "My tablets, Juan, hark —  
 "Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchored bark."

"There let him stay — to him this order bear.  
 "Back to your duty — for my course prepare:  
 "Myself this enterprize to-night will share."  
 "To-night, Lord Conrad?"

„ Ay! at set of sun: 160

"The breeze will freshen when the day is done.  
 "My corslet — cloak — one hour — and we are  
 gone.

"Sling on thy bugle — see that free from rust,  
 "My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;  
 "Be the edge sharpened of my boarding-brand,  
 "And give it's guard more room to fit my hand.  
 "This let the Armourer with speed dispose;  
 "Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes:  
 "Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,  
 "To tell us when the hour of stay's expired." 170



## IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,  
 Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,  
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,  
 Though his dark eye-brow shades a glance of fire :  
 Robust but not Herculean — to the sight  
 No giant frame sets forth his common height ; 200  
 Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,  
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men ;  
 They gaze and marvel how — and still confess  
 That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.  
 Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale  
 The sable curls in wild profusion veil ;  
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals  
 The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce  
 conceals.

Though smooth his voice, and calm his general  
 mien,  
 Still seems there something he would not have seen :  
 His features' deepening lines and varying hue 211  
 At times attracted, yet perplexed the view,  
 As if within that murkiness of mind  
 Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined ;  
 Such might it be — that none could truly tell —  
 Too close enquiry his stern glance would quell.  
 There breathe but few whose aspect might defy  
 The full encounter of his searching eye ;

He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek  
 To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,  
 At once the observer's purpose to espy, 221  
 And on himself roll back his scrutiny,  
 Lest he to Conrad rather should betray  
 Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.  
 There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,  
 That raised emotions both of rage and fear;  
 And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
 Hope withering fled — and Mercy sighed farewell!

## X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought, 229  
 Within — within — 'twas there the spirit wrought!  
 Love shows all changes — Hate, Ambition, Guile,  
 Betray no further than the bitter smile;  
 The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown  
 Along the governed aspect, speak alone  
 Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,  
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen.  
 Then — with the hurried tread, the upward eye,  
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,  
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near  
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear: 240  
 Then — with each feature working from the heart,  
 With feelings loosed to strenghten — not depart:  
 That rise — convulse — contend — that freeze, or  
 glow,



The rest no better than the thing he seemed;  
 And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid  
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did. 270  
 He knew himself detested, but he knew  
 The hearts that loathed him, crouched and  
 dreaded too.

Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt  
 From all affection and from all contempt:  
 His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;  
 But they that feared him dared not to despise:  
 Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake  
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake:  
 The first may turn — but not avenge the blow;  
 The last expires — but leaves no living foe; 280  
 Cast to the doomed offender's form it clings,  
 And he may crush — not conquer — still it stings!

## XII.

None are all evil — quikening round his heart,  
 One softer feeling would not yet depart;  
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
 By passions worthy of a fool or child;  
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,  
 And even in him it asks the name of Love!  
 Yes, it was love — unchangeable — unchanged,  
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged; 290  
 Though fairest captives daily met his eye,

He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed  
 them by;

Though many a beauty drooped in prisoned bower,  
 None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.

Yes — it was Love — if thoughts of tenderness,  
 Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,

Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,  
 And yet — Oh more than all! — untired by time;

Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,  
 Could render sullen were she near to smile, 300

Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent  
 On her one murmur of his discontent;

Which still would meet with joy, with calmness  
 part,

Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;  
 Which nought removed, nor menaced to

remove —

If there be love in mortals — this was love!

He was a villain — ay — reproaches shower  
 On him — but not the passion, nor its power,

Which only proved, all other virtues gone,  
 Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest

one!

310

### XIII.

He paused a moment — till his hastening men  
 Passed the first winding downward to the glen.

" Strange tidings! — many a peril have I past,

" Nor know I why this next appears the last!

" Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,

" Nor shall my followers find me falter here.

" 'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait

" Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;

" And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,

" We'll furnish mourners for our funeral-  
pile. 320

" Ay — let them slumber — peaceful be their  
dreams!

" Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant  
beams.

" As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)

" To warm these slow avengers of the seas.

" Now to Medora — Oh! my sinking heart,

" Long may her own be lighter than thou art!

" Yet was I brave — mean boast where all are  
brave!

" Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.

" This common courage which with brutes we  
share,

" That owes its deadliest efforts to despair, 330

" Small merit claims — but 'twas my nobler hope;

" To teach my few with numbers still to cope;

" Long have I led them — not to vainly bleed:

" No medium now — we perish or succeed!

" So let it be — it irks not me to die;

" But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.  
 " My lot hath long had little of my care,  
 " But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:  
 " Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last  
 " Hope, power, and life upon a single cast? 340  
 " Oh, Fate! — accuse thy folly, not thy fate —  
 " She may redeem thee still — nor yet too late."

## XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till  
 He reached the summit of his tower-crowned hill.  
 There at the portal paused — for wild and soft  
 He heard those accents never heard too oft;  
 Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,  
 And these the notes his bird of Beauty sung:

1.

" Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore, 351  
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
 Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

" There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp  
 Burns the slow flame, eternal — but unseem;  
 Which not the darkness of despair can damp,  
 Though vain its ray as it had never been.

## 3.

"Remember me— Oh! pass not thou my grave  
Without one thought whose relics there  
recline:

The only pang my bosom dare not brave,  
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine. 360

## 4.

"My fondest— faintest— latest— accents hear:  
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;

Then give me all I ever asked — a tear,  
The first — last—sole reward of so much love!"

He passed the portal — crossed the corridore,  
And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er:

"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad — "

"In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad?

"Without thine ear to listen to my lay, 369

"Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:

"Still must each accent to my bosom suit,

"My heart unhushed — although my lips were  
mute!

"Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,

"My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the  
wind,

- " And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy  
     sail  
 " The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ;  
 " Though soft, it seemed the low prophetic dirge,  
 " That mourned thee floating on the savage surge :  
 " Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire, 379  
 " Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire ;  
 " And many a restless hour outwatched each  
     sta,  
 " And morning came — and still thou wert afar.  
 " Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,  
 " And day broke dreary on my troubled view,  
 " And still I gazed and gazed — and not a prow  
 " Was granted to my tears — my truth — my  
     vow !  
 " At length — 'twas noon — I hailed and blest  
     the mast  
 " That met my sight — it neared — Alas ! it past !  
 " Another came — Oh God ! 'twas thine at last !  
 " Would that those days were over ! wilt thou  
     ne'er,  
 " My Conrad ! learn the joys of peace to share ? 391  
 " Sure thou hast more than wealth ; and many a  
     home  
 " As bright as this invites us not to roam :  
 " Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,  
 " I only tremble when thou art not here ;  
 " Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,

“ Which flies from love and languishes for strife—

“ How strange that heart, to me so tender still,

“ Should war with nature and its better will! ”

“ Yea, strange indeed — that heart hath long been  
changed; 400

“ Worm-like ’twas trampled — adder-like  
avenged,

“ Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,

“ And scare a glimpse of mercy from above.

“ Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,

“ My very love to thee is hate to them,

“ So closely mingling here, that disentwined,

“ I cease to love thee when I love mankind:

“ Yet dread not this — the proof of all the past

“ Assures the future that my love will last;

“ But — Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart 410

“ This hour again — but not for long — we part.”

“ This hour we part! — my heart foreboded this:

“ Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.

“ This hour — it cannot be — this hour away!

“ Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:

“ Her consort still is absent, and her crew

“ Have need of rest before they toil anew;

“ My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and

would'st steel

“ My breast before the time when it must feel;

- " But trifle now no more with my distress, 420  
 " Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.  
 " Be silent, Conrad! — dearést! come and share  
 " The feast these hands delighted to prepare;  
 " Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!  
 " See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,  
 " And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I  
     guessed  
 " At such as seemed the fairest: thrice the hill  
 " My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;  
 " Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,  
 " See how it sparkles in its vase of snow! 430  
 " The grape's gay juice thy bosom never cheers;  
 " Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:  
 " Think not I mean to chide — for I rejoice  
 " What others deem a penance is thy choice.  
 " But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp  
 " Is trimmed, and heeds not the Siracco's damp:  
 " Then shall my handmaids while the time along,  
 " And join with me the dance, or wake the song;  
 " Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,  
 " Shall soothe or lull — or, should it vex thine ear,  
 " We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told, 441  
 " Of fair Olympia loved and left of old  
 " Why — thou wert worse than he who broke  
     his vow  
 " To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;  
 " Or even that traitor chief — I've seen thee smile,

" When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,  
 " Which I have pointed from these cliffs the  
     while:  
 " And thus, half sportive half in fear, I said,  
 " Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than  
     dread,  
 " Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:  
 " And he deceived me — for — he came  
     again! " 451

" Again — again — and oft again — my love!  
 " If there be life below, and hope above,  
 " He will return — but now, the moments bring  
 " The time of parting with redoubled wing:  
 " The why — the where — what boots it now to  
     tell?  
 " Since all must end in that wild word — farewell!  
 " Yet would I fain — did time allow — disclose —  
 " Fear not — these are no formidable foes;  
 " And here shall watch a more than wonted  
     guard,  
 " For sudden siege and long defence pre-  
     pared: 461  
 " Nor be thou lonely — though thy lord's away,  
 " Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;  
 " And this thy comfort — that, when next  
     we meet,

“ Security shall make repose more sweet:  
 “ List! — ’tis the bugle — Juan shrilly blew —

“ One kiss — one more — another — Oh! Adieu!  
 She rose — she sprung — she clung to his embrace,  
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face  
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye, 470  
 Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.  
 Her long fair hair lay floating o’er his arms,  
 In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;  
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt  
 So full — *that* feeling seemed almost unfelt!  
 Hark — peals the thunder of the signal-gun!  
 It told ’twas sunset — and he cursed that sun.  
 Again — again — that form he madly pressed,  
 Which mutely clasped, imploringly carressed!  
 And tottering to the couch his bride he bore, 480  
 One moment gazed — as if to gaze no more;  
 Felt — that for him earth held but her alone,  
 Kissed her cold forehead — turned — is Conrad  
 gone?

## XV.

“ And is he gone? ” — on sudden solitude  
 How oft that fearful question will intrude?  
 “ ’Twas but an instant past — and here he stood!  
 “ And now ” — without the portal’s porch she  
 rushed,

And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;  
 Big — bright — and fast, unknown to her they fell;  
 But still her lips refused to send — “Fare-  
 well!” 490

For in that word — that fatal word — how'er  
 We promise — hope — believe — there breathes  
 despair.

O'er every feature of that still, pale face,  
 Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er erase:  
 The tender blue of that large loving eye  
 Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
 Till — Oh, how far! — it caught a glimpse of him,  
 And then it flowed — and phrenzied seemed to  
 swim

Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes  
 dewed

With drops of sadness oft to be renewed. 500  
 “He's gone!” — against her heart that hand is  
 driven,

Convulsed and quick — then gently raised to  
 heaven;

She looked and saw the heaving of the main;  
 The white sail set — she dared not look again;  
 But turned with sickening soul within the gate —  
 “It is no dream — and I am desolate!”

## XVI.

From crag to crag descending — swiftly sped  
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turned his head;  
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way  
Forced on his eye what he would not survey, 510  
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,  
That hailed him first when homeward from the  
deep :

And she — the dim and melancholy star,  
Whose ray of beauty reached him from afar,  
On her he must not gaze, he must not think,  
There he might rest — but on Destruction's brink :  
Yet once almost he stopped — and nearly gave  
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave ;  
But no — it must not be — a worthy chief  
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief. 520  
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,  
And sternly gathers all his might of mind :  
Again he hurries on — and as he hears  
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,  
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,  
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar ;  
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,  
The anchor's rise, the sails unfurling fast,  
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge  
That mute adieu to those who stem the surge ;

And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft, 531  
He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft.  
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,  
He feels of all his former self possess;  
He bounds — he flies until his footsteps reach  
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,  
There checks his speed; but pauses less to breathe  
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,  
Than there his wonted statelier step renew;  
Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view: 540  
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd,  
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;  
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,  
That seems to shun the sight — and awes if seen:  
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,  
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;  
All these he wielded to command assent:  
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,  
That kindness cancelled fear in those who heard,  
And other's gifts shewed mean beside his word,  
When echoed to the heart as from his own 551  
His deep yet tender melody of tone:  
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,  
He cared not what he softened, but subdued;  
The evil passions of his youth had made  
Him value less who loved — than what obeyed.

## XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard,  
 Before him Juan stands — “ Are all prepared ? ”  
 “ They are — nay more — embarked : the latest  
 boat

“ Waits but my chief — ”

“ My sword, and my capote. ”  
 Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung, 561  
 His belt and cloack were o’er his shoulders slung;  
 “ Call Pedro here ! ” He comes — and Conrad  
 bends,

With all the courtesy he deigned his friends;

“ Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,

“ Words of high trust and truth are graven there;

“ Double the guard, and when Anselmo’s bark

“ Arrives, let him alike these orders mark :

“ In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall  
 shine

“ On our return — till then all peace be thine ! ” 570

This said, his brother Pirate’s hand he wrung,

Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.

Flashed the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,

Around the waves’ phosphoric <sup>2</sup> brightness broke;

They gain the vessel — on the deck he stands;

Shrieks the shrill whistle — ply the busy hands —

He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,

How gallant all her crew — and deigns to praise.  
 His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn —  
 Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn? 580  
 Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,  
 And live a moment o'er the parting hour;  
 She — his Medora — did she mark the prow?  
 Ah! never loved he half so much as now!  
 But much must yet be done ere dawn of day —  
 Again he mans himself and turns away;  
 Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,  
 And there unfolds his plan — his means — and  
 ends;

Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,  
 And all that speaks and aids the naval art; 590  
 They to the midnight watch protract debate;  
 To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?  
 Mean time, the steady breeze serenely blew,  
 And fast and Falcon-like the vessel flew;  
 Passed the high headlands of eash clustering isle,  
 To gain their port — long — long ere morning  
 smile:

And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay  
 Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.  
 Count they each sail — and mark how there supine  
 The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine. 600  
 Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow passed by,  
 And anchored where his ambush meant to lie;  
 Screened from espial by the jutting cape,

That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.  
Then rose his band to duty — not from sleep —  
Equipped for deeds alike on land or deep;  
While leaned their leader o'er the fretting flood,  
And calmly talked — and yet he talked of blood!

END OF CANTO I.

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THE CORSAIR.

CANTO II.

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“Conosceste i dubiosi desiri?”

DANTE.

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I.

**I**s Coron's bay floats many a Galley light,  
 Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright, 610  
 For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:  
 A feast for promised triumph yet to come,  
 When he shall drag the fettered Rovers home;  
 This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,  
 And faithful to his firman and his word,  
 His summoned prows collect along the coast,  
 And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast;

Already shared the captives and the prize,  
 Though far the distant foe they thus despise;  
 'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun 620  
 Will see the Pirates bound — their haven won!  
 Mean time the watch may slumber, if they will,  
 Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.  
 Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek  
 To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;  
 How well such deed becomes the turbaned  
 brave —

To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!  
 Infest his dwelling — but forbear to slay,  
 Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,  
 And do not deign to smite because they may! 630  
 Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,  
 To keep in practice for the coming foe.  
 Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,  
 And they who wish to wear a head must smile;  
 For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,  
 And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

## II.

High in his hall reclines the turbaned Seyd;  
 Around — the bearded chiefs he came to lead.  
 Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff —  
 Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff, 640  
 Though to the rest the sober berry's juice, <sup>3</sup>  
 The slaves bear round for rigid Moslem's use;

The long Chibouque's <sup>4</sup> dissolving cloud supply,  
 While dance the Almas <sup>5</sup> to wild minstrelsy.  
 The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;  
 But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark:  
 And revellers may more securely sleep  
 On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep;  
 Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,  
 And less to conquest than to Korans trust; 650  
 And yet the numbers crowded in his host  
 Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

## III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,  
 Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,  
 Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,  
 Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:  
 "A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest  
 Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest."  
 He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,  
 And led the holy man in silence nigh. 660  
 His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,  
 His step was feeble, and his look deprest;  
 Yet worn he seemed of hardship more than years,  
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.  
 Vowed to his God—his sable locks he wore,  
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:  
 Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,  
 And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone;

Submissive, yet with self-possession manned,  
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned; 670  
 And question of his coming fain would seek,  
 Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak.

## IV.

"Whence com'st thou, Dervise?"

"From the outlaw's den,

"A fugitive —"

"Thy capture where and when?"

"From Scalanova's port to Scio's isle,

"The Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile

"Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains

"The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their  
 chains.

"I had no death to fear, nor wealth to loast,

"Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;

"At length a fisher's humble boat by night 681

"Afforded hope, and offered chance of flight:

"I seized the hour, and find my safety here —

"With thee—most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well  
 prepared,

"Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock,  
 to guard?"

"Dream they of this our preparation, doomed

"To view with fire their scorpion nest consu-  
 med?"



"More I must ask, and food the slaves shall  
 bring;  
 "Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:  
 "The supper done — prepare thee to reply, 711  
 "Clearly and full — I love not mystery."

'Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,  
 Who looked not lovingly on that Divan;  
 Nor showed high relish for the banquet prest,  
 And less respect for every fellow guest.  
 'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic past  
 Along his cheek, and tranquillized as fast:  
 He sate him down in silence, and his look  
 Resumed the calmness which before forsook: 720  
 The feast was ushered in — but sumptuous fare  
 He shunned as if some poison mingled there.  
 For one so long condemned to toil and fast,  
 Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.  
 "What ails thee, Dervise? eat — dost thou  
 suppose  
 "This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?  
 "Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,  
 "Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,  
 "Makes even contendig tribes in peace unite,  
 "And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!"

"Salt seasons dainties — and my food is still 731  
 "The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;

"And my stern vow and order's<sup>6</sup> laws oppose  
 "To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;  
 "It may seem strange — if there be aught to dread,  
 "That peril rests upon my single head;  
 "But for thy sway — nay more — thy Sul-  
     tan's throne,  
 "I taste nor bread nor banquet — save alone;  
 "Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage  
 "To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."

"Well — as thou wilt — ascetic as thou art — 741  
 "One question answer; then in peace depart.  
 "How many? — Ha! it cannot sure be day?  
 "What star — what sun is bursting on the bay?  
 "It shines a lake of fire! — away — away!  
 "Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!  
 "The galleys feed the flames — and I afar!  
 "Accursed Dervise! — these thy tidings — thou  
 "Some villain spy — seize — cleave him —  
     slay him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light, 750  
 Nor less his change of form appalled the sight:  
 Up rose that Dervise — not in saintly garb,  
 But like a warrior bounding on his barb,  
 Dashed his high cap, and tore his robe away —  
 Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his sabre's  
     ray!

His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,  
 More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler  
 gloom,

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,  
 Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.  
 The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow 760  
 Of flames on high, and torches from below;

The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell —  
 For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell,  
 Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!

Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves  
 Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;  
 Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,  
*They* seize that Dervise! seize on Zatanai! 7

He saw their terror — checked the first despair  
 That urged him but to stand and perish there, 770  
 Since far too early and too well obeyed,  
 The flame was kindled ere the signal made;

He saw their terror — from his baldric drew  
 His bugle — brief the blast — but shrilly blew,  
 'Tis answered — “Well ye speed, my gallant  
 crew;

“Why did I doubt their quickness of career?  
 “And deem design had left me single here?”  
 Sweeps his long arm — that sabre's whirling  
 sway,

Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;  
 Completes his fury, what their fear begun, 780

And makes the many basely quail to one.  
 The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,  
 And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:  
 Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelmed with rage,  
 In sudden surprise,

Retreats before him, though he still defies.  
 No craven he — and yet he dreads the blow,  
 So much Confusion magnifies his foe!

His blazing galleys still distract his sight,  
 He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight: 8  
 For now the pirates passed the Haram gate, 790  
 And burst within — and it were death to wait;  
 Where wild Amazement shrieking — kneeling  
 — throws

The sword aside — in vain — the blood o'er-  
 flows!

||| The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,  
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din  
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,  
 Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife.  
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,  
 A glutted tyger mangling in his lair!

But short their greeting — shorter his reply — 800

“’Tis well — but Seyd escapes — and he must die.

“Much hath been done — but more remains  
 to do —

“Their galleys blaze — why not their city too?”

## V.

Quick at the word — they seized him each a  
torch,

And fire the dome from minaret to porch.

A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye,

But sudden sunk — for on his ear the cry

Of women struck, and like a deadly knell so

Knocked at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.

“Oh! burst the Haram — wrong not on your  
lives

“One femaleform — remember — we have wives.

“On them such outrage Vengeance will repay,

“Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:

“But still we spared — must spare the weaker  
prey.

“Oh! I forgot — but Heaven will not forgive

“If at my word the helpless cease to live;

“Follow who will — I go — we yet have time

“Our souls to lighten of at least a crime.” 818

He climbs the crackling stair — he bursts the  
door,

Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;

His breath choaked gasping with the volumed  
smoke,

But still from room to room his way he broke.

They search — they find — they save: with  
lusty arms

Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;  
Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking  
frames

With all the care defenceless beauty claims:  
So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,  
And check the very hands with gore imbrued.  
But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey  
From reeking pile and combat's wreck — away —  
Who but the love of him be doomed to bleed? 83  
The Haram queen — but still the slave of Seyd!

## VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,<sup>9</sup>  
Few words to reassure the trembling fair;  
For in that pause compassion snatched from war,  
The foe before retiring, fast and far,  
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,  
First slowlier fled — then rallied — then withstood.  
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,  
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew, 84  
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes  
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise,  
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry —  
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!  
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,  
The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well —  
When wrath returns to renovated strife,

And those who fought for conquest strike for life.  
Conrad beheld the danger — he beheld 850  
His followers faint by freshening foes repelled:  
"One effort — one — to break the circling host!"  
They form — unite — charge — waver — all is lost!  
Within a narrower ring compressed, beset,  
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet —  
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
Hemmed in — cut off — cleft down — and  
trampled o'er;  
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,  
And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome, 859  
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,  
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

## VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,  
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,  
Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,  
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,  
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestowed,  
And dried those tears for life and fame that flowed:  
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,  
Recalled those thoughts late wandering in despair,  
Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy 870  
That smoothed his accents; softened in his eye:  
'Twas strange — *that* robber thus with gore  
bedewed.

Seemed gentler than than Seyd in fondest mood.  
 The Pacha wooed as if he deemed the slave  
 Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;  
 The Corsair vowed protection, soothed allright,  
 As if his homage were a woman's right.

"The wish is wrong — nay worse for female  
 — vain:

"Yet much I long to view that chief again;

"If but to thank for, what my fear forgot, 380

"The life — my loving lord remembered not!"

## VIII.

And him she saw, were thickest carnage spread;  
 But gathered breathing from the happier dead;  
 Far from his band, and battling with a host  
 That deem right dearly won the field he lost,  
 Felled — bleeding — baffled of the death he  
 sought,

And snatched to expiate all the ills he wrought;  
 Preserved to linger and to live in vain,

While Vengeance pondered o'er new plans of pain,  
 And staunch'd the blood she saves to shed again —

But drop by drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye 391  
 Would doom him ever dying — ne'er to die!

Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,  
 When his red hand's wild gesture waved; a law!

'Tis he indeed — disarmed but undeprest,

His sole regret the life he still possess;  
His wounds too slight, though taken with that  
will,  
Which would have kissed the hand that then  
could kill.

Oh were there none, of all the many given,  
To send his soul — he scarcely asked to heaven?  
Must he alone of all retain his breath,  
Who more than all had striv'n and struck for  
death?

He deeply felt — what mortal hearts must feel,  
When thus reversed on faithless fortune's wheel,  
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat  
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt  
Hee deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride  
That led to perpetrate — now serves to hide.  
Still in his stern and self-collected mien  
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,  
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening  
wound,

But few that saw — so calmly gazed around:  
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,  
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,  
The better warriors who beheld him near,  
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;  
And the grim guards that to his durance led,  
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

## IX.

The Leech was sent — but not in mercy — there  
 To note how much the life yet left could bear; 920  
 He found enough to load with heaviest chain,  
 And promise feeling for the wretch of pain:  
 To-morrow — yea — to-morrow's evening sun  
 Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,  
 And rising with the wonted blush of morn  
 Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.  
 Of torments this the longest and the worst,  
 Which adds all other agony to thirst,  
 That day by day death still forbears to slake,  
 While famished vultures flit around the stake. 930  
 "Oh! water — water!" — smiling Hate denies  
 The victim's prayer — for if he drinks — he dies.  
 This was his doom: — the Leech, the guard  
 were gone,  
 And left proud Conrad fettered and alone.

## X.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew —  
 It even were doubtful if their victim knew:  
 There is a war, a chaos of the mind,  
 When all its elements convulsed — combined —  
 Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,  
 And gnashing with impenitent Remorse; 940

That juggling fiend — who never spake before —  
But cries, "I warn'd thee!" when the deed is  
o'er.

Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,  
May writhe — rebel — the weak alone repent!  
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,  
And, to itself, all — all that self reveals,  
No single passion, and no ruling thought  
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;  
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews —  
All rushing through their thousand avenues. 950  
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,  
Endangered glory, life itself beset;  
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate  
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate;  
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven  
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;  
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remem-  
bered not

So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;  
Things light or lovely in their acted time,  
But now to stern reflection each a crime; 960  
The withering sense of evil unrevealed,  
Not cankering less because the more concealed —  
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,  
That opening sepulchre — the naked heart  
Bares with its buried woes, till Priede awake,  
To snatch the mirror from the soul — and break.

Ay — Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,  
 All — all — before — beyond — the deadliest fall.  
 Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,  
 The only hypocrite deserving praise: 970  
 Not the loud recreant wreath who boasts and flies;  
 But he who looks on death — and silent dies.  
 So steeled by pondering o'er his far career,  
 He halfway meets him should he menace near!

## XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower,  
 Sate Conrad, fettered in the Pacha's power.  
 His palace perished in the flame — this fort  
 Contained at once his captive and his court.  
 Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,  
 His foe, if vanquished, had but shared the  
 same: —  
 Alone he sate — in solitude had scanned 981  
 His guilty bosom, but that breast he manned:  
 One thought alone he could not — dared not meet.  
 "Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?"  
 Then — only then — his clanking hands he raised,  
 And strained with rage the chain on which he  
 gazed;  
 But soon he found — or feigned — or drea-  
 med relief,  
 And smiled in self-derision of his grief,

“And now come torture when it will — or may,  
 “More need of rest to nerve me for the day!” 990  
 This said, with languor to his mat he crept,  
 And, whatso'er his visions, quickly slept.

'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,  
 For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done;  
 And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,  
 She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.  
 One hour beheld him since the tide he stemmed —  
 Disguised — discovered — conquering — ta'en  
 — condemned —  
 A chief on land — an outlaw on the deep —  
 Destroying — saving — prisoned — and asleep!

## XII.

He slept in calmest seeming — for his breath 1001  
 Was hushed so deep — Ah! happy if in death!  
 He slept — Who o'er his placid slumber bends?  
 His foes are gone — and here he hath no friends;  
 Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?  
 No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!  
 Its white arm raised a lamp — yet gently hid,  
 Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid  
 Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain, 1009  
 And once unclosed — but once may close again.  
 That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,

And auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair;  
 With shape of fairy lightness — naked foot,  
 That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—  
 Through guards and dunnest night how came it  
 there?

Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?  
 Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!  
 She could not sleep — and while the Pacha's rest  
 In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,  
 She left his side — his signet ring she bore, 1020  
 Which oft in sport adorned her hand before —  
 And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way  
 Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.  
 Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,  
 Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;  
 And chill and nodding at the turret door,  
 They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no  
 more:

Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,  
 Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

## XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep, 1030  
 "While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?  
 "And mine in restlessness are wandering here —  
 "What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?  
 "True — 'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,

“And me and mine he spared from worse than  
woe:

“’Tis late to think — but soft — his slumber  
breaks —

“How heavily he sighs! — he starts — awakes!”  
He raised his head — and dazzled with the light,  
His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright:

He moved his hand — the grating of his chain  
Too harshly told him that he lived again. 1041

“What is that form? if not a shape of air,  
“Methinks, my jailor’s face shows wond’rous  
fair!”

“Pirate! thou know’st me not — but I am one,  
“Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;  
“Look on me — and remember her, thy hand  
“Snatched from the flames, and thy more fe-  
arful band.

“I come through darkness — and I scarce know  
why —

“Yet not to hurt — I would not see thee die.”

“If so, kind lady! thine the only eye 1050

“That would not here in that gay hope delight:

“Theirs is the chance — and let them use their  
right.

“But still I thank their courtesy or thine,

“That would confess me at so fair a shrine!”

Strangs though it seem — yet with extremest grief  
 Is linked a mirth — it dot not bring relief —  
 That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,  
 And smiles in bitterness — but still it smiles;  
 And sometimes with the wisest and the best,  
 Till even the scaffold <sup>10</sup> echoes with their jest! 1060  
 Yet not the joy to which it seems akin —  
 It may deceive all hearts, save that within.  
 Whate'er it was that flashed on Conrad, now  
 A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:  
 And these his accents had a sound of mirth,  
 As if the last he could enjoy on earth;  
 Yet 'gainst his nature — for through that short  
 life,  
 Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and  
 strife.

## XIV.

"Corsair! thy doom is named — but I have  
 power.  
 "To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour. 1070  
 "Thee would I spare — nay more — would  
 save thee now,  
 "But this — time — hope — nor even thy  
 strength allow;  
 "But all I can, I will: at least, delay  
 "The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.  
 III. D

“More now were ruin — even thyself were loth  
 “The vain attempt should bring but doom to  
 both.”

“Yes! — loth indeed: — my soul is nerved  
 to all,

“Or fall’n too low to fear a further fall:

“Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope,

“Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope;

“Unfit to vanquish — shall I meanly fly, 1081

“The one of all my band that would not die?

“Yet there is one — to whom my memory clings,

“Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.

“My sole resources in the path I trod

“Were these — my bark — my sword — my  
 love — my God!

“The last I left in youth — he leaves me now —

“And Man but works his will to lay me low.

“I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer

“Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;

“It is enough — I breathe — and I can bear. 1091

“My sword is shaken from the worthless hand

“That might have better kept so true a brand:

“My bark is sunk or captive — but my love —

“For her in sooth my voice would mount above:

“Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind —

“And this will break a heart so more than kind,

“And blight a form — till thine appeared, Gulnare!

"Mine eye ne'er asked if others were as fair?"

"Thou lov'st another then? — but what to me

"Is this — 'tis nothing — nothing e'er can be: 1101

"But yet — thou lov'st — and — Oh! I envy those

"Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,

"Who never feel the void — the wandering thought

"That sighs o'er visions — such as mine hath

wrought."

"Lady — methought thy love was his, for whom

"This arm redeemed thee from a fiery tomb."

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh — No — No —

not my love —

"Yet much this heart, that strives no more,

once strove

"To meet his passion — but it would not be. 1110

"I felt — I feel — love dwells with — with the free.

"I am a slave, a favoured slave at best,

"To share his splendour, and seem very blest!

"Oft must my soul the question undergo,

"Of — 'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer

'No!'

"Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,

"And struggle not to feel averse in vain;

"But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,

"And hide from one — perhaps another there. 1119

"He takes the hand I give not — nor withhold —

"Its pulse nor checked — nor quickened —  
 calmly cold:  
 "And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight  
 "From one I never loved enough to hate,  
 "No warmth these lips return by his impress,  
 "And chilled remembrance shudders o'er the rest.  
 "Yes — had I ever proved that passion's zeal,  
 "The change to hatred were at least to feel:  
 "But still — he goes unmourned — returns  
 unsought —  
 "And oft when present — absent from my thought.  
 "Or when reflection comes, and come it must —  
 "I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust;  
 "I am his slave — but, in despite of pride, 1132  
 "Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.  
 "Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!  
 "Or seek another and give mine release,  
 "But yesterday — I could have said, to peace!  
 "Yes — if unwonted fondness now I feign,  
 "Remember — captive! 'tis to break thy chain.  
 "Repay the life that to thy band I owe;  
 "To give thee back to all endeared below, 1140  
 "Who share such love as I can never know.  
 "Farewell — morn breaks — and I must now  
 away:  
 "Twill cost me dear — but dread no death  
 to-day!"

## XV.

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart,  
 And bowed her head, and turned her to depart,  
 And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.

And was she here? and is he now alone?  
 What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er his  
 chain?

The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,  
 That starts at once — bright — pure — from  
 Pity's mine, 1150

Already polished by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing — dangerously dear —

In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!

That weapon of her weakness she can wield,

To save, subdue — at once her spear and shield:

Avoid it — Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,

Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!

What lost a world, and made a hero fly?

The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven, 1160

By this — how many lose not earth — but heaven!

Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,

And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

## XVI.

'Tis morn — and o'er his altered features play  
 The beams — without the hope of yesterday.  
 What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing  
 O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing:  
 By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,  
 While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,  
 Chill — wet — and misty round each stilled limb,  
 Refreshing earth — reviving all but him! — 1171

END OF CANTO II.

THE CORSAIR.

CANTO III.

“Come vedi — ancor non m'abbandona.”

DANTE.

I.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race he run,  
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun;  
 Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
 O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,  
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.  
 On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
 O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,

Though there his altars are no more divine. 1181  
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
 Thy glorious gulph, unconquered Salamis;  
 Their azure arches through the long expanse  
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
 Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;  
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast, 1190  
 When — Athens! here thy Wisest looked his last.  
 How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,  
 That closed their murdered sage's <sup>11</sup> latest day!  
 Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill —  
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;  
 But sad his light to agonizing eyes,  
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:  
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,  
 The land, where Phœbus never frowned before,  
 But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head, 1200  
 The cup of woe was quaffed — the spirit fled;  
 The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly —  
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die!  
 But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,  
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign. <sup>12</sup>  
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,

Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;  
 With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,  
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,  
 And, bright around with quivering beams beset,  
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret: 1211  
 The groves of olive scattered dark and wide  
 Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,  
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
 The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk, 13  
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,  
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,  
 All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye —  
 And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar, 1220  
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;  
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,  
 Mixt with the shades of many a distant isle,  
 That frown — where gentler ocean seems to  
 smile. 14

## II.

Not now my theme — why turn my thoughts  
 to thee?  
 Oh! who can look along thy native sea,  
 Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,  
 So much its magic must o'er all prevail?

Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set, 1230  
 Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?  
 Not he — whose heart nor time nor distance  
 frees,  
 Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!  
 Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,  
 His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain —  
 Would that with freedom it were thine again!

### III.

The Sun hath sunk — and, darker than the night,  
 Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height —  
 Medora's heart — the third day's come and gone —  
 With it he comes not — sends not — faithless gone!  
 The wind was fair though light; and storms  
 were none.  
 Last eve Anselmo's bark returned, and yet  
 His only tidings that they had not met!  
 Though wild, as now, far different were the tale  
 Had Conrad waited for that single sail.  
 The night-breeze freshens — she that day had past  
 In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast;  
 Sadly she sate — on high — Impatience bore  
 At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,  
 And there she wandered heedless of the spray 1250  
 That dashed her garments oft, and warned away:  
 She saw not — felt not this — nor dared depart,

Nor deemed it cold — her chill was at her heart;  
 Till grew such certainty from that suspense —  
 His very Sight had shocked from life or sense!

It came at last — a sad and shattered boat,  
 Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;  
 Some bleeding — all most wretched — these the

Scarce knew they how escaped — *this* all they knew.

In silence, darkling, each appeared to wait  
 His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:

Something they would have said: but seemed to fear  
 To trust their accents to Medora's ear.

She saw at once, yet sunk not — trembled not —  
 Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,

Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,  
 That deemed not till they found their energy.

While yet was hope — they softened — hatered — wept —

All lost — that softness died not — but it slept;  
 And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which

With nothing left to love — there's nought  
 To dread.

'Tis more than nature's; like the burning might  
 Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

“Silent you stand — nor would I hear you tell

“What — speak not — breathe not — for I  
know it well —

“Yet would I ask — almost my lip denies

“The — quick your answer — tell me where  
he lies?”

“Lady! we know not — scarce with life we fled;

“But here is one denies that he is dead: 1279

“He saw him bound; and bleeding — but alive.”

She heard no further — ’twas in vain to strive —

So throbb’d each vein — each thought — till  
then withstood;

Her own dark soul — these words at once sub-  
dued:

She totters — falls — and senseless had the wave

Perchance but snatched her from another grave;

But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,

They yield such aid as Pity’s haste supplies:

Dash o’er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,

Raise — fan — sustain — till life returns anew; 1289

Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave

That fainting form o’er which they gaze and grieve;

Then seek Anselmo’s cavern, to report

The tale too tedious — when the triumph short.

#### IV.

In that wild council words waxed warm and  
strange,

With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge;  
All, save repose or flight: still lingering there  
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair;  
Whate'er his fate — the breasts he formed and led,  
Will save him living, or appease him dead.  
Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few, 1300  
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

## V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate  
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate;  
His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,  
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;  
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined  
Surveys his brow — would soothe his gloom  
of mind,  
While many an anxious glance her large dark eye  
Sends in its idle search for sympathy,  
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads 15 1310  
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest  
"Sits Triumph — Conrad taken — fall'n the rest!  
"His doom is fixed — he dies: and well his fate  
"Was earned — yet much too worthless for thy  
hate:  
"Methinks, a short release, for ransom told





He rose — and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,  
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu:

Ab! little recked that chief of womanhood —  
Which frowns ne'er quelled, nor menaces subdued;

And little deemed he what thy heart, Gulnare!  
When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.

His doubts appeared to wrong — nor yet she  
knew

How deep the root from whence compassion  
grew —

She was a slave — from such may captives claim  
A fellow-feeling, differing but in name;

Still half unconscious — heedless of his wrath,  
Again she ventured on the dangerous path,

Again his rage repelled — until arose  
That strife of thought, the source of woman's  
woes!

## VI.

Meanwhile — long anxious — weary — still —  
the same

Rolled day and night — his soul could terror  
tame —

This fearful interval of doubt and dread, 1381  
When every hour might doom him worse than  
dead;

When every step that echoed by the gate,  
 Might entering lead where axe and stake await;  
 When every voice that grated on his ear  
 Might be the last that he could ever hear;  
 Could terror tame — that spirit stern and high  
 Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;  
 'Twas worn — perhaps decayed — yet silent bore  
 That conflict deadlier far than all before: 1390  
 The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,  
 Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail;  
 But bound and fixed in fettered solitude,  
 To pine, the prey of every changing mood;  
 To gaze on thine own heart; and meditate  
 Irrevocable faults, and coming fate —  
 Too late the last to shun — the first to mend —  
 To count the hours that struggle to thine end,  
 With not a friend to animate, and tell  
 To other ears that death became thee well; 1400  
 Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,  
 And blot life's latest scene with calumny;  
 Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,  
 Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear;  
 But deeply feels a single cry would shame,  
 To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim;  
 The life thou leav'st below, denied above  
 By kind monopolists of heavenly love; 1408  
 And more than doubtful paradise — thy heaven

Of earthly hope — thy loved one from thee riven.  
 Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,  
 And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:  
 And those sustained he — boots it well or ill?  
 Since not to sink beneath, is something still!

## VII.

The first day passed — he saw not her — Guldare —  
 The second — third — and still she came not there;  
 But what her words avouched, her charms had  
 done,

Or else he had not seen another sun.

The fourth day rolled along, and with the night  
 Came storm and darkness in their mingling night:

Oh! how he listened to the rushing deep, 1421

That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;

And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,

Rous'd by the roar of his own element!

Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,

And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;

And now its dashing echoed on his ear,

A long known voice — alas! too vainly near!

Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,  
 Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud; 1430

And flashed the lightning by the latticed bar,  
 To him more genial than the midnight star:

Close to the glimmering grate he dragged his chain,

And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.  
 He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and prayed  
 One pitying flash to mar the form it made:  
 His steel and impious prayer attract alike —  
 The storm rolled onward and disdained to strike;  
 Its peal waxed fainter — ceased — he felt alone,  
 As if some faithless friend had spurned his groan!

## VIII.

The midnight passed — and to the massy door,  
 A light step came — it paused — it moved once  
 more;  
 Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:  
 'Tis as his heart foreboded — that fair she!  
 Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,  
 And beauteous still at hermit's hope can paint;  
 Yet changed since last within that cell she came,  
 More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:  
 On him she cast her dark and hurried eye  
 Which spoke before her accents — "thou must  
 die! 1450  
 "Yes, thou must die — there is but one resource,  
 "The last — the worst — if torture were not worse."  
 "Lady! I look to none — my lips proclaim  
 "What last proclaimed they — Conrad still the  
 same:

“Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,  
 “And change the sentence I deserve to bear?  
 “Well have I earned — nor here alone — the meed  
 “Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed.”

“Why should I seek? because — Oh! didst thou  
 not

“Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?  
 “Why should I seek? — hath misery made thee  
 blind

“To the fond workings of a woman's mind!  
 “And must I say? albeit my heart rebel  
 “With all that woman feels, but should not tell —  
 “Because — despite thy crimes — that heart  
 is moved:

“It feared thee — thanked thee — pitied —  
 maddened — loved.

“Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,  
 “Thou lov'st another — and I love in vain;  
 “Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,  
 “I rush through peril which she would not dare.  
 “If that thy heart to hers were truly dear, 1471  
 “Were I thine own — thou wert not lonely here:  
 “An outlaw's spouse — and leave her lord to  
 roam!

“What hath such gentle dame to do with home?  
 “But speak not now — o'er thine and o'er my head  
 “Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;

“If thou hast courage still, and would’st be free,  
“Receive this poignard — rise — and follow me!”

“Ay — in my chains! my steps will gently tread,  
“With these adornments, o’er each slumbering  
head!

“Thou hast forgot — is this a garb for flight?  
“Or is that instrument more fit for fight?” 1482

“Misdoubting Corsair! I have gained the guard,  
“Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.

“A single word of mine removes that chain:  
“Without some aid how here could I remain?  
“Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,  
“If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:

“The crime — ’tis none to punish those of Seyd.  
“That hated tyrant, Conrad — he must bleed!  
“I see thee shudder — but my soul is changed —  
“Wronged — spurned — reviled and it shall be  
avenged — 1492

“Accused of what till now my heart disdained —  
“Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chained.  
“Yes, smile! — but he had little cause to sneer,  
“I was not treacherous then — nor thou too dear:  
“But he has said it — and the jealous well,  
“Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,  
“Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell. 1499  
“I never loved — he bought me — somewhat  
high —

“ Since with me came a heart he could not buy.

“ I was a slave unmurmuring; he hath said,

“ But for his rescue I with thee had fled.

“ ’Twas false thou know’st — but let such augurs rue,

“ Their words are omens Insult renders true.

“ Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;

“ This fleeting grace was only to prepare

“ New torments for thy life, and my despair.

“ Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still

“ Would fain reserve me for his lordly will: 1510

“ When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,

“ There yawns the sack — and yonder rolls the sea!

“ What, am I then a toy for dotard’s play,

“ To wear but till the gilding frets away?

“ I saw thee — loved thee — owe thee all —  
would save,

“ If but to shew how grateful is a slave.

“ But had he not thus menaced fame and life,

“ (And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife)

“ I still had saved thee — but the pacha spared.

“ Now I am all thine own — for all prepared: 1520

“ Thou lov’st me not — nor know’st — or but  
the worst.

“ Alas! this love — that hatred are the first —

“ Oh! could’st thou prove my truth, thou would’st  
not start,

"Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart,  
 "'Tis now the beacon of thy safety — now  
 "It points within the port a Mainote prow:  
 "But in one chamber, where our path must lead,  
 "There sleeps — he must not wake — the oppressor Seyd!"

"Gulnare — Gulnare — I never felt till now  
 "My abject fortune, withered fame so low: 1530  
 "Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band  
 "From earth with ruthless but with open hand,  
 "And therefore came I, in my bark of war,  
 "To smite the smiter with the scimitar;  
 "Such is my weapon — not the secret knife —  
 "Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.  
 "Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this —  
 "Let me not deem that mercy shewn amiss. 1538  
 "Now fare thee well — more peace be with thy  
     breast!  
 "Night wears apace — my last of earthly rest!",

"Rest! Rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,  
 "And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.  
 "I heard the order — saw — I will not see —  
 "If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.  
 "My life — my love — my hatred — all below  
 "Are on this cast — Corsair! 'tis but a blow!  
 "Without it flight were idle — how evade

"His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,  
 "My youth disgraced — the long, long wasted  
 years,

"One blow shall cancel with our future fears;

"But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,

"I'll try the firmness of a female hand, 1552

"The guards are gained — one moment all  
 were o'er'—

"Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;

"If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud

"Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

## IX.

She turned, and vanished ere he could reply,  
 But his glance followed far with eager eye;

And gathering, as he could, the links that bound  
 His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,

Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,  
 He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued. 1562

'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where

That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there:

He sees a dusky glimmering — shall he seek

Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?

Chance guides his steps — a freshness seems to  
 bear

Full on his brow, as if from morning air —

He reached an open gallery — on his eye



He had been tempted — chastened — and the  
chain

Yet on his arms might ever there remain:  
But ne'er from strife — captivity — remorse —  
From all his feelings in their inmost force —  
So thrilled — so shuddered every creeping vein,  
As now they froze before that purple stain,  
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,  
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!  
Blood he had viewed — could view unmoved —  
but then

It flowed in combat, or was shed by men! 1600

## XI.

“’Tis done — he nearly waked — but it is done.  
“Corsair! he perished — thou art dearly won.  
“All words would now be vain — away — away!  
“Our bark is tossing — ’tis already day.  
“The few gained over, now are wholly mine,  
“And these thy yet surviving band shall join:  
“Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,  
“When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.”

## XII.

She clapped her hands — and through the gal-  
lery pour,  
Equipped for flight, her vassals — Greek and  
Moor;

Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;  
 Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!  
 But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,  
 As if they there transferred that iron weight.  
 No words are uttered — at her sign, a door  
 Reveals the secret passage to the shore;  
 The city lies behind — they speed, they reach  
 The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;  
 And Conrad following, at her beck, obeyed,  
 Nor cared he now if rescued or betrayed; 1620  
 Resistance were as useless as if Seyd  
 Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

## XIII.

Embarked, the sail unfurled, the light breeze  
 blew —  
 How much had Conrad's memory to review!  
 Sunk he in contemplation, till the cape  
 Where last he anchored reared its giant shape.  
 Ah! since that fatal night, though brief the time,  
 Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.  
 As its far shadow frowned above the mast,  
 He veiled his face, and sorrowed as he past; 1630  
 He thought of all — Gonsalvo and his band,  
 His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;  
 He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:  
 He turned and saw — Gulnare, the homicide!

## XIV.

She watched his features till she could not bear  
 Their freezing aspect and averted air,  
 And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,  
 Fell quenched in tears, too late to shed or dry.  
 She knelt beside him and his hand she prest,  
 "Thou may'st forgive though Alla's self detest;  
 "But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?  
 "Reproach me — but not yet — Oh! spare me now!  
 "I am not what I seem — this fearful night  
 "My brain bewildered — do not madden quite!  
 "If I had never loved — though less my guilt,  
 "Thou hadst not lived to — hate me — if thou  
 wilt."

## XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself  
 upbraid  
 Than her, though undesigned, the wretch he made;  
 But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,  
 They bleed within that silent cell — his breast. 1650  
 Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,  
 The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;  
 Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,  
 A spot — a mast — a sail — an armed deck!  
 Their little bark her men of watch descry,

And ampler canvas woos the wind from high;  
 She bears her down majestically near,  
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;  
 A flash is seen — the ball beyond their bow  
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below. 1668  
 Uprose keen Conrad from his silent trance,  
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance;  
 "Tis mine — my blood-red flag! again —  
 again —

"I am not all deserted on the main!"  
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,  
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.  
 "'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,  
 Command nor duty could their transport check!  
 With light alacrity and gaze of pride,  
 They view him mount once more his vessel's side  
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face, 1671  
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.  
 He, half forgetting danger and defeat,  
 Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,  
 Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,  
 And feels he yet can conquer and command!

## XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,  
 Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;  
 They sailed prepared for vengeance — had they  
 known

A woman's hand secured that deed her own, 1680  
 She were their queen — less scrupulous are they  
 Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.  
 With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,  
 They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;  
 And her, at once above — beneath her sex,  
 Whom blood appalled not, their regards perplex.  
 To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,  
 She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;  
 Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,  
 Which — Conrad safe — to fate resigned the rest.  
 Though worse than phrenzy could that bosom fill,  
 Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill, 1692  
 The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

## XVII.

This Conrad marked, and felt — ah! could heless?  
 Hate of that deed — but grief for her distress;  
 What she has done no tears can wash away,  
 And heaven must punish on its angry day:  
 But — it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,  
 For him that poignard smote, that blood was spilt;  
 And he was free! — and she for him had given 1700  
 Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!  
 And now he turned him to that dark-eyed slave  
 Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he  
 gave,

Who now seemed changed and humbled: —  
   faint and meek,  
 But varying oft the colour of her cheek  
 To deeper shades of paleness — all it's red  
 That fearful spot which stained it from the dead!  
 He took that hand — it trembled — now too late —  
 So soft in love — so wildly nerved in hate;  
 He clasped that hand — it trembled — and his own  
 Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone. 1711  
 "Gulnare!" — but she replied not — "dear  
   Gulnare!"

She raised her eye — her only answer there —  
 At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:  
 If he had driven her from that resting place,  
 His had been more or less than mortal heart.  
 But — good or ill — it bade her not depart.  
 Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,  
 His latest virtue then had joined the rest.  
 Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss 1720  
 That asked from form so fair no more than this,  
 The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith —  
 To lips where Love had lavished all his breath,  
 To lips — whose broken sighs such fragrance  
   fling,

As he had fanned them freshly with his wing!

## XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.

To them the very rocks appear to smile;  
 The haven hums with many a cheering sound,  
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,  
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay, 1730  
 And sportive dolphins bend them through the  
 spray;

Even the hoarse-sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,  
 Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!  
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,  
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.  
 Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,  
 Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled  
 foam?

## XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,  
 And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:  
 He looks in vain — 'tis strange — and all remark,  
 Amid so many, hers alone is dark. 1741  
 'Tis strange — of yore its welcome never failed,  
 Nor now, perchance, extinguished, only veiled.  
 With the first boat descends he for the shore,  
 And looks impatient on the lingering oar.  
 Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,  
 To bear him like an arrow to that height!  
 With the first pause the resting rowers gave,  
 He waits not — looks not — leaps into the wave,



And set the anxious frame that lately shook :  
 He gazed — how long we gaze despite of pain,  
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!  
 In life itself she was so still and fair, 1774  
 That death with gentler aspect withered there;  
 And the cold flowers <sup>16</sup> her colder hand contained,  
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strained  
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,  
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
 And veiled — thought shrinks from all that lurked  
 below — 1781

Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,  
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!  
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips —  
 Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,  
 And wished repose — but only for a while;  
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
 Long — fair — but spread in utter lifelessness,  
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind, 1790  
 Escaped the baffled wrath that strove to bind;  
 These — and the pale pure cheek, became the  
 Bier —  
 But she is nothing — wherefore is he here?

## XXI.

He asked no question — all were answered now  
 By the first glance on that still — marble brow.  
 It was enough — she died — what recked it how?  
 The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
 The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,  
 The only living thing he could not hate,  
 Was reft at once — and he deserved his fate, 1800  
 But did not feel it less; — the good explore,  
 For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar;  
 The proud — the wayward — who have fixed below  
 Their joy — and find this earth enough for woe,  
 Lose in that one their all — perchance a mite —  
 But who in patience parts with all delight?  
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;  
 And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,  
 In smiles that least besit who wear them most.

## XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest 1811  
 The indistinctness of the suffering breast;  
 Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,  
 Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;

No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
 For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.  
 On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,  
 And stupor almost lulled it into rest;  
 So feeble now — his mother's softness crept  
 To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:  
 It was the very weakness of his brain, 1821  
 Which thus confessed without relieving pain.  
 None saw his trickling tears — perchance, if seen,  
 That useless flood of grief had never been:  
 Nor long they flowed — he dried them to de-  
 part,

In helpless — hopeless — brokenness of heart:  
 The sun goes forth — but Conrad's day is dim;  
 And the night cometh — ne'er to pass from him.  
 There is no darkness like the cloud of mind, 1829  
 On Grief's vain eye — the blindest of the blind!  
 Which may not — dare not see — but turns aside  
 To blackest shade — nor will endure a guide!

## XXIII.

His heart was formed for softness — warped to  
 wrong;  
 Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long;  
 Each feeling pure — as falls the dropping dew  
 Within the grot; like that had hardened too;

Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,  
But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last.  
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the  
rock;

If such his heart, so shattered it the shock. 1840  
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,  
Though dark the shade — it sheltered, — saved  
till now.

The thunder came — that bolt hath blasted both,  
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:  
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell  
Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell,  
And of its cold protector, blacken round  
But shivered fragments on the barren ground!

## XXIV.

'Tis morn — to venture on his lonely hour  
Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his  
tower.

He was not there — nor seen along the shore; 1851  
Ere night, alarmed, their isle is traversed o'er:  
Another morn — another bids them seek,  
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak;  
Mount — grotto — cavern — valley searched in  
vain,

They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain:

Their hope revives — they follow o'er the main.  
'Tis idle all — moons roll on moons away,  
And Conrad comes not — came not since that day:  
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare  
Where lives his grief, or perished his despair!  
Long mourned his band whom none could mourn  
beside;

And fair the monument they gave his bride:  
For him they raise not the recording stone —  
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;  
He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

NOTES  
TO  
THE CORSAIR.

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III The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

Note 1, page 20, line 4.

*Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.*  
Orlando, Canto 10.

Note 2, page 26, line 22.

*Around the waves' phosphoric brightness broke.*

By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or

ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

Note 3, page 30, line 25.

*Though to the rest the sober berry's juice.*  
Coffee.

Note 4, page 31, line 1.

*The long Chibouque's dissolving cloud supply.*  
Pipe.

Note 5, page 31, line 2.

*While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy.*  
Dancing-girls.

Note to Canto II. page 31, line 15.

It has been objected that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. — Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.

«Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but

it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero." *Gibbon, D. and F. Vol. VI. p. 180.*

That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing "The Corsair."

"Eccelin prisonnier" dit Rolandini, «s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant, il fixoit sur la terre son visage feroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. — De toutes parts cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes parts.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens indiquoient un soldat. — Son langage étoit amer, son deportement superbe—et par son seul egard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis." *Sismondi, tome III. page 219, 220.*

"Gizericus (Genseric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome,) statura mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad solicitandas gentes providentissimus," etc. etc. *Jornandes de Rebus Getius, c. 33.*

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.

Note 6, page 35, line 1.

*And my stern vow and order's laws oppose.*

The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

Note 7, page 36, line 14.

*They seize that Dervise! — seize on Zatanai!  
Satan.*

Note 8, page 37, line 10.

*He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight.*

A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's Memoirs, page 24. "The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field."

Note 9, page 39, line 11.

*Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare.*

Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the Pomegranate.

Note 10, page 49, line 6.

*Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!*

In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the

scaffold, and Anne Boleyn in the Tower, when grasping her neck, she remarked, that it "was too slender to trouble the headsman much." During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some "mot" as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

Note 11, page 56, line 13.

*That closed their murdered sage's latest day!*

Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Note 12, page 56, line 25.

*The queen of night asserts her silent reign.*

The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

Note 13, page 57, line 8.

*The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk.*

The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. — Cephisus'

stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Note 14, page 57, line 19.

*That frown where gentler ocean seems to smile.*

The opening lines as far as section II. have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spot in the Spring of 1811, and — I scarce know why — the reader must excuse their appearance here if he can.

Note 15, page 61, line 17.

*His only bends in seeming o'er his beads.*

The Comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

Note 16, page 82, line 6.

*And the cold flowers her colder hand contained.*

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

Note 17, page 86, last line.

*Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.*

That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not

been carried beyond the bounds of probability may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the present year, 1814.

Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barrataria; but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers.

Barrataria is a bay, or a narrow arm of the gulf of Mexico: it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. The bay has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the southwest side, and these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified in the year 1811, by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these out-

laws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba: and when the last war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony, they entered the United States, the most of them the State of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the Governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which forbid the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the general Government for their retaining this property.

The Island of Barrataria is situated about lat. 29 deg. 15 min. lon. 92 30. and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had mixed with his many vices some virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the Governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment, he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known

to the inhabitants of the city of New Orleans, from his immediate connexion, and his once having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army, where he was a Captain. The reward which was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15,000 for the head of the Governor. The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his handitti. This company, under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain, approached very near to the fortified island, before he saw a man, or heard a sound, until he heard a whistle, not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from the secret avenues which led into Bayou. Here it was that the modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits; for to this man who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him, he not only spared his life, but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days, which was indignantly refused. He then, with the approbation of his captor, returned to the

city. This circumstance, and some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter, exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented; for an officer of the navy, with most of the gun-boats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorised an attack, one was made; the overthrow of this banditti has been the result; and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy, it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force. — *From an American Newspaper.*

In Noble's continuation of Cranger's Biographical Dictionary, there is a singular passage in his account of archbishop Blackbourne, and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it.

«There is something mysterious in the history  
 «and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former  
 «is but imperfectly known; and report has even  
 «asserted he was a buccaneer: and that one of his  
 «brethren in that profession having asked, on his  
 «arrival in England, what had become of his old

« chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is arch-  
 « bishop of York. We are informed, that Black-  
 « bourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter, in  
 « 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but  
 « after his successor, Lewis Barnet's death, in  
 « 1704, he regained it. In the following year he  
 « became dean; and, in 1714, held with it the  
 « archdeanery of Cornwall. He was consecrated  
 « bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and trans-  
 « lated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward,  
 « according to court scandal, for uniting George  
 « I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however,  
 « appears to have been an unfounded calumny.  
 « As archbishop he behaved with great prudence,  
 « and was equally respectable as the guardian of  
 « the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he  
 « retained the vices of his youth, and that a pas-  
 « sion for the fair sex formed an item in the list  
 « of his weaknesses; but so far from being con-  
 « victed by seventy witnesses, he does not ap-  
 « pear to have been directly criminated by one.  
 « In short, I look upon these aspersions as the ef-  
 « fects of mere malice. How is it possible a buc-  
 « caneer should have been so good a scholar as  
 « Blackbourne certainly was: he who had so per-  
 « fect a knowledge of the classics, (particularly  
 « of the Greek tragedians,) as to be able to read  
 « them with the same ease as he could Shakes-

“peare, must have taken great pains to acquire  
“the learned languages; and have had both leisure  
“and good masters. But he was undoubtedly  
“educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He  
“is allowed to have been a pleasant man: this,  
“however, was turned against him, by its being  
“said, ‘he gained more hearts than souls.’”

NOTES TO THE READER

These notes are intended to explain the various passages in the text which are not fully understood by the reader. They are intended to be read after the text has been read, and to be used as a guide to the reader's understanding of the text.

L A R A ,

A TALE.

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11. A B A

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L A R A.

C A N T O I.

I.

THE Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain,  
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain;  
He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,  
The long self-exiled chieftain is restored:  
There be bright faces in the busy hall,  
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;  
Far chequering o'er the pictured window, plays  
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze;  
And gay retainers gather round the heart, 9  
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

The chief of Lara is returned again:  
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main?  
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself; — that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest! —

With none to check, and few to point in time  
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;  
Then, when he most required commandment, then  
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men. 20  
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace  
His youth through all the mazes of its race;  
Short was the course his restlessness had run,  
But long enough to leave him half undone.

## III.

And Lara left in youth his father-land;  
But from the hour he waved his parting hand  
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all  
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.  
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,  
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there; 30  
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew  
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.  
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,  
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,  
Another chief consoled his destined bride,  
The young forgot him, and the old had died;  
"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the impatient heir,  
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.  
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace  
The Laras' last and longest dwelling place; 40  
But one is absent from the mouldering file,  
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

## IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,  
 And whence they know not, why they need not  
 guess;

They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,  
 Not that he came, but came not long before:  
 No train is his beyond a single page,  
 Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.  
 Years had rolled on, and fast they speed away  
 To those that wander as to those that stay; 50  
 But lack of tidings from another clime  
 Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.  
 They see, they recognise, yet almost deem  
 The present dubious, or the past a dream.

He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,  
 Though seared by toil, and something touch'd  
 by time;

His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,  
 Might be untaught him by his varied lot;  
 Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name  
 Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame: 60  
 His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins  
 No more than pleasure from the stripling wins;  
 And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,  
 Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

## V.

And they indeed were changed — 'tis quickly  
seen

Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been:  
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,  
And spake of passions, but of passion past;  
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise; 70  
A high demeanour, and a glance that took  
Their thoughts from others by a single look;  
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,  
That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
And makes those feel that will not own the wound;  
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath,  
Than glance could well reveal, an accent breathe.  
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,  
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,  
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive, 81  
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;  
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace  
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

## VI.

Not much he lov'd long question of the past,  
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,  
In those far lands where he had wandered lone,

And — as himself would have it seem — un-  
known:

Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,  
Nor glean experience from his fellow man; 90  
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,  
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;  
If still more prying such enquiry grew,  
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

## VII.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,  
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;  
Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,  
He mingled with the Magnates of his land;  
Joined the carousals of the great and gay,  
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away; 100  
But still he only saw, and did not share  
The common pleasure or the general care;  
He did not follow what they all pursued  
With hope still baffled, still to be renew'd;  
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,  
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:  
Around him some mysterious circle thrown  
Repell'd approach, and showed him still alone;  
Upon his eye sate something of reproof,  
That kept at least frivolity aloof; 110  
And things more timid that beheld him near,  
In silence gaz'd, or whisper'd mutual fear;

And they the wiser, friendlier few confes'd  
They deem'd him better than his air expres'd.

## VIII.

'Twas strange — in youth all action and all life,  
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;  
Woman — the field — the ocean — all that gave  
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,  
In turn he tried — he ransack'd all below,  
And found his recompence in joy or woe, 120  
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought  
In that intenseness an escape from thought:  
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed  
On that the feebler elements hath rais'd;  
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,  
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:  
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,  
How woke he from the wildness of that dream?  
Alas! he told not — but he did awake  
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

## IX.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man, 131  
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,  
And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day  
From all communion he would start away:  
And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,  
Through night's long hours would sound his  
hurried tread

O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd  
In rude but antique portraiture around:

They heard, but whisper'd — *“that must not  
be known —*

*“The sound of words less earthly than his own. 140*

*“Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had  
seen*

*“They scarce knew what, but more than should  
have been.*

*“Why gaz'd he so upon the ghastly head*

*“Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead,*

*“That still beside his open'd volume lay,*

*“As if to startle all save him away?*

*“Why slept he not when others were at rest?*

*“Why heard no music, and received no guest?*

*“All was not well they deemed — but where  
the wrong?*

*“Some knew perchance — but 'twere a tale  
too long;*

*“And such besides were too discreetly wise, 151*

*“To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;*

*“But if they would — they could” — around  
the board,*

Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

## X.

It was the night — and Lara's glassy stream  
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam:

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
 And yet they glide like happiness away;  
 Reflecting far and fairy-like from high  
 The immortal lights that live along the sky: 160  
 Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,  
 And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;  
 Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,  
 And Innocence would offer to her love.  
 These deck the shore; the waves their channel make  
 In windings bright and mazy like the snake,  
 All was so still, so soft in earth and air,  
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;  
 Secure that nought of evil could delight  
 To walk in such a scene, on such a night! 170  
 It was a moment only for the good:  
 So Lara deemed, nor longer there he stood,  
 But turned in silence to his castle-gate;  
 Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:  
 Such scene reminded him of other days,  
 Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,  
 Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that  
 now —  
 No — no — the storm may beat upon his brow,  
 Unfelt — unsparing — but a night like this,  
 A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his. 180

## XI.

He turned within his solitary hall,

And his high shadow shot along the wall;  
 There were the painted forms of other times,  
 'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
 Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults  
 That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;  
 And half a column of the pompous page,  
 That speeds the specious tale from age to age;  
 Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,  
 And lies like truth, and still most truly lies. 190  
 He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone  
 Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,  
 And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there  
 O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,  
 Reflected in fantastic figures grew,  
 Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;  
 His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,  
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume,  
 Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave  
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave. 200

## XII.

'Twas midnight — all was slumber; the lone light.  
 Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.  
 Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall —  
 A sound — a voice — a shriek — a fearfull call!  
 Along, loud shriek — and silence — did they hear  
 That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?  
 They heard and rose, and tremulously brave

Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save;  
 They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,  
 And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands. 210

## XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,  
 Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,  
 Was Lara stretched; his half drawn sabre near,  
 Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;  
 Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,  
 And still defiance knit his gathered brow;  
 Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,  
 There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;  
 Some half form'd threat in utterance there had  
 died,

Some imprecation of despairing pride; 220  
 His eye was almost seal'd but not forsook,  
 Even in its trance the gladiator's look,  
 That oft awake his aspect could disclose,  
 And now was fix'd in horrible repose.  
 They raise him — bear him; — hush! he brea-  
 thes, he speaks,

The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,  
 His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,  
 Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb  
 Recalls its function, but his words are strung  
 In terms that seem not of his native tongue; 230  
 Distinct but strange, enough they understand

To deem them accents of another land,  
 And such they were, and meant to meet an ear  
 That hears him not — alas! that cannot hear!

## XIV.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd  
 To know the import of the words they heard;  
 And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,  
 They were not such as Lara should avow,  
 Nor he interpret, yet with less surprise  
 Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes,  
 But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside, 241  
 And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied,  
 And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem  
 To soothe away the horrors of his dream;  
 If dream it were, that thus could overthrow  
 A breast that needed not ideal woe.

## XV.

Whate'er his phrenzy dream'd or eye beheld,  
 If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,  
 Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,  
 And breath'd new vigour in his shaken frame; 250  
 And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,  
 And soon the same in movement and in speech  
 As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,  
 Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lours  
 Than these were wont; and if the coming night

Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,  
 He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,  
 Whose shuddering prov'd *their* fear was less forgot.  
 In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl  
 The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall; 260  
 The waving banner, and the clapping door,  
 The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;  
 The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,  
 The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;  
 Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,  
 As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

## XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravell'd gloom  
 Came not again, or Lara could assume  
 A seeming of forgetfulness, that made  
 His vassals more amaz'd nor less afraid — 270  
 Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?  
 Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord  
 Betrayed a feeling that recalled to these  
 That fevered moment of his mind's disease.  
 Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke  
 Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke  
 Their slumber? his the oppress'd o'er-laboured  
 heart  
 That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?  
 Could he who thus had suffered, to forget,  
 When such as saw that suffering shudder yet? 280



Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,  
 And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem  
 One doubt from others half withheld esteem;  
 In self-inflicted penance of a breast 309  
 Which tenderness might once have wrung from  
 rest;

In vigilance of grief that would compel  
 The soul to hate for having lov'd too well.

## XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:  
 As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,  
 He stood a stranger in this breathing world,  
 An erring spirit from another hurled;  
 A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped  
 By choice the perils he by chance escaped;  
 But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet  
 His mind would half exult and half regret: 320  
 With more capacity for love than earth  
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,  
 His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,  
 And troubled manhood followed baffled youth;  
 With thought of years in phantom chase mispent,  
 And wasted powers for better purpose lent;  
 And fiery passions that had poured their wrath  
 In hurried desolation o'er his path,  
 And left the better feelings all at strife  
 In wild reflection o'er his stormy life; 330

But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,  
He called on Nature's self to share the shame,  
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form  
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;  
'Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
And half mistook for fathe the acts of will:  
Too high for common selfishness, he could  
At times resign his own for others' good,  
But not in pity, not because he ought,  
But in some strange perversity of thought, 340  
That swayed him onward with a secret pride  
To do what few or none would do beside;  
And this same impulse would, in tempting time,  
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;  
So much he soared beyond, or sunk beneath  
The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe,  
And longed by good or ill to separate  
Himself from all who shared his mortal state;  
His mind abhorring this had fixed her throne  
Far from the world, in regions of her own: 350  
Thus coldly passing all that passed below,  
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:  
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed,  
But ever in that icy smoothness flowed!  
'Tis true, with other men their path he walked,  
And like the rest in seeming did and talked,  
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,  
His madness was not of the head, but heart;

And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew  
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view. 360

## XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,  
And seeming gladness to remain unseen;  
He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art  
Of fixing memory on another's heart:  
It was not love perchance — nor hate — nor aught  
That words can image to express the thought;  
But they who saw him did not see in vain,  
And once beheld, would ask of him again:  
And those to whom he spake remembered well,  
And on the words, however light, would dwell: 370  
None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined  
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;  
There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,  
If greeted once; however brief the date  
That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,  
Still there within the inmost thought he grew.  
You could not penetrate his soul, but found,  
Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;  
His presence haunted still; and from the breast  
He forced an all-unwilling interest: 380  
Vain was the struggle in that mental net,  
His spirit seemed to dare you to forget!

## XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,  
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims  
Appear — a highborn and a welcome guest  
To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.  
The long carousal shakes the illumin'd hall;  
Wall speeds alike the banquet, and the ball;  
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train  
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain: 390  
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands  
That mingle there in well according bands;  
It is a sight the careful brow might smoothe,  
And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,  
And Youth forget such hour was past on earth,  
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

## XXI.

And Lara gaz'd on these, sedately glad,  
His brow belied him if his soul was sad;  
And his glance followed fast each fluttering fair,  
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there: 400  
He leaped against the lofty pillar nigh,  
With folded arms and long attentive eye,  
Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fixed on his,  
Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:  
At length he caught it, 'tis a face unknown,  
But seems as searching his, and his alone;  
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,

Who still till now had gaz'd on him unseen;  
 At length encountering meets the mutual gaze  
 Of keen enquiry, and of mute amaze; 410  
 On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,  
 As if distrusting that the stranger threw;  
 Along the stranger's aspect fix'd and stern,  
 Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could  
 learn.

## XXII.

"'Tis he!" the stranger cried, and those that heard,  
 Re-echoed fast and far the whispered word.

"'Tis he!" — "'Tis who?" they question far and  
 near,

Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;  
 So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook  
 The general marvel, or that single look; 420  
 But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the surprise  
 That sprung at first to his arrested eyes  
 Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor rais'd  
 Glanced his eye round, though still the stran-  
 ger gaz'd;

And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with haughty sneer,  
 "'Tis he! — how came he thence? — what  
 doth he here?"

## XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by

Such question, so repeated fierce and high;  
 With look collected, but with accent cold,  
 More mildly firm than petulantly bold, 430  
 He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone —  
 "My name is Lara! — when thine own is known,  
 "Doubt not my fitting answer to requite  
 "The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.  
 "'Tis Lara! — further wouldst thou mark or ask?  
 "I shun no question, and I wear no mask."

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

"And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!  
 "At least thy memory was not given in vain. 440  
 "Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,  
 "Eternity forbids thee to forget."  
 With slow and searching glance upon his face  
 Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace  
 They knew, or chose to know — with dubious look  
 He deign'd no answer, but his head he shook,  
 And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away;  
 But the stern stranger motioned him to stay. 448  
 "A word! — I charge thee stay, and answer here  
 "To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,  
 "But as thou wast and art — nay, frown not, lord,  
 "If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word —  
 "But, as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,

« Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.  
 « Art thou not he? whose deeds” —

« Whate’er I be,  
 « Words wild as these, accusers like to thee  
 « I list no further; those with whom they weigh  
 « May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay  
 « The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,  
 « Which thus begins so courteously and well. 460  
 « Let Otho cherish here his polish’d guest,  
 « To him my thanks and thoughts shall be ex-  
 prest.”

And here their wondering host hath interposed —  
 « Whate’er there be between you, undisclosed,  
 « This is no time nor fitting place to mar  
 « The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.  
 « If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast ought to show  
 « Which it befits Count Lara’s ear to know,  
 « To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best  
 « Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;  
 « I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown, 471  
 « Though like Count Lara now return’d alone  
 « From other lands, almost a stranger grown;  
 « And if from Lara’s blood and gentle birth  
 « I augur right of courage and of worth,  
 « He will not that untainted line belie,  
 « Nor aught that knighthood may accord, deny.”

“To-morrow be it,” Ezzelin replied,  
“And here our several worth and truth be tried;  
“I gage my life, my falchion to attest 480  
“My words, so may I mingle with the blest!”  
What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk  
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;  
The words of many, and the eyes of all  
That there were gather’d, seem’d on him to fall;  
But his were silent, his appear’d to stray  
In far forgetfulness away — away —  
Alas! that heedlessness of all around  
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

## XXIV.

“To-morrow! — ay, to-morrow!” further word  
Than those repeated none from Lara heard; 491  
Upon his brow no outward passion spoke,  
From his large eye no flashing anger broke:  
Yet there was something fix’d in that low tone,  
Which showed resolve, determined, though  
unknown.

He seiz’d his cloak — his head he slightly bow’d,  
And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd;  
And, as he pass’d him, smiling met the frown  
With which that chieftain’s brow would bear  
him down:

It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride  
 That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide 501  
 But that of one in his own heart secure  
 Of all that he would do, or could endure.  
 Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?  
 Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?  
 Alas! too like in confidence are each,  
 For man to trust to mortal look or speech;  
 From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern  
 Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart  
 to learn.

## XXV.

And Lara called his page, and went his way — 510  
 Well could that stripling word or sign obey:  
 His only follower from those climes afar,  
 Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;  
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,  
 In duty patient, and sedate though young;  
 Silent as him he served, his faith appears  
 Above his station, and beyond his years.  
 Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,  
 In such from him he rarely heard command; 519  
 But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,  
 When Lara's lip breath'd forth the words of home:

Those accents as his native mountains dear,  
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,  
 Friends', kindreds', parents', wonted voice recall,  
 Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all:  
 For him earth now disclosed no other guide;  
 What marvel then he rarely left his side?

## XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate  
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate, 529  
 But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,  
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone  
 through;

Yet not such blush as mounts when health would  
 show

All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;  
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care  
 That for a burning moment fevered there;  
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught  
 From high, and lightened with electric thought,  
 Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe,  
 Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;  
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there, 540  
 Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share:  
 And pleased not him the sports that please his age,

The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page,  
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,  
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance;  
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wandered lone,  
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none;  
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book;  
 His resting-place the banks that curbs the brook:  
 He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart 550  
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart;  
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth  
 No gift beyond that bitter boon — our birth.

## XXVII.

If aught he lov'd, 'twas Lara; but was shown  
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;  
 In mute attention; and his care, which guessed  
 Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue expressed.  
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
 A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid; 559  
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,  
 In act alone obeys, his air commands:  
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire  
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.  
 Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his lord,  
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;

To tune his lute, or if he willed it more,  
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;  
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,  
 To whom he showed nor deference nor disdain,  
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew  
 No sympathy with that familiar crew: 571

His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,  
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.  
 Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,  
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,  
 So femininely white it might bespeak  
 Another sex, when matched with that smooth  
 check,

But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;  
 A latent fierceness that far more became 580  
 His fiery climate than his tender frame:  
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
 But from his aspect might be more than guest.  
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore  
 Another ere he left his mountain shore;  
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,  
 That name repeated loud without reply,  
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
 Start to the sound, as but remembered then;  
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake, 590  
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

## XXVIII.

He had looked down upon the festive hall,  
 And marked that sudden strife so marked of all;  
 And when the crowd around and near him told  
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,  
 Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore  
 Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,  
 The colour of young Kaled went and came,  
 The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;  
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw  
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew, 601  
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
 With heavy thoughts from which reflection  
 shrinks.

Yes — there be things that we must dream and  
 dare,

And execute ere thought be half aware:  
 Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow  
 To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.  
 He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast  
 That sidelong smile upon the knight he past;  
 When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell, 610  
 As if on something recognized right well;  
 His memory read in such a meaning more  
 Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:

Forward he sprung — a moment, both were  
gone,  
And all within that hall seem'd left alone;  
Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,  
All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene,  
That when his long dark shadow through the porch  
No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,  
Each pulsebeats quicker, and all bosoms seem  
To bound as doubting from too black a dream,  
Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,  
Because the worst is ever nearest truth.  
And they are gone — but Ezzelin is there,  
With thoughtful, visage and imperious air;  
But long remain'd not; ere an hour expired  
He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

## XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;  
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,  
Again to that accustomed couch must creep  
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,  
And man o'er-laboured with his being's strife,  
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:  
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,  
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;

O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.  
What better name may slumbers's bed become?  
Night's sepulchré, the universal home,  
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk  
supine,

Alike in naked helplessness recline;      641  
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,  
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,  
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,  
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

L A R A.

C A N T O II.

I.

NIGHT wanes — the vapours round the moun-  
tains curl'd  
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.  
Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near to little, but his last;  
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth, 650  
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;  
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.  
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,  
And cry, exulting inly, "they are thine!"  
Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see;  
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:  
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,  
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;  
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall all, 660  
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;  
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,  
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

III.

I

## II.

'Tis morn — 'tis noon — assembled in the hall,  
 The gathered chieftains come to Otho's call;  
 'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim  
 The life or death of Lara's future fame;  
 When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,  
 And whatsoe'er the tale, it must be told,  
 His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,  
 To meet it in the eye of man and heaven. 671  
 Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,  
 Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

## III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,  
 With self-confiding, coldly patient air;  
 Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,  
 And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'er-cast.  
 "I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,  
 "If yet he be on earth, expect him here;  
 "The roof that held him in the valley stands 680  
 "Between my own and noble Lara's lands;  
 "My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,  
 "Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,  
 "But that some previous proof forbade his stay,  
 "And urged him to prepare against to-day;  
 "The word I pledged for his I pledge again,  
 "Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."



Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:  
 He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,  
 Stretched by a dextrous sleight along the ground.  
 "Demand thy life!" He answered not: and then  
 From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,  
 For Lara's brow upon the moment grew  
 Almost to blackness in its demon hue;  
 And fiercer shook his angry falchion now 720  
 Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow;  
 Then all was stern collectedness and art,  
 Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart;  
 So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,  
 That when the approaching crowd his arm with-  
 held,

He almost turned the thirsty point on those,  
 Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;  
 But to a moment's thought that purpose bent;  
 Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,  
 As if he loathed the ineffectual strife 730  
 That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life;  
 As if to search how far the wound he gave  
 Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

## V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the Leech  
 Forbade all present question, sign, and speech;  
 The others met within a neighbouring hall,  
 And he, incensed and heedless of them all,

The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,  
 In haughty silence slowly strode away; 739  
 He backed his steed, his home ward path he took,  
 Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

## VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,  
 Who menaced but to disappear with light?  
 Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went  
 To leave no other trace of his intent.  
 He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,  
 In darkness, yet so well the path was worn  
 He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;  
 But there he was not, and with coming day  
 Came fast enquiry, which unfolded nought 750  
 Except the absence of the chief it sought.  
 A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,  
 His host alarmed, his murmuring squires distress:  
 Their search extends along, around the path,  
 In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:  
 But none are there, and not a brake hath borne,  
 Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;  
 Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,  
 Which still retains a mark where murder was;  
 Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale, 760  
 The bitter print of each convulsive nail,  
 When agonized hands that cease to guard,  
 Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.

Some such had been, if here a life was left,  
 But these were not; and doubting hope is left;  
 And strange suspicion whispering Lara's name;  
 Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame;  
 Then sudden silent when his form appeared,  
 Awaits the absence of the thing it feared  
 Again its wonted wondering to renew,       770  
 And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

## VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are healed,  
 But not his pride; and hate no more concealed:  
 He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,  
 The friend of all who sought to work him woe,  
 And from his country's justice now demands  
 Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.  
 Who else than Lara could have cause to fear  
 His presence? who had made him disappear.  
 If not the man on whom his menaced charge 780  
 Had sate too deeply were he left at large?  
 The general rumour ignorantly loud,  
 The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;  
 The seeming friendlessness of him who strove  
 To win no confidence, and wake no love;  
 The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,  
 The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;  
 Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?  
 Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?

For it was not the blind capricious rage 790  
 A word can kindle and a word assuage;  
 But the deep working of a soul unmix'd  
 With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd;  
 Such as long power and overgorged success  
 Concentrates into all that's merciless:  
 These, link'd with that desire which ever sways  
 Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,  
 'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,  
 Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,  
 And he must answer for the absent head 800  
 Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

## VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,  
 Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;  
 That soil full many a wringing despot saw,  
 Who worked his wantonness in form of law;  
 Long war without and frequent broil within  
 Had made a path for blood and giant sin,  
 That waited but a signal to begin  
 New havock, such as civil discord blends, 809  
 Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends;  
 Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,  
 In word and deed obeyed, in soul abhorr'd.  
 Thus Lara had inherited his lands,  
 And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands;  
 But that long absence from his native clime

Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,  
And now diverted by his milder sway,  
All dread by slow degrees had worn away:  
The menials felt their usual awe alone, 819  
But more for him than them that fear was grown;  
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first  
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,  
And each long restless night, and silent mood,  
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:  
And though his lonely habits threw of late  
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;  
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,  
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.  
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,  
The humble passed not his unheeding eye; 830  
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof  
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.  
And they who watched might mark that day by day,  
Some new retainers gathered to his sway;  
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,  
He played the courteous lord and bounteous host:  
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread  
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;  
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains  
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes. 840  
If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,  
The million judged but of him as they found;  
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven

They but required a shelter, and 'twas given.  
 By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,  
 And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his lot;  
 With him old avarice found its hoard secure,  
 With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;  
 Youth present cheer and promised recompence  
 Detained, till all too late to part from thence: 850  
 To hate he offered, with the coming change,  
 The deep reversion of delayed revenge;  
 To love, long baffled by the unequal match,  
 The well-won charms success was sure to snatch.  
 All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim  
 That slavery nothing which was still a name.  
 The moment came, the hour when Otho thought  
 Secure at last the vengeance which he sought:  
 His summons found the destined criminal  
 Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall, 860  
 Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,  
 Defying earth, and confident of heaven.  
 That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves  
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!  
 Such is their cry — some watchword for the fight  
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:  
 Religion — freedom — vengeance — what you will,  
 A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;  
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and  
 spread,  
 That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms  
 be fed! 870

## IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had gain'd  
Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;  
Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,  
The Serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both:  
They waited but a leader, and they found  
One to their cause inseparably bound;  
By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,  
In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.  
Cut off by some mysterious fate from those  
Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes, 880  
Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,  
Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:  
Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun  
Enquiry into deeds at distance done;  
By mingling with his own the cause of all,  
E'en if he failed, he still delayed his fall.  
The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,  
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,  
Roused by events that seemed foredoom'd to  
urge  
His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge, 890  
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,  
And is again, he only changed the scene.  
Ligh care had he for life; and less for fame,  
But not less fitted for the desperate game:  
He deem'd himself mark'd out for other's hate,



And they that smote for freedom or for sway,  
Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to  
slay.

It was too late to check the wasting brand,  
And Desolation reaped the famished land;  
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,  
And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

## XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung.  
The first success to Lara's numbers clung:  
But that vain victory hath ruined all,  
They form no longer to their leader's call; 930  
In blind confusion on the foe they press,  
And think to snatch is to secure success.  
The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,  
Lure on the broken brigands to their fate;  
In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,  
To check the headlong fury of that crew;  
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,  
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame;  
The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,  
And shown their rashness to that erring brood:  
The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambuscade, 940  
The daily harass, and the fight delayed,  
The long privation of the hoped supply,  
The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,  
The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,

And palls the patience of his, baffled heart,  
 Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day  
 They could encounter as a veteran may;  
 But more preferred the fury of the strife,  
 And present death to hourly suffering life: 950  
 And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away  
 His numbers melting fast from their array;  
 Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,  
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent:  
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,  
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:  
 Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd  
 To mourn tho' discipline they late disdain'd.  
 One hope survives, the frontier is not far,  
 And thence they may escape from native war; 960  
 And bear within them to the neighbouring state  
 An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:  
 Hard is the task their father land to quit,  
 But harder still to perish or submit.

## XII.

It is resolved — they march — consenting Night  
 Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight;  
 Already they perceive its tranquil beam  
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;  
 Already they descry — Is yon the bank?  
 Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank. 970  
 Return or fly! — What glitters in the rear?

'Tis Otho's banner — the pursuer's spear!  
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?  
 Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight:  
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,  
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

## XIII.

A moment's pause, 'tis but to breathe their band,  
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?  
 It matters little — if they charge the foes. 979  
 Who by the border-stream their march oppose,  
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the  
 line,

However link'd to baffle such design.

“The charge be ours! to wait for their assault  
 “Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt.”

Forth flies each sabre, reined is every steed,  
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:  
 In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath  
 How many shall but hear the voice of death!

## XIV.

His blade is bared, in him there is an air  
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair; 990  
 A something of indifference more than then  
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men —  
 He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,  
 And still too faithful to betray one fear;

Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw  
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue  
 Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint exprest  
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast.  
 This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:  
 It trembled not in such an hour as this; 1000  
 His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,  
 His eye alone proclaim'd, «We will not part!  
 «Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,  
 «Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward-driven,  
 Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder-riven;  
 Well has each steed obeyed the armed heel,  
 And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;  
 Outnumber'd not outbrav'd, they still oppose  
 Despair to daring, and a front to foes; 1010  
 And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,  
 Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

## XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,  
 Where foe appeared to press, or friend to fall,  
 Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,  
 Inspiring hope, himself had ceased to feel.  
 None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain:  
 But those that waver turn to smite again,  
 While yet they find the firmest of the foe.

Recoil before their leader's look and blow: 1020  
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,  
He foils their ranks, or reunites his own;  
Himself he spared not — once they seemed to fly —  
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,  
And shook — why sudden droops that plumed crest?  
The shaft is sped — the arrow's in his breast!  
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,  
And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.  
The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;  
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!  
But yet the sword instinctively retains,  
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;  
These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,  
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,  
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page  
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:  
Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;  
Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

## XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head; 1040  
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
And that last grasp hath burst his bloody girth;  
And near yet quivering with what life remained,  
The heel that urg'd him and the hand that reined;  
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,



In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:  
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,  
 And merely adds another throb to pain. 1070  
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,  
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page  
 Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,  
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;  
 Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,  
 Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

## XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,  
 Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;  
 They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,  
 And he regards them with a calm disdain, 1080  
 That rose to reconcile him with his fate,  
 And that escape to death from living hate:  
 And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,  
 Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,  
 And questions of his state; he answers not,  
 Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,  
 And turns to Kaled: — each remaining word,  
 They understood not, if distinctly heard;  
 His dying tones are in that other tongue, 1089  
 To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.  
 They spake of other scenes, but what — is known  
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;



Roll'd back the clouds, the morrow caught his eye,  
 Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene  
 That rais'd his arm to point where such had been,  
 Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,  
 As if his heart abhorred that coming day.

And shrunk his glance before that morning light,  
 To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night. 1120  
 Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss;  
 For when one near display'd the absolving cross,  
 And proffered to his touch the holy bead,  
 Of which his parting soul might own the need,  
 He look'd upon it with an eye profane,  
 And smiled — Heaven pardon! if 'twere with  
 disdain:

And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew  
 From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,  
 With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,  
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,  
 As if such but disturbed the expiring man, 1131  
 Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,  
 That life of Immortality, secure  
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

## XX.

But gasping heav'd the breath that Lara drew,  
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew;  
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head  
 droop'd o'er.



Its grief seem'd endend, but the sex confest;  
And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame —  
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?

## XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,  
But where he died his grave was dug as deep  
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,  
Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd  
the mound;

And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,  
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief, 1170  
Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,  
And vain e'en menace — silent to the last;  
She told nor whence, nor why she left behind  
Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.  
Why did she love him? Curious fool! — he still —  
Is human love the growth of human will?  
To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,  
And when they love, your smilers guess not how  
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.  
They were not common links, that form'd the chain  
That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain; 1182  
But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,  
And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

## XXIII.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,  
 Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,  
 They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar,  
 Which were not planted there in recent war;  
 Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life,  
 It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife: 1190  
 But all unknown his glory or his guilt,  
 These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,  
 And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,  
 Returned no more — that night appear'd his last.

## XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)  
 A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,  
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,  
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;  
 A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood, 1199  
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food,  
 Pass'd by the river that divides the plain  
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:  
 He heard a tramp — a horse and horseman broke  
 From out the wood — before him was a cloak  
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,  
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.  
 Rous'd by the sudden sight at such a time,





And in that posture where she saw him fall,  
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall; 1260  
And she had shorn, but sav'd her raven hair,  
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,  
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,  
As if she staunch'd anew some phantom's wound.  
Herself would question, and for him reply;  
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly  
From some imagin'd spectre in pursuit;  
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,  
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,  
Or trace strange characters along the sand — 1270  
This could not last — she lies by him she lov'd;  
Her sale untold — her truth too dearly prov'd.

THE event in section 24, Canto 2d, was suggested by the description of the death or rather burial of the Duke of Gandia.

The most interesting and particular account of this mysterious event, is given by Burchard; and is in substance as follows: "On the eighth day of June, the cardinal of Valenza, and the duke of Gandia, sons of the pope, supped with their mother, Vanozza, near the church of S. Pietro ad vincula; several other persons being present at the entertainment. A late hour approaching, and the cardinal having reminded his brother, that it was time to return to the apostolic palace, they mounted their horses or mules, with only a few attendants, and proceeded together as far as the palace of cardinal Ascanio Sforza, when the duke informed the cardinal, that before he returned home, he had to pay a visit of pleasure. Dismissing therefore all his attendants, excepting his *staffiero*, or footman, and a person in a mask, who had paid him a visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month, or thereabouts,

“previous to this time, had called upon him al-  
“most daily, at the apostolic palace, he took this  
“person behind him on his mule, and proceeded  
“to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his  
“servant, directing him to remain there until  
“a certain hour; when, if he did not return,  
“he might repair to the palace. The duke then  
“seated the person in the mask behind him, and  
“rode, I know not whither; but in that night he  
“was assassinated, and thrown into the river.  
“The servant, after having been dismissed, was  
“also assaulted and mortally wounded; and alt-  
“hough he was attended with great care, yet,  
“such was his situation, that he could give no  
“intelligible account of what had befallen his  
“master. In the morning, the duke not having  
“returned to the palace, his servants began to  
“be alarmed; and one of them informed the  
“pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons,  
“and that the duke had not yet made his appe-  
“arance. This gave the pope no small anxiety;  
“but he conjectured that the duke had been at-  
“tracted by some courtesan to pass the night  
“with her, and not choosing to quit the house  
“in open day, had waited till the following eve-  
“ning to return home. When, however, the  
“evening arrived, and he found himself disap-  
“pointed in his expectations, he became deeply

“afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose. Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it, and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river, on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about, to observe, whether any person was passing. That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came, and looked around in the same manner as the former; no person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse; the two persons on foot supporting the body, to prevent its falling. They thus proceeded towards that part, where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river, and turning the horse, with his tail towards the water, the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river. The person on horseback then asked if

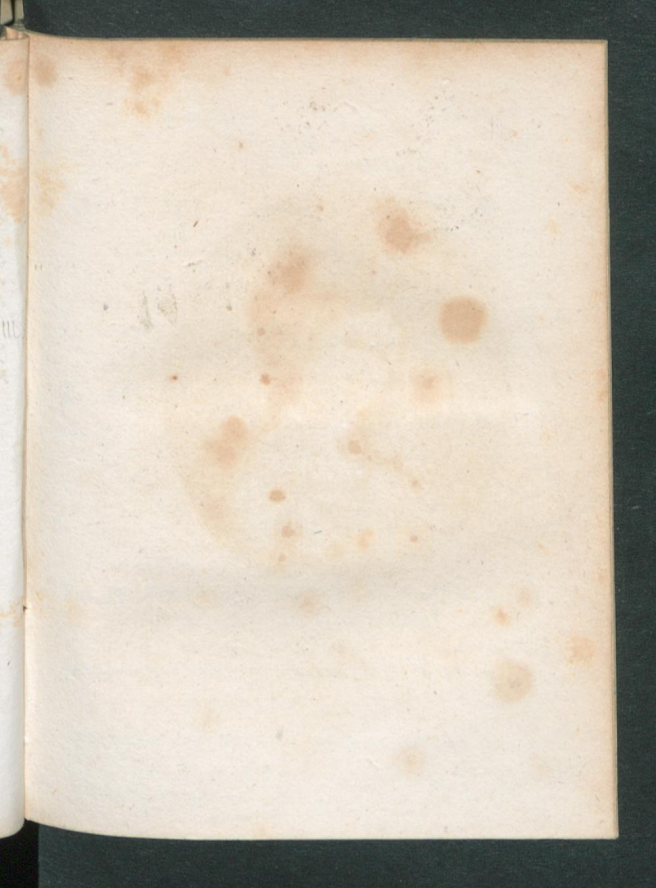
"they had thrown it in, to which they replied,  
 "*Signor, si.* (yes, Sir.) He then looked to-  
 "wards the river, and seeing a mantle floating  
 "on the stream, he inquired what it was that  
 "appeared black, to which they answered, it  
 "was a mantle; and one of them threw stones  
 "upon it, in consequence of which it sunk. The  
 "attendants of the pontiff then inquired from  
 "Giorgio, why he had not revealed this to the  
 "governor of the city; to which he replied, that  
 "he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies  
 "thrown into the river at the same place, without  
 "any inquiry being made respecting them, and  
 "that he had not, therefore, considered it as  
 "a matter of any importance. The fishermen  
 "and seamen were then collected and ordered  
 "to search the river, where, on the following  
 "evening, they found the body of the duke,  
 "with his habit entire, and thirty ducats in his  
 "purse. He was pierced with nine wounds, one  
 "of which was in his throat, the others in his  
 "head, body, and limbs. No sooner was the  
 "pontiff informed of the death of his son, and  
 "that he had been thrown, like filth, into the  
 "river, than giving way to his grief, he shut  
 "himself up in a chamber, and wept bitterly.  
 "The cardinal of Segovia, and other attendants  
 "on the pope, went to the door, and after

“many hours spent in persuasions and exhortations, prevailed upon him to admit them. From the evening of Wednesday, till the following Saturday, the pope took no food; nor did he sleep from Thursday morning till the same hour on the ensuing day. At length, however, giving way to the intreaties of his attendants, he began to restrain his sorrow, and to consider the injury which his own health might sustain, by the further indulgence of his grief.” — *Roscoe's Leo Tenth, Vol. I. page 265.*

END OF VOLUME III.

Heidelberg.

Printed for Joseph Engelmann.





*W. Turner del.*

*Leila*

THE  
W O R K S  
OF  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
L O R D B Y R O N.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

---

VOL. IV. ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE  
— POEMS — HEBREW MELODIES.

---

Z W I C K A U,  
PRINTED FOR THE BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

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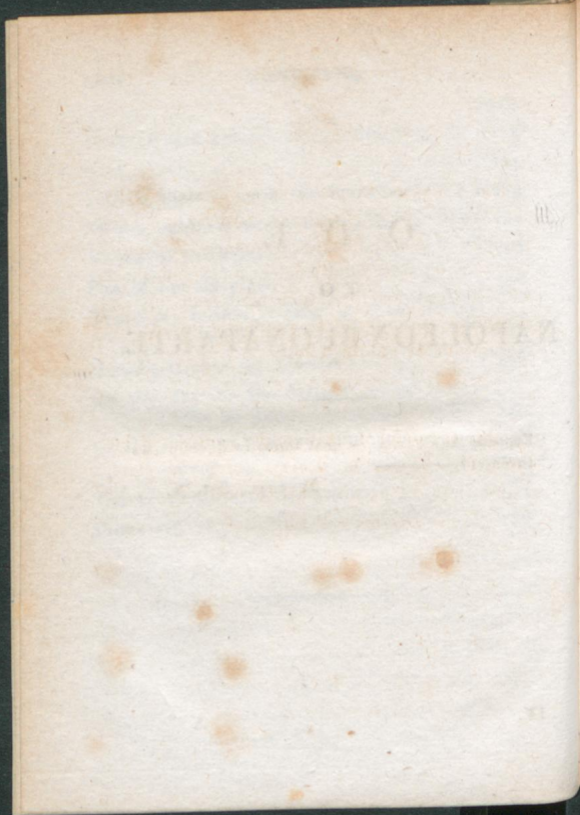
O D E  
T O  
N A P O L E O N B U O N A P A R T E.

---

“Expende Annibalem: — quot libras in duce summo

“Inuenies? —————

JUVENAL, Sat. X.



«The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by  
«the *Senate*, by the *Italians*, and by the Pro-  
«vincials of *Gaul*; his moral virtues, and mili-  
«tary talents, were loudly celebrated; and those  
«who derived any private benefit from his go-  
«vernment, announced in prophetic strains the  
«restoration of public felicity.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

«By this shameful abdication, he protracted his  
«life a few years, in a very ambiguous state,  
«between an Emperor and Exile till —————

*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, vol. 6, p. 220.

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page.

The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of their works. The list is arranged in a columnar format, with the names of the authors on the left and the titles of their works on the right. The text is very faint and difficult to read.

The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of their works. The list is arranged in a columnar format, with the names of the authors on the left and the titles of their works on the right. The text is very faint and difficult to read.

~~~~~

O D E.

---

I.

Tis done — but yesterday a King!  
And arm'd with Kings to strive —  
And now thou art a nameless thing  
So abject — yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed our Earth with hostile bones?  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

## II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind  
Who bow'd so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestion'd, — power to save —  
Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshipp'd thee;  
Nor, till thy fall, could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness!

## III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach  
To after-warriors more  
Than high Philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preached before.  
That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

## IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,

The rapture of the strife <sup>1</sup> —  
 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!

V.

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!

VI.

He <sup>2</sup> who of old would rend the oak,  
 Dreamed not of the rebound;  
 Chained by the trunk he vainly broke,

Alone — how looked 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!

## VII.

The Roman,<sup>3</sup> 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.

## VIII.

The Spaniard,<sup>4</sup> 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.

IX.

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

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
 Who thus can hoard his own!  
 And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,  
 And thanked 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!

## XI.

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 starkless night?

## XII.

Weigh'd 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.

XIII.

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 vanished diadem!

XIV.

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!  
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage<sup>5</sup>

12 ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

What thoughts will there be thine,  
While brooding in thy prisoned 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 poured so widely forth —  
So long obey'd — so little worth!

XVI.

Or like the thief of fire from heaven,<sup>6</sup>  
Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
His vulture and his rock!  
Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,  
And that last act, though not thy worst,  
The very Fiend's arch mock;<sup>7</sup>  
He in his fall preserv'd his pride,  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

---

NOTES.

---

Note 1, page 7, line 1.

*The rapture of the strife —*

*Certaminis gaudia*, the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassidorus.

Note 2, page 7, line 18.

*He who of old would rend the oak. —*

Milo.

Note 3, page 8, line 7.

*The Roman, when his burning heart —*

Scylla.

Note 4, page 8, line 16.

*The Spaniard, when the lust of sway —*

Charles V.

Note 5, page 11, line 19.

*Thou Timour! in his captive's cage —*

The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

Note 6, page 12, line 9.

*Or like the thief of fire from heaven —*

Prometheus.

Note 7, page 12, line 15.

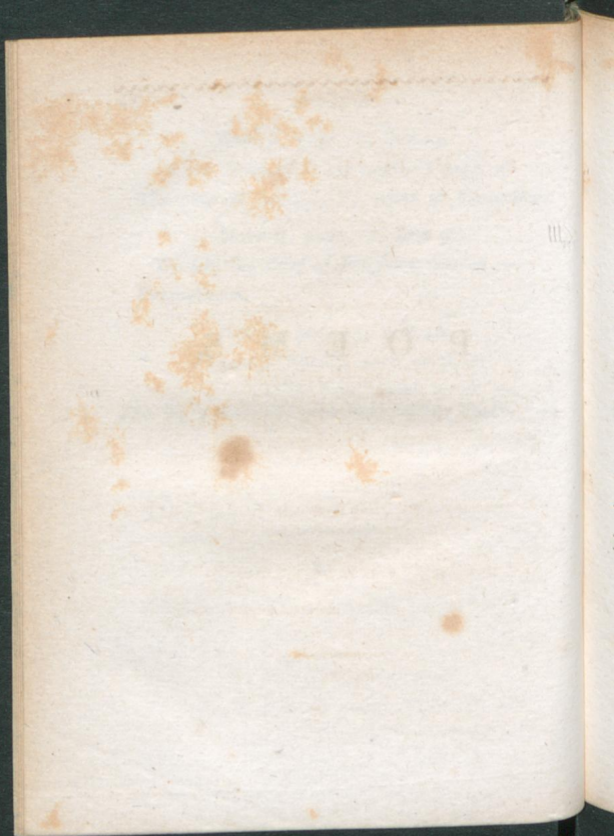
*The very Fiend's arch mock —*

«The fiend's arch mock —

«To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste.»—

SHAKSPEARE.

P O E M S.



P O E M S.

---

I.

*Written in an Album.*

1.

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!

2.

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 14th, 1809.*

---

## II.

*To \* \* \**

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 brav'd the death-wing'd tempest's blast,  
And 'scap'd a tyrant's fiercer wrath?  
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 wond'rous scene,  
Since where thou art I may not dwell,  
'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

*September, 1809.*

## III.

## S T A N Z A S

*Written in passing the Ambracian Gulph,*

*November 14th, 1809.*

---

1.

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.

2.

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.

3.

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;

4.

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 Anthonies.

5.

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

## IV.

## S T A N Z A S

*Composed October 11th 1809, during the night,  
in a thunder - storm; when the guides had  
lost the road to Zitza, near the range of  
mountains formerly called Pindus, in Al-  
bania.*

---

1.

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

2.

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.

## 3.

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.

## 4.

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

## 5.

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

## 6.

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

7.

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

8.

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.

9.

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

10.

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!

## 11.

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

## 12.

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

## 13.

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

## 14.

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

15.

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

16.

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

17.

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

18.

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.

---

## V.

*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.

---

## VI.

*Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos.*<sup>1</sup>

May 9, 1810.

---

1.

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!

2.

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

3.

For me, degenerate modern wretch,  
 Though in the genial month of May,  
 My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,  
 And think I've done a feat to-day.

4.

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

5.

'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.

---

## VII.

## S O N G.

Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.<sup>2</sup>

*Athens, 1810.*

---

1.

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,  
 Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

2.

By those tresses unconfin'd,  
 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,  
 Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

## 3.

By that lip I long to taste;  
 By that zone-encircl'd waist;  
 By all the token-flowers<sup>3</sup> that tell  
 What words can never speak so well;  
 By Love's alternate joy and woe,  
 Ζώνη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

## 4.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
 Though I fly to Istambol,<sup>4</sup>  
 Athens holds my heart and soul:  
 Can I cease to love thee? No!  
 Ζώνη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

## VIII.

*Translation of the famous Greek War Song  
 Δεῦτε παῖδες πῶν Ἑλλήνων, writ-  
 ten by Riga, who perished in the attempt to  
 revolutionize Greece. The following trans-  
 lation is as literal as the author could make  
 it in verse; it is of the same measure as that  
 of the original. See Appendix to vol. I.*

---

## 1.

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.

2.

Then manfully despising  
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,  
 Let your country see you rising,  
 And all her chains are broke.  
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,  
 Behold the coming strife!  
 Hellènes of past ages,  
 Oh, start again to life!  
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking  
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!  
 And the seven-hilled <sup>o</sup> city seeking,  
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.

*Sons of Greeks, etc.*

3.

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!  
 Who made that bold diversion  
 In old Thermopylæ,  
 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, etc.*

## IX.

*Translation of the Romaic Song,*

“Μπενω μες Ἰσ' πέριδόλι”

“Ὠραιότατη Χάηδή,” etc.

*The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of 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.*

## I.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,  
 Beloved and fair Haideé,  
 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 Haideé.

## 2.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful  
 When Love has abandon'd the bowers; <sup>1</sup>  
 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 drunk 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.

## 3.

As the chief who to combat advances  
 Secure of his conquest before,  
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,  
 Hast pierc'd 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 had'st me  
 cherish,  
 For torture repay me too well?  
 Now sad is the garden of roses,  
 Beloved but false Haideé!  
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,  
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

## X.

*Written beneath a Picture.*

---

1.

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

2.

'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.

---

## XI.

*On Parting.*  

---

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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.

---

## XII.

## T O T H Y R Z A.

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?  
 By many a shore and many a sea  
 Divided, yet belov'd in vain;  
 The past, the future fled to thee  
 To bit 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  
 Prepar'd 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 reck 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,  
 Ere call'd 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 refin'd  
 That Love each warmer wish forbore;  
 Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,  
 Ev'n 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,  
 In 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 forgiv'n:  
On earth thy love was such to me;  
It fain would form my hope in heav'n!

---

XIII.  
S T A N Z A S.

---

1.

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.

2.

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, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,  
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;  
And all that once was harmony  
Is worse than discord to my heart!

## 3.

'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:  
Ev'n slumber owns its gentle tone,  
Till consciousness will vainly wake  
To listen, though the dream be flown.

## 4.

Sweet Thyrza! 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 heav'n is veil'd in wrath,  
Will long lament the vanish'd ray  
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

---

## XIV.

## T O T H Y R Z A.

1.

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 pleas'd before:  
Though every joy is fled below,  
What future grief can touch me more?

2.

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.

## 3.

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 madd'ning soul,  
 The heart — the heart is lonely still!

## 4.

On many a lone and lovely night  
 It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;  
 For then I deem'd the heav'nly 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!

## 5.

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!

## 6.

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,  
When love and life alike were new!  
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!  
How ting'd 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.

## 7.

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 prest!  
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?

## XV.

## E U T H A N A S I A.

---

W H E N 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!

2.

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.

3.

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 fear.

4.

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.

5.

'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.

6.

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

7.

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

8.

"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!

9.

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.

## XVI.

## S T A N Z A S.

“Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui  
meminisse!”

---

1.

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

2.

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 lov'd and long must love  
 Like common earth can rot;  
 To me there needs no stone to tell,  
 'Tis Nothing that I lov'd so well.

## 73.

Yet did 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.

## 4.

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 pass'd away;  
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

## 5.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatched  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
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.

## 6.

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 past,  
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.

## 7.

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.

## 8.

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.

## XVII.

## S T A N Z A S.

1.

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 unobserv'd may pour  
The plaint she dare not speak before.

2.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile,  
I waste one thought I owe to thee,  
And, self-condemned, 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*.

## 3.

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,  
 I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
 That drown'd a single thought of thee.

## 4.

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.

## 5.

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.

*March 14th, 1812.*

## XVIII.

*On a Cornelian Heart Which was broken.*

---

1.

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 employed in vain?

2.

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*.

---

## XIX.

(This poem and the following were written some  
years ago.)

*To a Youthful Friend.*

---

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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.

5.

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?

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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

9.

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.

10.

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.

11.

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?

12.

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

13.

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.

14.

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

15.

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.

16.

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.

17.

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?

18.

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

19.

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.

---

## XX.

To \* \* \* \* \*

1.

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.

2.

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 lov'd thee not!

3.

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

4.

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.

## 5.

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.

## 6.

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 herat in all, save hope, the same.

## 7.

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.

## 8.

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.

## 9.

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

---

## XXI.

*From the Portuguese.*

---

IN moments to delight devoted,  
"My life!" with tend'rest tone, you cry;  
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,  
If youth could neither fade nor die.  
To death even hours like these must roll,  
Ah! then repeat those accents never;  
Or change «my life!» into «my soul!»  
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

---

## XXII.

*Impromptu, in Reply to a Friend.*

---

WHEN from the heart where Sorrow sits,  
 Her dusky shadow mounts too high,  
 And o'er the changing aspect flits,  
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;  
 Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:  
 My thoughts their dungeon know too well;  
 Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,  
 And droop within their silent cell.

---

## XXIII.

*Address, spoken at the opening of Drury-lane  
Theatre, Saturday.*

*October 10th, 1812.*

---

**I**N one dread night our city saw, and sighed,  
Bowed 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 mourned,  
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!)  
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, thronged around the burning  
 dome,  
 Shrank back appalled, 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 marked her fall;  
 Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,  
 Reared 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'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest  
 heart.

On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;  
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,  
 Sighed 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 claimed and claims — nor you

refuse  
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;  
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head!  
 Nor hoard your honours idly 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, emblazoned on our line,  
 Pause — ere their feebler offspring you con-  
 demn;  
 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 forbore to blame;  
 If e'er 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,  
 Forbear to mock us with misplac'd 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!

## XXIV.

## T O T I M E.

**T**IME! 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 could'st spare  
All that I loved, to peace or heav'n.  
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 pow'r:

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!

---

## XXV.

*Translation of a Romaic Love Song.*

1.

**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.

2.

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.

3.

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.

4.

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.

5.

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.

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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.

9.

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,

10.

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.

11.

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

## XXVI.

## A S O N G.

1.

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

2.

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 lov'd so truly,  
 It feels what mine has felt so newly.

## 3.

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.

## 4.

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!

## XXVII.

*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 forebodes, my fears foresee,  
He'll linger long in silent woe;  
But live — until I cease to be.

---

## XXVIII.

*Remember him, etc.*

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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.

4.

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.

5.

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

6.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,  
 Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;  
 When thou had'st lov'd without a crime,  
 And I been less unworthy thee!

7.

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!

8.

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

9.

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.

10.

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

11.

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.

12.

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.

13.

Still, had I lov'd 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.

## XXIX.

*Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull.*

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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.

IV.

F

4.

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!

5.

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.

6.

Why not? since through life's little day,  
 Our heads such sad effects produce;  
 Redeemed for worms and wasting clay,  
 This chance is theirs, to be of use.

*Newstead Abbey, 1803.*

---

## XXX.

*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!

*March, 1812.*

---

## XXXI.

*From the Turkish.*

---

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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.

4.

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

5.

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

## XXXII.

## S O N N E T.

To Geneva.

---

THINE eyes blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,  
 And the wan lustre of thy features — caught  
 From contemplation — where serenely wrought,  
 Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its des-  
 pair —

Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,  
 That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught  
 With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought —  
 I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.  
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,

When from his beauty - breathing pencil born,  
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)

The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —  
 Such seem'st thou — but how much more ex-  
 cellent!

With nought Remorse can claim — nor Vir-  
 tue scorn.

---

## XXXIII.

## SONNET.

*To Geneva.*

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,  
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush  
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,  
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow: —  
 And dazzle not thy deep - blue eyes but oh!

While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,  
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,  
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.  
 For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,  
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,  
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;  
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,  
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

## XXXIV.

*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,  
Unhonoured 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 blushed 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, Oct. 30, 1808.*

## XXXV.

## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal availed 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!

## XXXVI.

*On the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart.*

---

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue.  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound;  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot?  
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
In woe, that glory cannot quell;  
And shuddering hear of victory,  
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Whom shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
When cease to hear thy cherished name?  
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,  
They cannot choose but weep the more;  
Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

N O T E S.

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

And, falling from the sky,  
The birds, they fall, they fall,  
And, falling from the sky,  
The birds, they fall, they fall.

# NOTES

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N O T E S.

T O T H E

P O E M S.

---

Note 1, page 28, line 2.

*Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos.*

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 mountainsnows. 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. Chevalier 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 idssuade 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.

Note 2, page 30, line 3.

Ζώη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

*Zoë mou, sas agapo, or Ζώη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ*, a Romaic 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 Hellenized.

Note, 3, page 31, line 4.

*By all the token-flowers that tell.*

In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc. 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.

Note 4, page 31, line 11.

*Though I fly to Istambol.*

Constantinople.

Note 5, page 33, line 11.

*And the seven-hilled city seeking.*

Constantinople. „Επταλοφος.“

HEBREW MELODIES

HEBREW MELODIES.

The Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the  
arrangement, by Mr. HARRIS and Mr. NATHAN.

Not that we are, in the night,  
When the moon and stars are bright,  
And all that's dark and dim,  
Which we see and feel,  
That we are not of the same,  
Which have to do with us.

One made the earth and sea and land,  
Had half the world in his hand,  
Which was the world of old,  
Or only half of it,  
Which was the world of old,  
How poor but for the world.

The subsequent poems were written at the request  
of my friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a Selection of  
Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the  
music, arranged, by Mr. BRAHAM and Mr. NATHAN.

III

and on that great, and all that glow  
So soft, so calm, so clear, so true  
The smiles that win the eye that glow  
A heart whose love is innocent

# HEBREW MELODIES.

III

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

---

### I.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

### II.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

## III.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH  
MINSTREL SWEPT.

---

## I.

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

## II.

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

## IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

## I.

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

## II.

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

## THE WILD GAZELLE.

## I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

---

III.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

---

I.

Oh! WEEP FOR THOSE that weep by Babel's stream,  
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;  
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;  
 Mourn — where their God hath dwelt the God-  
 less dwell!

II.

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

III.

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

---

## ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

## I.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS the Arabs' camels stray,  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep —  
 Yet there — even there — Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

## II.

There — where thy finger scorch'd the tablet  
 stone!

There — where thy shadow to thy people shone!

Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:

Thyself — none living see and not expire!

## III.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear!

Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's  
 spear:

How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!

How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS  
 ABOUT THE FALL OF THE KING'S VOLUNTARY PRISONER  
 THE BROTHERHOOD'S LOVE TO SINCE'S SIRE

## JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

---

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN  
BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

---

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM,  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

- II.

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

III.

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

---

## MY SOUL IS DARK.

## I.

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

## II.

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

## I SAW THEE WEEP.

## I.

I SAW THEE WEEP — the big bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue;  
And then methought it did appear  
A violet dropping dew:  
I saw thee smile the sapphire's blaze  
Beside thee ceased to shine;  
It could not match the living rays  
That filled that glance of thine.

## II.

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
A deep and mellow die,  
Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
Can banish from the sky,  
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
Their own pure joy impart;  
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
That lightens o'er the heart.

## THY DAYS ARE DONE.

## I.

THY DAYS ARE DONE, thy fame begun;  
Thy country's strains record  
The triumphs of her chosen Son,  
The slaughters of his sword!  
The deeds he did, the fields he won,  
The freedom he restored!

## II.

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free  
Thou shalt not taste of death!  
The generous blood that flowed from thee  
Disdain'd to sink beneath:  
Within our veins its currents be,  
Thy spirit on our breath!

## III.

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

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS  
LAST BATTLE.

---

## I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

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

---

## S A U L.

## I.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the prophet's form appear.  
«Samuel, raise thy buried head!  
«King, behold the phantom seer!»

Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud;  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.  
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;  
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;  
His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,  
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare:  
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

## II.

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

“ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE  
PREACHER.”

---

## I.

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,  
And health and youth possess'd me;  
My goblets blush'd from every vine,  
And lovely forms caress'd me;

I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,  
And felt my soul grow tender;  
All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
Was mine of regal splendour.

## II.

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

There rose no day; there roll'd nor hour  
Of pleasure unembittered;  
And not a trapping deck'd my power  
That gall'd not while it glittered.

## III.

The serpent of the field, by art  
And spells, is won from harming;  
But that which coils around the heart,  
Oh! who hath power of charming?

It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
Nor music's voice can lure it;  
But there it stings for evermore  
The soul that must endure it.

## WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

---

### I.

**W**HEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY,  
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

### II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

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

## II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

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

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

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## I.

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

I need not have wandered from far Galilee;  
It was but abjuring my creed to efface  
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of  
my race.

## II.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!  
If the slave only sin, thou art sportless and free!  
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,  
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

## III.

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

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## HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

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### I.

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

### II.

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

## III.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;  
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;  
I swept that flower from Judah's stem  
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming.  
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,  
This bosom's desolation dooming;  
And I have earn'd those tortures well,  
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

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ON THE  
 DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF  
 JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

## I.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy  
 dome  
 I beheld thee, Oh Sion! when rendered to Rome;  
 'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of  
 thy fall  
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

## II.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,  
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;  
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy face,  
 And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance  
 in vain.

## III.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed  
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;  
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline  
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on  
thy shrine.

## IV.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,  
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;  
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,  
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

## V.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane  
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;  
And scattered and scorn'd as thy people may be,  
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

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III

On many an eye, the high spot where I gazed,  
Had reflected the last beam of day as it passed;  
While I stood on the height and beheld the desolation,  
Of the tops from the mountain that slope on  
— the shrine.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON  
WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

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I.

WE sate down and wept by the waters  
Of Babel, and thought of the day  
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,  
Made Salem's high places his prey;  
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!  
Were scattered all weeping away.

II.

While sadly we gazed on the river  
Which rolled on in freedom below,  
They demanded the song; but, oh never  
That triumph the stranger shall know!  
May this right hand be withered for ever,  
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

## III.

On the willow that harp is suspended,  
 Oh Salem! its sound should be free;  
 And the hour when thy glories were ended  
 But left me that token of thee:  
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended  
 With the voice of the spoiler by me



## IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his  
pride:

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

## V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his  
mail;

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

## VI.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the  
sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord:

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VI  
FROM JOB.

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I.

A SPIRIT passed before me: I beheld  
 The face of Immortality unveil'd —  
 Deep sleep came down on ev'ry eye save mine —  
 And there it stood, — all formless — but divine:  
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;  
 And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:

II.

«Is man more just than God? Is man more pure  
 «Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?  
 «Creatures of clay — vain dwellers in the dust!  
 «The moth survives you, and are ye more just?  
 «Things of a day! you wither ere the night,  
 «Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!»

THE END.

