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# Poems.



Henry Louis Vivian. Derozio



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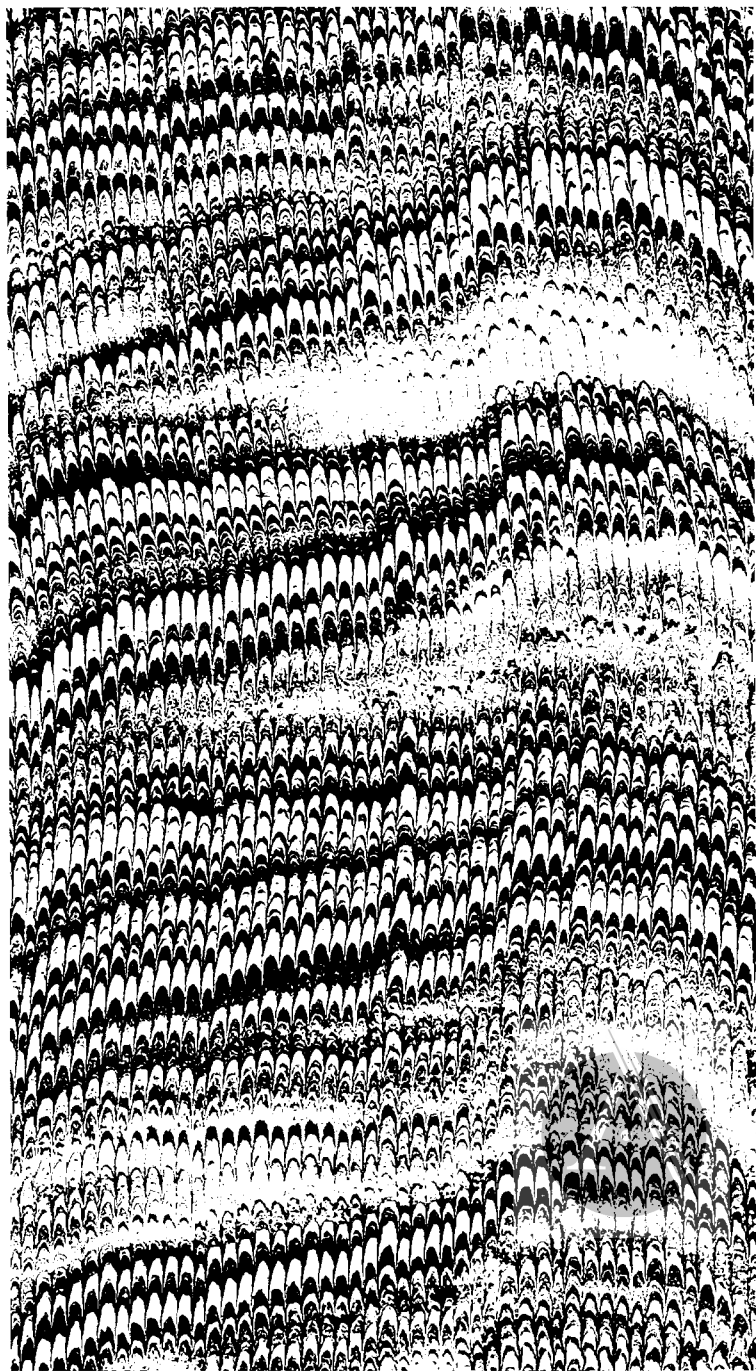
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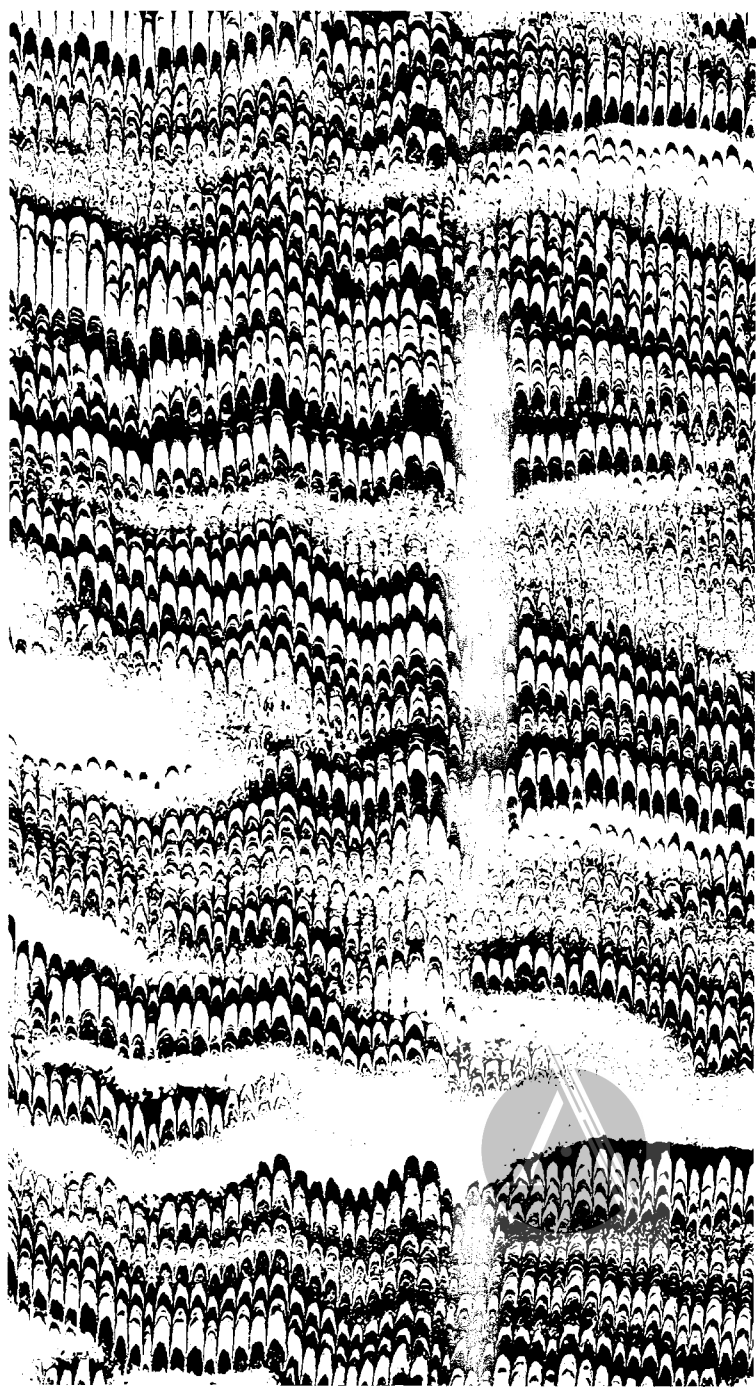
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**POEMS.**

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# POEMS,

*J. Long*

BY

H. L. V. DEROZIO.

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*K*

---

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'twas thy glory alone ;  
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

MOORE TO THE HARP OF ERIN.

---

Calcutta :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS ;

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1827.





TO

**JOHN GRANT, Esq.**

*CALCUTTA,*

**This Volume is inscribed,**

WITH

**SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT & ESTEEM,**

BY

**HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,**

**HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO.**







## PREFACE.



**THOUGH** fearful of the inutility of general apologies, yet the Author feels that the circumstances under which his work appears before the Public require some explanations.

Born, and educated in India, and at the age of eighteen, he ventures to present himself as a candidate for poetic fame ; and begs leave to premise, that only a few hours gained from laborious daily occupations have been devoted to these poetical efforts.



The publication of a work of this nature in India is not a frequent occurrence ; and the Author trusts that a simple reference to the facts which he has laid before the Public will prove a sufficient plea for the imperfections of his little work.

CALCUTTA, }  
May, 1827. }

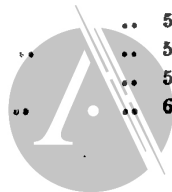
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## CORRIGENDA.



- Page 30 line 9 for *lothe*,—read *loathe*,  
„ 60 „ 4 *but as the slave*,—dele *the*  
„ 110 „ 12 for *friend*,—read *fiend*,





## THE HARP OF INDIA.



WHY hang'st thou lonely on yon withered bough?  
Unstrung, for ever, must thou there remain?  
Thy music once was sweet—who hears it now?  
Why doth the breeze sigh over thee in vain?—  
Silence hath bound thee with her fatal chain;  
Neglected, mute, and desolate art thou,  
Like ruined monument on desert plain!—  
O! many a hand more worthy far than mine  
Once thy harmonious chords to sweetness gave,  
And many a wreath for them did Fame entwine  
Of flowers still blooming on the minstrel's grave:  
Those hands are cold—but if thy notes divine  
May be by mortal wakened once again,  
Harp of my country, let me strike the strain!

*March, 1827.*



THE MANIAC WIDOW.  

---

"A voice in the wind, and a voice on the wave,  
A voice like the voice of my warrior dear,  
A voice like a moan from the dark, dark grave  
Incessantly rings on my lonely ear !

But my warrior-love to the war is gone,  
Where the laurel of triumph he sure hath won;  
Yet soon he'll return, with a smile, to me  
From the field of strife, and the wandering sea.  
To twine with his crown a wreath I'll wreath,  
And o'er it the winged spirits shall breathe;  
And around it a moonlight charm shall be shed  
Like a halo, to circle my hero's head;  
I'll bathe it each morn in glittering dew,  
And so will I give it him, fresh, and new:—  
That wreath I'll weave of flowrets rare,  
And bind it around his forehead fair—  
Anemones, roses, and lilies white,  
With cypress twigs, and the flower of night.—






Ah no! no cypress shall be in that wreath,  
 For the cypress droops o'er the house of death!—  
 Oh! how wondrous fine the flowers will be!  
 And he'll love them all when they're twined  
     by me;  
 And his burning lip he'll press to mine  
 With kisses to pay for the wreath I'll twine.

“I see where his ship on the ocean rides,  
 Like a sprite on the waters she gently glides;  
 On the deck he stands, and hark, he sings!  
 Lend him, lend him, Love, thy wings!  
 Blow, blow, thou breeze!—the ship comes nigh—  
 Methinks the tears stand forth in mine eye;  
 I'll dash them thence, for alas! 'twere sin  
 To let them flow when my love comes in—  
 On the shore he leaps from the trackless main,  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,—he is come again!  
 And lo! he is wrapt in his cloak of red,  
 And his plume waves high on his gallant head;

But his face is wan, and his brow is pale—  
O how my heart begins to fail!—  
He sees me, comes not;—still he stands  
With arms outstretched, and beck'ning hands :—  
O ! I remember—it is not life—  
They told me he fell on the field of strife—  
They told me—but no, it cannot be  
I saw his ship on the foaming sea,  
I heard his voice of music,—more—  
I saw him leap from the boat ashore ;  
I see him still—ha, ha, his eyes  
Are bright as stars that around me rise.  
Come hither, my love ! depart not yet—  
O ! dost thou, canst thou all forget ?  
'Tis past—away he hath fled—no, no,  
I dream, I dream ; he would not go—  
But how ?—they told me the winter sleet  
Was his pillow, his grave, and his winding sheet ;  
They told me, they fired not a funeral shot,  
No prayer was heard, and the drum beat not ;



No horse was led to his place of rest ;  
 But the red blood oozed from his wounded breast ;—  
 On the field of snow, no longer fair,  
 He breathed his last, and they buried him there.  
 They said—but the tale I will not believe ;—  
 My love could not leave me thus to grieve—  
 I know he is nigh—but it gives me pain  
 To watch and weep till he comes again !

“Ye waters bright that beneath me roll!  
 Tell me, where is the light of my soul—  
 On the mountain-top, on the boundless main,  
 By the pebbly beach, or the desert plain?  
 Yet tell me,—burns the vital spark,  
 Or is it quenched, and my soul all dark?—  
 Winds ! that, like winged spirits play  
 Around my temples, say, O ! say,  
 Whither my love can be wandering now  
 Without my garland to bind his brow?—  
 The winds are mute, and the waves unkind—  
 They speak not peace to my wounded mind ;

## 6

But spite of all I will seek him still,  
 On the wave, on the plain, on the rock, and the  
 hill."

She wildly laughed, and went muttering on,  
 Till the chalky cliff by the sea was won ;  
 She climbed that cliff, then gazed awhile  
 On the moonlit sea, with a vacant smile ;  
 Her hands were clasped, and she looked on high  
 To the stars that gleam'd in the tranquil sky ;  
 In the wild wind waved her raven hair,  
 And her's was the look of fixed despair—  
 To the brink of the cliff she hurriedly went  
 Singing her dreary, sad lament ;—

" A voice in the wind, and a voice on the wave,  
 A voice like the voice of my warrior dear,  
 A voice like a moan from the dark, dark  
 grave

Incessantly rings on my lonely ear."  
 She paused on the brink, as if reason came  
 And stopp'd her there—but 'twas still the same—

She looked around, and she looked above,  
 She looked below, and called on her love;  
 None answered her ; for the dead are dumb ;  
 And then she cried, I come ! I come !—  
 From that dread height that lowering hung  
 O'er the deep sea, herself she flung,  
 Into the watery waste below,  
 The friendly goal of life and woe  
 Like beam that flashes, and is gone  
 Her passing form an instant shown,  
 An instant gleam'd her raiment white,  
 An instant part the waters bright  
 Then close for ever—and again  
 Serenely smiles the silver main,  
 And all was still, like a voiceless thought  
 That once had been.—

Long years have rolled ; and fishermen say,  
 That every year, on that sad day,  
 Strange sounds are heard—and the waters rush  
 Like passion's tumultuous, maddening gush ;

Then all is silent—and then a strain  
 Like Syren's song is heard on the main,  
 Sweeter than music of waves below,  
 And thus, they say, the song doth flow:—

“From my deep bed of coral  
 I've risen for thee,  
 And left my green chambers  
 Far down in the sea;  
 My hall of pure amber  
 Is darksome and drear,  
 No star-light is beaming  
 My bosom to cheer:—  
 To the depths of the ocean  
 Come swiftly with me,  
 I'll give thee the treasures  
 No mortal can see;  
 Come swiftly down, swiftly;  
 My grottos are mute,  
 For thee I'll awaken  
 My song, and my lute.



The lute that soothed sweetly  
 Of yore, thy wild ear ;  
 The song of Love's raptures  
 You once loved to hear  
 From my deep bed of coral  
 I've risen for thee,  
 And left my green chambers  
 Far down in the sea!

I'll break the dark spell that has bound thee so  
 long,  
 And wake for my loved-one the harp and  
 song."

*December, 1826.*



THERMOPYLÆ.

Is there none to say, "'Twas well?"—  
 Shall not Fame their story tell,  
 Why they fought, and why they fell?—  
 'Twas to be free!

O who would live a crouching slave,  
 While yet this earth can give a grave?  
 Who would not rather death than shame,  
 While thinking on thine awful name,  
                   Thermopylæ?

Small their number, high their pride,  
 Great they lived, and nobly died,  
 Friends and brothers, side by side,  
                   Within that pass:—

His barbarous hordes, and countless hosts  
 The Persian brought from distant coasts;  
 Like hunted deer those hosts were slain;  
 Before thine arm their might was vain,  
                   Leonidas!

Curse on him who did betray  
 Sparta's sons, and showed the way  
 Where every hope of victory lay  
                   To Persia's bands!





## 11

But Sparta's sons, a hero each,  
Did, on that day, a lesson teach  
How liberty in death is won,  
What deeds with Freedom's sword are done  
In freemen's hands!

Circled by a sea of blood,  
Pressed by thousands, still they stood,  
Fighting, falling, unsubdued,  
Unconquered still.

They scorned to breathe the breath of slaves,  
They fought for free and hallowed graves;  
And though they fell in glory's hour,  
The Persian overcame their power,  
But—not their will!

Let them rest—nought could appal  
Those who armed at Honour's call—  
Fell they not as heroes fall—  
For Liberty?



Then, let them rest—their race is run;—  
 O! let them rest; their day is done;—  
 They found them each a glorious grave,  
 But still their fame is on thy wave,  
 Thermopylæ!

*December, 1826.*



LOVE'S FIRST FEELINGS.

O! there are a thousand fanciful things  
 Linked round the young heart's imaginings.  
 In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower  
 Is gifted then with a spell and a power;  
 A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign  
 From which the maiden can well divine  
 Passion's whole history.—

L. E. L.

'Twas at a merry festival.—  
 His eyes glanced darkly in the hall;  
 He met me, and my hand he prest,  
 A sudden chillness seized my breast;



I shivered, and my hand grew cold,  
 As if my mortal hour were told—  
 I would it had been! but his smile  
 Like sunshine beaming, cheered me while;  
 And when I saw he smiled on me,  
 My heart knelt in idolatry!  
 I know not how it then could break  
 One glance from him,—his smile, and look,—  
 But for such madness, and such pain,  
 I would not live that hour again.  
 O! why was woman made to feel  
 Emotions strong, and not reveal  
 Or, like the Phoenix, in the fire  
 Her heart hath made, it should expire.

A few wild words he spake—and then  
 A burning thought flashed through my brain;—  
 It passed—but like the lightning's wing  
 All hopes seared with its fiery sting.



It passed—I would that very hour  
 That I had faded like a flower,  
 A flower which heaven's soft tears had cherished,  
 But when the wild blast came, had perished.  
 'Twill not be so with me; for grief  
 Will strew the flowret leaf by leaf.

Thus living, what is life but breath?

The dull departing of a ray,

A wasting of the soul away—

O God! O God! 'tis living death!

*That* thought—I dare not name it now—

My brain throbs with it yet—my brow

Is burning strangely, and my ear

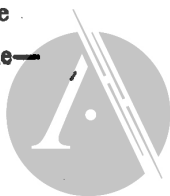
Rings with a voice I would not hear.

He left the hall of revelry,

And wished good night and peace to me;

All eyes were fixed on him, but mine

Nor dared to rise, nor dared to shine—



Something had glazed them o'er— but no—  
 I scorned my weakness thus to shew;—  
 I looked around, but he was gone  
 And then I felt he was the one,  
 The only one who was to be  
 The ruler of my destiny  
*January, 1827*



## SONG.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT POEM.

## I.

The roe that on the mountain dwells,  
 Or threads the thicket wide,  
 Is blest with all of bliss, for still  
 Her hart is by her side.  
 Together o'er the hills they bound,  
 Together o'er the fields,  
 Together share each spotless joy  
 That bounteous nature yields.



## 16

When yonder orb with golden disk  
    Wends home, as he doth now,  
Or in the wave doth gently lave  
    His glory-circled brow ;  
Oh ! then they both with lightsome foot  
    Go bounding to one lair,  
Whate'er betide, or shade or shine,  
    Together every where !

## 2.

Through blackest skies the fond dove flies,  
    Nor fears the shafts of fate ;  
Though winter raves the blast she braves,  
    For with her flies her mate.  
Oh ! there's the hallowed charm that brings  
    Such solace to the dove,  
And that alone's the spell that makes  
    Her life a life of love.  
The timid roe hath e'en a haunt,  
    The turtle-dove a nest ;



And each a mate to share her fate.

But I've nor love nor rest.

These could not brook the mortal pang

To leave their dearest part,

For day by day they'd pine away—

Then why not break, my heart?

## 3.

Now Hope and Fear alternately

Their empire o'er me hold ;

And worse, my sire would have me share

A villain's woes and gold.

I would I were a zephyr light

To pass my loved-one by,

To breathe upon him as I past,

And, passing, softly die.

I would I were an elfin sprite,

I'd ride the May moonbeams,

To guard my Ernest night by night,

And fit into his dreams.



If e'en I were a little flower  
 To bloom upon his breast,  
 'Twere bliss to live there *one* sweet hour,  
 Then—droop to lasting rest !

*January, 1827.*



POETRY.

Sweet madness!—when the youthful brain is  
 seized  
 With that delicious phrenzy which it loves,  
 It raving reels, to very rapture pleased,—  
 And then through all creation wildly roves :  
 Now in the deep recesses of the sea,  
 And now to highest Himaloy it mounts ;  
 Now by the fragrant shores of Araby,  
 Or classic Greece, or sweet Italia's founts,  
 Or through her wilderness of ruins ;—now  
 Gazing on beauty's lip, or valour's brow ;



Or rivalling the nightingale and dove  
 In pouring forth its melody of love;  
 Or giving to the gale, in strains of fire,  
 Immortal harpings—like a seraph's lyre.—  
*February, 1827.*



FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE.

—  
 “And as the slave departs, the man returns.”

● —  
 CAMPBELL.

How felt he when he first was told  
 A slave he ceased to be ;  
 How proudly beat his heart, when first  
 He knew that he was free !—  
 The noblest feelings of the soul  
 To glow at once began ;  
 He knelt no more ; his thoughts were raised ;  
 He felt himself a man.  
 He looked above—the breath of Heaven  
 Around him freshly blew ;



He smiled exultingly to see  
The wild birds as they flew.  
He looked upon the running stream  
That 'neath him rolled away ;  
Then thought on winds, and birds, and floods,  
And cried, " I'm free as they !"  
Oh Freedom ! there is something dear  
E'en in thy very name,  
That lights the altar of the soul  
With everlasting flame.  
Success attend the patriot sword,  
That is unsheathed for thee !  
And glory to the breast that bleeds,  
Bleeds nobly to be free !  
Blest be the generous hand that breaks  
The chain a tyrant gave,  
And feeling for degraded man  
Gives freedom to the slave.

*February, 1827.*



## MY DREAM.

“ But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away ”

CAMPBELL.

WAS it thy spirit came to me  
 To visit me in sleep ?  
 O that my slumber might have been  
 More lengthened, and more deep !  
 Was it a visitant from Heaven  
 That to my pillow came,  
 And answered in thine own loved voice,  
 Whene'er I named thy name ?  
 Not half so sweet the nightingale  
 Unto the rosebud sings,  
 As came thy voice of other days,  
 With which my ear still rings.  
 It was thine unforgotten form,  
 O Heaven ! that I did see ;  
 Thou wast not changed—thy large black eye  
 Still beamed on me, on me !

And there were words that seemed to burn,

Words that I may not tell ;

And many a tear that seemed to sear

The bosom, as it fell.

And there were smiles of other days,

When days were warm and bright ;—

They passed like beams of hope away,

Or shadows of the night !

O ! how my memory loves to cling

To aught that breathes of thee !

E'en on this little dream I dwell

With maddening ecstasy.

But what am I—and where art thou ?

So bright can visions seem ?—

O ! dreams of bliss are bliss indeed,

For bliss is but a dream.

*February, 1827.*



## HEAVEN.

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON'S

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle," &c.

*(Written in a Lady's Album.)*

Know ye the land where the fountain is springing,  
 Whose waters give life, and whose flow never  
 ends ;  
 Where cherub and seraph, in concert, are singing  
 The hymn that in odour and incense ascends ?  
 Know ye the land where the sun cannot shine,  
 Where his light would be darken'd by glory divine ;  
 Where the fields are all fair, and the flowret's  
 young bloom  
 Never fades, while with sweetness each breath  
 they perfume ;  
 Where sighs are ne'er heard, and where tears are  
 ne'er shed  
 From hearts that might elsewhere have broken,  
 and bled ;

Where grief is unfelt, where its name is unknown,  
 Where the music of gladness is heard in each  
 tone;

Where melody vibrates from harps of pure gold,  
 Far brighter than mortal's weak eye can behold;  
 Where the harpers are robed in a mantle of light,  
 More dazzling than diamonds, than silver more  
 white;

Where rays from a rainbow of emerald beam,  
 Where truth is no name, and where bliss is no  
 dream?—

'Tis the seat of our God! 'tis the land of the  
 blest—

The kingdom of glory—the region of rest—  
 The boon that to man shall hereafter be given—  
 'Tis Love's hallowed empire—'tis Heaven! 'tis  
 Heaven!

*March, 1826.*



## TO MY BROTHER IN SCOTLAND.

O'er the blue, boundless, watery waste  
 To that far land where now thou art,  
 Be many a blessing borne to thee  
 By guardian seraphs of the heart!  
 Yes—o'er the wide eternal sea  
 Be many a blessing borne to thee!

Thy glance is gay, thy smiles are bright,  
 Thy every youthful word is glad,  
 And oh! thy little heart is light  
 As if the heart may ne'er be sad;—  
 Thy life is sunshine, mirth and joy—  
 So be it, fond, beloved boy!

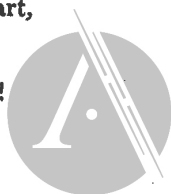
Ay—be it so—the days may come  
 When scenes may rise less bright and fair,  
 And thine may be a bitter doom,  
 And life a burden hard to bear—

Why crowd these visions o'er my mind,  
While others there a home should find ?

Th' uncertain future wakes the fear  
I feel, but must not, dare not tell—  
Yet Hope's sweet voice rings in mine ear,  
And whispers—all shall yet be well !  
These thoughts are strangers to thy breast  
Where all is pleasure, peace, and rest.

These thoughts—but let them pass away,  
And Hope shall linger here alone—  
Still be thy heart, fair, light, and gay,  
And gladness in thine every tone ;  
Nor dream thou once, far o'er the sea,  
That hearts are aching here for thee.

Then, o'er the boundless, watery waste  
To that far land where now thou art,  
Be many a blessing borne to thee  
By guardian seraphs of the heart !





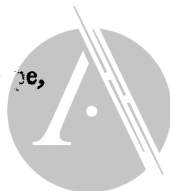
Yes—o'er the blue eternal sea  
 Be many a blessing borne to thee!

*August, 1826.*



HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, LASSIE!

Though wild waves roll between us now,  
 Though Fate severe may be, Lassie;  
 Though darkness cloud, at times, my brow,  
 Yet, here's a health to thee, Lassie!  
 Yes—here's a health to thee, my love!  
 All good that e'er hath been, Lassie;  
 Sweet peace below, and bliss above,  
 One day of brightest sheen, Lassie!  
 Yet ah! I dare not fondly hope  
 For thee a joy below, Lassie:  
 And till thou canst with sorrow cope,  
 Severe will be its blow, Lassie.



We've smiled together—but 'tis past—

We've wept—those days are o'er, Lassie ;  
 'Twas too much happiness to last,  
 Its loss we now deplore, Lassie.

We mirthful revels yet may keep,  
 Yet feel the throes of pain, Lassie ;  
 But we, alas ! shall smile, and weep  
*Together* ne'er again, Lassie.

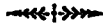
Yet sweeter 'tis despairing now  
 Than e'en to smile at will, Lassie,  
 With those who're faithless, and while thou  
 Remain'st unaltered still, Lassie.

What boots it then, that I repine  
 At Fortune's stern decree, Lassie ?

My every thought is only thine !  
 My every hope for thee, Lassie !  
 Come hither, boy ! fill up my bowl—  
 When hearts are wet with wine, Lassie,  
 And love is wakened in the soul,  
 The draught's indeed divine, Lassie !



My cup, perhaps, may taste of tears,  
 But still it sweet will be, Lassie—  
 Then—here's to unforgotten years,  
 And here's a health to thee, Lassie!  
*March, 1826.*



ODE.

---

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SA'ADIZ.

*Freely translated.*

Say, what's the rose without the smile  
 Of her I deem more fair,  
 And what are all the sweets of aging  
 If wine be wanting there?  
 O! who will pause the choice to doubt  
 Of walks where music rings,  
 Or bowers in richest bloom without  
 The notes the Bulbul sings?  
 In vain the cypress waves, in vain  
 A thousand flowrets sigh,



Without the cheek whose tint excels  
     The tulip's crimson dye !  
 Yet what are lips where sweetness clings,  
     And cheeks where roses dwell,  
 Without the kiss, the joy, the bliss  
     Of pleasure's potent spell ?  
 The wine and garden both are sweet,  
     But sweetest wine and grove  
 I lothe, if there I cannot meet  
     The face and form I love.  
 The brightest, fairest works of art  
     That skilful hands devise  
 Are nought, without the hand and heart  
     Of her I fondest prize.  
 And what's my life ?—perhaps a coin—  
     A trifling coin at best—  
 Unheeded e'en by passer-by,  
     Unfit for bridal guest\*.

*March, 1826.*

\* This alludes to a custom in the East, of throwing money away among the guests at a bridal.



## THE TOMB.

Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

'Tis the house for dust and ashes,  
Which the white worm revels o'er ;  
'Tis the land whence those who suffer,  
To this earth return no more.  
'Tis the cave of silent darkness,  
Which no mortal power can break ;  
'Tis the bed where they who slumber  
From that slumber never wake  
  
'Tis the dreary, dismal ocean  
Which we all must travel o'er  
For long ages, without ceasing,  
Till we reach the blissful shore.  
'Tis the desert lone and weary  
Of red flame and burning sand,



Which the soul must pass unmurm'ring  
Ere it win the promised land.

'Tis the land where proudest despots  
Have no power to tyrannise ;  
Where the blood of injured Freedom  
For swift vengeance loudly cries ;  
Where the cheek of Beauty fading,  
Does but fade to bloom again ;  
Where the conqueror is conquered,  
And the captive breaks his chain.—

'Tis the place where quenched is madness,  
And where hush'd the wail of grief ;  
Where the desolate are smiling,  
And the wretched find relief ;  
'Tis where woe is all forgotten,  
And the riven heart is blest ;  
“ Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.”

*May, 1826.*




## THE BRIDAL.

“ I never told you a horrid story which I heard at Malta. There was a beautiful girl, the daughter of a merchant in the place, so unfortunate as to inspire two brothers with the same passion. The younger, of a light and gay disposition, succeeded in winning her affections. The other might feel more deeply, but he said less, and was no adept in the craft of courtship ; in short he was the unfortunate suitor : the damsel gave her hand to his rival ; but if they had been united in the month of May (the Maltese, from some superstition or other, never are married in this month), the union could not have proved more ill-omened. On the happy eve, the bridegroom was missed from the dance, and the anxious company watched in vain for his return. The music ceased, the party broke up, and the lady retired solitarily to her chamber : nothing was seen of her husband till the morning, when he was found murdered in the garden, and the knife in his breast recognized as his brother's. The parents were the prosecutors of the sole remaining son : he was found guilty, and executed. They soon after lost their senses, and the wretched bride wears the habit of a nun, for which she exchanged her nuptial garment.”—*An Autumn in Greece*.

Merrily pealed the marriage-bell,  
 And beauty's footsteps softly fell ;  
 Gay lights were sparkling in the hall,  
 And bridal wreaths festoon'd the wall ;

Rose-odours, wine, the gladsome throng  
With bright eyes, and the flow of song  
Made all appear as passing fair,  
As if young joys were revelling there.

Unmoved by song, or dance, or lute,  
The bride sate mournfully and mute ;  
Her heart and thoughts were far away,  
Where all might guess, but none might say ;  
'Twas luxury for her to weep,  
And heave the sigh, long, slow, and deep ;  
The rose was braided in her hair,  
Which well a darker wreath might wear ;  
White flowers were scattered in her way,  
Alas ! she was as pale as they !  
They withered, and as soon must she,  
For her's was utter misery—  
Her eye with a sad tear was glazed,  
As o'er the sea she fondly gazed,  
Like Hope expecting Love's return,  
With thoughts that in her bosom burn.





On speed the hours, the cups are crowned,  
 The lutes are soft, and songs go round ;  
 The flowers are fair, the lamps are bright :—  
 Why comes the bridegroom not to-night ?

The moonlight's swimming o'er the stream—  
 She wakes not yet from sorrow's dream ;  
 Unawed by fear, she still is keeping  
 Her vigil lone of woe and weeping !  
 The guests have left the silent hall,  
 The wreaths have withered on each wall,  
 The lights are quenched ;—the laugh, the glee  
 And all the tones of revelry  
 Are hushed—the sprightly songs are o'er :—  
 Cold as the flowers upon the floor,  
 White as the moonshine wildly roaming,  
 The girl awaits her bridegroom's coming.

The night hath passed in hopes and tears,  
 And morning's grey sky now appears ;—

He comes not—high her bosom swells  
 With that which there unbidden dwells,  
*That pang* all other pangs above,  
 The fearfulness of love, young love !  
 'Tis fragrant daylight's earliest hour—  
 The dew-gem's set on many a flower,  
 The sky is clear—there's just a breath  
 To break the crystal wave beneath ;  
 'Tis morn—he comes not—fears are high—  
 Such omen bodes sad evil nigh !  
 They seek him with much anxious care,  
 And to the garden's shade repair,  
 With less of hope than dark despair.  
 Each path is search'd, each dubious spot  
 Is soon explored—they find him not.  
 One yet remains—it is the grove  
 He consecrated unto love :  
 They hither wend, but sad and slow,  
 And hope grows weaker as they go.  
 Their hearts are heavy, dull with fear—  
 But ha ! what does the bridegroom here ?

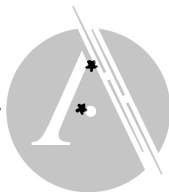
With blood-stained garment he was bound  
 All prostrate on the fatal ground;—  
 They raise him, but 'tis vain to trace  
 The features fixed, the pale, cold face;  
 His spirit from it's gaol of clay  
 Hath, like a shadow, passed away!

A knife with clotted blood lay near—  
 The murderer's hand was surely here;  
 Th' assassin's arm hath dealt the blow,  
 And laid the youthful lover low!  
 'Twas thus at first, in haste, they deemed,  
 And so, in sooth, at first it seemed;  
 But when they looked upon the knife,  
 "The brother sought the brother's life—  
 His guilty hand hath made him bleed,  
 And he shall rue the deadly deed."

\* \* \* \* \*  
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One month hath passed.—'Tis night—on high  
 The stars are studded in the sky  
 Like gems in regal canopy ;—  
 'Tis night—the west wind's voice is low,  
 Like the last moan of mortal woe ;  
 The little ripple on the shore  
 Just breaks, and then is heard no more ;—  
 'Tis night—the moon appears above  
 Pale as a maiden's cheek in love ;  
 That moon is gleaming o'er the grave,  
 Where sleeps the bridegroom, young and brave,  
 Whom Love had not the power to save.—  
 And ah ! that moon shines coldly too  
 On the dark tomb of him who slew :  
 Of him whose hand had been imbrued  
 With his young guiltless brother's blood :—  
 He at the shrine of Justice fell :  
 But oh ! the tale is sad to tell !  
 Led by his wretched parents there,  
 His fate was fixed—and Mercy's prayer



Arose not—if it once arose,  
 'Twas all unheard 'mid mingled woes ;  
 And he, the victim of his crime,  
 By justice fell in manhood's prime.—  
 But who shall paint his parents' grief,  
 That never found e'en slight relief?  
 Reft of two sons in evil day,  
 They saw their only hopes decay,  
 And one loved child, upon his name  
 Had left an everlasting shame.  
 They mourn'd till sorrow's self was vain,  
 And reason fled their maddened brain.

But where is she, the bride, the flower  
 That bloomed so fair in Love's green bower?  
 Alas, the bride of one short hour !  
 To God her days and nights are given,  
 A sinless candidate for heaven !  
 But none can deem what still must be  
 Her madness and her misery ;



*That state of being which can bring  
 No joy to soothe, no pang to sting ;  
 Life's darksome night of dull unchanging sorrow,  
 The night that brings with death a brighter mor-  
 row.*

*September, 1826.*



—  
 EVENING IN AUGUST.  
 —

“ And muse on nature with a Poet's eye.”

CAMPBELL.  
 —

Roll on, fair Ganges!—What a noble stream !  
 And on its bosom the last, lingering beam  
 Of the red, setting sun serenely lies,  
 Smiling, like Hope's last ray—and then it dies !  
 And O ! the clouds—what colours they display,  
 Sport for a while, then melt in air away !  
 Like thoughts in dreams, which o'er the passive  
 mind  
 All fitful flit, and leave no trace behind.




The sun sets on a bank, where yellow sand  
 All brightly glows ; as if an angel's hand  
 Had scattered gold there, heedless of the worth  
 That gold hath gained among the sons of earth.  
 'There is a fisher's boat beside that shore ;  
 'Tis sleeping on the wave—the heavy oar  
 Is laid at rest ; and he who plied is gone  
 With his small “scaly spoil,” to meet the one  
 Whom 'tis his joy to meet. O Love! thou art  
 The master of the poorest, humblest heart.

A light breeze hath disturbed the water's  
 breast,  
 Like a remembrance waking thoughts at rest ;  
 It seems as if in fleeting thus away,  
 It had extinguished the sun's parting ray.—  
 What holy silence gathers now around !  
 All, all is still, save the small silver sound  
 Which issues from the wave that wanders by,  
 Soft as an angel's harp, or maiden's sigh :—

O ! I could listen to it till my soul  
 In boundless floods of ecstasy might roll.

Night's shadows are descending ; twilight dies ;  
 The bird unto its leafy covert flies ;  
 The crescent moon is rising pale ; the dew  
 Falls like a blessing ; and there are a few  
 Small, bright, and sparkling stars in yonder heaven—  
 Islands of bliss, abodes for the forgiven !

It is an hour of watchfulness and thought ;  
 It is the chosen season when are wrought  
 The fairest pictures ever Fancy drew ;  
 'Tis Love's delicious hour, when Love is new,  
 When soft words poured into a maiden's ear  
 Melt in her soul, and she delights to hear  
 The oft repeated vows of truth and faith  
 To be preserved inviolate till death !  
 Now spirits are abroad, and on the green  
 Dance the light fairies round their playful queen:—





They dance, but leave no footprints on the grass,  
 And when 'tis morn, like thoughts, away they pass ;  
 And then each hies her to her elfin bower,  
 A shrub's green leaf, or petal of a flower.—  
 I'm loath to leave this spot.—



GREECE.

---

“ At midday on the 23d, the fire of the Turks having ceased, we saw behind the battery nearest to the town, two women, several men, and some children, their prisoners, whom they had spitted, and were roasting at a slow fire. They placed these wretched beings at the head of their batteries, as a sort of trophy. And will Europe hear of such an atrocity with indifference? These unfortunate persons had been taken in an excursion, made by them into the Canton of Venetiko. Heavens! what have we done to be abandoned to the ferocity of a race so barbarous!”

HELENIC CHRONICLE OF MISSOLONGHI.

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Will Europe hear?—Aye, calmly hear—

No arm is stretched to save :

Why need'st thou aid ; art thou not Greece,

The glorious, and the brave ?



Art thou not Greece, the hallowed land,  
 The mistress of the seas ;—  
 Where are the breasts that bled for thee?  
 Where sleeps Miltiades ?

Where are the few whose tales we hear,  
 A hero every one,  
 Who fought, and fell, victorious still—  
 The men of Marathon ?

Where is the godlike Spartan prince  
 Of famed Thermopylæ,  
 Who nobly scorning life in chains,  
 Deemed “ better not to be ?”

Chains !—O ! the very thought was death,  
 A thought they could not bear ;  
 Their lofty spirits were as free  
 As their own mountain air !



Hast thou forgotten, Salamis !

The triumph on thy wave ?

Thy rocky shore can testify

Th' Athenian was no slave.—

But Athens hath forgot his name,

His deeds are past away ;

And o'er her broken temples now

Hath lowered a darker day.—

The flame that on her altars glowed

Now glows, alas ! no more ;

And that bright fire is quenched which warmed

Her heroes' hearts of yore.

And Corinth, city of the sea,

In dust and ashes weeps ;

Why is she now not great and free ?

Alas ! Timoleon sleeps !



King Agis was a Spartan king,  
A crown was on his brow ;  
But Liberty that chaplet wove :—  
Such king hath Sparta now ?

An oracle did once declare,  
The prince who first was dead  
Should save his state—and know ye not  
How nobly Codrus bled ?

There was a hero once in Thebes  
Who spurned a tyrant's power ;  
Did he but live, Thebes would not be  
In slavery one short hour !

They're gone to their eternal rest,  
Untroubled and serene ;  
Their country is a tyrant's now,  
As if they ne'er had been !



O Greece! thy race of gods on earth  
 Would soon have set thee free  
 By some unequalled deed of worth,  
 Befitting them, and thee.

But though they sleep, hast thou no sons  
 To seize the flaming brand,  
 And bravely grasp the freeman's sword  
 With patriotic hand?

Will Europe hear? Ah! no—ah! no—  
 She coldly turns from thee;  
 Thine own right arm, and battle-axe  
 Must win the victory.—

And then will Europe hear?—she shall,  
 But not a mournful strain;  
 The world will hear exultingly  
 That Greece is free again!  
*March, 1827.*



GOOD NIGHT.  

---

Good night!—well then, good night to thee,  
In peace thine eyelids close ;  
May dreams of future happiness  
Illume thy soft repose !

I've that within which knows no rest,  
Sleep comes to me in vain ;  
My dreams are dark—I never more  
Shall pass good night again.—

1824.  

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## THE POET'S GRAVE.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,  
 An idle art the Poet brings :  
 Let high Philosophy controul,  
 And sages calm the stream of life,  
 'Tis he refines its fountain springs,  
 The nobler passions of the soul.

CAMPBELL.

Be it beside the ocean's foamy surge,  
 On an untrodden, solitary shore,  
 Where the wind sings an everlasting dirge,  
 And the wild wave, in its tremendous roar,  
 Sweeps o'er the sod!—There let his ashes lie  
 Cold and unmourned; save, when the seamew's cry  
 Is wafted on the gale, as if 'twere given  
 For him whose hand is cold, whose lyre is riven!  
 There, all in silence, let him sleep his sleep;  
 No dream shall flit into that slumber deep—  
 No wandering mortal thither e'er shall wend,

There, nothing o'er him but the heavens shall weep,  
 There, never pilgrim at his shrine shall bend,  
 But holy stars alone their nightly vigils keep !

*March, 1827.*



SONG OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

My dream was bright, but it past away,  
 The thought so sweet is gone—  
 And hope hath fled, like a rainbow's ray,  
 Or a beam of the setting sun !  
 But I am left, like an autumn leaf,  
 To the pitiless world, and the blast of grief,  
 Till my day of life is done !—  
 Spirit of Love ! O bear my soul  
 Farther than Gunga's waters roll,  
 For my spring of joy has been brief.

*January, 1827.*





## THE GREEKS AT MARATHON\*.

The mountains look on Marathon  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
 For standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

BYRON.

He who dies his land to save,  
 Rests within a glorious grave.  
 Forward, forward ! Grecians, on !  
 'Tis the plain of Marathon !  
 By the vict'ry of our sires,  
 By our bosoms' native fires,  
 By th' Athenian's† deathless name,  
 Here we vow to die for fame !

Spirits of the martial band  
 Who once armed to save this land,

\* These lines were written after the announcement of an action that had taken place at Marathon between the Turks and the Greeks, in which the latter were victorious.

† Themistocles.

Who their valor here displayed,  
 Heaven will quit, our cause to aid.  
 Here, our sires a battle fought,  
 Here, with blood their rights they bought,  
 Here, our sires a battle won,  
 On this plain of Marathon !

Grecians ! brothers ! dauntless be,—  
 Think upon Thermopylæ,  
 Think upon Platæa's day,  
 Think of ages past away.  
 Think on those more dear than life,  
 Parents, children, sister, wife ;  
 Think of victory, think of fame,  
 Freedom, fortune, nation, name !

Sparta's heroes never turn'd,  
 E'en submission's name they spurn'd ;  
 Bold they answered, deaf t' alarms,  
 " Let them come, and take our arms\* !"

\* The well known reply of Leonidas to Xerxes.



This is Freedom's hallowed earth,  
Hallowed by a deed of worth ;  
Let another such be done  
On this field of Marathon.

Yes ! from hence the Persian fled,  
Here lay many a tyrant dead.  
'Tis a gallant field of glory,  
'Tis a battle famed in story ;—  
Here the Moslem we shall meet,  
Prostrate lay him at our feet ;—  
Seek we freedom ?—Grecians, on !  
Freedom's field is Marathon !

*May, 1825.*




## THE ORPHAN GIRL.

—  
She was yet young and fair—but oh she seemed  
Marked for much woe in this unpitying world!  
Poor friendless wanderer!—

—  
Her hair was black as a raven's wing,  
Her cheek the tulip's hue did wear,  
Her voice was soft as when night winds sing,  
Her brow was as a moonbeam fair;  
Her sire had joined the wake of war;—  
The battle-shock, the shout, and scar  
He knew, and gained a glorious grave—  
Such is the guerdon of the brave!—  
Her anguished mother's suffering heart  
Could not endure a widow's part;  
She sunk beneath her soul's distress,  
And left her infant parentless.—

She hath no friend on this cold, bleak earth,  
To give her a shelter, a home, and a hearth;



Through life's dreary desert all she must wend,  
For alas! the wretched have never a friend!  
And should she stray from virtue's way,  
The world will scorn, and its scorn can slay.  
Ah! shame hath enough to wring the breast  
With a weight of sorrow and guilt oppress'd;  
But oh! 'tis coldly cruel to wound  
The bosom whose blood must gush unbound.  
No tear is so bright as the tear that flows  
For erring woman's unpitied woes;  
And blest be for ever his honored name  
Who shelters an orphan from sorrow and shame!

*March, 1827.*



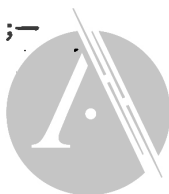
## THE GRECIAN SIRE AND SON.

These lines were written on an incident, which if my memory fail not, is as follows :—

A young Greek, at close of evening, wandered near the ramparts of a Turkish battlement, and was there singing the fortunes of his oppressed and wretched country. A sentry who was at no great distance, overheard, saw, and shot him.

The father of the lad went out next morning in quest of his son—he found the boy dead, at the place where he fell, and there gave vent to his paternal feelings. The same sentry who had shot the youth, perceived that this was his father; and, to complete his bloody work, levelled his musket, and laid the parent lifeless by the corse of his child.

“ O Heaven ! in Hellas’ Paynim time,  
 “ She seem’d of thee the favor’d clime—  
 “ Then—freedom hung upon her breast,  
 “ And on her mountains rear’d her nest,  
 “ Then—glory hover’d in her sky,  
 “ And prun’d her purple wing on high ;—  
 “ On earth, her sons’ loud battle-cry  
 “ Was—On to death, or victory !



" Now, see her in her silent woe,  
 " Her last sad tears shed long ago ;  
 " She stands a wreck—the work of fate,  
 " Majestically desolate—  
 " Her temples razed, her rites profan'd,  
 " Her altar-cup with blood distain'd ;  
 " See strangers claim her hills and plains,  
 " See Christian Greece in servile chains !  
 " Should man (O ! sure it should not be)  
 " Breathe here the air that is not free ?  
 " O did he live—the mighty He  
 " Who conquer'd at Thermopylæ  
 " How would he break the bonds that bind  
 " His vassal race, his fallen kind !  
 " Rise ! great Athenian, from thy grave,  
 " And once again thy country save,  
 " Tho' in death's slumber none can hear,  
 " Yet,—freedom's wail would pierce thine ear.  
 " O ! who that thinks on Salamis,  
 " On what it was—and what it is—

" Would not indulge a hope, a thought  
 " That liberty might there be bought?—  
 " *That* rock with frowns its brow doth wreath,  
 " That tyranny should crouch beneath;  
 " *That* gulf, when sweeps the angry gust,  
 " Oppression should not dare to trust,  
 " Lest in its wrath, it foam and rave,  
 " And whelm the despot in the wave.  
 " O Greece—my native land" —

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark ! 'twas a shriek—as sad and shrill  
 As the wild deer's cry, when the night is still—  
 The minstrel Greek hath clos'd his eyes,  
 And at the rampart's base he lies.  
 He fell—but 'twas by Freedom's foe,  
 For Moslem bullet laid him low.—  
 The vulture, ere the dawn of day,  
 Upon his youthful corse may prey;  
 The famish'd lean dog, wild and grim,  
 May feast upon each lifeless limb;—

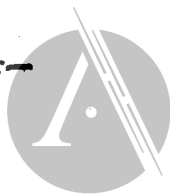




And worse than dog, the robber-band  
 May strip, and cast him on the strand;  
 And tho' his bones there bleach and rot,  
 His spirit's free—he'll heed it not.  
 But there's a hand may rear a tomb  
 O'er virtue blighted in its bloom  
 And there's a heart may mourn the fall  
 Of him who lies by the Mussulman's wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun, now peeping o'er the hill,  
 His rays of light darts on the rill  
 The waters sparkle in the beam  
 That plays upon the golden stream,  
 And here and there a streak of blue  
 Gives to the wave a lively hue;—  
 The pilgrim rises from his rest,  
 From earth—the pillow he hath prest—  
 To loiter goes the mountaineer,  
 And onward wanders lone Fakeer—



And tho', O Greece! thou art the clime  
 The sun saw free in former time,  
 That sun which shone on the land of the brave,  
 Now gives thee light —but as the slave of the slave!

\* \* \* \* \*

“ And is it *thus* I find thee, boy!  
 “ My staff of age—my hope—my joy—  
 “ Thy tender breast besmear'd with gore,  
 “ And still'd thy heart—to throb no more!  
 “ Tho' cold's thy hand, and fled's thy breath,  
 “ Thou'rt like thy country—fair in death.  
 “ Could I remove, I fain would try,  
 “ The glassy stillness of thine eye,  
 “ But that the tyrant ne'er will be  
 “ O'ercome by such a wretch as me;  
 “ Yet—better human bondage broke,  
 “ And e'en submission to his yoke,  
 “ Than groan 'neath Turkish tyranny,  
 “ Where none can say his life is free.



" Forgive me, Greece!—I love thy shore—  
 " But still—I loved my darling more ;  
 " And tho' in blissful regions bright  
 " His spirit sports, enwrapt with light,  
 " O! could I call him from the skies,  
 " I would—to bless my longing eyes.  
 " One heavy sigh, sweet boy, I leave,  
 " One wreath for thee I yet will weave,  
 " One lock I take of thy dark hair,  
 " Memorial of thy love to wear ;—  
 " My child!—one look—one farewell view—  
 " One cold, cold kiss—one last adieu!"

\* \* \* \* \*

He spake no more ;—a spark of light  
 Flash'd on the Moslem turret's height :  
 The selfsame sentinel that stood  
 There yesterday, and shed the blood  
 That warm'd the Grecian's heart with fire,  
 Now lifeless laid the childless sire !



O ! happy, happy is their lot,  
Whom even death will sever not ;  
O ! glorious is their mortal blow,  
Since given by their country's foe :  
And you, who fell beneath the hand  
Of him who long oppressed your land,  
Though on the sod exposed you lie,  
You need no tomb—you cannot die—  
What though your last of breath is drawn,  
What though your spark of feeling's gone ?  
Your memory lives—your glorious name  
Is consecrated unto fame ;  
And tongues in after times shall tell  
Of this fond pair, and how they fell ;  
And many a bard on many a lyre  
Shall sing the patriot son and sire.

*June, 1825.*



## STANZAS.

Like roses blooming o'er the grave, a fair and  
 fragrant wreath,  
 That hides, with all its loveliness, the wreck of life  
 beneath ;  
 E'en so the smile, the flash of joy, that on my cheek  
 appears,  
 Altho' 'tis seen—no longer now by blighted bosom  
 cheers.

O! could I take the wings of a dove, or soar with  
 eagle crest,  
 I'd spurn the world, and flee away to some un-  
 broken rest ;—  
 O! could I weep for all my joy, and all my wildest  
 woe,  
 That very grief would give relief—those tears would  
 sweetly flow!

But ah! it seems that even tears to me are now  
denied;

The sacred spring of sympathy has long ago been  
dried.—

Tho' sorrow in my desert breast her habitation  
make,

My heart will heed her dwelling not—it is too stern  
to break.

*June, 1825.*



TO THE DOG STAR.



How the Chaldean watched thee, brightest star!

Brightest, and loveliest in the vault of heaven!  
There dost thou shine, and shine like Hope  
afar;

And at the soft, sweet, silent hour of even,  
While airy spirits breathing fragrance fly,  
And fan my temples with their odorous wings,

Thy trembling light to watch and worship, I  
Go forth ;—this to my heart such rapture brings,  
As never may be told!—Thy love-light  
Eternal Sirius, calls one dear friend  
For Oh! her form was beautiful and bright,  
And, like thy ray, her soul was most refined,  
And made for tenderness, and purest love ;—  
Then smile on her, bright star, smile sweetly from  
above.

*April, 1827.*

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## THE ENCHANTRESS OF THE CAVE.

A TALE.

— Love will find its way  
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey.  
THE GIAOUR.

Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
 Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
 Through good or ill, in storm or shine,  
 The world's a world of love for us.  
LALLA ROOKH.

—  
 To ———

Though my neglected lyre I wake once more,  
 And touch with untaught hand its strings again,  
 And though but poor in "legendary lore,"  
 I strive to sing in legendary strain,  
 My lyre and lay will not be woke in vain  
 If thou but smile upon them—for thy claim  
 Is Friendship's—and unpaid shall it remain?—  
 No—be my verse entwined with thy dear name;  
 For me 'twill be enough—I seek no higher fame.



And if perchance on some dark, future day  
 (For who can tell what Fate may yet decree?)  
 From thee and thine I wander far away  
 In distant lands, or o'er th' eternal sea;  
 Or in that land of darkness it may be  
 Where they who travel ne'er to thee return,  
 If then my song awake one thought of me,  
 And in thy heart the light of memory burn,  
 Florio, 'tis all I wish—a good reward I'll earn.

Bright shone Mehtab\* on many a hill  
 Whose every dew-dipped leaf was still;  
 There scarce was breeze enough to stir  
 The silken, fragile gossamer;  
 No prow was heard, no shallop trim  
 Was seen th' unbroken wave to skim;  
 To youthful hearts the spreading sky  
 Might seem a curtained canopy,  
 A silent sentry every star  
 That on them looked, and watched afar,

\* The moon.



With earth their couch of paradise—  
 Such visions flit 'fore lovers' eyes!  
 And all was silent, save whene'er  
 The owlet's deathshriek cleft the air ;  
 Or when the jackall-troop made moan,  
 And bay'd in loud complaining tone ;  
 Or when the bells of distant steer\*  
 Rang welcome faintly on the ear ;  
 Or when the tramp and neigh of steeds  
 Within the valley, told of deeds  
 That must, ere sets to-morrow's sun,  
 By armed bands be bravely done.  
 It was a lovely, soothing night,  
 And all was beautiful and bright—  
 The cold moon kept her pathless way  
 'Mid stars of everlasting ray,  
 Those worlds of quenchless light that shine  
 As if their beams were all divine !

\* It is a custom in India for herdsmen to hang bells round the necks of their cattle.



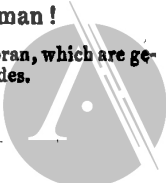
Oh! I have watched them till methought  
 My brain with fancies was o'erwrought,  
 Wild, passing wild—and then I've kept  
 To think that thus my soul is kept  
 Confined in such a gaol of clay,  
 When it were better far away;  
 And then upon the scene I've smiled  
 With joy, like a delighted child,  
 When pleasure sparkles in it's eye  
 And still it smiles, scarce knowing why;  
 Until too drunk with such delight  
 My brain has maddened at the sight,  
 And then I've thought to pierce the gloom  
 That darkens all beyond the tomb,  
 And then I've thought of what might be  
 When this existence \* \* \* \* \*

Though fair the night, to-morrow's sun  
 Shall see a battle lost and won,



For Bramah's children must oppose  
Their fell, invading, Moslem foes,  
And strew their corpses o'er the plains,  
Or captive wear the victors' chains.  
The conflict will be desperate,  
For either host is backed by hate—  
The Moslem brings his turban'd band,  
To win the peaceful, golden land,  
The crescent on his banner shines,  
The watchword's "Alla" in his lines,  
And on his blade the Koran verse\*  
Bespeaks for every foe a curse.  
The Hindoo courts the bloody broil,  
To fight or fall for his parent soil,  
And he must go forth in the battle to bleed  
For all that is dear—country, kindred, and creed;  
But evil betide him and fair Hindoostan  
If ever he yield to the proud Mussulman!

\* This alludes to the inscriptions from the Koran, which are generally to be found on Persian and Turkish blades.



**O!** for the spirit of the past,  
**Ere** exiled Freedom looked her last  
**On** this delicious orient clime!  
**O!** for the men of fledged time!  
**O!** for the heroic hearts of old  
**To** fire the souls that now are cold,  
**To** lead them on to deeds of worth,  
**And** raise their glory yet on earth!  
**'Tis** vain to wish—it will not be:—  
**But** since the spark of liberty  
**Is** quenched, that once did warmly glow  
**In** daring bosoms, long ago,  
**O!** for a life-inspiring strain  
**To** fan it into light again!

**“** Where art thou, boy?—Awake! awake!  
**“** To-night to Mithra's cave I take  
**“** (While rest our Kafir foes) my course—  
**“** Bestir thee now—lead forth my horse,  
**“** And reach me here my sabre bright,  
**“** I ween we're not too safe to-night.

“Dost hear me, boy?”—He turned him round,  
But caught the faint echo of his own sound ;  
Forth from the tent he sped to see  
Where his attendant youth might be,  
He sought him full soon by the streamlet’s side,  
But there two camels alone were tied,  
On the pasturage sweet in safety they browsed,  
But he their keepers from sleep aroused,  
Though nothing could they have told in sooth  
Of what had befallen his servant youth.  
Back to th’ encampment then he came,  
Still calling the faithless slave by name ;  
He went to the couch where the boy had lain  
As he thought that night—but he went in vain ;  
He hastily looked on the pillow—’twas bare,  
No boy in slumber is resting him there.

Around his waist a girdle is braced,  
And there are two pistols magnificent placed ;  
A shawl of green on his shoulder he flung,  
A match-lock and shield on his belt are slung,

His arm is bare as it might be in war,  
 And in his right hand is a bright scimitar,  
 A gem-adorned turban has deck'd his head,  
 To-morrow that turban with gore may be red—  
 His charger caparisoned stands in high pride,  
 To-morrow that charger may bleed by his side—  
 Up he springs on that prancing steed,  
 Urging him on to his utmost speed.  
 Why seeks Nazim the Witch of the Cave,  
 What is the boon he from her would crave ?  
 Does he wish to purchase a hallowed charm,  
 To keep him free in the fray from harm ?  
 Out on the thought !—*that* never can be,  
 For foremost in peril and battle is he.  
 Does he wish to curse his Infidel foe,  
 And aided by powers unseen lay him low ?  
 Out on the thought !—he scorns all aid  
 Beyond the power of his own good blade.  
 Does he seek to win a lady fair  
 Whose heart is cold despite of his care ?

Oh no !—no lady needs he by his side,  
His love is away, far away with his bride—  
Then why seeks Nazim the Witch of the Cave,  
And what is the boon he now would crave ?  
He seeks the Witch to know if all  
Goes right and well in his distant hall ;  
How fares his sire, and how his son,  
But chief the wife whom his heart doats on.

O'er many a hill he urged his horse  
Unchecked his speed, uncrossed his course ;  
The rowel of his spur was red ;  
Away like lightning-shaft he sped,  
The hills rung with his clattering tread ;  
Yet gallantly he urged him on,  
For the cave must be gained ere rise of sun ;  
His course like a mountaineer's arrow he kept,  
Full forward he went —the ravine is leapt :  
That milk-white barb now neighed aloud,  
And toss'd on high his crest so proud ;





The white foam blanched his bridle rein,  
 As wildly streamed his flowing mane;  
 He champed the bit that galled him much,  
 Then sprung to Nazim's spurring touch;  
 Away he bounds—his speed might cope  
 With flight of fleetest antelope;  
 Now down the vale he wends, and now  
 Has almost reached the lofty brow  
 Of yonder hill—and when 'tis past  
 He'll win the wished-for cave at last.  
 'Tis won—he's gone—no more I hear  
 His charger's tramp ring on my ear,  
 Its very echo now is still,  
 And silent are the vale and hill!

\* \* \* \* \*

His steed is tied to a withered tree,  
 And now the cavern enters he;  
 And who is the hag so wan and grim  
 That sits there, all regardless of him?  
 Her yellow skin is shrivelled and shrunk,  
 Her locks are grey, and her eyes are sunk,

And time has set on her brow, it appears,  
 Perchance the seal of a hundred years,  
 A hundred years of sorrow and care—  
 Look, look on that brow—what paleness is there !  
 And there's an unearthly flash in her eye,  
 When first it is fixed on a passer-by ;  
 Her lips are parched, her jaws are lank,  
 The cave that shields her is dreary and dank ;  
 A cauldron is seething in that lone cave  
 Which yawns like a desolate, loathsome grave ;  
 And she, the tenant who makes it her home,  
 Looks like an Afrit\* escaped from the tomb !  
 Around her in order unsightly are laid  
 The tools and the toys of her mystical trade,  
 The scorpion, the lizard, the bull-frog most  
     foul,  
 The wings of the bat, and the beak of the owl,  
 The dog's fearful fang, and the raven's red tongue,  
 With a row of small sea-shells confusedly strung ;

\* "These were a kind of Medusæ, or Lamia, supposed to be  
 the most terrible and cruel of all the orders of the Dives." *Vide*  
*Vathek and D'Herbelot.*

In her hand is a staff of ivory white,  
 On her head is a hood of the black hue of night,  
 And sandals are bound on her small shining feet,  
 Which are spotless and fair as the fresh driven  
 sleet—

Why seem they so young, and so lovely to view,  
 While nothing beside them looks beautiful or  
 new?

Mute with faintness and surprise,  
 Nazim on her fixed his eyes;  
 Hark! there is a voice on high!  
 Whence proceeds that witching strain?  
 Is Israfil\* the angel nigh,  
 To bind the soul with music's chain?  
 He looks around—the silver sound  
 Still thrills upon his listening ear—  
 Or does it seem a faithless dream?  
 No—the melodious voice is near.

\* The Angel of Music.



One step he took, and paused again—  
 Sure 'tis th' Enchantress wakes the strain!

“ Oh! Chuhulmenar\* is far from me;  
 “ But there the treasures of ages be;  
 “ There wilt thou find great Jemshid's gem†,  
 “ And Gian Ben Gian's bright diadem.  
 “ And the wealth of the Seventy-two is there—  
     “ But creature of clay!  
     “ They're far away—  
 “ Then why dost thou come to claim my care?

“ The Seal‡ of the fifth king can controul  
 “ Genius and Giant, and Ogre and Ghoul;  
 “ By its power the tides of the sea are confined,  
 “ It quenches the fire, and it hushes the wind—  
 “ Say, dost thou seek this talisman true?  
 “ In its search there is many a peril to rue,

\* Vide note A, at the end of the volume. † Vide note B, ditto.  
 ‡ The seal of Soliman Jared—vide note C, at the end of the volume.

“ And ere it is won thou must wander far,  
 “ For buried it lies in Chuhulmenar.

“ To-morrow the leaguering cohorts assail  
 “ The Hindoo, and well know I who will prevail;  
 “ I ween by thy pistols, and sabre, and shield,  
 “ That thou art just come from the tented field;  
 “ But there is no charm, save the strength of thine  
     arm,

“ To vanquish thy foeman, and keep thee from  
     harm.

“ The friendly Simurgh\* through th' ethereal path,  
 “ It was once said, bore Tahamurath;  
 “ The wonderful bird o'er the dark desert bore  
     him,

“ Till all from Kaf to Kaf† was before him;  
 “ He took from its bosom the plumes for his helm,  
 “ Then where was the power that he could not  
     o'erwhelm?

\* A fabulous bird, vide note D.

† From one extremity of the earth to the other. Vide note E.

“ But fled’s the Simurgh to the mountain that stands  
 “ On the stone\* that ne’er moves but when Alla  
 commands.

“ Mid noxious winds, and vapours damp  
 “ Love seldom flies to the warrior’s camp ;  
 “ Once Rustum and Zal loved well, ’tis true,  
 “ Since then, such faith has been proved by few.  
 “ O! com’st thou here like the nightingale  
 “ That hath no young rose to list his tale ?  
 “ Or does the Sultana of thy lone heart,  
 “ Forgetting thy pain, play the tyrant’s part ?  
 “ Or is she faithless, and hath she fled  
 “ To share with another her shame, and bed ?

“ There once was a charm in the opal stone  
 “ To make the false heart all thine own ;  
 “ But the Peri-King came and stole the gem,  
 “ And placed it in his own diadem ;

\* Sukhrat. Vide note F.



" Since then, it has lost the potent spell  
 " To bind the frail and the faithless well.  
 " In the cygnet's down there once was power  
 " To blight the woe of an evil hour ;  
 " But ah ! the swan with her crest of pride  
 " Spurns the purple Jumna's tide.  
 " They say 'twas told to seers of old  
 " That the faintest heart waxed warm and bold,  
     " If it could obtain,  
     " Regardless of pain,  
 " And reckless of all that it counted loss,  
 " A plume from the wing of the albatross—  
 " But that bird has poised him high in air,  
 " And, alas ! his resting place is there !\*  
 " Every mystic spell and charm  
 " That yielded bliss, or kept from harm,  
 " Is fled, is fled like a dream of the night,  
 " Save *one* that I must not bring to light,

● \* It is said, that this bird sleeps *while flying*.

“ Save *one* that to name I must not dare—

“ Then say, Oh ! say

“ Why, creature of clay,

“ Hither thou com'st to claim my care ?”

“ What to me is Jemshid's gem,

“ Or the King of the Peri's diadem ?

“ Chuhulmenar is a city fair,

“ But what to me is the wealth that's there ?

“ The fifth King's seal on the wretch bestow

“ Whom slaves of Eblis\* have wrung with woe ;

“ No victim am I of a spectre foul,

“ And why should I shrink from a hell-hound's  
howl ?

“ I seek not to curb the chainless sea,

“ And what are the winds and the waves to me ?

“ Cold, cold on the sod at dawn I may lie,

“ But somewhat I seek to know ere I die—

\* The Mahumudan Pluto.





" 'Tis not my doom—perchance that's sealed,  
 " And now too late to be repealed ;  
 " Whate'er it be, to heaven and it  
 " With faith and patience I submit ;  
 " But yet I could not brave the strife  
     " Without the fears which now I feel,  
 " Fears—not, alas ! for mine own life,  
     " From me that scarce a thought could steal.  
 " Thou may'st have seen the tendril twine  
 " Around the green bough of the vine,—  
 " How fresh and fair, how sweet and young  
 " It looked, as to the branch it clung !  
 " But when the bough was riven away  
 " It ne'er survived the wreck a day.  
 " Thou may'st have seen in many a grove  
 " The queen of spring, the Bulbul's love !  
 " How fair she smiled ! her every leaf  
 " Might give a glow to the cheek of grief,  
 " And every odour that she shed  
 " Imparted sweetness ere it fled.



" Thou then perchance didst rudely tear  
 " The flowret from its stalk, and wear  
 " That fragile emblem of the fair  
 " Upon thy breast—but it perished there !  
 " So, like the tendril to its vine  
 " Jumeeli's heart has clung to mine ;  
 " And as the rose from its own tree  
 " Too soon she'd fade, if torn from me.  
 " And Oh ! I could not calmly die  
     " Until I knew that all was well  
 " With her who claims my latest sigh—  
     " If thou thus much to me canst tell,  
 " If this thy dark, prophetic eye  
     " Can see—I seek nor sign nor spell."

" Turn thee to th' unruffled stream,  
 " Gaze upon the lunar beam—  
 " These are fitting types of her  
 " Who is still thy worshipper ;  
 " Pure as both, but ne'ertheless  
 " Free from all their faithlessness !



“ She hath loved thee, loves thee still,  
“ Come what may, or good or ill ;  
“ She will love thee well, till death  
“ Seal her fondness and her faith.  
“ She from home is far away—  
“ Start not—she is true, I say—  
“ O’er the mountain hath she been,  
“ O’er the rolling waters sheen,  
“ Through the gloomy forest hoar—  
“ She hath heard the torrent roar,  
“ She hath felt unnumbered fears,  
“ Shed, in secret, thousand tears ;—  
“ Bare her breast was to the storm—  
“ Unharm’d was still her tender form ;  
“ Round her lightning madly leapt,  
“ By her swift the tempest swept,  
“ O’er her bolts of thunder burst,  
“ Still she braved and bore the worst,  
“ And though to her these ills befel,  
“ Yet, Nazim ! fear not—she is well ;

“ Her lot is blest, whate’er it be,  
 “ ’Tis more then blest, while she’s with thee !”

Back falls the hood, and in its stead  
 What raven tresses deck her head !  
 The dropping mask betrays her charms,—  
 He flies with fond, extended arms,  
 As in her eye the tear-drops start,  
 And clasps Jumeeli to his heart !

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a red streak in the east—  
 Of coming light it gives them warning,  
 To glorious brightness now increas’d,  
 It shines upon the dews of morning !  
 But where is Nazim, where his bride ?—  
 To battle’s red field, side by side,  
 They’re gone.—



## ITALY.

Italia! Oh Italia! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty—

CHILDE HAROLD, CANT: 4.

Oh! how I long to look upon thy face,  
Land of the Lover and the Poet!—Thou  
I've ever deemed must be a pleasant place  
To them who at the shrine of ages bow,  
Adoring every relic of the past  
Which time hath spared, to wake our wonder  
now:—

Thou hast been fair, and lovely to the last!  
E'en now in desolation as thou art,  
And as the shadow of what once thou wast,  
There is no land beneath the sun like thee,  
Oh! thou delightful land of Italy!  
Thou art the halo of the earth!—the heart  
Finds very rapture in the thought of thee,  
Oh thou delightful land! sweet, sunny Italy!

*April, 1827.*

## THE RUINS OF RAJMAHAL.

No serf has lighted yon Kiosk,  
 There's no Muezzin in the Mosque,  
 No vesper hymn, no morning prayer  
 Shall be put up, or answered there ;  
 The sacred hall, the holy sod  
 By unbelievers' feet are trod,  
 And ruthless hands have reft away\*  
 The marble that might mock decay !  
 No revel's held in yon Dulan†,  
 No priest from hallowed Al Koran  
 A verse in solemn strain shall read,  
 Nor faithful Moslem chaunt his creed,  
 Where many a sage enthusiast  
 Has worshipped—but that day is past !  
 The weed is on the sable wall,  
 That wild-dog's howling in the hall,

\* Vide note G. † A hall.



The broken column's scatter'd by ;  
 And hark ! the owlet's dismal cry  
 Is driven through the lattice high ;—  
 A moonbeam's gleaming through the cleft  
 That Ruin half reluctant left ;  
 Yet onward went he, and his march  
 Is shown by what was once an arch ;  
 And many a shatter'd step, and stone  
     Where lights the foot with faltering tread,  
 But sadly speak of what is gone,  
     As relics whisper of the dead.  
 These are like some celestial tone  
     Of music that undying fled,  
 To which (though ne'er the hallow'd strain  
 May e'en in echo wake again)  
     The memory is rivetted !

I would not have the day return  
     That saw these wrecks in all their pride—

•



As he who weeps o'er Beauty's urn  
 Feels what he felt not by her side,  
 A gloom that gives to sorrow zest !  
 A pang that's welcome to the breast !

The wave has bleached the buttress' base,  
 Where but few stones have lost their place,  
 Although the massive tenement  
 Is parted from itself—it stands :  
 Majestic pile ! Time never rent  
 A nobler work of mortal hands !  
 The stranger, though no child of fame,  
 Upon thy walls hath writ his name\*—  
 O ! would that he had left to thee  
 A worthier, dearer legacy !  
 How eloquent is all around !  
 How all-surpassing mortal sound !


\* The walls of the Mosque and of the Hall are covered with the names of European and native travellers. Vide note H.





There's music in the moonlit stream,  
There's beauty in the lunar beam,  
There's sacred stillness in each star  
That shines in cloudless skies afar,  
But most these very stones impart  
A lesson to the human heart.

Perhaps they say to him whose gaze  
Is fixed on them, "In after days,  
"Such e'en may be thy hapless fate,  
"Forlorn—neglected—desolate!"  
Their lot unshared, and sad, and lone,  
Perhaps reminds him of his own;  
Or bids him turn with fond regret  
To times he never can forget,  
When his was yet a tranquil mind,  
Whose memory's all that's left behind!  
These thoughts, like clouds, have gather'd o'er me—  
Enough of them—a wreck's before me:  
Three marble columns still are there,  
That Desolation fail'd t'impair;



Save these, each baseless pillar hath  
Well helped to pave the spoiler's path.

On, stranger ! on, nor start at things  
That mock the pride and power of kings—  
But Shoojah\* thought such hapless fate  
Could ne'er the golden Mosque await,  
Nor could the mighty monarch deem  
Its wreck would be the Poet's theme.  
Why should it not ? My native land  
Is that which he did once command—  
And though her sons to fame are dead,  
Her spirit is not wholly fled ;  
For while her rivers glisten sheen,  
And roll their fertile banks between,  
And while her mist-clad mountains rear  
Their peaks, as if to pierce the sky,  
In memory's page shall live the year  
Of glory that has long gone by—

\* Shoojah Shah built the Singhee Dulan and Sooa Musjid.



And while her fields shall flourish green,  
 Some trace shall be of what has been,—  
 Its image, though in darkness cast,  
 A holy relic of the past ;  
 A dazzling meteor fleeting by,  
 An Iris in a cloudy sky ;  
 A vesper breeze in summer shade,  
 A sunbeam in the gloomy glade—  
 A rose-bud in the wilderness !

Farewell, ye wrecks ! alas ! ye wear  
 The haggard wildness of despair,  
 A darkness that beseems you well,  
 A gloom that binds you like a spell ;  
 Yet e'en in this your day of ill,  
 A halo circles round you still,  
 And wakes a passion all may feel,  
 That none can tell, nor yet conceal.  
 And there ye stand in mournful mood,  
 Like woman in her widowhood.



Farewell! how fallen is your crest!  
 How sunk your pride!—but let that rest—  
 Ye well the tears of grief beguile,  
 I fain would linger yet awhile  
 To gaze on you, but not unmoved—  
 As lovers look on what they loved!  
 This is my last, but it shall dwell  
 Within my heart through life—Farewell!

*Jan. 1826.*



TASSO.

While Tasso continued in this melancholy situation, he is said to have written the following elegantly simple and affecting lines.

Tu che ne vai in Pindo  
 Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,  
 Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi  
 Ch'io son dagl' anni e da fortuna oppresso.

LIFE OF TASSO.

In *such* a cage, sweet bird, wast thou confined?  
 Alas! their iron hearts no feeling knew!

Yet, while thy spirit in a prison pined,  
And while thy grief almost to madness grew,  
Thy minstrelsy was wafted on each wind,  
On every breeze thy fame triumphant flew,  
And spake, through every land, of thy immortal  
mind.

Upon a cypress bough thy harp was hung,  
Silent, neglected, mournful, and unstrung !  
Such fate befitted not a harp of thine ; -

Yet, while th' oppressor breathed, such was its  
doom ;

But now by bards who worship at thy shrine  
'Tis crowned with flowers of everlasting bloom.



## ADDRESS TO THE GREEKS.

## I.

Strike, strike, as your fathers of old would have  
done ;

Unite, and the field with your liberty's won :

O ! shrink not to meet the high Moslem's jurreed\*,  
The flash of his sabre, the tramp of his steed.

## II.

Achaian ! rouse, rouse thee, the larum has peal'd ;  
To arms ! or thy fate and thy country's are seal'd ;—  
One blow—'tis for all that is dear to thy heart—  
And wilt thou not strike it, but fettered depart ?

## III.

O ! say, shall the Moslem in victory's car,  
Pass proudly ?—Ye mountains ! your floodgates  
unbar—

His rest be, old Ocean ! beneath thy wild wave,  
And gore from his heart shall empurple his grave.

\* A javelin.

## IV.

Bold Theban ! thy foeman his bosom has bared,  
 To war thou art welcomed—nay more—thou art  
     dared—

Refuse not the summons—go forth to the strife,  
 And shout in the battle, “ War ! War to the knife ! ”

## V.

O Greece ! is the day of thy glory gone by ?  
 When “ Freedom ” the watchword was—“ Death ”  
     the reply—

When said the high matron, “ Yon field must be  
     won ;

“ Return with thy shield, or upon it, my son ! ”

## VI.

Is Sparta forgot—are her children no more,  
 Those hearts that were heroes in ages of yore—  
 Or if they ’re remembered, is ’t but as a name ?  
 No ! No !—they are beacons to light you to fame !

## VII.

What banner is waving so wide on your tower?  
 What gonfalon's streaming despite of your power?  
 O shame! 'tis the crescent that flashes so fair—  
 Down, down with it, Grecians! and plant your  
 own there—

## VIII.

Bring out from the Haram the Mussulman's slave,  
 The bride that he bought with a heart she ne'er  
 gave\* ;—  
 She'll bless you for breaking the chain that intrals  
 Her life of lone sadness in pleasureless halls.

## IX.

The Osmanlie's daughter may shed o'er the bier  
 Of him she call'd "Father" a soft single tear!  
 Yet joy shall soon flash from her dark gazelle eyes,  
 Because with her sire her captivity dies.

\* In allusion to the Mussulman custom of purchasing wives.



## X.

But heed her not yet—be your daring deed done—  
The fight must be fought, and the field must be  
won ;

Till then your frown dark on her beauty shall be,  
Like the prow of the Corsair on Coron's bright sea.

## XI.

Arise ! quench your watchfires—no longer delay—  
Your swords should be naked—their sheaths cast  
away :—

The ground that ye tread, by your fathers was  
trod ;

Their blood shed for freedom has hallowed the sod.

## XII.

Beam, islands of Græcia ! Beam, Helle's blue tide,  
With smiles that ye wore in the day of your pride ;  
The souls that ye bear shall be glorious, and free .  
As bright as your skies, and as pure as your sea !

*January, 1826.*



## ROMEO AND JULIET.

Oh Love ! what is it in this world of our's  
That makes it fatal to be loved ?

DON JUAN, CAN. 3.

I thought upon their fate, and wept ; and then  
Came to my mind the silent hour of night,  
The hour which lovers love, and long for, when  
Their young impassioned souls feel that delight  
Which Love's first dream bestows.—How Juliet's  
ear

Drank every soft word of her Cavalier !  
And how, when his departing hour drew nigh,  
She fondly called him back to her !—Oh ! why  
Did she then call him back ?—It is the same  
With all whom love may dwell with ; but the flame  
Within *their* breasts was a consuming fire ;  
'Twas passion's essence ; it was something higher  
Than aught that life presents ; it was above  
All that we see—'twas all we dream of love.

*April, 1827.*



HOPE.

---

Hopes that are angels in their birth,  
Yet perish young, like things of earth !

MOORE.

---

Come, Hope ! and cheat me once again,  
I love thy witching smile ;  
And though thou dost beguile the heart  
Thou sweetly dost beguile.

Thy voice my soul doth love to hear,  
Although thou dost betray ;  
Thy notes fall softly on mine ear,  
Like music far away !

Then cheat me, cheat me, ne'er depart,  
I love thy witching smile ;  
And though thou dost beguile the heart,  
Thou sweetly dost beguile.



There may be much in life to fear ;  
Th' ungenerous world may scorn—  
I'll heed it not, if thou art near,  
Sweet, brightest star of morn !

On thee the wretched fix their eye,  
To them art thou most dear ;  
'Tis thou dost hush the widow's sigh,  
And dry the orphan's tear.

And though thou oft hast cheated me,  
I love thy witching smile ;  
Howe'er beguiling it may be,  
It sweetly doth beguile.

Sweet Hope ! my castles in the air  
Thou oft hast helped to raise ;  
And while they rose most bright and fair,  
I've dreamed of better days—



I've dreamed of better days ; but when  
 My joys were in their birth,  
 The blast of ill blew wild, and then  
 My castles fell to earth.

It boots not—cheat me, ne'er depart,  
 I love thy witching smile ;  
 And though thou dost beguile the heart,  
 Thou sweetly dost beguile.

Star of my life ! without thy ray,  
 The world would darksome be ;  
 And though thou oft lead'st me astray  
 I'll still be led by thee.

Star of my life ! where'er I roam,  
 Be thou but shining there ;  
 The waste shall be a welcome home,  
 The wilderness be fair.



Shine on, and cheat me—ne'er depart  
 Thou ne'er can'st make me grieve ;  
 For though thou dost deceive the heart,  
 Thou sweetly dost deceive.

Thou oft hast promised me new joys,  
 But when the time drew near  
 The visions faded from mine eyes,  
 Where started forth the tear :

But when again thy form so bright  
 I saw, and saw thee smile,  
 My heart leapt up with fresh delight,  
 And trusted thee the while.

Then come, sweet Hope ! and cheat my heart  
 Until it beats no more ;  
 I never would have thee depart—  
 Come, cheat me o'er and o'er !

*April, 1827.*



## YORICK'S SCULL.

Clown.—This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the King's  
jester

Hamlet.—(*taking the scull*) This ?

Clown.—E'en that.

Hamlet.—Alas ! pōor Yorick !

\* \* \* \* \*

Now get you to  
my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch  
thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh  
at that.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is a most humiliating thought,  
That man, who deems himself the lord of all,  
(Alas ! why doth he thus himself miscal ?)  
Must one day turn to nought, or worse than nought ;  
Despite of all his glory, he must fall  
Like a frail leaf in autumn ; and his power  
Weighs lighter than his breath in his last hour ;  
And then earth's lord is fragile as a flower.—  
This is a lesson for thee, Pride !—thy book  
Should be the charnel ; into it once look,

And when thou'st read it, feed upon the thought,  
 The most humiliating thought, that thine  
 And thou, shalt be unto this favour one day  
 brought—

Behold! this is the "human face divine!"

*April, 1827.*



THE SONG OF ANTAR THE ARAB,  
 A PARAPHRASE.

I love thee with a warrior's soul ;  
 The thought of thee brings weal or woe—  
 Thou dost my maddening heart control,  
 My spirit's hope—my all below !  
 'Tis vain my Ybla's charms to paint ;  
 They leave all pict'ring pale and faint.

Were I to say thy placid brow  
 Is like the moon in yon blue sky,  
 In midnight glory shining now—  
 Who could describe thy sparkling eye ?





I fain would in the cypress trace  
 Thy shape\*—but 'twould not show thy grace.

Thy forehead's like the orb of day,  
 Where those who gaze must blinded be ;  
 Like night, the locks that o'er it play,  
 Like night, those locks bewilder me !  
 Yet, O ! that Heaven, in shine or shade,  
 May guard that breast it perfect made !

Life breathes not in the gems that shine  
 In ocean's caves, or they might vie  
 With those superior pearls of thine,  
 That hid by living coral lie.  
 Thou wast my bliss, but now thou'rt gone—  
 My world is dark, and I'm undone !

What dew is to the drooping rose,  
 Thy smile was to my tortured breast—

\* This is a common simile with Eastern poets, who generally liken a graceful figure to the cypress.

Thy wrathful glance could wake to woes

The heart that else had been at rest.

As on the distant moon I gaze,

I think of thee and other days ;

For thou, like her, art bright, and far

Above sad, hopeless, lone Antar !

*October, 1825.*



MORNING AFTER A STORM.



I.

The elements were all at peace, when I

Wandered abroad at morning's earliest hour,

Not to inhale the fragrance of a flower,

Or gaze upon a sun-illumined sky :

To mark the havoc that the storm had made

I wandered forth, and saw great Nature's power.

The hamlet was in desolation laid

By the strong spirits of the storm ; there lay



Around me many a branch of giant trees,  
 Scattered as leaves are by the southern breeze  
     Upon a brook, on an autumnal day ;  
 Cloud piled on cloud was there, and they did  
     seem  
 Like the fantastic figures of a dream,  
     Till morning brighter grew, and then they rolled  
     away.

## II.

Oh ! Nature, how I love thy face ! and now  
 That there was freshness on thy placid brow,  
 While I looked on thee with extreme delight  
 How leapt my young heart at the lovely sight !  
 Heaven breathed upon me sweetly, and it's breath  
 Was like the fragrance of a rosy wreath.  
 The river was wreck-strewn ; it's gentle breast  
 Was, like the heart of innocence, at rest ;  
 I stood upon it's grass-grown bank, and smiled,  
 Cleaving the wave with pebbles like a child,



And marking, as they rose, those circles fair  
Which grew, and grew, then vanished:—but Oh!  
there

I learned a moral lesson, which I'll store  
Within my bosom's deepest, inmost core!

*April, 1827.*



ALL IS LOST, SAVE HONOUR.

It was after this decisive blow that Francis wrote the justly celebrated Spartan letter to his mother, containing the following words only: "Madam, all is lost, save Honour,"

THURLE'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

My path of life an adverse friend,  
In evil hour, hath crost,  
My sceptre from my hand is riven,  
Save Honour, all is lost!



My yeomen good all bathed in blood  
Lie on the battle field,  
And many a gallant knight who bore  
High crest on blazoned shield.

Against my warrior-band was laid  
Full many a lance in rest,  
But every foeman's lance was broke  
Within a hero's breast.

The spoiler now may seize my realm,  
The stranger fill my throne ;  
But let them take the world from me,  
So Honour be my own.

My heart will bleed to think, fair France !  
Of thee, and all thy woes ;  
Thou ne'er may'st know for years, perchance,  
A moment of repose.



Perchance—but from yon star on high  
Proceeds a heavenly strain,  
It bids me hope for better days  
When France shall smile again.

What though my sceptre's snatched away?  
My sword is in my hand;  
What though my banner waves no more  
In my loved native land?

My sceptre's snatched from me—but still  
There's life-blood in my veins;  
And though my kingdom fair is lost,  
My Honour still remains.

Honour remains ! but all beside  
Is lost, is lost to me;  
And cold on Pavia's fatal plain  
Sleeps, France ! thy chivalry.



There let them rest ; unconquered there  
 They sleep the hero's sleep ;  
 Like men they fell in glory's cause,  
 For them we should not weep.

We should not weep for them ; they rest  
 Unconscious of our cares ;  
 Who envies not their bed of death ?  
 For Honour still is their's !

And here I roam like ocean-weed  
 Upon the billows tost—  
 Where are my warriors, where's my crown ?  
 Save Honour—all is lost !

Save Honour, all is lost ; but still  
 While Honour yet remains,  
 It fires me with the hope to break  
 The conquering tyrant's chains.



With one fond wish for fairest France

My heart is swelling high,  
And oh! for all her future ills  
One tear bedims mine eye.

But, cheer thee up, my drooping heart,  
Though by misfortune crost;  
Hope still shall light thee on to fame,  
For Honour is not lost!

*April, 1827.*

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## LEAVES.

One step to the white death-bed,  
 And one to the bier,  
 And one to the charnel ; and one—Oh where?

SHELLEY.

Brown, and withered as ye lie,  
 This, ye teach us, 'tis to die ;  
 Blooming but a summer's day,  
 To fall in autumn quite away.

Once ye flourished on yon bough ;  
 On the earth you're scattered now,  
 And by every breath of heaven  
 Like the dust you're wildly driven.

Oft perchance beneath your shade  
 Her lover's voice has soothed the maid ;  
 But when here again they meet,  
 Ye shall lie beneath their feet.



Moonbeams fair on you once slept,  
O'er you night erst sweetly wept ;  
Morn her dewy jewels flung  
Upon you, leaves ! when ye were young.

Now, ye withered, scattered lie  
Till the wind comes sweeping by,  
Then, ye mount the steeds of air,  
Then, ye go—Oh ! where ? Oh ! where ?

This is life—some smiles and tears,  
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears ;  
Here to-day, all fresh and fair :  
Gone to-morrow—where ? Oh ! where ?

*April, 1827.*



DUST.  
—

Of soft cerulean colour was the sky,  
The sun had not yet risen o'er the scene,  
The wild lark sang his morning hymn on high,  
And heaven breathed sweetly o'er the foliage  
green :

Julian and I walked forth, and soon we came  
Unto the tomb of a high son of fame ;  
The marble told his deeds, his years, and name.  
Struck with his greatness, and the sounding praise  
That was bestowed upon him, I began  
Almost to envy him the race he ran :  
Man is a noble work, the wise man says,  
And so said I ; but Julian stooped, and took  
Some dust up in his hand, and bade me look  
Upon it well, and then he cried, See, this is man !

*April, 1827.*



ADA.

A history of passion ;—and like all  
 That Love has part in, full of hope, and fear,  
 And cold despair, and madness, which at last  
 Destroy the heart and brain that once they seize.

Lady ! my bark is floating by,  
 And the moonbeam is soft as thine own blue eye ;  
 And the breeze that breathes is fresh and light  
 O'er the waves that dance in the moonbeam bright !  
 Lady ! Lady ! there is not a sail  
 On our sweet blue lake to court the gale ;  
 In vain the waves inviting curl,  
 But come with me, and my sail I'll unfurl.  
 Lady ! Lady ! my harp I've brought  
 To still the pangs of intrusive thought ;  
 My harp is strung, and I'll wake it for thee,  
 Then, come ! O ! come to my bark with me !


She looked from out the lattice high—  
 She heard him—but without reply—



The moon shone on her forehead fair,  
The breeze flung back her golden hair;  
She sweetly smiled;—as if love's hours  
Gave nothing to the heart but flowers,  
And joy, and sunshine, and such things  
As live in bards' imaginings :

'Tis well it is so—who could bear  
Love's sorrow, madness, and despair,  
Were not some dear delusion given  
Before the heart is lost, and riven ?

And now she soon was by his side ;  
Her young heart beat in Love's own pride  
To know herself beloved, and know  
Her lot was shared, though weal or woe !  
'Tis something when the soul's opprest  
To fly unto its place of rest,  
To know one heart its griefs will share,  
And with it break, or with it bear !



They lightly stepped into the bark,—  
 'Twas fragile—just like Love's own ark ;  
 The sail was set, the boat did glide  
 Like a fairy gift on the trembling tide ;  
 The breeze was fair, and the shallop rode,  
 Like a spirit bound for a blest abode.

Ada hath left her father's hall,  
 Her mother, sister, kindred,—all  
 The scenes of earliest infancy,  
 Where that hath been which ne'er may be  
 In after years, perchance, again—  
 Sweet pleasure, unalloyed with pain !  
 'Tis ever so :—the heart forgets  
 All,—but the one on whom it sets  
 It's thoughts—and when that one is gone,  
 Alas ! 'tis withered, lifeless, lone !

Moon on moon hath rolled away  
 Like wave on wave in a summer's day



Joy on joy comes smilingly,  
 And Ada is blest as woman may be ;  
 No thought of the past, no care for the morrow,  
 Without a tear, and without a sorrow,  
 Her days glide on in the bright green isle  
 That gems the lake, and doth sweetly smile  
 With flowers that there are blossoming,  
 As if it were eternal spring !  
 The palm trees tall have formed a grove,  
 A fit retreat for youthful love !  
 A hallowed spot for young delight,  
 Like Love's first dream, all fair and bright,  
 Where every boon that might be given  
 Was here bestowed by favouring heaven,  
 And where we might be blessed, and bless—  
 As if 'twere made for happiness !—  
 'Twas beautiful !—The lake's blue wave  
 That girt the island, and did lave  
 It's banks, flowed making music, o'er  
 The pebbles that lay on the shore.—

'Twas sweet to list the lark's wild song,  
 And watch the wave as it rolled along ;  
 'Twas sweet to see the broad sun set,  
 When his beams and the waters kissed and met  
 But sweeter than all it was to see  
 Ada as blest as woman may be.

Why is life made of thorns and flowers,  
 Of clouds and sunshine, light and showers ?  
 Might not our days serenely flow  
 Like dreams of joy, unmixt with woe ?  
 Why do our hopes all perish young,  
 Like flowers before the wreath is strung ?—  
 It boots not, chance and change must be,  
 With all the weight of misery.

Moon on moon hath rolled away ;  
 The scene is changed ; a darker day  
 Hath shrouded Ada's hours of bliss ;  
 This is Love's youthful dream ; and this





Is what it must be.—Far, O ! far  
 Her lover joins the ranks of war :  
 Alas ! that for the breath of fame,  
 A bed of death, an empty name,  
 Without a thought, without a fear,  
 We part from all that is most dear.  
 'Tis strange—but this is life : the call  
 Of trumpets makes a desert hall ;  
 The tear-drops in an orphan's eye,  
 And many a widow's maddening sigh,  
 May tell the history of the brave—  
 A verse, a garland, and a grave !

St. Monan's bells are ringing,  
     No sun shines on its cross,  
 The vesper hymn is singing,  
     And dew is on the moss ;  
 It is that hour when dusky night  
 Comes gathering o'er departing light,



When hue by hue, and ray by ray,  
 Thine eye may watch it waste away,  
 Until thou canst no more behold  
 The faded tints of pallid gold.  
 And soft descend the shades of night,  
 As die those hues so purely bright ;  
 And in the blue sky, star by star,  
 Shines out, like happiness, afar—  
 A wilderness of worlds !—To dwell  
 In one, with those we have loved well  
 Were bliss indeed !—The waters flow  
 Gurgling, in darkest hue below,  
 And 'gainst the shore the ripple breaks  
 As from its cave the west wind wakes;  
 But lo ! where Dian's crest on high appears,  
 Faint as the memory of departed years.

Fancy in fiction bright may draw  
 Such beauty as the world ne'er saw ;



Dark, raven tresses, and small feet  
Whiter than purest winter sleet ;  
The cheek where love hath made his rest,  
And fair as ocean-gem the breast ;  
Lips, like the coral tufts that curl  
Around rich Stumboul's purest pearl ;  
And eyes, whose glance of witchery  
Sparkles like sunshine on the sea.  
But who could gaze on Ada's eye,  
Nor weep to think, its light must die ?  
O ! who could mark her fairy form,  
Nor feel his heart with rapture warm ?  
As guileless as a mountain deer,  
As soft as infant cherub's tear,  
As lovely as those rosy dyes  
Which tinge, at eve, the western skies,  
And lively as the lark that sings  
His carol sweet on morning's wings :  
Yet not her winning looks alone,  
Her sunny smile, or eye that shone,



Struck the rapt gazer—but *that* nameless grace,  
*That* hallowed spell, *that* beam which lit her face,  
 And played around her brightly :—she moved here  
 Like a high being of a higher sphere !

But ah ! her heart no longer's light,  
 And in her eye the tear is bright,  
 Like dew on violets by night.  
 Now, o'er the lake, when day-light dies,  
 She casts her anxious, tear-dimm'd eyes :  
 Perchance she might descry afar  
 Her hero speeding, like a star  
 That never in its course can err,  
 A star of love and life to her !  
 And there her watch of woe she keeps,  
 And there she hopes, and fears, and weeps,  
 And calls on his beloved name ;  
 Then thinking on her sin and shame,  
 Her crushed heart sinks as in despair  
 With that one pang it cannot bear.—



Aye—this is woman's madness—deem  
 Her passion not an idle dream :  
 Aye—this is love—a thing of fears,  
 And doubts, and hopes, and sighs, and tears,  
 A feverish feeling of the heart,  
 A pain with which we're loath to part,  
 A shadow in life's fleeting dream,  
 A darksome cloud, a morning beam !

Each sound that's wafted on the breeze,  
 Each gentlest rustling of the trees,  
 And every tone that meets her ear  
 Wakes her fond heart to hopes most dear.  
 And then she chides his long delay—  
 How can he wander far away  
 From her he doated on?—each day  
 Seems as an age of loneliness,  
 Bringing sad, soothless, dire distress :—  
 For hearts that hope, Time tardily moves on ;  
 For hearts that love, he is too swiftly gone !

At length, the fatal tidings came,  
 Such as the tongue might fear to name,  
 Such as the ear might shrink to hear,  
 Tidings that wake the hopeless tear,  
 The burning tear, that ne'er to grief  
 Can give a sad, a last relief,  
 That like the heart's blood darkly flows,  
 And but declares the mourner's woes.  
 Her hero on the battle plain  
 Sleeps, ne'er to wake, alas ! again ;  
 His last thoughts were to Ada given,  
 For her his last prayer rose to heaven,  
 And on his tongue was Ada's name,  
 As fled his soul to where—— ——

Mark this bleak world, and ye shall find  
 'Tis cold, relentless, and unkind ;  
 The sufferer rarely meets relief,  
 But, like the yellow autumn leaf,  
 Is driven by every fatal gale  
 Where sorrows wound, and woes assail ;



And erring woman's heart, though riven,  
Hath never found it's sin forgiven !  
Lone Ada weeps ; but every tear  
May never soothe her breast, but sear  
The rose from her pale cheek hath fled,  
Her every hope lies cold and dead,  
Her every joy hath past away,  
As sunbeams on tempestuous day.  
Her father's hall—the sense of shame,  
Sad anguish, and her sullied name,  
With all the pangs of guilty woe,  
Which none but who have felt may know,  
Forbid that she should e'er profane,  
With sinful step that hall again.  
Yet, oft, to soothe her maddened mind,  
She deemed her father might be kind,  
But then in all it's horrors came  
Th' appalling sense of guilty shame :  
How could she look upon his face,  
How might she fly to his embrace ?



In that bright isle she lonely lives,  
If mere existence may be life ;  
Her withered heart no joy receives,  
But in it's stead, th' eternal strife  
Of feelings crushed, and guilt, and woe  
And madness are her lot below !  
And from herself she fain would fly  
With so much woe 'twere bliss to die :  
And soon that awful day of doom,  
Shall, like relieving angel, come !

*March, 1827.*





## PHYLE.

And Freedom's fame finds wings in every wind.

BYRON.

There is a sacred halo round thy brow ;  
 'Tis sanctified by ages and by fame,  
 For here the glory of the Grecian name  
 Received another dazzling ray—and thou,  
 Immortal Phyle, smiling in the light  
 That heaven shed o'er thee, didst behold the deed,  
 The generous patriot rushing to the fight,  
 The tyrants conquered, and the people freed :—  
 Aye—they were armed with majesty and might ;  
 But hearts that beat for freedom smile to bleed.—  
 Oh ! how they rushed to battle !—There was fire  
 In every bosom there ; the holy star  
 That lighted them was hope ; and their desire  
 Was crowned, when Thrasybulus cried, “ On, on,  
 to war !”

## SONG OF THE HINDOOSTANEE MINSTREL.

## I.

With Surmah\* tinge thy black eye's fringe,  
 'Twill sparkle like a star ;  
 With roses dress each raven tress,  
 My only loved Dildar !

## II.

Dildar ! there's many a valued pearl  
 In richest Oman's sea ;  
 But none, my fair Cashmerian girl !  
 O ! none can rival thee.

## III.

In Busrah there is many a rose  
 Which many a maid may seek,  
 But who shall find a flower which blows  
 Like that upon thy cheek ?

\* The custom of blackening the eyelashes in Oriental nations is now well known. In Hindoostan, *kajul*, or lampblack, is generally used. Surmah is crude antimony, and more in vogue among the Georgians and Circassians, as well as among the natives of Lahore, Cabul, and Cashmeer.

## IV.

In verdant realms, 'neath sunny skies,  
With witching minstrelsy,  
We'll favor find in all young eyes,  
And all shall welcome thee.

## V.

Around us now there's but the night,  
The heaven alone above ;  
But soon we'll dwell in cities bright,  
Then cheer thee, cheer thee, love !

## VI.

The heart eternally is blest  
Where hope eternal springs ;  
Then hush thy sorrows all to rest,  
We'll tread the courts of kings.

## VII.

In palace halls our strains we'll raise,  
There all our songs shall flow ;  
Come cheer thee, sweet ! for better days  
Shall dawn upon our woe.

## VIII.

Nay weep not, love! thou shouldst not weep,  
 The world is all our home ;  
 Life's watch together we shall keep,  
 We'll love where'er we roam.

## IX.

Like birds from land to land we'll range,  
 And with our sweet sitar\*,  
 Our hearts the same, though worlds may change,  
 We'll live, and love, Dildar !

*May 1827.*

\* A stringed musical instrument. It does not justify the application of the epithet given to it in the text, as it is not remarkably *sweet*.



## STANZAS.

O! shall I forget it?—*May* Memory depart  
 Ere that meeting of rapture be lost from my heart!  
 There was joy on thy lip, there were smiles in thine  
     eye,  
 And thy tongue spake a language that never can die.  
 Shall I forget it?—Never! Oh never!

O! shall I forget it?—The tears that you shed  
 Were bright as the dew-drops on lotus flowers red  
 Like a beam of the sun on the dark-rolling sea  
 Was the glance of thine eye, at that meeting, to me!  
 Shall I forget it?—Never! Oh never!

Yes! feelings that hallow, and fond ties that bind  
 Will keep the remembrance of thee in my mind,  
 And Time shall essay to destroy it in vain:—  
 It may droop, but my tears shall refresh it again.  
 Can I forget thee?—Never! Oh never!

*December, 1826.*

## ANECDOTE OF FRANCIS I.

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As soon as Francis entered his own dominions, he mounted a Turkish horse, and clapping spurs to the animal's sides, he waved his hand several times, exclaiming, "I am again a king."

THURTLÉ'S HIST. OF FRANCE.

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## I.

His hand on high he proudly waved,  
 His steed shot o'er the plain,  
 And loud exultingly he cried,  
 "I am a king again!"

## II.

His white plume nodded o'er his brow,  
 His eye flashed vivid fire,  
 His heart leapt up; what was he now?  
 All that he could desire.



## III.

Before him, all was fairest France ;  
Behind, his dungeon, Spain ;  
Above him was the light of hope,  
And he was king again.

## IV.

A king again, a king again !  
What joy was in his breast !  
Possessing all that e'er his heart  
Could wish to have possessed.

## V.

But late a captive in his cell,  
Now broken was his chain ;  
What were his feelings when he cried,  
" I am a king again !"

*May, 1827.*



## HOPELESS GRIEF.

O! I would weep a sea of tears,  
    Could weeping drown my woe,  
Or smile with hope that future years  
    Might all untroubled flow.

The memory of the pleasant past  
    Might now some comfort bring,  
But that's a thought too bright to last,  
    It flies on fleetest wing.

With hope of change my bosom glad  
    Might be, but hope is o'er ;  
The present is an earnest sad  
    Of sorrow yet in store.

*March, 1826.*





## SAPPHO.

And love too much, and yet cannot love less.

DON JUAN, CANT. 4.

Her love was like the raging of a storm,  
 Sweeping all things before it; and her song  
 Was like her soul of passion, wild and warm;  
 She could not brook a slight, or suffer wrong;  
 And when her heart the treacherous wound received  
 From him who should have sheltered her from  
 harm,  
 And soothed her every sorrow when she grieved,  
 O! how the gushing blood did inly flow!  
 O! how she wept his falsehood, and her woe!  
 Her's was melodious mourning; like the dew  
 Her bright tears fell, for madness made her weep;  
 Too soon her golden-winged pleasures flew,  
 Too soon she sank into a slumber deep,—  
 Lo! high Leucadia now can tell where she doth  
 sleep.  
*May, 1827.*

## LINES TO AN INFANT.

A welcome to thee, lovely child!  
A hearty welcome here to thee!  
Be sorrow from thy breast exiled,  
And all thy days from danger free:  
May Heaven its choicest blessings shower  
Upon that little head of thine;  
O'er thee may never tempests lower,  
But summer suns eternal shine.

For thee may life its sweets disclose,  
Bright be its evening as its morn;  
Be every flower thou meet'st, a rose,  
And every rose without a thorn.  
Yes! every good betide thee, sweet!  
Beyond the mind's imaginings:  
Smile on;—with joy those smiles I greet,  
For oh! they speak a thousand things.



They speak of happy days to come,  
And hopes that time shall ne'er destroy,  
When thou shalt make a heaven of home,  
And light thy parents' hearts with joy.  
Welcome those smiles so bright, and wild,  
Prophetic of the bliss to be,  
And welcome to thee, lovely child!  
A hearty welcome here to thee.

*May, 1827.*



## NIGHT

## I.

For loneliness and thought this is the hour :—

Now that thou smil'st so beautiful and bright,  
Oh! how I feel thy soul-subduing power,  
And gaze upon thy loveliness, sweet Night!  
There sails the moon, like a small silver bark  
Floating upon the ocean vast and dark :

Lovers should only look upon her light,

And only by her light should lovers meet;  
They catch an inspiration from the sight,  
And all their words flow musically sweet,  
Like the soft fall of waters far away ;

Their hearts run o'er with gladness, till they  
seem

As if they were not beings of the day,  
But beautiful creations of a dream !



## II.

Night, Night, O Night ! thou hast a gentle face,  
Like a fond mother's smiling o'er her child !  
I gaze on thee till my soul swells apace  
With thoughts, and aspirations high, and wild.  
'Tis ever so ; and there be some who find  
That when the eye is fixed on boundless space,  
Spurning the earth, vast grows the giant mind,  
And seeks in some bright orb a dwelling-place .  
And it may be, that in my breast the fires  
Of hope, and fancy both are burning bright ;  
And all my aspirations, and desires  
May pass away, e'en with thy shadows, Night !  
But could my spirit fly from earth afar,  
'Twould dwell with one I love in yonder lovely star.



## III.

Oh ! how fond memory in the calm of night

Brings to the mind young love, though love hath  
past,

With all th' endearing things which gave delight,

And which we once believed could always last !

Oft at this hour, in happier days I deem,

When, Time ! thy foot fell softly upon flowers,  
And lighted by Diana's purest beam,

Have youthful hearts enjoyed the passing hours ;  
And as the lover named the loved-one's name,

Pale grew her cheek, while glowed the fire within,  
Like pure asbestos whitened by the flame ;—

Then did the madness of his heart begin ;  
And then he gazed upon her forehead fair,  
Then looked into her eyes, to see if love was there.



## IV.

Swift as the dark eye's glance, or falcon's flight,  
 Thought comes on thought, awakened by the night—  
 And there are some which point towards the past,  
     And fondly linger o'er life's twilight sky,  
     Hailing the sacred star of memory ;  
 And thou, though lonely, thou, my poor heart hast  
 Much to muse over of past happiness,  
 And though 'tis gone for ever, not the less  
 Is it's remembrance dear :—but lo ! a cloud  
 Hath wrapt the moon, like beauty in a shroud !  
 Hush ! there is silence—but methinks mine ear  
 A distant, sweet, seraphic hymn doth hear—  
 The stars alone are watching from above,  
 Hush ! 'tis the night wind's voice—ah ! soft as her's  
     I love.



## V.

This to the soul of feeling sadness brings,  
And painful thoughts of those who once were  
dear,

But who, now far from bleak misfortune's sphere,  
Fly on from world to world with golden wings ;

This wakes in many an eye a hopeless tear ;  
'Tis vainly shed, for still the fond heart clings  
(Though sorrow all its best enjoyments sear)

Unto the memory of vanished things !—

The moon is gone ; and thus go those we love ;

The night winds wail ; and thus for them we  
mourn ;

The stars look down ; thus spirits from above

Hallow the mourner's tears upon the urn.

Some thoughts are all of joy, and some of woe ;

Mine end in tears—they're welcome—let them flow.





## VI.

Ye tears that flow, ye sighs that break the heart,  
 Ah! wherefore do ye not relieve the wound,  
 The deadly wound which Grief's envenomed dart  
 Gives to the breast whose blood must stream un-  
 bound ?

Ah ! no, it must not be !—tears wildly start,  
 And sighs are heaved, and blood sinks in the  
 ground ;

But these bring no relief :—we look around,  
 But vainly look for those who formed a part  
 Of us, as we of them, and whom we wore  
 Like gems in bezils, in the heart's deep core.

Where are they now ?—gone to that “ narrow cell ”  
 Whose gloom no lamp hath broken, nor shall  
 break,

Whose secrets never spirit came to tell :—

O ! that their day might dawn, for then they  
 would awake.

*May, 1827.*

## THE POET'S HABITATION.

A FRAGMENT.

It should be an Ægean isle,  
Where heaven, and earth, and ocean smile,  
More like an island of the blest  
Than aught that e'er this world possessed ;  
The pebbles on the sea-girt shore,  
Like Paphian gems, should sparkle o'er ;  
And when waves kissed them, there should be  
Sounds passing mortal minstrelsy,  
As if an elfin spell had bound  
The waters to produce such sound :  
And then, upon the dark-blue tide  
A little boat should softly glide,  
That bark of one fair shell should be,  
Like purest pearl on sapphire sea ;  
And never should its slender sail  
Be stretched, but by a scented gale  
That brought its odours from the shore,  
So sweet, that none could wish for more !



And there, the purple vine should bloom ;  
And there, the bee should blithely hum,  
As on from flower to flower she flew,  
To sip the sweets, and drink the dew ;  
And from an olive-wood, the dove  
Should coo her tale of love, sweet love !  
And on th' eternal ocean's breast  
The swan should rear her snow-white crest,  
And sail upon the lucid tide,  
With gallant mien, and gait of pride !  
And on this island I should live  
Without the joys that man can give ;  
None should be near me there, and none  
Should share my happiness—but one—  
One tender soul, more soft and fair  
Than all the gathered sweetness there !  
And I would build me a green grove,  
To music sacred, and to love !  
In that delicious, dewy bower  
We'd while together many an hour,



Till Cynthia slumbered on the hill,  
And every warbler's note was still,  
Save the lone nightingale's, and save  
The music of the moonlit wave!  
At that soft hour, in that blest place,  
I'd look upon the lovely face  
Beside me—'till I locked her charms  
Securely in my folded arms,  
And while her head lay on my breast,  
The winds would sing her into rest.  
Her couch should be with roses spread,  
Fresh culled from their dew-spangled bed,  
So sweet, so lovely, and so fair,  
'Twere almost sin to strew them there!  
The morn should break as bright and clear,  
As when the sun did first appear ;  
The lark, full swiftly soaring high,  
Should sing his matins in the sky ;  
The leveret, waking with the dawn,  
Should brush the dew-drop from the lawn ;



No hunter's horn should echo there,  
 To rouse the red stag from his lair,  
 But at the sound of my love's lute  
 He'd come, with nimbly-bounding foot,  
 For the gay garland that she wove  
 The last glad evening, in the grove.

\* \* \* \* \*

On such a spot I'd make my home,  
 Nor wish away from thence to roam ;  
 With such a spirit for life's light  
 My life indeed would then be bright !  
 But this is pleasure's summit, this  
 Is, ah ! too like unearthly bliss—  
 'Tis all a poet's dream———

\* \* \* \* \*

*June, 1826.*





## NOTES.

(A.) *Oh ! Chuhulmenar is far from me.*

Chuhulmenar is the modern name of Istakhar. It signifies "*forty pillars*," so called (as Mrs. Ramsbottom would say) because forty pillars were built in it by Soliman Ben Daoud. It was known to the Greeks by the name of Persepolis, so famous in the history of "Macedonia's Madman." Here, it is said, are deposited the treasures of the seventy-two *pre-adamite* Sultans, (about whom Mussulmans only pretend to know any thing,) and the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the chief of the Genii, to whom the building of the pyramids of Egypt, as well as the temple of Solomon, has been ascribed. Gian Ben Gian is said to have reigned two thousand years over the Peris.

(B.) *There wilt thou find great Jemshid's gem.*

Jemshid's gem has given birth to many oriental similes, and most of the Hindoostanee poets have made allusions to it. I hope to be forgiven for having made mention of it here, as I have no where read of the gem of Jemshid being in Istakhar, although that Sultan built that city. The story of this gem, like that of many wonderful things, seems enveloped in a cloud of mystery, so that it *may* be all a fable, or *I may* be right.

(C.) *The seal of the fifth king can controul  
Genius, and Giant, and Ogre, and Ghoul.*

The most famous talisman of the east was the seal of Soliman Jared, fifth monarch of the world, after Adam. It not only controuled Genii and demons of all kinds, but the possessor of it had the entire command of the elements.—*Vathek. Richardson. D'Herbelot.*

(D.) *The friendly Simurgh.*

“Rara avis in terris,” and wonderful stories are told concerning it. For a more particular account of it, I beg to refer the reader to Calif Vathek.

(E.) *Till all from Kaf to Kaf was before him.*

This mountain, which is no other than Caucasus, was supposed to surround the world like a wall; and the sun, it was believed, rose from one of its eminences, and set on the opposite—hence “from Kaf to Kaf” signified *from one extremity of the earth to the other*. It was to this mountain that the Simurgh bore Tahamurath through the air, and over the desert. From the breast of this bird he took the plumes for his helmet, and they have been since worn by the most renowned warriors of the east, who consequently have never wanted success.—*Vathek.*



(F.) ——— to the mountain that stands  
On the stone that ne'er moves but when *Alla* commands.

This stone is called *Sukhrat*, and resembles, or is thought to be an emerald. On it stands mount Kaf; and when *Alla* commands it, or any of its fibres to move, an earthquake is produced.

(G.) *And ruthless hands have reft away  
The marble that might mock decay !*

Lord Elgin robbed Greece of her ruins, and none but those of "gentle blood" have had opportunities of following his example ;

" But every carle can lord it o'er" *this "land."*

The Sona Musjid has been plundered of its marble slabs, with which the walls appear to have been once covered ; but to say how the spoiler has spoiled this " abode of kings," would require more time and paper than I can bestow at present.

(H.) *The stranger, though no child of fame,  
Upon thy walls hath writ his name.*

The names of many who now " sleep the sleep that knows no breaking," are inscribed upon the walls of the Singhee Dulan, and Sona Musjid. In a few years these names may be effaced, and forgotten ; but there is one

which shall live, when not one stone of these ruins shall remain upon another—the name of the late Mr. Augustus Cleavland, whose memory is still dear to the natives throughout the districts of Bhagulpoor, Rajmahal, and Monghir. This gentleman kept the Singhee Dulan and the Sona Musjid in good order, about fifty years ago ; but from total neglect, these buildings, in less than fifty years more, may be in the Ganges. At present the jackal makes them his den.



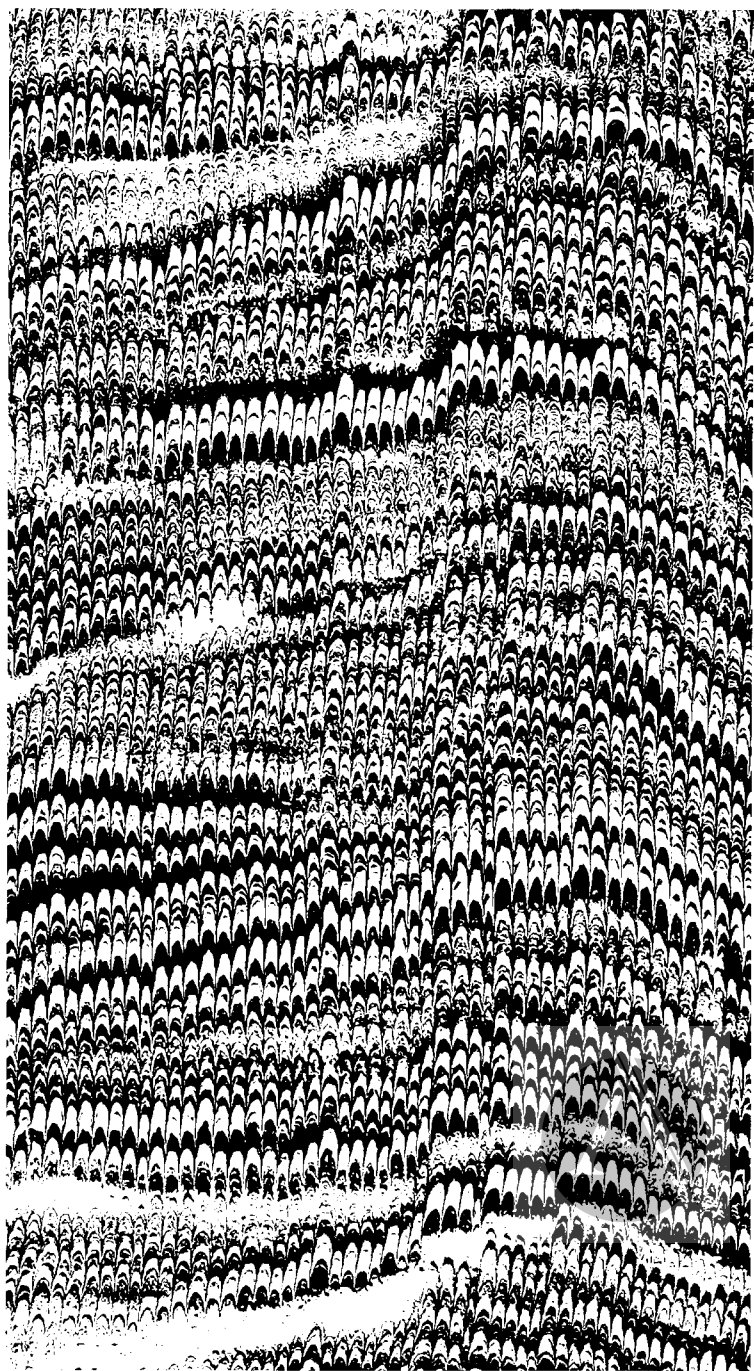
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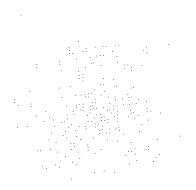












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