

# Sebastian of Portugal

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by

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SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

(From an unpublished Dramatic Poem.)

SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, after his fatal defeat at the battle of Alcazar, in Africa, where he was generally supposed to have perished with his army, returns to Lisbon, with Gonzalez, one of his few surviving followers, and Zamor, a young Arab, who had become attached to him during his wanderings, on the night when his subjects are celebrating the triumphal entry of Philip II. of Spain, who had obtained possession of Portugal, in consequence of the exhausted state to which that country had been reduced.

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SCENE.—*A Street in Lisbon illuminated.*

MANY CITIZENS.

*1st Cit.*—In sooth, our city wears a  
goodly mien  
With her far-blazing fanes, and festive  
lamps  
Shining from all her marble palaces,  
Countless as heaven's fair stars. The  
humblest lattice  
Sends forth its radiance. How the spark-  
ling waves  
Fling back the light !

*2d Cit.*—Aye, 'tis a gallant shew,  
And one which serves, like others, to con-  
ceal  
Things which must not be told.

1st Cit.—What wouldst thou say?

2d Cit.—That which may scarce, in  
perilous times like these,  
Be said in safety. Hast thou look'd  
within  
Those stately palaces? Were they but  
peopled  
With the high race of warlike nobles,  
once  
Their princely lords, think'st thou, good  
friend, that now  
They would be glittering with this hol-  
low pomp,  
To greet a conqueror's entrance?

3d Cit.—Thou say'st well.

None but a land, forsaken of its chiefs,  
Had so been lost and won.

4th Cit.—The lot is cast;  
We have but to yield. Hush! for some  
stranger comes.  
Now, friends, beware!

1st Cit.—Did the king pass this way  
At morning, with his train?

2d Cit.—Aye; saw you not  
The long and rich procession?

(*Sebastian enters, with Gonzalez and Zancor.*)

Seb. (*to Gon.*)—This should be  
The night of some high festival. E'en  
thus  
My beautiful city to the skies sent up,  
From her illumin'd fanes and towers, a  
voice

Of gladness, welcoming our first return  
From Afric's coast. Speak thou, Gon-  
zalez; ask

The cause of this rejoicing. To my heart  
Deep feelings rush, so mingled and so  
fast,

My voice perchance might tremble.

Gon.—Citizens!  
What festal night is this, that all your  
streets

Are throng'd, and glittering thus?

1st Cit.—Hast thou not heard  
Of the king's entry, in triumphal pomp,  
This very morn'?

Gon.—The king!—triumphal pomp!  
Thy words are dark.

Seb.—Speak yet again! mine ears  
Ring with strange sounds!—Again!

1st Cit.—I said the king,  
Philip of Spain, and now of Portugal,  
This morning enter'd, with a conqueror's  
train,

Our city's royal palace, and for this  
We hold our festival.

Seb.—Thou said'st—the king!  
His name?—I heard it not.

Cit.—Philip of Spain.

Seb.—Philip of Spain!—We slumber,  
till arous'd  
By th' earthquake's bursting shock!—  
Hath there not fall'n

A sudden darkness?—All things seem to  
 float  
 Obscurely round me!—Now 'tis past.  
 The streets  
 Are blazing with strange fire. Go, quench  
 those lamps;  
 They glare upon me, till my very brain  
 Grows dizzy, and doth whirl. How dar'd  
 ye thus  
 Light up your shrines for him?  
 Gon.—Away, away!  
 This is no time, no scene.  
 Seb.—Philip of Spain!  
 How name ye this fair land?—Why, is  
 it not  
 The free, the chivalrous Portugal?—The  
 land,  
 By the proud ransom of heroic blood,  
 Won from the Moor of old?—Did that  
 red stream  
 Sink to the earth, and leave no sery cement  
 I' the veins of noble men, that so its use,  
 Pull swelling at the sound of hostile steps,  
 Might be a kingdom's barrier?  
 2d Cit.—That high blood  
 Which should have been our strength,  
 profusely shed  
 By the rash King Sebastian, bath'd the  
 plain  
 Of fatal Alcazar. Our monarch's guilt  
 Hath brought this ruin down.  
 Seb.—Must this be heard,  
 And borne, and unchastis'd?—Ma!  
 dar'st thou stand  
 Before me face to face, and thus strain  
 Thy sovereign?  
 Zava. (*to Sebastian*.)—Shall I lift the  
 sword, my prince,  
 Against thy foes?  
 Gon.—Be still, or all is lost.  
 2d Cit.—I dare speak that which all  
 men think and know.  
 'Tis to Sebastian, and his waste of life,  
 And power, and treasure, that we owe  
 these bonds.  
 3d Cit.—Talk not of bonds!—My  
 our new monarch rule  
 The weary land in pence!—But who art  
 thou?  
 Whence cam'st thou, haughty stranger,  
 that these things,  
 Known to all nations, should be new to  
 thee?  
 Seb. (*wildly*.)—I come from regions  
 where the cities lie  
 In ruins, not in chairs!  
 [*Exit Sebastian with Zava  
 and Gonzalez.*]  
 2d Cit.—He wears the mien  
 Of one that hath commanded, yet his  
 looks  
 And words were strangely wild.  
 1st Cit.—Mark'd you his fierce  
 And haughty gesture, and the flash that  
 broke

From his dark eye, when King Sebastian's name  
Became our theme?

2d Cit.—Trust me, there's more in  
this  
Than may be lightly said. These are no  
times  
To breathe men's thoughts i' th' open  
face of Heaven  
And ear of multitudes. They that would  
speak  
Of monarchs and their deeds, should keep  
within  
Their quiet homes. Come, let us hence,  
and then  
We'll commune of this stranger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*The Portico of a Palace.*

SEBASTIAN—GONZALEZ—ZAMOR.

Seb.—Withstand me not. I tell thee  
that my soul,  
With all its passionate energies, is rous'd  
Unto that fearful strength which *must*  
have way,  
E'en like the elements, in their stormy  
hour  
Of mastery o'er creation.

Gov.—But they *will*  
That hour in silence. Oh! be calm a  
while;

Thine is not come. My king—

Seb.—I am no king,  
While, in the very palace of my sires,  
Aye, where mine eyes first drank the glo-  
rious light,  
Where my soul's thrilling echoes first  
awoke

To the high sound of earth's immortal  
names,  
The usurper lives and reigns. I am no  
king,

Until I cast him thence.

Zam.—Shall not thy voice  
Be as a trumpet to th' awakening land?  
Will not the bright swords flash like sun-  
bursts forth,

When the brave hear their chief?

Gov.—Peace, Zamor, peace!  
Child of the desert, what hast thou to do  
With the calm hour of counsel?

Monarch, pause!  
A kingdom's destiny should not be the  
sport

Of passion's reckless winds. There is a  
time

When men, in very weariness of heart,  
And careless desolation, tam'd to yield  
By misery, strong as death, will lay their  
souls

E'en at the conqueror's feet, as nature  
sinks,

After long torture, into cold, and dull,

And heavy sleep. But comes there not  
 an hour  
 Of stern atonement?—Aye, the slumberer  
 wakes  
 In gather'd strength and vengeance!—  
 And the sense  
 And the remembrance of his agonies  
 Are in themselves as power, whose fear-  
 ful path  
 Is like the path of ocean, when the  
 heavens  
 Take off its interdiction!—Wait thou the  
 hour  
 Of that high impulse!  
*Seb.*—Is it not the sun,  
 Whose radiant bursting through th' em-  
 battled clouds  
 Doth make it morn?—The hour of which  
 thou speak'st,  
 Itself, with all its glory, is the work  
 Of some commanding nature, which doth  
 bid  
 The sullen shades disperse!—Away! e'en  
 now  
 The land's high hearts, the fearless and  
 the true,  
 Shall know they have a leader!—Is not  
 this  
 The mansion of mine own, mine earliest  
 friend,  
 Sylveira?  
*Gon.*—Aye, its glittering lamps too  
 well  
 Illume the stately vestibule, to leave  
 Our sight a moment's doubt. He ever  
 lov'd  
 Such pagantries!  
*Seb.*—*His dwelling thus adorn'd*  
 On such a night!—yet will I seek him  
 here.  
 He must be faithful, and to him the first  
 My tale shall be reveal'd.—A sudden chill  
 Falls on my heart—and yet I will not  
 wrong  
 My friend with vile suspicion!—He hath  
 been  
 Link'd all too closely with mine inmost  
 soul!  
 —And what have I to lose?  
*Gon.*—Is *their* blood nought,  
 Who, without hope, will follow where  
 thou lead'st,  
 Ev'n unto death?  
*Seb.*—Was that a brave man's voice?  
 Warrior and friend! how long, then, hast  
 thou learn'd  
 To hold thy blood thus dear?  
*Gon.*—Of *mine*, mine own,  
 Think'st thou I spoke?—When all is shed  
 for thee,  
 Thou'lt know me better!  
*Seb.*—(*entering the Palace*)—For  
 awhile, farewell. [*Exit.*]  
*Gon.*—Thus princes read men's hearts!  
 —Come, follow me,

And if a home is left me still, brave Zamor,  
There will I bid thee welcome. [Exit.]

SCENE.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

SEBASTIAN—SYLVEIRA.

Syl.—Whence art thou, stranger, and  
what wouldst thou with me?

There is a fiery wildness in thine eye,  
Startling, and almost fearful!

Seb.—From the stern,  
And vast, and desolate wilderness, whose  
lord

Is the fierce lion, and whose gentlest  
wind

Breathes of the tomb, and whose dark  
children make

The bow and spear their law; men bear  
not back

That smilingness of aspect, wont to mask  
The secrets of their spirit, 'midst the stir  
Of courts and cities!—I have look'd on  
scenes

Boundless, and strange, and terrible; I  
have known

Sufferings, which are not in the shadowy  
scope

Of wild imagination; and those things  
Have stamp'd me with their impress.

Man of Peace!

Thou look'st on one familiar with th' ex-  
tremes

Of grandeur and of misery.

Syl.—Stranger, speak

Thy name and purpose briefly, for the time  
Ill suits these mysteries. I must hence;  
to-night

I feast the Lords of Spain.

Seb.—Is that a task

For King Sebastian's friend?

Syl.—Sebastian's friend!

That name hath lost its meaning. Will  
the dead

Rise from their silent dwellings, to up-  
braid

The living for their mirth?—The grave  
sets bounds

Unto all human friendship.

Seb.—On the plain

Of Alcazar, full many a stately flower,

The peise and crown of some high house,  
was laid

Low in the dust of Afric;—but of these  
Sebastian was not one.

Syl.—I am not skill'd

To deal with men of mystery. Take  
thou off

The strange dark scrutiny of thine eyes  
from mine.

What mean'st thou? Speak!

Seb.—Sebastian died not there.

—I read no joy in that cold doubting  
mien.

Is not thy name—Sylvius?

*Syl.*—Aye.

*Seb.*—Why then

Be glad!—I tell thee that Sebastian lives!  
Think thou on this, he lives!—Should  
he return,

—For he may yet return—and find the  
friend

In whom he trusted with such perfect  
trust

As should be Heaven's alone—mark'st  
thou my words?

Should he then find this man, not get  
and arm'd,

And watching o'er the heritage of his  
lord,

But, reckless of high fame and loyal faith,  
Holding luxurious revels with his few;

—How would'st thou meet his glance?

*Syl.*—As I do thine,

Keen though it be, and proud.

*Seb.*—Why, thou dost quail

Before it, e'en as if the burning eye  
Of the broad sun pursued thy shrinking  
soul

Through all its depths.

*Syl.*—Away!—He died not there?

He should have died, then, with the di-  
valry,

And strength, and honour of his king-  
dom, lost

By his impetuous rashness.

*Seb.*—This from thee!

—Who hath giv'n power to falsehood,  
that one gaze,

At its unmask'd and withering men,  
should blight

High souls at once?—I wake.—And this  
from thee!

—There are, whose eyes discern the se-  
cret springs

Which lie i' th' desert's bosom, and the  
gold

And gems of earth's dim caverns, far be-  
low

The everlasting hills:—but who hath  
dar'd

To dream that Heaven's most awful at-  
tribute

Invested his mortality, and to boast  
That through its inmost folds his glance  
could read

One heart, one human heart?—Why,  
then, to love

And trust is but to lend a traitor arm  
Of keenest temper, and unerring aim.

Wherewith to pierce our souls!—But  
thou, beware!

—Sebastian lives!

*Syl.*—If it be so, and thou

Art of his followers still, then bid him  
seek

Far in the wilds, which gave one sepulchre  
To his proud hosts, a kingdom and a home,  
For none is left him here.



*Sch.*—This is to live  
 As age of wisdom in one hour!—The  
 man  
 Whose empire, as in scorn, o'erpass'd the  
 bounds  
 E'en of the infinite deep, whose orient  
 realms  
 Lay bright beneath the morning, while  
 the clouds  
 Were brooding in their sunset glory still,  
 O'er his majestic regions of the west;  
 This heir of far dominion shall return,  
 And, in the very city of his birth,  
 Shall find no home!—Aye, I will tell him  
 this,  
 And he will answer that the tale is false,  
 False as a traitor's hollow words of love—  
 And that the stately dwelling, in whose  
 halls  
 We commune now, a friend's, a monarch's  
 gift,  
 Unto the chosen of his heart, *Sylveira*  
 Should yield him still a welcome!  
*Syl.*— Fare thee well!  
 I may not pause to hear thee, for thy  
 words  
 Are full of danger and of snares, per-  
 chance  
 Laid by some treach'rous foe. But all in  
 vain.  
 I mock thy wiles.  
*Sch.*—Ha! ha!—The grovelling snake  
 Doth pride himself in his distorted cun-  
 ning,  
 Deeming it wisdom!—Nay, thou goest not  
 thus!  
 What!—Know'st thou not my spirit was  
 born to hold  
 Dominion over thine? thou shalt not cast  
 Those bonds thus lightly from thee.  
 Stand thou there,  
 And tremble in the presence of thy lord!  
*Syl.*—This is all madness.  
*Sch.*—Madness!—No!—I say  
 'Tis Reason starting from her sleep, to feel,  
 And see, and know, in all their cold dis-  
 tinctness,  
 Things which come o'er her, as a sense of  
 pain  
 O' th' sudden wakes the dreamer. Stay  
 thee yet!  
 Be still! thou'rt us'd to smile and to obey,  
 Aye, and to weep. I have seen thy tears  
 flow fast,  
 As from the fulness of a heart o'ercharg'd  
 With loyal love. Oh! never, never more  
 Let smiles or tears be trusted!—When thy  
 king  
 Went forth on his disastrous enterprise,  
 Upon thy bed of sickness thou wert laid,  
 And he stood o'er thee with the look of  
 one  
 Who leaves a dying brother, and his eyes  
 Were fill'd with tears like thine—no! not  
 like thine!

*His bosom knew no falsehood, and he deem'd  
Thine clear and stainless as a warrior's shield,  
Wherein high deeds and noble forms alone,  
Are brightly imag'd forth.*

*Syl.—* What now avail  
These recollections?

*Sch.—* What!—I have seen thee shrink  
As a murderer from the eye of light before me!

I have earn'd, (how dearly and how bitterly

It matters not, but I have earn'd at last,)  
Deep knowledge, fearful wisdom!—Now,  
begone!

Hence to thy guests, and fear not, though  
arraign'd

E'en of Sebastian's friendship!—Make  
his scorn,

(For he will scorn thee, as a crouching  
slave

By all high hearts is scorn'd,) thy right,  
thy charter,

Unto vile safety!—Let the secret voice,  
Whose low upbraidings will not sleep  
within thee,

Be as a sign, a token of thy claim  
To all such guerdons as are shower'd on  
traitors,

When noble men are crush'd!—And fear  
thou not!

'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm  
Reeds from his mountain-throne; the  
ignoble shrub,

Groveling beneath, may live.

*Syl.—* It is thy part

To tremble for thy life.

*Sch.—* They that have look'd

Upon a heart like thine, should know too  
well

The worth of life to tremble!—Such  
things make

Brave men, and reckless. Aye, and they  
whom fate

Would trample, should be thus. It is  
enough.

Thou mayst depart.

*Syl.—* And thou, if thou dost prize

Thy safety, speed thee hence.

[Exit *Sylvaria*.

*Sch.—* (aloud.)—And this is he  
Who was as mine own soul!—Whose  
image rose

Shadowing my dreams of glory with the  
thought,

That on the sick man's weary couch he  
lay,

Pining to share my battles!

(*Chorus of voices heard within, & music.*)

Ye winds that sweep

The conquer'd billows of the western  
deep,

Or wander where the morn,  
Midst the deep glow of Indian heavens is  
    born,  
Waft o'er bright Isle and glorious worlds  
    the fame  
    Of the crowned Spaniard's name!  
Till in each radiant zone,  
Its might the nations own,  
And bow to him the vassal-knee,  
Whose sceptre shadows realms from sea  
    to sea!

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*Seb.*—Away, away!—this is no place  
    for him  
Whose name hath thus resounded, but is  
    now  
A spell of desolation!           *[Exit.*

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*SCENE.—The Gardens of a Royal Villa.*

FRANCESCO, AN OLD PRIEST.

*Fran.*—Why should I linger thus? how  
    strange the ties  
Whereby familiar things, to which our  
    eye  
Hath grown, until the deep sad thoughts  
    of years  
Have quench'd its early fire, do link them-  
    selves  
Around man's heart and brain!—As if  
    they held  
A secret and mysterious sympathy  
With that invisible world!—Aye, thus  
    we dream;  
But Nature is all joy!—She spurns de-  
    cay  
And desolation from her, and doth make  
All changes but the ministers of her cup,  
Crown'd high with youth and glory. I  
    shall sleep  
Beneath the green sword of the stranger's  
    land;  
And these fair trees, which I have tended  
    long,  
In the vain hope that he might yet return  
Who grew beneath their shade, to each  
    soft wind,  
As in immortal gladness, will be waving  
All their luxuriant foliage!—Idle thoughts!  
Yet must our souls part on another being,  
Ere we can rise above them!

*(Sebastian enters.)*

*Seb.*—How my steps  
Turn to their well-known haunts!—and  
    yet I seek  
A home no longer, but a solitude,  
Where a proud heart, in its dark hour of  
    conflict,  
May find free scope to breathe!—Who  
    comes?—'tis he  
Who lov'd me once—No! accu'd to love  
    me once,

E'en as a son. I will not trust him now;  
He must have chang'd; for are not all  
men chang'd?

He should be like the rest!—Good Fa-  
ther, say

May one, a stranger in his native land,  
Explore these scenes of beauty?

*Fran.*— Ask not him,  
Who, in the fulness of his years, goes  
forth

An outcast from their shades.

*Seb.*—What! art thou not  
The friend, th' instructor of Sebastian's  
youth,  
Who first didst pour upon his soul the  
light

Of lofty thought, and unto whom he bade  
These groves and bowers a calm asylum  
yield

Till his return?

*Fran.*—Alas! how few the hearts  
Still true to him who never will return!  
No voice of power ariseth from the dust,  
Where monarchs sleep forgotten. It is  
e'en

As thou hast said, and *therefore* I depart  
With my white hairs, to exile, and to  
seek

A grave on other shores.

*Seb.*—This shall not be!

*Fran.*—Stranger, it must be. 'Tis  
*their* will, who rule

A weary and a wasted land, which asks  
But rest, if e'en in death. A land, whose  
heart,

Once brave and free, is broken!

*Seb.*—Think'st thou then

A nation's spirit, nurtur'd into power  
By the majestic, deep remembrances  
Of elder time, can die?—Oh, feeble  
thought!

Sebastian yet may come, and thou shalt  
see

The wakening of a people!

*Fran.*—I have watch'd

For his return, until, with hope deferred,  
My heart hath sicken'd. It is past. And  
now—

Oh! better far that with his kingly sire  
He slumber'd, or that on his lonely grave  
The desert-serpent bask'd in Afric's nook,  
Than that he came to look on faithless  
friends,

And kingdoms lost for ever!—No! my  
trust,

Now that the days of evil are upon us,  
Is, that he perish'd in the battle-hour,  
Bearing his nature's tamerless royalty  
About him, to the last!

*Seb.*—So bright a fate

Was not for him.

*Fran.*—What know'st thou of his lot?  
There is a cadence in thy voice, which  
thrills

My spirit as some well-remember'd strain

Which speaks of other days!—Yet to  
mine eye  
Thine aspect is unknown. Say, wert  
thou one

Of his devoted host?

*Seb.*—Oh! ask no more.

I saw the ancient banners of the land  
Borne down at Alcazar!

*Fras.*—But didst thou see

Our monarch fall?

*Seb.*—Francesco, he hath liv'd  
Through years of suffering since that  
fatal day.

*Fras.*—Oh God! my noble prince!—  
how might he bear  
Scorn, and disgrace, and long captivity?  
And, if he live, with what upbraiding  
thoughts

Must his high soul be wrung!

*Seb.*—No more—no more!

Farewell!—Yet say, where goest thou?

*Fras.*—I am one

To whom all earth is but a solitude,  
And whose communion is with rocks  
and waves,  
And the free mountains, and th' eternal  
stars.

I stand alone, and 'twas my thought to  
bear

The cross in patient and devoted faith,  
Through the dark forests and primeval  
wilds

Of the great western world.

*Seb.*—If thou canst find,

In all thy father's land, a shelter still,  
Oh! leave it not! for brighter days e'en  
yet

May dawn upon our mountains.

*Fras.*—Little knows

The stranger, gazing on our sunny hea-  
vens,

How man's desponding heart may sink  
and die,

Beneath the glorious light wherein our  
vines

Are porping to luxuriance!—'Tis not  
now

The time for hope, but patience. Yet if  
still

Sebastian lives, I will not bid farewell  
Unto his ruin'd land.

(*Voice heard singing.*)

They rais'd no trophy o'er his grave,

They sung no dirge of woe,

And what is left to tell the brave,

That a warrior sleeps below?

A shatter'd lance, a broken shield,

A helm with its white crest torn,

And a blood-stain'd turf on the battle-  
field,

Where the chief to his rest was borne!

He lies not where his fathers sleep,  
But who hath a tomb more proud?  
For the boundless wilds his record keep,  
And a banner is his shroud!

*Seb.*—What strains are these, so mourn-  
ful, yet so sweet,  
And wild as music of the winds?

*Fran.*—Alas!  
That monarchs might but look upon the  
hearts,  
Trampled beneath Ambition's chariot-  
wheels,  
When rushing to renown!—Full well I  
know

That voice, once joyous as the gladden-  
ing sounds  
Borne upon spring's young breezes!—  
But its tones

Now tell a common history. 'Tis the tale  
Of a bright spirit, shadow'd with despair,  
And wandering in its darkness. She  
that sings,

Once, with the sunshine of her brow and  
eye,  
Made all things laugh around her, and  
call'd up

Light to all hearts. But this was tran-  
sient. Joy,  
And Hope, and Beauty, every flower  
wherewith

Nature has gifted youth, with him she  
lov'd,  
As by one death-blight, perish'd; and  
her soul

Is now a world of dreams.

*Seb.*—And who was he  
She lov'd so fatally?

*Fran.*—A noble youth,  
To whose high spirit life seem'd but the  
price  
Requir'd for glory. But his generous  
blood

Won him no fame. He died at Alcazar.

*Seb.*—(covering his face.) Leave me,  
old man! for I can bear no more.

Farewell—farewell!

*Fran.*—What have I said, that thus  
Thine aspect should be darken'd?

*Seb.*—Ask me not.

*Fran.*—Peace to thy spirit, stranger,  
and farewell! [Exit.

*Seb.*—(alone.) All men upbraid me;  
E'en the few, that still  
Cling to the old allegiance of their hearts,  
Do breathe my name in sad half-mingled  
tones

Of pity and reproach.—What! shall I  
bow

My spirit unto fate, and own my woes  
The just and heaven-sent chastening of  
my guilt?

What is my guilt?—Why, kings, with  
tenfold waste



Of life, have march'd to conquest, and no  
voice  
Hath rais'd its cry against them!—Aye,  
but this  
Might be, perchance, because the trump-  
pet notes  
Of victory, swelling like the tempest,  
drown'd  
The moan of breaking hearts!—I never  
pass'd  
On such a thought till now!—And hath  
it been  
My crime, my ruin, that I would not  
pause  
In mine uncheck'd career?—I will not  
think!  
Nature is round me, and is lovely still,  
And will not mock my woes!—Oh, na-  
tive groves!  
Along whose grassy path and light ar-  
cades  
My childhood bounded!—Founts, which,  
bright as then,  
Are sparkling in the sun, and sending  
forth  
Unchang'd your voices—whose wild ca-  
dence blends  
With the deep whisper of the laurel-  
boughs,  
And the glad bird-notes, and the wind's  
low sigh,  
Through mine own bowers of citron!—  
Take ye back  
The heart-sick wanderer to your soli-  
tudes,  
And charm his spirit, if but for one still  
hour,  
With all your mingling summer-melod-  
ies,  
To brief forgetfulness! [Exit Sebastian.  
H.