The background is a textured blue color. A decorative border in gold and green surrounds the central text. The border consists of thin, winding lines with small green leaves and clusters of red flowers. In the center, there are several green stems with long, narrow leaves and clusters of yellow, trumpet-shaped flowers. The text is printed in a gold, serif font.

CHILDE  
HAROLDS  
PI GRIMAGE



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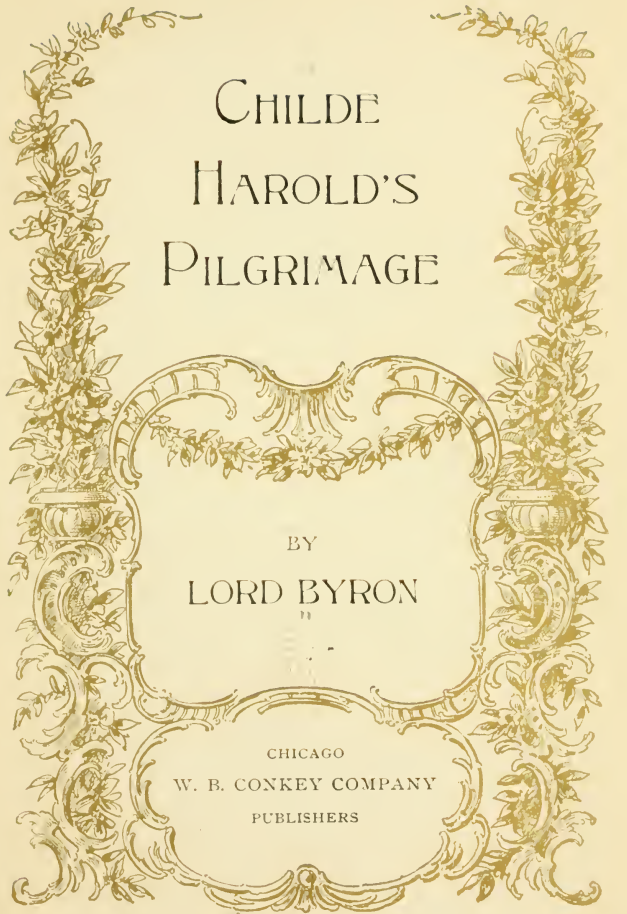








LORD BYRON.



CHILDE  
HAROLD'S  
PILGRIMAGE

BY  
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J. A. W. Jan. 6/16.

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two Cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having in-



tended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim. Harold is a child of imagination for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Walters," "Childe Childers," etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good-Night," in the beginning of the first Canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good-Night," in the "Border Minstrelsy," edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part which treats of the Peninsula; but it can only be casual, as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination,

and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humor strikes me: for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition." Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

LONDON, February, 1812.

---

### ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill-become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind, they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to

the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I will maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated that, besides the anachronism, he is very unknightly, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honor, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour du bon vieux temps, l'amour antique" flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Saint-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii., p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Saint-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter but a knight templar."\* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristram and Sir Lancelot were no better than

---

\* The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.

they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights, "sans peur," though not "sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honor lances were shivered and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement: and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is. It had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less; but he never was intended as an example, further than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and

the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

“L'univers est une espece de livre, dont on n'a lu que la premiere page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuillete un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouve egalement mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point ete infructueux. Je haissais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vecu m'ont reconcilie avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tire d'autre benefice de mes voyages que celui-la, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.”—LE COSMOPOLITE.





TO IANTHE.\*

Not in those climes where I have late been  
straying,

Though Beauty long hath there been match-  
less deem'd,

Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have only  
dream'd,

Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy  
seem'd:

Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
To paint those charms which varied as they  
beam'd—

To such as see thee not my words were weak ;  
To those who gaze on thee, what language  
could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,  
Nor unbecome the promise of thy spring,  
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,  
Love's image upon earth without his wing,  
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!  
And surely she who now so fondly rears

---

\* Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford,  
afterwards Lady C. Bacon.

Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,  
Beholds the rainbow of her future years.  
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me  
My years already doubly number thine;  
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,  
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine:  
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;  
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall  
    bleed,  
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign  
To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest  
    hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,  
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,  
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,  
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny  
That smile for which my breast might vainly  
    sigh,  
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:  
This much, dear maid, accord: nor question  
    why  
To one so young my strain I would commend.

But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily  
blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse en-  
twined;

And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast  
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined  
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:  
My days once number'd, should this homage  
past

Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre  
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou  
wast,

Such is the most my memory may desire;  
Though more than Hope can claim, could  
Friendship less require?



# Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

1812.

---

## CANTO THE FIRST.

### I.

Oh, thou in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,  
Muse, form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!  
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,  
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred  
hill:

Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;  
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted  
shrine,\*

Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;  
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine  
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

---

\*The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock; "one," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain, probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

## II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
 Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight;  
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of  
 Night.

Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight  
 Save concubines and carnal companie,  
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low  
 degree.

## III.

Childe Harold was he hight;—but whence  
 his name  
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
 And had been glorious in another day:  
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
 However mighty in the olden time;  
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
 Nor florid prose, nor honey'd lines of rhyme,  
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

## IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,  
 Disporting there like any other fly,  
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done

One blast might chill him into misery.  
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell;  
 He felt the fulness of satiety:  
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's  
 sad cell.

## v.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
 Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but  
 one,  
 And that loved one, alas, could ne'er be his.  
 Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose  
 kiss  
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;  
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar  
 bliss,  
 And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to  
 taste.

## vi.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at  
 heart,  
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;  
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
 But pride congeal'd the drop within his e'e.



Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,  
And from his native land resolved to go,  
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea:  
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost longed for  
    woe,  
And e'en for change of scene would seek the  
    shades below.

## VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall:  
It was a vast and venerable pile;  
So old, it seemed only, not to fall,  
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.  
Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!  
Where Superstition once had made her den,  
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and  
    smile;  
And monks might deem their time was come  
    agen,  
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy  
    men.

## VIII.

Yet oftimes, in his maddest mirthful mood,  
Strange pangs would flash along Childe  
    Harold's brow  
As if the memory of some deadly feud  
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:  
But this none knew, nor haply care to know;

For his was not that open, artless soul  
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,  
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole  
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could  
 not control.

## IX.

And none did love him: though to hall and  
 bower  
 He gather'd revellers from far and near,  
 He knew them flatterers of the festal hour;  
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.  
 Yea, none did love him—not his lemans  
 dear—  
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,  
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere;  
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by  
 glare,  
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs  
 might despair.

## X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
 Though parting from that mother he did  
 shun;  
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun:  
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.  
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of  
 steel;

Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon  
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope  
 to heal.

## XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy  
 hands,  
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,  
 And long had fed his youthful appetite;  
 His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,  
 And all that mote to luxury invite,  
 Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,  
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's  
 central line.

## XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds  
 blew,  
 As glad to waft him from his native home;  
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam;  
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did  
 come  
 One word of wail, whilst others sate and  
 wept,

And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning  
kept.

## XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea,  
He seized his harp, which he at times could  
string,

And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
When deem'd he no strange ear was listen-  
ing

And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And turned his farewell in the dim twilight,  
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,  
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good  
Night."

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,

But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,  
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page :  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye,  
Our ship is swift and strong ;  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.”

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind ;  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee—and One above.

“My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain ;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.”—

“Enough, enough, my little lad!  
Such tears become thine eye  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman,  
Or shiver at the gale?”—

“Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake;  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make?”—

“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.”

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,

Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea;  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native land—Good Night!

## XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.  
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,  
New shores described make every bosom gay;  
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their  
way,



And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay:  
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,  
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few  
rustics reap.

## xv.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious  
land!  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every  
tree!  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!  
But man would mar them with an impious  
hand:  
And when the Almighty lifts His fiercest  
scourge  
'Gainst those who most transgress His high  
command,  
With treble vengeance will His hot shafts  
urge  
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest  
foemen purge.

## xvi.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!  
Her image floating on that noble tide,  
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,  
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride

Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford:  
 A nation swoll'n with ignorance and pride,  
 Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves  
 the sword

To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unspar-  
 ing lord.

## XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,  
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e;  
 For hut and palace show like filthily;  
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;  
 No personage of high or mean degree  
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,  
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt,  
 unwash'd, unhurt.

## XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest  
 scenes—

Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such  
 men?

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
 Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
 To follow half on which the eye dilates

Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken  
 Than those whereof such things the bard  
 relates,  
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Ely-  
 sium's gates?

## XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent  
 crown'd,  
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy  
 steep,  
 The mountain moss by scorching skies im-  
 brown'd,  
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must  
 weep,  
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough  
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty  
 glow.

## XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,  
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,  
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,  
 And rest ye at "Our Lady's House of Woe;" \*

---

\* The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Senhora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.

Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
 Here impious men have punish'd been;  
     and lo,  
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,  
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a  
     Hell.

## XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you  
     spring,  
 Mark many rude-carv'd crosses near the  
     path;  
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—  
 These are memorials frail of murderous  
     wrath;  
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath  
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's  
     knife,  
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;  
 And grove and glen with thousand such are  
     rife  
 Throughout this purple land, where law se-  
     cures not life! \*

---

\* It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809 the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen, but that Englishmen were daily butchered; and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend. Had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale," instead of telling one.

## XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,  
 Are domes where whilom kings did make  
 , repair:

But now the wild flowers round them only  
 breathe:

Yet ruined splendor still is lingering there,  
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair;  
 There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealth-  
 iest son,

Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware  
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds  
 hath done,

Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont  
 to shun.

## XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of  
 pleasure plan,

Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous  
 brow;

But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,  
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow  
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;

Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how  
 Vain are the pleasancess on earth supplied;

Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle  
 tide.

## XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened! \*

Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!

With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,

A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,

There sits in parchment robe array'd,  
and by

His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,

Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,

And sundry signatures adorn the roll,

Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with  
all his soul.

## XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled

That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:

Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,

And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.

Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's  
plume,

And Policy regained what Arms had lost:

For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels  
bloom!

---

\* The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.

Woe to the conquering, not the conquer'd  
 host,  
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's  
 coast.

## XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,  
 Britannia sickens, Cintro, at thy name;  
 And folks in office at the mention fret,  
 And fain would blush, if blush they could,  
 for shame.  
 How will posterity the deed proclaim!  
 Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,  
 To view these champions cheated of their  
 fame,  
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,  
 Where Scorn her finger points through many  
 a coming year?

## XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains  
 he  
 Did take his way in solitary guise:  
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to  
 flee,  
 More restless than the swallow in the skies:  
 Though here awhile he learned to moralize,  
 For Meditation fix'd at times on him,  
 And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise

His early youth misspent in maddest whim;  
But as he gazed on Truth, his aching eyes  
grew dim.

## XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, forever quits  
A scene of peace, though soothing to his  
soul:

Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.  
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal  
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;  
And o'er him many changing scenes must  
roll,

Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,  
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experi-  
ence sage.

## XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,  
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless  
queen;

And church and court did mingle their array,  
And mass and revel were alternate seen;  
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry, I ween!  
But here the Babylonian whore had built  
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious  
sheen,

That men forget the blood which she hath  
spilt,



And bow the knee to pomp that loves to gar-  
nish guilt.

## XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic  
hills,  
(Oh that such hills upheld a free-born race!)  
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance fills,  
Childe Harold wends through many a pleas-  
ant place,  
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy  
chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to  
trace.  
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated Ease, can never hope to  
share.

## XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,  
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;  
Immense horizon-bound plains succeed!  
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
Spain's realms appear, whereon her shep-  
herds tend  
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader  
knows—

Now must the pastor's arms his lambs defend:

For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,  
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

## xxxii.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,  
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?

Or e'er the jealous queens of nations greet,  
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?

Or dark sierras rise in craggy pride?

Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—

Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,

Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark land tall,

Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land  
from Gaul:

## xxxiii.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant  
sides,

Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,  
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen  
flow:

For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:  
 Well doth the Spanish hind the difference  
 know  
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the  
 low.\*

## xxxiv.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been  
 pass'd,  
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along  
 In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,  
 So noted ancient roundelays among,  
 Whilom upon his banks did legions throng  
 Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendor  
 drest;  
 Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk  
 the strong;  
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
 Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts  
 oppress'd.

## xxxv.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!  
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,

---

\* As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has indeed done wonders; he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.  
 —1812.

When Cava's\* traitor-sire first call'd the band  
That dyed thy mountain-streams with Gothic  
gore?

Where are those bloody banners which of  
yore

Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,  
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?  
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the cres-  
cent pale,

While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish  
matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?  
Ah! such, alas, the hero's amplest fate!

When granite moulders and when records  
fail,

A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.  
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine  
estate,

See how the mighty shrink into a song!

Can Volume, Pillar, Pile, preserve thee  
great?

Or must thou trust Tradition's simple  
tongue,

When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History  
does thee wrong?

---

\* Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias.

## XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!  
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,  
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,  
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:  
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,  
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's  
 roar!

In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"  
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
 When her war-song was heard on Anda-  
 lusia's shore?

## XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful  
 note?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?  
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;  
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank be-  
 neath

Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of  
 death

The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to  
 rock

Each volley tells that thousands cease to  
 breathe:

Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,  
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel  
 the shock.

## XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,  
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,  
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;  
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet,  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are  
done;

For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems  
most sweet.

## XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
(For one who hath no friend, no brother  
there)

Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
Their various arms that glitter in the air!  
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from  
their lair,  
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the  
prey!

All join the chase, but few the triumph share:  
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their  
array.

## XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;  
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on  
     high;  
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue  
     skies:  
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Vic-  
     tory!  
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to  
     gain.

## XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honor'd  
     fools!  
 Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their  
     clay!  
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,  
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their  
     way  
 With human hearts—to what?—a dream  
     alone.  
 Can despots compass aught that hails their  
     sway?

Or call with truth one span of earth their  
own,  
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone  
by bone?

## XLIII.

O Albuera, glorious field of grief!  
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his  
steed,  
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,  
A scene where mingling foes should boast  
and bleed?  
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's  
meed  
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!  
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,  
Thy name shall circle round the gaping  
throng,  
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of  
transient song.

## XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play  
Their game of lives, and barter breath for  
fame:  
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,  
Though thousands fall to deck some single  
name.



In sooth, 'twere sad to thwart their noble  
 aim  
 Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's  
 good,  
 And die, that living might have proved her  
 shame;  
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,  
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path  
 pursued.

## XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way  
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued  
 Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for  
 prey!  
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot in-  
 trude,  
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces  
 rude.  
 Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive  
 Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood  
 Is vain, or Ilium, Tyre, might yet survive,  
 And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to  
 thrive.

## XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;

Strange modes of merriment the hours con-  
sume,  
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's  
wounds;  
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck  
sounds;  
Here Folly still his votaries enthralls,  
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her mid-  
night rounds:  
Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,  
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the totter-  
ing walls.

## XLVII.

Not so the rustic: with his trembling mate  
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,  
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,  
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.  
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star  
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:  
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye  
mar,  
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;  
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be  
happy yet.

## XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?  
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,

As whilome he was wont the leagues to  
cheer,  
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?  
No! as he speeds, he chants "Viva el Rey!"\*  
And check his song to execrate Godoy,  
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-  
eyed boy,  
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her  
adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long level plain, at distance crown'd  
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets  
rest,  
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded  
ground;  
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's dark-  
en'd vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:  
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the  
host,

---

\* "Viva el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards: till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, etc., etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

Here the brave peasant storm'd the dragon's  
nest;

Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,  
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were  
won and lost.

## L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,\*  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to  
greet:

Woe to the man that walks in public view  
Without of loyalty this token true:  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;  
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
If subtle poinards, wrapt beneath the cloke,  
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the  
cannon's smoke.

## LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
The mountain howitzer, the broken road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,  
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,

---

\* The red cockade, with "Fernando VII." in the center.

The holster'd steed beneath the shed of  
 thatch,  
 The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing  
 match,

## LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose  
 nod  
 Has tumbled feeble despots from their sway,  
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;  
 A little moment deigneth to delay:  
 Soon will his legions sweep through these  
 their way:  
 The West must own the Scourger of the  
 world.  
 Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-  
 day,  
 When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings  
 unfurled,  
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to  
 Hades hurled.

## LIII.

And must they fall—the young, the proud,  
 the brave—  
 To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome  
 reign?  
 No step between submission and a grave?  
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?

And doth the power that man adores ordain  
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?  
 Is all that desperate Valor acts in vain?  
 And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
 The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire and Man-  
 hood's heart of steel?

## LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
 And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,  
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of  
 war?  
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
 Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,  
 Now views the column-scattering bayonet  
 jar,  
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm  
 dead  
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might  
 quake to tread.

## LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
 Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-  
 black veil,  
 Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,

Seen her long locks that foil the painter's  
 power,  
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's  
 fearful chase.

## LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear;  
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;  
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base  
 career;  
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:  
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?  
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope  
 is lost?  
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a battered  
 wall?\*

## LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,  
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love:  
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,

---

\* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valor elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:  
 In softness as in firmness far above  
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;  
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance  
 as great.

## LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath im-  
 pressed  
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his  
 touch:\*

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their  
 nest,  
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:  
 Her glance, how wildly beautiful! how much  
 Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her  
 cheek,  
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous  
 clutch!  
 Who round the North for paler dames would  
 seek?  
 How poor their forms appear! how languid,  
 wan, and weak!

---

\* "Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo  
 Vestigo demonstrant mollitudinem."—Aul. Gel.



## LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to  
 laud;

Match me, ye harems of the land! where  
 now

I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
 Beauties that even a cynic must avow!

Match me those houris, whom ye scarce allow  
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the  
 wind,

With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—  
 deign to know,

There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,  
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically  
 kind.

## LX.

Oh thou, Parnassus! whom I now survey,  
 Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,  
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native  
 sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!  
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?  
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by  
 Would gladly woo thine echoes with his  
 string,

Though from thy heights no more one muse  
 will wave her wing.

## LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious  
name  
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest  
lore:  
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas, with shame  
That I in feeblest accents must adore.  
When I recount thy worshippers of yore  
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

## LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have  
been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their  
lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know it  
not?  
Though here no more Apollo haunts his  
grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their  
grave,  
Some gentle spirit till pervades the spot,  
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious  
wave.

## LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Even amidst my strain  
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;  
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;  
 Her fate, to every free born bosom dear;  
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a  
 tear.

Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt  
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;  
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless  
 plant,  
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle  
 vaunt.

## LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount, when  
 Greece was young,  
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir;  
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung  
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal  
 fire,  
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
 The song of love than Andalusia's maids,  
 Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:  
 Ah! that to these were given such peaceful  
 shades  
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly  
 her glades.

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient  
days,

But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.  
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!  
While boyish blood is mantling, who can  
'scape

The fascination of thy magic gaze?

A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive  
shape.

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by time—accursed Time!  
The Queen who conquers all must yield to  
thee—

The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a  
clime;

And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to  
flee,

And fix'd her shrine within these walls of  
white;

Though not to one dome circumscribeth she  
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
A thousand altars rise, forever blazing bright.

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled  
 Morn  
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;  
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:  
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by  
 turns.

## LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest;  
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore?  
 Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:  
 Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's  
 roar?  
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting  
 gore  
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his  
 horn:  
 The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for  
 more;  
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly  
 torn,  
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to  
 mourn.

## LXIX.

The seventh day this: the jubilee of man.  
London! right well thou know'st the day of  
prayer:

Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:  
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse  
chair,

And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs  
whirl;

To Hamstead, Brentford, Harrow, make  
repair;

Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian  
churl.

## LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike fly;  
Some Richmond Hill ascend, some scud to  
Ware,

And many to the steep of Highgate hie.

Ask ye, Bœotian shades, the reason why?

'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,

Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,

In whose dread name both men and maids  
are sworn,

And consecrate the oath with draught, and  
dance till morn.

## LXXI.

All have their fooleries; not alike are thine,  
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark-blue sea!  
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,  
Thy saint adorers count the rosary:  
Much is the Virgin teased to shrive them free  
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)  
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen  
    be;  
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:  
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diver-  
    sion share.

## LXXII.

The lists are ope'd, the spacious area clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated  
    round;  
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is  
    heard,  
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames  
    abound,  
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;  
None through their cold disdain are doom'd  
    to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad  
    archery.

## LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant  
steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-  
poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists advance;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly  
prance:  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowd's loud shout, and ladies' lovely  
glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their  
toils repay.

## LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore  
Stands in the center, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds; but not before  
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed  
o'er,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his  
speed,  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—  
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and  
bleed.



## LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal  
falls,  
The den expands, and Expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty  
brute,  
And wildly staring, spurns, with sounding  
foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:  
Here, there, he points his threatening front,  
to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eyes' dilated glow.

## LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,  
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear;  
Now is thy time to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers  
veer;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he  
goes;  
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent  
clear:  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his  
throes:

Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

## LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,  
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;  
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.  
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled  
corse;  
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,  
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame  
he rears;  
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord  
unharm'd he bears.

## LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the  
last,  
Full in the center stands the bull at bay,  
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances  
brast,  
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:  
And now the Matadores around him play,  
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready  
brand:  
Once more through all he bursts his thunder-  
ing way—

Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng  
 hand,  
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon  
 the sand.

## LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the  
 spine,  
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.  
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:  
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
 The decorated car appears: on high  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar  
 eyes:  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as  
 shy,  
 Hurl the dark lull along, scarce seen in dash-  
 ing by.

## LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish  
 swain:  
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights  
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.  
 What private feuds the troubled village stain!  
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet  
 the foe,

Enough, alas, in humble homes remain,  
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,  
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's  
 warm stream must flow.

## LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,  
 His withered sentinel, Duenna sage!  
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,  
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could en-  
 cage,  
 Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd  
 age.  
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen  
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),  
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the  
 green,  
 While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-  
 loving Queen.

## LXXXII.

Oh! many a time and oft had Harold loved,  
 Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a  
 dream;  
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,  
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream:  
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem  
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:

How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he  
 seem,  
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs  
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling  
 venom flings.

## LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,  
 Though now it moved him as it moves the  
 wise;  
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful  
 eyes;  
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;  
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous  
 tomb,  
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:  
 Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring  
 gloom  
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting  
 doom.

## LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the  
 throng;  
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate;  
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance,  
 the song;

But who may smile that sinks beneath his  
fate?

Naught that he saw his sadness could abate:  
Yet once he struggled gainst the demon's  
sway,

And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,  
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,  
To charms as fair as those that soothed his  
happier day.

#### TO INEZ.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;  
Alas! I cannot smile again:  
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

And dost thou ask what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang even thou must fail to soothe? -

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honors lost  
That bids me loathe my present state  
And fly from all I prized the most:

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet or hear or see:  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before.

What Exile from himself can flee?  
To zones, though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
And taste of all that I forsake:  
Oh! may they still of transport dream,  
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
With many a retrospection curst;  
And all my solace is to know,  
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask—  
In pity from the search forbear:  
Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's  
there.

## LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!  
Who may forget how well thy walls have  
stood?

When all were changing, thou alone wert  
 true,  
 First to be free, and last to be subdued.  
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,  
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to  
 dye,  
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud: \*  
 Here all were noble, save nobility;  
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain save fallen  
 Chivalry!

## LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her  
 fate!  
 They fight for freedom who were never free;  
 A kingless people for a nerveless state,  
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains  
 flee,  
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery;  
 Fond of a land which gave them naught  
 but life,  
 Pride points the path that leads to liberty;  
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,  
 War, war is still the cry, "War even to the  
 knife!" †

---

\* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

† Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragosa.



## XCI.

And thou, my friend! since unavailing woe  
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the  
 strain—

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,  
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to com-  
 plain:

But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,  
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
 While glory crowns so many a meaner crest!  
 What hadst thou done, to sink so peacefully to  
 rest?

## XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the  
 most!

Dear to a heart where nought was left so  
 dear!

Though to my hopeless days forever lost,  
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!  
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,  
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
 And mourned and mourner lie united in repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage.  
Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
If he that rhymeth now may scribble mo'e.  
Is this too much? Stern Critic, say not so:  
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:  
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous  
hands were quell'd.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

### I.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou,  
    alas,

Didst never yet one mortal song inspire  
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,  
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,\*  
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:  
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages  
    slow,

Is the drear sceptre and dominion dire  
Of men who never felt the sacred glow  
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd  
    breasts bestow.

### II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,  
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in  
    soul?

Gone—glimmering through the dream of  
    things that were:

First in the race that led to Glory's goal,

---

\* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

They won, and passed away—is this the  
whole?

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!  
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's  
stole

Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering  
tower,

Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the  
shade of power.

### III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!  
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn!  
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!  
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer  
burn.

Even gods must yield—religions take their  
turn:

'Twas Jove's—it's Mahomet's; and other  
creeds

Will rise with other years, till man shall  
learn

Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;  
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is  
built on reeds.

### IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eyes to  
heaven—

Is't not enough, unhappy thing, to know  
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,  
 That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,  
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what  
 region, so

On earth no more, but mingled with the skies!  
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?  
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:

That little urn saith more than thousand hom-  
 ilies.

v.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;  
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps; \*  
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;  
 But now not one of saddening thousands  
 weeps,

Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.  
 Remove yon scull from out the scatter'd  
 heaps:

Is that a temple where a God may dwell?

Why, even the worm at last disdains her  
 shatter'd cell!

---

\* It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honor of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, etc., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

## VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the  
 Soul.

Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,  
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd con-  
 trol:

Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

## VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!  
 "All that we know is, nothing can be known."  
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot  
 shun?

Each hath its pang, but feeble sufferers  
 groan

With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.  
 Pursue what Chance or Fact proclaimeth  
 best;

Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:

There no forced banquet claims the sated  
 guest,

But Silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome  
 rest.

## VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be  
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee  
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;  
 How sweet it were in concert to adore  
 With those who made our mortal labors  
 light!

To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no  
 more!

Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight.  
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught  
 the right!

## IX.

There, thou!—whose love and life together  
 fled,

Have left me here to love and live in vain—  
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee  
 dead,

When busy memory flashes on my brain?

Well—I will dream that we may meet again,  
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast:

If aught of young Remembrance then re-  
 main,

Be as it may Futurity's behest,

For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy  
 spirit blest!

## X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,  
The marble column's yet unshaken base!  
Here, son of Saturn, was thy favorite  
    throne!\*

Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace  
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.  
It may not be; nor even can Fancy's eye  
Restore what time hath labor'd to deface.

Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;  
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek  
    carols by.

## XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane  
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee,  
The latest relic of her ancient reign—  
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was  
    he?

Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!  
England! I joy no child he was of thine:  
Thy free-born men should spare what once  
    was free;

Yet they could violate each saddening  
    shrine,

---

\* The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive: originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.



And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant  
brine.

## XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,  
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time  
hath spared:

Cold as the crags upon his native coast,  
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,  
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand  
prepared,

Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:  
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to  
guard,

Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,  
And never knew, till then, the weight of Des-  
pot's chains.

## XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue  
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?  
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom  
wrung,

Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;  
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears  
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:  
Yes, she, whose generous aid her name en-  
dears,

Tore down those remnants with a harpy's  
 hand,  
 Which envious Eld forbore, and Tyrants left  
 to stand.

## XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas, that appall'd  
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?\*

Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain en-  
 thrall'd,  
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day  
 Bursting to light in terrible array!  
 What! could not Pluto spare the chief once  
 more,  
 To scarce a second robber from his prey?  
 Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,  
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to  
 shield before.

## XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece, that looks on  
 thee,  
 Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;  
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines  
 removed  
 By British hands, which it had best behoved

---

\* According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.

To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.  
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they  
     roved,  
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,  
 And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern  
     climes abhorr'd!

## XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget  
 To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?  
 Little reck'd he of all that men regret;  
 No loved one now in feign'd lament could  
     rave;  
 No friend the parting hand extended gave,  
 Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes.  
 Hard is his heart whom charms may not en-  
     slave;  
 But Harold felt not as in other times,  
 And left without a sigh the land of war and  
     crimes.

## XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea,  
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;  
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze  
     may be,  
 The white sails set, the gallant frigate tight,  
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the  
     right,

The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their  
flight,  
The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing  
prow.

## XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!  
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,\*  
The hoarse command, the busy humming  
din,  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on  
high:  
Hark to the Boatswain's call the cheering  
cry,  
While through the seaman's hand the tackle  
glides;  
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe, as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skillful urchin  
guides.

## XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant  
walks:

---

\* To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

Look on that part which sacred doth remain  
 For the lone Chieftain, who majestic stalks,  
 Silent and fear'd by all: not oft he talks  
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
 That strict restraint, which broken, ever  
     baulks  
 Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely  
     swerve  
 From law, however stern, which tends their  
     strength to nerve.

## XX.

Blow, swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling  
     gale,  
 Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening  
     ray;  
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way.  
 Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,  
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest  
     breeze!  
 What leagues are lost before the dawn of  
     day,  
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
 The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs  
     like these!

## XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!  
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves ex-  
pand;  
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids be-  
lieve:  
Such be our fate when we return to land!  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love:  
A circle there of merry listeners stand,  
Or to some well-known measure featly move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free  
to rove.

## XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy  
shore;  
Europe and Afric, on each other gaze!  
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky  
Moor,  
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:  
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays  
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown  
Distinct, though darkening with her waning  
phase;  
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,  
From mountain-cliff to coast descending som-  
bre down.

## XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel  
 We once have loved, though love is at an  
 end:  
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a  
 friend,  
 Who with the weight of years would wish to  
 bend,  
 When Youth itself survives young Love and  
 Joy?  
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!  
 Ah, happy years! once more who would not  
 be a boy?

## XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and  
 Pride,  
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward  
 year.  
 None are so desolate but something dear,  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;  
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast  
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart  
 divest.

## XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion  
    dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean:  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her  
    stores unroll'd.

## XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of  
    men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can  
    bless;  
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness en-  
    dued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and  
    sued:  
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!



## XXVII.

More blest the life of godly Eremite,  
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,  
Watching at eve upon the giant height,  
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so  
serene,  
That he who there at such an hour hath  
been,  
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot;  
Then slowly tear him from the witching  
scene,  
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his  
lot,  
Then turn to hate a world he had almost for-  
got.

## XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the  
track  
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;  
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the  
tack,  
And each well-known caprice of wave and  
wind;  
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel;  
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,

Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is  
well.

## XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,\*  
The sister tenants of the middle deep;  
There for the weary still a haven smiles,  
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to  
weep,  
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep  
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride;  
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap  
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder  
tide;  
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen  
doubly sigh'd.

## XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:  
But trust not this: too easy youth, beware!  
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous  
throne,  
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.  
Sweet Florence! could another ever share  
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be  
thine:  
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,

---

\* Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for  
mine.

## XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye  
He look'd, and met its beam without a  
thought,  
Save Admiration glancing harmless by:  
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,  
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,  
But knew him as his worshipper no more,  
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:  
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,  
Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway  
was o'er.

## XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some  
amaze,  
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he  
saw,  
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,  
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,  
Their hope, their doom, their punishment,  
their law:  
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen  
claims:  
And much she marvel'd that a youth so raw

Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told  
flames,  
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet  
rarely anger dames.

## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's  
breast,  
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by  
sighs:  
What careth she for hearts when once pos-  
sessed?  
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,  
But not too humbly, or she will despise  
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving  
tropes;  
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise;

Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;  
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion  
 crowns thy hopes.

## xxxv.

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

## xxxvi.

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

## XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still;  
Though always changing, in her aspect mild:  
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,  
Her never-weaned, though not her favor'd  
child.

Oh! she is fairest in her features wild  
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her  
path:

To me by day or night she ever smil'd,  
Though I have marked her when none other  
hath,

And sought her more and more, and loved  
her best in wrath.

## XXXVIII.

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

## XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren  
spot

Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;\*  
And onward view'd the mount, not yet  
forgot,

The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.  
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save  
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?  
Could she not live who life eternal gave?

If life eternal may await the lyre,  
That only Heaven to which Earth's children  
may aspire.

## XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve,  
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar; †  
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave:  
Oft did he mark the senses of vanish'd war,  
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar: ‡  
Mark them unmoved, for he would not  
delight

(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)  
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,

---

\*Ithaca.

†Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

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

But loath'd the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at  
martial wight.

## XLI.

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

## XLII.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's  
hills,  
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,  
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,  
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,  
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,  
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer;  
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his  
beak,  
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,  
And gathering storms around convulse the  
closing year.



## XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,  
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu:  
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown,  
 Which all admire, but many dread to view:  
 His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants  
 were few:

Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to  
 meet:

The scene was savage, but the scene was  
 new;

This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,  
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed  
 summer's heat.

## XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is  
 here,

Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,  
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood  
 dear;

Churchman and votary alike despised.

Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,  
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,  
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!

Who from true worship's gold can separate  
 thy dross?

## XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost  
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!  
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host  
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king\*  
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:  
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies  
     rose,†

Now, like the hands than rear'd them, with-  
 ering;

Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!  
 God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win  
 and lose?

## XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,  
 E'en to the centre of Illyria's vales,  
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount  
     sublime,

Through lands scarce noticed in historic  
 tales:

Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales:  
 Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast  
 A charm they know not: loved Parnassus  
     fails,

---

\*It is said that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.

† Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

Through classic ground, and consecrated  
 most,  
 To match some spots that lurk within this  
 lowering coast.

## XLVII.

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

---

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

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

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

## XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow,\*  
 Thou small, but favor'd spot of holy ground!  
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are  
     found!

Rock, river, forest, mountain all abound,  
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole  
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll  
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet  
     please the soul.

## XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted  
     hill,  
 Which, were it not for many a mountain  
     nigh  
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,  
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on  
     high;

---

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

Here dwells the caloyer,\* nor rude is he,  
 Nor niggard of his cheer. the passer-by  
 Is welcomed still; nor heedless will he flee  
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen  
 to see.

## L.

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

## LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
 Nature's volcanic amphitheater,†  
 Chimera's alps extend from left to right:  
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;  
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the  
 mountain fir  
 Nodding above; behold black Acheron!‡

\* The Greek monks are so called.

†The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

‡Now called Kalamas.

Once consecrated to the sepulchre.  
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,  
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall  
seek for none.

## LII.

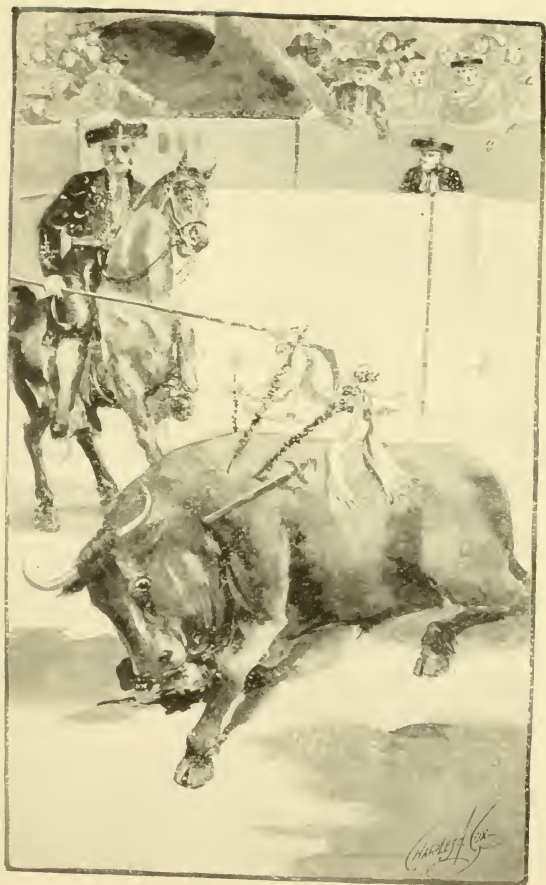
Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;  
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
Veil'd by the screen of hills: here men are  
few,  
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;  
But, peering down each precipice, the goat  
Browseth: and, pensive o'er his scattered  
flock,  
The little shepherd in his white capote\*  
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived  
shock.

## LIII.

Oh! where, Dodona, is thine aged grove,  
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?  
What valley echoed the response of Jove?  
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's  
shrine?  
All, all forgotten—and shall man repine  
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?

---

\*Albanese cloak.



"Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries."—Page 59,  
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.





Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be  
thine:

Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak,  
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink  
beneath the stroke?

## LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;  
Tired of upgazing still, the wearied eye  
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale  
As ever Springyclad in grassy dye:  
Even on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
Where some bold river breaks the long ex-  
panse,  
And woods along the bank are waving high,  
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,  
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's  
solemn trance.

## LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,\*  
The Laos wide and fierce came roaring by; †  
The shades of wonted night were gathering  
yet,

\* Anciently Mount Tomarus.

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

When, down the steep banks winding wearily  
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,  
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,  
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and draw-  
ing nigh,

He heard the busy hum of warrior-men  
Swelling the breeze that sighed along the  
lengthening glen.

## LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,  
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate  
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,  
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.  
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,  
While busy preparation shook the court;  
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and san-  
tons wait;

Within, a palace, and without a fort,  
Here men of every clime appear to make  
resort.

## LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row  
Of armed horse, and many a war-like store,  
Circled the wide-extending court below;  
Above, strange groups adorned the corri-  
dore;  
And ofttimes through the area's echoing  
door,

Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed  
away;

The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the  
Moor,

Here mingled in their many-hued array,

While the deep war-drum's sound announced  
the close of day.

## LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,  
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see:  
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;

The Delhi with his cap of terror on,  
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple  
Greek;

And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son,  
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to  
speak,

Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

## LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous; some recline in  
groups,

Scanning the motley scene that varies round;  
There some grave Moslem to devotion  
stoops,

And some that smoke, and some that play  
are found;

Here the Albanian proudly treads the  
 ground;  
 Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to  
 prate;  
 Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn  
 sound,  
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,  
 "There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo!  
 God is great!"

## LX.

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

## LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart  
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to  
     move,

She yields to one her person and her heart,  
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove;  
 For, not unhappy in her master's love,  
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,  
 Blest cares! all other feelings far above!  
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she  
     bears,

Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion  
     shares.

## LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
 Of living water from the center rose,  
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,  
 Ali reclined, a man of war and woes:

Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws  
 Along that aged venerable face,  
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him  
     with disgrace.

## LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard  
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth:

Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,  
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—  
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of  
 ruth,

Beseeming all men ill, but most the man  
 In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's  
 tooth:

Blood follows blood, and through their mor-  
 tal span,

In bloodier acts conclude those who with  
 blood began.

## LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye,  
 The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
 And gazed around on Moslem luxury,  
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat  
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice re-  
 treat

Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:

And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet;  
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,

And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of  
 both destroys.

## LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack  
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.  
 Where is the foe that ever saw their back?

Who can so well the toil of war endure?  
 Their native fastnesses not more secure  
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous  
 need:

Their wrath how deadly! but their friend-  
 ship sure.

When Gratitude or Valor bids them bleed,  
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief  
 may lead.

## LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's  
 tower,

Thronging to war in splendor and success;  
 And after view'd them, when, within their  
 power,

Himself awhile the victim of distress:

That saddening hour when bad men hotlier  
 press:

But these did shelter him beneath their roof,  
 When less barbarians would have cheer'd  
 him less,

And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof\*—  
 In aught that tries the heart how few with-  
 stand the proof!

---

\* Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

## LXVII.

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

## LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome  
 hand,  
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous  
 swamp.  
 Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so  
 bland,  
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their gar-  
 ments damp,  
 And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheer-  
 ful lamp,  
 And spread their fare, though homely, all  
 they had:



Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare  
stamp—

To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,  
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least  
the bad.

## LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address  
Himself to quit at length this mountain  
land,

Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,  
And wasted far and near with glaive and  
brand;

And therefore did he take a trusty band  
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,  
In war well season'd, and with labors tann'd,  
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,

And from his farther bank Ætolia's wolds  
espied.

## LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,  
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,  
How brown the foliage of the green hill's  
grove,

Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's  
breast,

As winds come whispering lightly from the  
west,

Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene;  
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest;  
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,  
 For many a joy could he from night's soft  
 presence glean.

## LXXI.

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

## LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood,  
 And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,  
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:

---

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

† Palikar. a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romaic; it means, properly, "a lad."

In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see  
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent,  
 glee:

And as the flames along their faces gleam'd,  
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing  
 free,

The long wild locks that to their girdles  
 stream'd,

While thus in concert they this lay half-sang,  
 half-screamed:

Tambourgi! Tambourgi!\* thy larum afar  
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of  
 war;

All the sons of the mountains arise at the  
 note,

Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!†

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?  
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild  
 flock,

And descends to the plain like the stream  
 from the rock.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive  
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?

\* Drummer.

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

Let those guns so unerring such vengeance  
forego?

What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;  
For a time they abandon the cave and the  
chase:

But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder,  
before

The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the  
waves,

And teach the pale Franks what it is to be  
slaves,

Shall leave on the beach the long galley and  
oar,

And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasure that riches supply,  
My sabre shall win what the feeble must  
buy;

Shall win the young bride with her long  
flowing hair,

And many a maid from her mother shall  
tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth;  
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall  
soothe:

Let her bring from her chamber the many-  
toned lyre,  
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,\*  
'The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquer-  
ors' yell:

The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we  
shared,

The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we  
spared.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;  
He neither must know who would serve the  
Vizier:

Since the days of our prophet the crescent  
ne'er saw

A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,  
Let the yellow-haired † Giaours view his horse-  
tail with dread;

When his Delhis ‡ come dashing in blood o'er  
the banks,

How few shall escape from the Muscovite  
ranks!

\* It was taken by storm from the French.

† Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians. Giaour: In-  
fidel. Horsetail: the insignia of a Pasha.

‡ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

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

## LXXIII.

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

## LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow †  
 Thou satst with Thrasybulus and his train,  
 Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which  
     now  
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?  
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,

---

\* "Selictar," swordbearer.

† Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains. It was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

But every carle can lord it o'er thy land  
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish  
 hand,  
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in  
 deed, unmann'd.

## LXXV.

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

## LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
 Who would be free themselves must strike  
 the blow?  
 By their right arms the conquest must be  
 wrought!  
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!

True, they may lay your proud despoilers  
 low,  
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
 Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe:  
 Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still  
 the same;  
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of  
 shame.

## LXXVII.

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

## LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,  
 That penance which their holy rites prepare  
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal  
 sin,

---

\* When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

† Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.



By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;  
 But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,  
 Some days of joyance are decreed to all,  
 To take of pleasance each his secret share,  
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,  
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

## LXXIX.

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

## LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore;  
 Oft Music changed, but never ceased her  
 tone,  
 And timely echo'd back the measured oar,  
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:

The Queen of tides on high consenting shone ;  
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the  
     wave,  
 'Twas as if, darting from her heavenly  
     throne,  
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,  
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks  
     they lave.

## LXXXI.

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

## LXXXII.

But, 'midst the throng in merry masquerade,  
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret  
     pain,

Even through the closest searment half-be-  
tray'd?

To such the gentle murmurs of the main  
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;  
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd  
Is source of wayward thought and stern dis-  
dain:

How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,  
And long to change the robe of revel for the  
shroud!

## LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of  
Greece,

If Greece one true-born patriot can still  
boast:

Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,  
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he  
lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,  
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:  
Ah, Greece! they love thee least who owe  
thee most—

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime  
record

Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate  
horde!

## LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,  
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,  
 When Athens' children are with hearts  
 endued,

When Grecian mothers shall give birth to  
 men,

Then may'st thou be restored; but not till  
 then.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;  
 An hour may lay it in the dust: and when  
 Can man its shatter'd splendor renovate,  
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and  
 Fate?

## LXXXV.

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

---

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

## LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns  
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave; \*  
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave; †  
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave  
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass  
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,

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

† In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveler will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that crown the Ægian deep;" but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:

"Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,  
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side by land was more striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians; conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Araouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates: there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,  
 And makes degraded nature picturesque."—  
 (See Hodgson's "Lady Jane Gray," etc.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist, and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes by the arrival of his performances.

While strangers only not regardless pass,  
Lingering, like me, perchance, to gaze, and  
sigh "Alas!"

## LXXXVII.

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

## LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy  
ground;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads  
around,  
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt  
upon:

Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and  
 wold,  
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples  
 gone:  
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray  
 Marathon.

## LXXXIX.

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

---

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

## XC.

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

## XCI.

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



## XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,  
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome  
 hearth;

He that is lonely, hither let him roam,  
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.  
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;  
 But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,  
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred  
 side,

Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and  
 Persian died.

## XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,  
 And pass in peace along the magic waste;  
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand  
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced!  
 Not for such purpose were these altars  
 placed.

Revere the remnants nations once revered:  
 So may our country's name be undisgraced,  
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was  
 rear'd,

By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

## XCIV.

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

## XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely  
    one!  
Whom youth and youth's affections bound  
    to me;  
Who did for me what none beside have done,  
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.  
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!  
Nor stay'd to welcome here thy wanderer  
    home,  
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more  
    shall see—

Would they had never been, or were to  
come!

Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh  
cause to roam!

## xcvi.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!  
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,  
And clings to thoughts now better far  
removed!

But Time shall tear thy shadow from me  
last.

All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death,  
thou hast:

The parent, friend, and now the more than  
friend;

Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,  
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,  
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet  
to lend.

## xcvii.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,  
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?  
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly  
loud,

False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,  
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak!

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

## xcviii.

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

## CANTO THE THIRD.

1816.

“Afin que cette application vous forcat de penseraautre chose; il n’y a enverite de remede que celui la et le temps.”—Lettre du Roi de Prusse a D’Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.

I.

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

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

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their  
    roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!  
 Though the strain'd mast should quiver as  
     a reed,  
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the  
     gale,  
 Still must I on: for I am as a weed,  
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to  
     sail  
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's  
     breath prevail.

## III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark  
     mind;  
 Again I seize the theme, but begun,  
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find  
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up  
     tears,  
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
 Plod the last sands of life—where not a flower  
     appears.

## IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or  
     pain,

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

## v.

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

## vi.

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
 A being more intense, that we endow  
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give

The life we image, even as I do now.  
 What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,  
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse  
     earth,  
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy  
     birth,  
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feel-  
     ings' dearth.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

Something too much of this: but now 'tis  
     past,  
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
 Long-absent Harold reappears at last;



He of the breast which fain no more would  
feel,

Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but  
ne'er heal;

Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb:

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the  
brim.

## IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he  
found

The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd  
again,

And from a purer fount, on holier ground,

And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in  
vain!

Still round him clung invisibly a chain

Which gall'd for ever, fettering though  
unseen,

And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with  
pain,

Which pined although it spoke not, and  
grew keen,

Entering with every step he took through  
many a scene.

## x.

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

## xi.

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

## XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
Of men to herd with man; with whom he  
held

Little in common; untaught to submit  
His thoughts to others, though his soul was  
quell'd,

In youth by his own thoughts; still uncom-  
pell'd,

He would not yield dominion of his mind  
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;  
Proud though in desolation; which could find

A life within itself, to breathe without man-  
kind.

## XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him  
were friends;

Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his  
home,

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime,  
extends,

He had the passion and the power to roam;  
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft  
forsake

For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the  
lake.

## XIV.

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

## XV.

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

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

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

## XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!  
 How in an hour the power which gave, annuls  
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!  
 In "pride of place"\* here last the eagle flew,  
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations  
     through;  
 Ambition's life and labors all were vain;  
 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's  
     broken chain.

## XIX.

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

---

\* "In pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See Macbeth, etc.

"An eagle towering in his pride of place," etc.

## XX.

If not, e'er one fallen despot boast no more!  
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot  
 tears

For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
 The trampler of her vineyards, in vain years  
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
 Of roused-up millions: all that most endears  
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword  
 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant  
 lord.\*

## XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave  
 men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake  
 again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell; †

---

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

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," etc.

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

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a  
 rising knell!

## XXII.

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

## XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did  
     hear  
 That sound, the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic  
     ear;  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it  
     near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too  
     well



Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could  
 quell;  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fight-  
 ing, fell.

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the  
 steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering  
 car,

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

## XXVI.

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

---

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

## XXVII.

And Ardennes waves above them her green  
leaves,\*

Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall  
grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,

And burning with high hope, shall moulder  
cold and low.

## XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of  
strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
rent

The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,

---

\* The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defense by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and  
 pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red  
 burial blent!

## XXIX.

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

## xxx.

There have been tears and breaking hearts  
 for thee,  
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;  
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green  
 tree,

Which living waves where thou didst cease  
to live,  
And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the  
Spring  
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turn'd from all she brought to those she  
could not bring.\*

## XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;

---

\* My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third, cut down, or shivered, in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon, and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except perhaps the last mentioned.

The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must  
 awake  
 Those whom they thirst for; though the  
 sound of Fame  
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
 The fever of vain longing, and the name  
 So honor'd, but assumes a stronger, bitterer  
 claim.

## XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smil-  
 ing, mourn:  
 The tree will wither long before it fall;  
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be  
 torn;  
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall  
 In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall  
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are  
 gone;  
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall;  
 The day drags through though storms keep  
 out the sun;  
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly  
 live on:

## XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
 In every fragment multiplies; and makes  
 A thousand images of one that was,

The same, and still the more, the more it  
 breaks;  
 And thus the heart will do which not for-  
 sakes,  
 Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,  
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow  
 aches,  
 Yet withers on till all without is old,  
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are  
 untold.

## xxxiv.

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

## xxxv.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of  
 man:

---

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

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

## xxxvi.

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



## XXXVII.

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

## XXXVIII.

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

Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the  
loftiest star.

## XXXIX.

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

## XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them  
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show  
That just habitual scorn, which could con-  
temn  
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel,  
not so  
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow:

'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;  
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who  
 choose.

## XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,  
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,  
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the  
 shock ;  
 But men's thoughts were the steps which  
 paved thy throne,  
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone ;  
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then  
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)  
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;  
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a  
 den.\*

## XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
 And there hath been thy bane ; there is a fire  
 And motion of the soul, which will not dwell  
 In its own narrow being, but aspire

---

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

Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;  
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
 Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

## XLIII.

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

## XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
 A storm whereon they ride to sink at last,  
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
 That should their days, surviving perils past,  
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast

With sorrow and supineness, and so die;  
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste  
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,  
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

## XLV.

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

## XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will  
     be  
 Within its own creation, or in thine,  
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,  
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?  
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
 A blending of all beauties; streams and  
     dells,  
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, moun-  
     tain, vine,

And chiefless castles breathing stern fare-  
wells  
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly  
dwells.

## XLVII.

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

## XLVIII.

Beneath those battlements, within those  
walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud  
state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

What want these outlaw conquerors should  
have \*

But History's purchased page to call them  
great?

A wider space, an ornamented grave?

Their hopes were not less warm, their souls  
were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!  
And Love, which lent a blazon to their  
shields,

With emblems well devised by amorous  
pride,

Through all the mail of iron hearts would  
glide;

But still their flame was fierceness, and drew  
on.

Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
And many a tower for some fair mischief  
won,

Saw the discolor'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But Thou, exalting and abounding river!  
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow

---

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

Through banks whose beauty would endure  
 forever  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to  
 see  
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
 Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such  
 to me  
 Even now what wants thy stream?—that it  
 should Lethe be.

## LI.

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



## LII.

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

## LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his  
     days  
 Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.  
 It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
 On such as smile upon us; the heart must  
 Leap kindly back to kindness, though dis-  
     gust  
 Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he  
     felt,  
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet  
     trust

In one fond breast, to which his own would  
 melt,  
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom  
 dwelt.

## LIV.

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

## LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been  
 said,  
 Which unto his was bound by stronger ties  
 Than the church links withal; and, though  
 unwed,  
 That love was pure, and, far above disguise,  
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
 Still undivided, and cemented more

By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;  
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore;  
 Well to that heart might his these absent greet-  
 ings pour!

The castled crag of Drachenfels \*  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine,  
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
 And fields which promise corn and wine,  
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
 Whose far white walls along them shine,  
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
 With double joy were thou with me!  
 And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,  
 And hands which offer early flowers,  
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
 Above, the frequent feudal towers  
 Through green leaves lift their walls of  
 gray,  
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
 And noble arch in proud decay,

---

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

Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

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

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

## LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple pyramid,

Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;  
 Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,  
 Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid  
 Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb  
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough sol-  
     dier's lid,  
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,  
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled to  
     resume.

## LVII.

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

---

\* The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen on the last day of the fourth year of the French Republic) still remains as described. The inscription on his monument are rather too long, and not required—his name was enough. France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in

## LVIII.

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

---

every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, he had not the good fortune to die there; his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's and the inscription more simple and pleasing: "The Army of the Sambre and Mense to its Commander-in-Chief, Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Bonaparte monopolized her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

\* Ehrenbreitstein, i. e., "the broad stone of honor," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It has been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time; and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing, observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

## LIX.

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

## LX.

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

## LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls  
     between,  
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets  
     been  
 In mockery of man's art; and these withal  
 A race of faces happy as the scene,  
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires  
     near them fall.

## LXII.

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

## LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to  
     scan,





“ There was a sound of revelry by night.”—Page 135.  
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.



There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—  
 Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where  
 man

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
 Nor blush for those who conquered on that  
 plain;

Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless  
 host,

A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
 Themselves their monument;—the Stygian  
 coast

Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each  
 wandering ghost.\*

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,  
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;  
 They were true Glory's stainless victories,  
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,

---

\*The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France, who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles,—a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request.

Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

All unbought champions in no princely cause  
 Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land  
 Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
 Making king's rights divine, by some Draconic  
 clause.

## LXV.

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

## LXVI.

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

---

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

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

LXVII.

But there are deeds which should not pass  
 away,  
 And names that must not wither, though the  
 earth  
 Forgets her empires with a just decay.  
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death  
 and birth;  
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth,  
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
 And from its immortality look forth

---

\*Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavor to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago. It is thus: "Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo. Infelicis patris infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fati ille erat. Vixi annos XXIII." I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,\*  
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

## LXVIII.

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

## LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
In one hot throng, where we become the spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long

---

\*This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3, 1816,) which even at this distance dazzles mine. (July 20.)—I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentiere in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat. The distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where  
 none are strong.

## LXX.

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

## LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?  
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,\*  
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make

---

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

A fair but froward infant her own care,  
 Kissing its cries away as these awake;—  
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict  
 or bear?

## LXXII.

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

## LXXIII.

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



Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our  
being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all  
free

From what it hates in this degraded form,  
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be  
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—  
When elements to elements conform,  
And dust is as it should be, shall I not  
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?  
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each  
spot?

Of which, even now, I share at times the  
immortal lot?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a  
part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them?  
Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
With a pure passion? should I not contemn  
All objects, if compared with these? and stem  
A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and worldly  
phlegm

Of those whose eyes are only turned below,

Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which  
dare not glow?

## LXXVI.

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

## LXXVII.

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

The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly  
and fast.

## LXXVIII.

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

## LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, this  
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;  
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss\*  
Which every morn his fever'd lip would  
greet,  
From hers, who but with friendship his  
would meet

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

But to that gentle touch, through brain and  
 breast  
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring  
 heat;  
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,  
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek  
 possest.

## LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought  
 foes,  
 Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind  
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose  
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,  
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange  
 and blind,  
 But he was frenzied,—wherefore, who may  
 know?  
 Since cause might be which skill could never  
 find;  
 But he was frenzied by disease or woe  
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a rea-  
 soning show.

## LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him  
 came,  
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,  
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,

Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no  
more:

Did he not this for France, which lay before  
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?

Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,  
Till by the voice of him and his compeers

Roused up to too much wrath, which follows  
o'ergrown fears?

## LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!  
The wreck of old opinions—things which  
grew,

Breathed from the birth of time; the veil  
they rent,

And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.

But good with ill they also overthrew,

Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild

Upon the same foundation, and renew

Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour  
refill'd,

As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

## LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!

Mankind have felt their strength, and made  
it felt.

They might have used it better, but, allured  
By their new vigor, sternly have they dealt

On one another; pity ceased to melt  
 With her once natural charities. But they,  
 Who in oppression's darkness caved had  
     dwelt,  
 They were not eagles, nourish'd with the  
     day;  
 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook  
     their prey?

## LXXXIV.

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

## LXXXV.

Clear, placid, Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
 With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved  
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reprov'd,  
 That I with stern delights should e'er have  
 been so moved.

## LXXXVI.

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

## LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes

Starts into voice a moment, then is still,  
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
 All silently their tears of love instil,  
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her  
 hues.

## LXXXVIII.

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

## LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not  
 in sleep,  
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling  
 most;  
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too  
 deep:—



All heaven and earth are still: From the  
 high host  
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-  
 coast,  
 All is concenter'd in a life intense,  
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
 But hath a part of being, and a sense  
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

xc.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
 In solitude, where we are least alone;  
 A truth, which, through our being then doth  
 melt,  
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,  
 The soul and source of music, which makes  
 known  
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
 Binding all things with beauty;—'twould  
 disarm  
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power  
 to harm.

xcI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
 His altar the high places and the peak  
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take  
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,  
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare  
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
 With nature's realms of worship, earth and  
 air,  
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy  
 prayer!

## XCII.

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

## XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious  
 night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-  
     mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's  
     birth.

## XCIV.

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

## XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft  
     his way,

The mightiest of the storm hath ta'en his  
 stand:  
 For here, not one, but many, make their  
 play,  
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to  
 hand,  
 Flashing and cast around; of all the band,  
 The brightest through these parted hills hath  
 fork'd  
 His lightnings, as if he did understand  
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever  
 therein lurk'd.

## xcvi.

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

## XCVII.

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

## XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all  
     bloom,  
 Laughing the clouds away with playful  
     scorn,  
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—  
 And glowing into day: we may resume  
 The march of our existence: and thus I,  
 Still on thy shores, fair Lemn! may find  
     room

And food for meditation, nor pass by  
 Much, that may give us pause, if pondered  
 fittingly.

## XCIX.

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

## C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are  
 trod,—  
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne  
 To which the steps are mountains; where  
 the god  
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone

In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower  
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath  
 blown,  
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender  
 power  
 Passes the strength of storms in their most  
 desolate hour.

CI.

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

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
 And fairy-form'd and many color'd things,

Who worship him with notes more sweet than  
 words,  
 And innocently open their glad wings,  
 Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,  
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which  
 brings  
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
 Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty  
 end.

## CIII.

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

## CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
 Peopling it with affections; but he found



It was the scene which passion must allot  
 To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the  
 ground

Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,  
 And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,  
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the  
 Rhone

Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have  
 rear'd a throne.

## CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the  
 abodes

Of names which unto you bequeath'd a  
 name;\*

Mortals, who sought and found, by dan-  
 gerous roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:

They were gigantic minds, and their steep  
 aim

Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
 Thoughts which should call down thunder,  
 and the flame

Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the  
 while

On man and man's research could deign do  
 more than smile.

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\* Voltaire and Gibbon.

## CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child  
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or  
 wild,—

Historian, bard, philosopher combined:  
 He multiplied himself among mankind,  
 The Proteus of their talents. But his own  
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the  
 wind,

Blew where it listed, laying all things  
 prone.—

Now to overthrow a fool, and now to shake a  
 throne.

## CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting  
 thought,

And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
 And shaped his weapon with an edge se-  
 vere,

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;  
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew  
 from fear,

And doom'd him to the zealot's ready hell,  
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently  
 well.

## CVIII.

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

## CIX.

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

## CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee  
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won  
 thee?

To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,  
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages,  
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires;  
 still,

The fount at which the panting mind as-  
 suages

Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her  
 fill,

Flows from the eternal source of Rome's im-  
 perial hill.

## CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
 Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel  
 We are not what we have been, and to deem  
 We are not what we should be, and to steel  
 The heart against itself; and to conceal  
 With a proud caution, love, or hate; or  
 aught,—

Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—  
 Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,

Is a stern task of soul—No matter,—it is  
 taught.

## CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,  
 It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
 The coloring of the scenes which fleet along,  
 Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile  
 My breast, or that of others, for a while.

Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not  
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile  
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;

I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or for-  
 got.

## CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
 me;

I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor  
 bow'd

To its idolatries a patient knee,—

Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried  
 aloud

In worship of an echo; in the crowd

They could not deem me one of such; I  
 stood

Among them, but not of them; in a shroud  
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts,  
 and still could,

Had I not filed \* my mind, which thus itself  
 subdued.

\*—"If it be thus,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind."—Macbeth.

## CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me,—  
But let us part fair foes: I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there  
may be  
Words which are things,—hopes which will  
not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
Snares for the failing: I would also deem  
O'er other's griefs that some sincerely grieve;  
That two, or one, are almost what they  
seem,—  
That goodness is no name, and happiness no  
dream.

## CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song be-  
gun—  
My daughter! with thy name thus much  
shall end—  
I see thee not, I hear thee not,—but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend  
To whom the shadows of far years extend:  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
And reach into thy heart, when mine is  
cold,—

A token and a tone, even from thy father's  
mould.

## CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects, wonders yet to thee!  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's  
kiss,—

This, it should seem, was not reserved for  
me;

Yet this was in my nature:—As it is,

I know not what is there, but something like  
to this.

## CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be  
taught,

I know that thou wilt love me: though my  
name

Should be shut from thee, as a spell still  
fought

With desolation, and a broken claim:

Though the grave closed between us,—'twere  
the same,

I know that thou wilt love me; though to  
drain

My blood from out thy being were an aim,  
 And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—  
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than  
 life retain.

## CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness  
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
 These were the elements, and thine no less.  
 As yet such are around thee; but thy fire  
 Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far  
 higher.

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the  
 sea,

And from the mountains where I now respire,  
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,  
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst have  
 been to me!



## CANTO THE FOURTH.

1818.

TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S., ETC.

VENICE, January 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE:—After an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to *Childe Harold*, for any public favor reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating to you, in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and compre-

hensive of my compositions, I wish to do honor to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honor. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,\* but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompa-

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\*His Marriage.

nied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive; like the Chinese in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are now a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself and not

on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary as well as political party appears to run, or to have run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—“*Mi pare che in un passe tutto, poetico, che vanta la lingua la piu nobile ed insieme la piu dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha*

perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa doverbbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still: Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honorable place in most of the departments of art, science, and belles lettres: and in some the very highest. Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce piu robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition—a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbors—that man must be willfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their capabilities, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality"—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the laborers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma non e piu come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this mel-

ancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

"Non movero mai corda  
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda."

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the south, "verily they will have their reward, and at no very distant period."

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever, your obliged and affectionate friend.

BYRON.

1.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;  
A palace and a prison on each hand:  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times when many a subject land  
 Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her  
 hundred isles!

## II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers;  
 And such she was; her daughters had their  
 dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless  
 East  
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling  
 showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity  
 increased.

## III.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And music meets not always now the ear:  
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is  
 here.



States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not  
 die,  
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
 The pleasant place of all festivity,  
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

## IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms des-  
 pond  
 Above the Dogeless city's vanish'd sway,  
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,  
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—  
 The keystones of the arch! though all were  
 o'er,  
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

## V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;  
 Essentially immortal, they create  
 And multiply in us a brighter ray  
 And more beloved existence; that which  
 Fate  
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied  
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;



Watering the heart whose early flowers have  
 died,  
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the  
 void.

## VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,  
 The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;  
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page,  
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine  
 eye:

Yet there are things whose strong reality  
 Outshines our fairy-land, in shape and hues  
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,  
 And the strange constellations which the  
 Muse  
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

## VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go—  
 They came like truth, and disappear'd like  
 dreams;

And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so;  
 I could replace them if I would: still teems  
 My mind with many a form which aptly  
 seems

Such as I sought for, and at moments found;  
 Let these too go—for waking reason deems  
 Such overweening phantasies unsound

And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

## VIII.

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes

Have made me not a stranger; to the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;  
Nor is it harsh to make nor hard to find  
A country with—ay, or without mankind;  
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,  
Not without cause; and should I leave behind  
The inviolate island of the sage and free.

And seek me out a home by a remoter sea

## IX.

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it—if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
My hopes of being remember'd in my line  
With my land's language; if too fond and far  
These aspirations in their scope incline,—  
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion  
bar

## X.

My name from out the temple where the  
dead

Are honor'd by the nations—let it be—  
 And light the laurels on a loftier head!  
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
 "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."\*  
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;  
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the  
     tree

I planted,—they have torn me, and I bleed:  
 I should have known what fruit would spring  
     from such a seed.

## XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;  
 And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,  
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,  
 Neglected garment of her<sup>1</sup> widowhood!  
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood  
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,  
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor  
     sued,  
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
 When Venice was a queen with an unequal'd  
     dower.

## XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian  
     reigns—

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\* The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor  
knelt;  
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and  
chains  
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt  
From power's high pinnacle, when they have  
felt  
The sunshine for a while, and downward go  
Like lauwine loosened from the mountain's  
belt:  
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!  
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquer-  
ing foe.

## XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of  
brass,  
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;  
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?  
Are they not bridled?—Venice, lost and won,  
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!  
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and  
shun,  
Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign  
foes,  
From whom submission wrings an infamous  
repose.

## XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—  
 Her very byword sprung from victory,  
 The “Planter of the Lion,”\* which through  
     fire  
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and  
     sea;  
 Though making many slaves, herself still  
     free,  
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite:  
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye  
 Immoral waves that saw Lepanto's fight!  
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can  
     blight.

## XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file  
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;  
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptu-  
     ous pile  
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;  
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,  
 Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,  
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as  
     must  
 Too oft remind her who and what enthral,

\* That is the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice's  
lovely walls.

## XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war.  
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse.\*  
Her voice their only ransom from afar:  
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car  
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins  
Fall from his hand—the idle scimitar  
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's  
chains,  
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and  
his strains.

## XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were  
thine,  
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
Thy coral memory of the Bard divine,  
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot  
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot  
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,  
Albion! to thee; the Ocean Queen should not  
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall  
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery  
wall.

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\* The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicias.

## XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood: she to me  
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;  
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's  
     art,\*  
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,  
 Although I found her thus, we did not part,  
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a  
     show.

## XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of  
 The present there is still for eye and thought,  
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough;  
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;  
 And of the happiest moments which were  
     wrought  
 Within the web of my existence, some  
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colors  
     caught:  
 There are some feelings Time can not be-  
     numb,  
 Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold  
     and dumb.

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\* Venice Preserved: Mysteries of Udolpho: The Ghost-Seer,  
 or Armenian: The Merchant of Venice. Othello.

## XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow\*  
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,  
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below  
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine  
     shocks  
 Of eddyng storms; yet springs the trunk,  
     and mocks  
 The howling tempest, till its height and  
     frame  
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose  
     blocks  
 Of bleak, gray granite, into life it came,  
 And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow  
     the same.

## XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
 Of life and sufferance makes its firm abode  
 In bare and desolate bosoms: mute  
 The camel labors with the heaviest load,  
 And the wolf dies in silence. Not bestow'd  
 In vain should such examples be; if they,  
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

\* Tannea is the plural of tanne, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.



## XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,  
 Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,  
 Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and  
     rebuoy'd,  
 Return to whence they came—with like  
     intent,  
 And weave their web again; some, bow'd  
     and bent,  
 Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their  
     time,  
 And perish with the reed on which they  
     leant;  
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,  
 According as their souls were form'd to sink  
     or climb.

## XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness im-  
     bued:  
 And slight withal may be the things which  
     bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would  
     fling  
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—  
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall  
wound,  
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are  
darkly bound:

## XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can  
trace  
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,  
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface  
The blight and blackening which it leaves  
behind,  
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,  
When least we deem of such, calls up to view  
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—  
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead  
—anew,  
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—  
yet how few!

## XXV.

But my soul wanders: I demand it back  
To meditate amongst decay, and stand  
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track  
Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a  
land  
Which was the mightiest in its old command,  
And is the loveliest, and must ever be

The master-mould of Nature's heavenly  
 hand,  
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,  
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth  
 and sea.

## XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of  
 Rome!  
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!  
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;  
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?  
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
 More rich than other climes' fertility;  
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be  
 defaced.

## XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—  
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountains: Heaven is free  
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be—  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,  
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity;  
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest

Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

## XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but  
 still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,  
 As Day and Night contending were, until  
 Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil  
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd  
 within it glows.

## XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from  
 afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse:  
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains, parting day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang  
 imbues  
 With a new color as it gasps away,  
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all  
 is gray.

## xxx.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,  
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
 The bones of Laura's lover: here repair  
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:  
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's  
     name  
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to  
     fame.

## xxxI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;  
 The mountain-village where his latter days  
 Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their  
     pride—  
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise.  
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
 His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain  
 And venerably simple, such as raise  
 A feeling more accordant with his strain,  
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

## xxxII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
 Is one of that complexion which seems made  
 For those who their mortality have felt,

And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd  
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,  
 Which shows a distant prospect far away  
 Of busy cities, now in vain display'd.

For they can lure no further; and the ray  
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

## XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and  
 flowers,

And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,  
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering  
 hours

With a calm languor, which, though to the  
 eye

Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.

If from society we learn to live,

'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;

It hath no flatterers; vanity can give

No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must  
 starve;

## XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair  
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek  
 their prey

In melancholy bosoms, such as were

Of moody texture from their earliest day,

And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,

Deeming themselves predestined to a doom  
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away;  
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb.  
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier  
 gloom.

## xxxv.

Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown  
 streets,  
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
 There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats  
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood  
 Of Este, which for many an age made good  
 Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore  
 Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood  
 Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore  
 The wreath which Dante's brow alone had  
 worn before.

## xxxvi.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
 Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!  
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,  
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell.  
 The miserable despot could not quell  
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and  
 blend  
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell  
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end

Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name  
attend.

## XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time, while thine  
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink  
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted  
line  
Is shaken into nothing; but the link  
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think  
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—  
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink  
From thee! if in another station born,  
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to  
mourn.

## XXXVIII.

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised, and  
die,  
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou  
Hadst a more splendid trough, and wider sty;  
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
Which emanated then, and dazzles now  
In face of all his foes the Cruscan quire.  
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow  
No strain which shamed his country's creak-  
ing lyre,  
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in  
wire!



## XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his  
 In life and death to be the mark where Wrong  
 Aim'd with her poison'd arrows—but to miss.  
 Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!  
 Each year brings forth its millions; but how  
     long  
 The tide of generations shall roll on,  
 And not the whole combined and countless  
     throng  
 Compose a mind like thine? Though all in  
     one  
 Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not  
     form a sun.

## XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,  
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,  
 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose  
 The Tuscan father's comedy divine,  
 Then, not unequal to the Florentine,  
 The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd  
     forth  
 A new creation with his magic line,  
 And, like the Ariosto of the North,  
 Sang lady-love and war, romance and knightly  
     worth.

## XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust  
 The iron crown of laurel's mimck'd leaves;  
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,  
 For the true laurel-wreath which Glory  
     weaves  
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,  
 And the false semblance but disgraced his  
     brow:  
 Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,  
 Know that the lightning sanctifies below  
 Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred  
     now.

## XLII.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast  
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by  
     shame,  
 And annals graved in characters of flame.  
 O God! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst  
     claim  
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who  
     press  
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy  
     distress;

## XLIII.

Then mightst thou more appal; or, less  
 desired,  
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord  
 For thy destructive charms; then, still  
 untired,  
 Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd  
 Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile  
 horde  
 Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po  
 Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's  
 sword  
 Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
 Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend  
 or foe.

## XLIV.

Wandering in youth I traced the path of  
 him,  
 The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal  
 mind,  
 The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim  
 The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,  
 Came Megara before me, and behind  
 Ægina lay, Piraeus on the right,  
 And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined  
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite  
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

## XLV.

For time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd  
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,  
 Which only make more mourn'd and more  
     endear'd

The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,  
 And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd  
     might.

The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,  
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite  
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page  
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pil-  
     grimage.

## XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine  
 His country's ruin added to the mass  
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their  
     decline,

And I in desolation; all that was  
 Of then destruction is; and now, alas!  
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the  
     storm,

In the same dust and blackness, and we pass  
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,  
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are  
     warm.

## XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land  
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side  
     to side;

Mother of Arts! as once of Arms; thy hand  
 Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;  
 Parent of our Religion! whom the wide  
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!  
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward  
     driven,

Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

## XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.

Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps  
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.  
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,  
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,

And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new  
     morn.

## XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and  
     fills

The air around with beauty; we inhale

The ambrosial aspect which, beheld, instils  
 Part of its immortality; the veil  
 Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale  
 We stand, and in that form and face behold  
 What Mind can make, when Nature's self  
     would fail;  
 And to the fond idolaters of old  
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could  
     mould:

## L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty till the heart  
 Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—  
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.  
 Away!—there need no words, nor terms  
     precise,  
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:  
 Blood, pulse, and breast, confirm the Dardan  
     Shepherd's prize.

## LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?  
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,  
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies  
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of  
     War?

And gazing in thy face as toward a star,  
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,  
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips  
are

With lava kisses melting while they burn,  
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as  
from an urn!

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,  
Their full divinity inadequate  
That feeling to express, or to improve,  
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate  
Has moments like their brightest! but the  
weight

Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!

We can recall such visions, and create

From what has been, or might be, things  
which grow,

Into thy statue's form, and look like gods  
below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,  
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell  
How well his connoisseurship understands  
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:  
Let these describe the undescribable;  
I would not their vile breath should crisp the  
stream

Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;  
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream  
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

## LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie  
Ashes which make it holier, dust, which is  
Even in itself an immortality,  
Though there were nothing save the past,  
and this  
The particle of those sublimities  
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose  
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,  
The starry Galileo, with his woes;  
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it  
rose.

## LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,  
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!  
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten  
thousand rents  
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,  
And hath denied, to every other sky,  
Spirits which soar from ruin:—they decay  
Is still impregnate with divinity,  
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;  
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.



## LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—  
 Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than  
 they,

The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he  
 Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did  
 they lay

Their bones, distinguish'd from our common  
 clay

In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,  
 And have their country's marbles nought to  
 say?

Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?  
 Did they not to her breast their filial earth  
 entrust?

## LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,  
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;  
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,  
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore  
 Their children's children would in vain adore  
 With the remorse of ages; and the crown  
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely  
 wore,

Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not  
 thine own.

## LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed  
 His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,  
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem  
 breathed

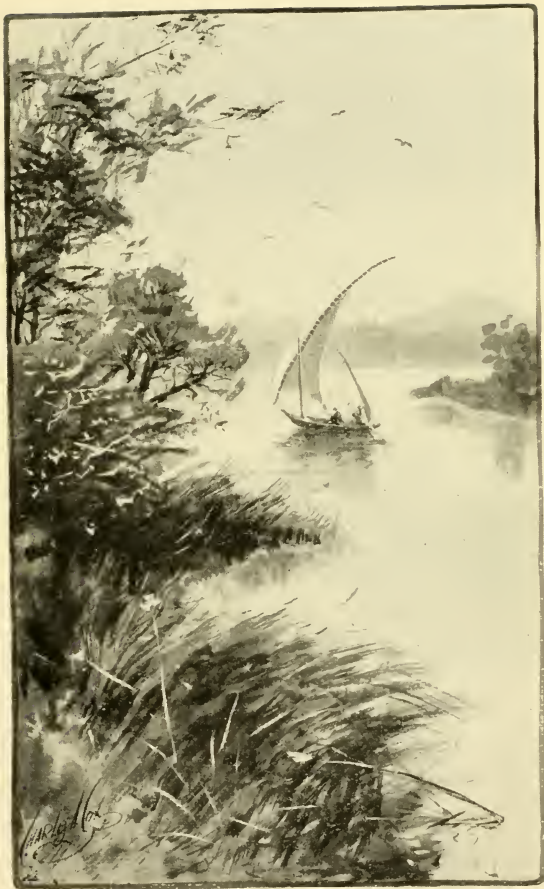
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren  
 tongue?

That music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
 The poetry of speech? No:—even his tomb,  
 Uptorn, must bear the hyaena bigots' wrong,  
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,  
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for  
 whom!

## LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;  
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore  
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,  
 Did but of Rome's best son remind her  
 more:

Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,  
 Fortress of falling empire! honor'd sleeps  
 The immortal exile:—Arqua, too, her store  
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,  
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead,  
 and weeps.



"My bark did skim the bright blue waters."—Page 217,  
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.



## LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?  
 Of prphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues  
 Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones  
 Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews  
 Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse  
 Freshness in the green turf that wraps the  
     dead,  
 Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,  
 Are gently prest with far more reverent  
     tread  
 Than ever paced the slab which paves the  
     princely head.

## LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and  
     eyes  
 In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,  
 Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister  
     vies;  
 There be more marvels yet—but not for  
     mine;  
 For I have been accustom'd to entwine  
 My thoughts with nature rather in the fields,  
 Than Art in galleries: though a work divine  
 Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields  
 Less than it feels, because the weapon which it  
     wields

## LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam  
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles  
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;  
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles  
The host between the mountains and the  
shore,  
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,  
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their  
gore,  
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions  
scatter'd o'er.

## LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;  
And such the storm of battle on this day,  
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!  
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,  
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet:  
Such is the absorbing hate when warring  
nations meet!

## LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
Which bore them to Eternity; they saw

The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
 The motions of their vessel: Nature's law,  
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe  
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and  
     the birds  
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and with-  
     draw  
 From their down-toppling nests; and bel-  
     lowing herds  
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread  
     hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;  
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;  
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
 Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath  
     ta'en—  
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine  
     rain;  
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling  
     waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave  
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er

The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave  
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou  
 dost rear

Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white  
 steer

Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!  
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear:  
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by  
 slaughters,

A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest  
 daughters!

## LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,  
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
 Its memory of thee: beneath it sweeps  
 Thy current's calmness: oft from out it leaps  
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,  
 Who dwells and revels in the glassy deeps;  
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails  
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its  
 bubbling tales.

## LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!  
 If through the air a zephyr more serene  
 Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace  
 Along his margin a more eloquent green,



If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
 Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust  
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
 With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must  
 Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong  
 height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
 The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon, curis round the rocks of  
 jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror  
 set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence  
 again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which  
 round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald. How profound  
 The gulf! and how the giant element

From rock to rock leaps with delirious  
    bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn  
    and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a  
    fearful vent

## LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on and  
    shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by the  
    throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
With many windings through the vale:—  
    Look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless  
    cataract,

## LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering  
    morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a deathbed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn

By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams un-  
 shorn!

Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

## LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,  
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before  
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the  
 pine

Sits on more shaggy summits, and where  
 roar

The thundering lawine—might be wor-  
 ship'd more;

But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar  
 Glaciers of bleak Mont Black both far and  
 near,

And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear.

## LXXIV.

The Acroceraunian mountains of old name;  
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly  
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,  
 For still they soar'd unutterably high:  
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;  
 Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made  
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,

All, save the lone Soracte's height display'd,  
 Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Ro-  
 man's aid

## LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the  
 plain  
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to  
 break,  
 And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain  
 May he who will his recollections rake,  
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
 The hills with Latin echoes; I abhorr'd  
 Too much to conquer for the poet's sake,  
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by  
 word  
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to  
 record

## LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which  
 turn'd  
 My sickening memory; and, though Time  
 hath taught  
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,  
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought  
 By the impatience of my early thought,  
 That, with the freshness wearing out before

My mind could relish what it might have  
 sought,  
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
 Its health; but what it then detested, still  
 abhor

## LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace: whom I hated so,  
 Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse  
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse,  
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse  
 Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,  
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,  
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd  
 heart.  
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we  
 part.

## LXXVIII.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come  
 and see  
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,  
 Ye!

Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

## LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;  
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;  
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,  
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her  
distress!

## LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,  
and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride:  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride.  
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far and  
wide  
Temple and tower went down, not left a  
site;—  
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly  
night?

## I XXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,  
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt,  
 and wrap

All round us: we but feel our way to err:  
 The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,  
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample  
 lap,

But Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
 Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap  
 Our hands and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—  
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

## LXXXII.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,  
 The trebly hundred triumphs!\* and the day  
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame  
 away!

Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
 And Livy's pictured page! But these shall be  
 Her resurrection: all beside—decay.

Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see  
 That brightness in her eye she bore when  
 Rome was free!

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\* Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius, and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

## LXXXIII.

O thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's  
wheel,  
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue  
Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to  
feel  
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the  
due  
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew  
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy  
frown  
Annihilated senates—Roman, too,  
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down  
With an atoning smile a more than earthly  
crown—

## LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine  
To what would one day dwindle that which  
made  
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine  
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be  
laid?

She who was named Eternal, and array'd  
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd  
Earth with her haughty shadow, and dis-  
play'd,  
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,



Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Al-  
mighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own,  
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell!—he  
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the  
throne

Down to a block—immortal rebel! See  
What crimes it costs to be a moment free  
And famous through all ages! But beneath  
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;  
His day of double victory and death  
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier,  
yield his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former  
course

Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same  
day

Deposed him gently from his throne of force,  
And laid him with the earth's preceding  
clay.

And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and  
sway,

And all we deem delightful, and consume  
Our souls to compass through each arduous  
way,

Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?  
 Were they but so in man's, how different  
 were his doom!

## LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in  
 The austerest form of naked majesty,  
 Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,  
 At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,  
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,  
 An offering to thine altar from the queen  
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,  
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been  
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a  
 scene?

## LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of  
 Rome!  
 She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart  
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome  
 Where, as a monument of antique art,  
 Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,  
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy  
 wild teat,  
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,  
 And thy limbs black'd with lightning—dost  
 thou yet

Guard thine immortal cuds, nor thy fond  
charge forget?

## LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are  
dead—

The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd  
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled  
In imitation of the things they fear'd,  
And fought and conquer'd, and the same  
course steer'd,  
At apish distance; but as yet none have,  
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,  
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,  
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves  
a slave,

## XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind  
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old  
With steps unequal: for the Roman's mind  
Was model'd in a less terrestrial mould,  
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,  
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd  
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,  
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd  
At Cleopatra's feet, and now himself he  
beam'd,

## XCI.

And came, and saw, and conquer'd. But the  
man  
Who would have tamed his eagles down to  
flee,  
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,  
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,  
With a deaf heart which never seemed to be  
A listener to itself, was strangely framed;  
With but one weakest weakness—vanity:  
Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—  
At what? Can he avouch, or answer what he  
claim'd?

## XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait  
For the sure grave to level him; few years  
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,  
On whom we tread: For this the conqueror  
rears  
The arch of triumph! and for this the tears  
And blood of earth flow on as they have  
flow'd,  
An universal deluge, which appears  
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,  
And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rainbow,  
God!

## XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?  
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,  
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the  
     deep,  
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest  
     scale;  
 Opinion on omnipotence, whose veil  
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow  
     pale  
 Lest their own judgments should become  
     too bright,  
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth  
     have too much light.

## XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,  
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,  
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,  
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage  
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,  
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
 Within the same arena where they see  
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the  
     same tree.

## xcv.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest  
 between  
 Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,  
 Avert'd, and known,—and daily, hourly  
 seen—  
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,  
 And the intent of tyranny avow'd,  
 The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown  
 The apes of him who humbled once the  
 proud,  
 And shook them from their slumbers on the  
 throne;  
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had  
 done.

## xcvi.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,  
 And Freedom find no champion and no child  
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefil'd?  
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,  
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar  
 Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled  
 On infant Washington? Has Earth no more  
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no  
 such shore?

## XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit  
 crime  
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
 To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;  
 Because the deadly days which we have seen  
 And vile Ambition, that built up between  
 Man and his hopes an adamant wall,  
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,  
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall  
 Which nips Life's tree, and dooms man's worst  
 —his second fall.

## XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but fly-  
 ing,  
 Streams like the thunder-storm against the  
 wind;  
 Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and  
 dying,  
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;  
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little  
 worth,  
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find  
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;  
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring  
 forth.

## XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,  
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,  
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
 Standing with half its battlements alone,  
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
 The garland of eternity, where wave  
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown:  
 What was this tower of strength? within its  
 cave

What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A  
 woman's grave.\*

## c.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,  
 Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?  
 Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?  
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?  
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir?  
 How lived—how loved—how died she? Was  
 she not  
 So honor'd—and conspicuously there,  
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,  
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal  
 lot?

---

\* The tomb of Cecilia Metella.



## CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or  
 they  
 Who love the lords of others? such have been  
 Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say,  
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien.  
 Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,  
 Profuse of joy; or 'gainst it did she war,  
 Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean  
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar  
 Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the  
 affections are.

## CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be,  
 bow'd  
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous  
 tomb  
 That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud  
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom  
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
 Heaven gives its favorites—early death;  
 yet shed  
 A sunset charm around her, and illumine  
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,  
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like  
 red.

## CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,  
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver  
 gray

On her long tresses, which might yet recall,  
 It may be, still a something of the day  
 When they were braided, and her proud array  
 And lovely form were envied, praised, and  
 eyed

By Rome—But whither would Conjecture  
 stray?

Thus much alone we know—Metella died,  
 The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love  
 or pride!

## CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee  
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known,  
 Thou Tomb! and other days come back on  
 me

With recollected music, though the tone  
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan  
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind;  
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone  
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind,  
 Forms from the floating wreck which ruin  
 leaves behind;

## CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the  
rocks,

Built me a little bark of hope, once more  
To battle with the ocean and the shocks  
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar  
Which rushes on the solitary shore  
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear:  
But could I gather from the wave-worn store  
Enough for my rude boat, where should I  
steer?

There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save  
what is here.

## CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony  
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night  
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,  
As I now hear them, in the fading light  
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,  
Answer each other on the Palatine,  
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and  
bright,  
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine  
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number  
mine.

## CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown  
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd  
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd,  
     column strown  
 In fragments, chocked-up vaults, and frescoes  
     steep'd  
 In subterranean damp, where the owl  
     peep'd,  
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or  
     halls?  
 Pronounce who can; for all that learning  
     reap'd  
 From her research hath been, that these are  
     walls—  
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the  
     mighty falls.

## CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;  
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that  
     fails  
 Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.  
 And History, with all her volumes vast,  
 Hath but one page—'tis better written here,  
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd  
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,

Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away  
with words! draw near,

## CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep—for  
here

There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!  
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,  
This mountain, whose obliterated plan  
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,  
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van  
Till the sun's rays with added flame were  
fill'd!

Where are its golden roofs? where those who  
dared to build?

## CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
Thou nameless column with the buried  
base!

What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?  
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.  
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,  
Titus or Trajan's? No: 'tis that of Time:  
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace.  
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb

To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept  
sublime,\*

## CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,  
And looking to the stars; they had contain'd  
A spirit which with these would find a home,  
The last of those who o'er the whole earth  
reign'd,  
The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd  
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more  
Than a mere Alexander, and unstain'd  
With household blood and wine, serenely  
wore  
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name  
adore.

## CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place  
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where  
the steep  
Tarpeian—fittest goal of Treason's race,  
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap  
Cured all ambition? Did the Conquerors  
heap  
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field  
below,

---

\*The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul.

A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—  
 The Forum where the immortal accents  
 glow,  
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns  
 with Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and  
 blood:  
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,  
 From the first hour of empire in the bud  
 To that when further worlds to conquer  
 fail'd;  
 But long before had Freedom's face been  
 veil'd,  
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes;  
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd  
 Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish  
 mutes,  
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to our latest tribune's name,  
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,  
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—  
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—  
 Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree  
 Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a  
 leaf,

Even for thy tomb a garland let it be  
 The forum's champion, and the people's  
 chief—  
 Her new-born Numa thou, with reign, alas!  
 too brief.

## CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart  
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
 As thine ideal breast: whate'er thou art  
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair:  
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
 Who found a more than common votary there  
 Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly  
 bodied forth.

## CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled  
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face  
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years  
 unwrinked,  
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,  
 Whose green wild margin now no more erase  
 Art's works; nor must the delicate waters  
 sleep,  
 Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base  
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap



The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers,  
and ivy creep,

## CXVII.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the  
grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the hills  
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass:  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass:

The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,  
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems color'd  
by its skies.

## CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted  
cover,

Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;  
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic  
meeting

With her most starry canopy, and seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?  
This cave was surely shaped out for the  
greeting

Of an enamor'd Goddess, and the cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

## CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his reply-  
 ing,  
 Blend a celestial with a human heart;  
 And Love, which dies as it was born, in  
 sighing,  
 Share with immortal transports? could thine  
 art  
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart  
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,  
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—  
 The dull satiety which all destroys—  
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed  
 which cloy?

## CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,  
 Or water but the desert; whence arise  
 But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste  
 Rank at the core, though tempting to the  
 eyes,  
 Flowers whose wild odors breathe but  
 agonies,  
 And trees whose gums are poison; such the  
 plants  
 Which spring beneath her steps as Passion  
 flies

O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly  
pants

For some celestial fruit forbidden to our  
wants.

## CXXI.

O Love! no inhabitant of earth thou art—  
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see,  
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;  
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled  
heaven,

Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
And to a thought such shape and image  
given,

As haunts the unquench'd soul-parch'd—wea-  
ried—wrung—and riven.

## CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
And fevers into false creation:—where,  
Where are the forms the sculptor's hand  
hath seized?

In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?  
Where are the charms and virtues which we  
dare

Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,  
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,

Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,  
And overpowers the page where it would bloom  
again?

## CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but  
the cure  
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds  
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure  
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the  
mind's  
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds  
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown  
winds;  
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when  
most undone.

## CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—  
Sick—sick; unfound the boon, unslacked the  
thirst,  
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at  
first—  
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.  
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the  
same—

Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—  
 For all are meteors with a different name,  
 And death the sable smoke where vanishes  
 the flame.

## CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could  
 have loved:  
 Though accident, blind contact, and the  
 strong  
 Necessity of loving, have removed  
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
 Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong;  
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
 And miscreator, makes and helps along  
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,  
 Whose touch turns hope to dust—the dust we  
 all have trod.

## CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in  
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,  
 This uneradicable taint of sin,  
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,  
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and  
 branches be  
 The skies which rain their plagues on men  
 like dew—

Disease, death, bondage, all the woes we  
see—

And worse, the woes we see not—which  
throb through

The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever  
new.

## CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base  
Abandonment of reason to resign  
Our right of thought—our last and only place  
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:  
Though from our birth the faculty divine  
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd,  
confined,

And bred in darkness, lest the truth should  
shine

Too brightly on the unprepared mind,  
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch  
the blind.

## CXXVIII.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one  
dome,

Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine  
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine

Should be the light which streams here, to  
 illumine  
 This long explored but still exhaustless mine  
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom  
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies  
 assume.

## CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of  
 heaven,  
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monu-  
 ment,  
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath  
 bent,  
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a  
 power  
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,  
 For which the palace of the present hour  
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its  
 dower.

## CXXX.

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,  
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—  
 Time! the corrector where our judgments err,  
 The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,

For all beside are sophists from thy thrift,  
 Which never loses though it doth defer—  
 Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift  
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of  
 thee a gift:

## CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a  
 shrine  
 And temple more divinely desolate,  
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,  
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate  
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,  
 Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne  
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate  
 Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have  
 worn  
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not  
 mourn?

## CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong  
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!  
 Here where the ancient paid thee homage  
 long—  
 Thou, who didst call the Furies from the  
 abyss,  
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss  
 For that unnatural retribution—just,



Had it but been from hands less near—in  
this

Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!  
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou  
shalt, and must.

## CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd  
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound  
I bleed withal, and had it been conferr'd  
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound.  
But now my blood shall not sink in the  
ground;

To thee I do devote it—thou shall take  
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought  
and found,

Which if I have not taken for the sake—  
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet  
awake.

## CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that  
now

I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak  
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,  
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;  
But in this page a record will I seek.

Not in the air shall these my words disperse,  
Though I be ashes: a far hour shall wreak

The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,  
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my  
 curse!

## CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I  
 not—  
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it,  
 Heaven!—  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?  
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart  
 riven,  
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied  
 away?  
 And only not to desperation driven,  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

## CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
 Have I not seen what human things could  
 do?  
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few  
 And subtler venow of the reptile crew,  
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,  
 Learning to lie with silence, would seem  
 true,

And without utterance, save the shrug or  
 sigh,  
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless  
 obloquy.

## CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:  
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,  
 And my frame perish even in conquering  
 pain,  
 But there is that within me which shall tire  
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I ex-  
 pire:  
 Something unearthly, which they deem not  
 of,  
 Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,  
 Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move  
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

## CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread  
 power!

Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour  
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear:  
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls  
 rear

Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear

That we become a part of what has been,  
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

## CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man  
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but  
because

Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors  
rot.

## CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing  
slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
The arena swims around him: he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd  
the wretch who won.

## CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their  
     sire,  
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he  
     expire,  
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut  
     your ire.

## CXLII.

But here, where murder breathed her bloody  
     stream;  
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the  
     ways,  
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain-  
     stream  
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;  
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or  
     praise  
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars,  
     faint rays  
 On the arena void—seats crush'd, walls  
     bow'd,

And galleries, where my steps seem echoes  
strangely loud.

## CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have  
appear'd.

Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?  
Alas! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd;  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all, years, man,  
have reft away.

## CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;  
When the stars twinkle through the loops of  
time,

And the low night-breeze waves along the  
air,

The garland-forest, which the gray walls  
wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;  
When the light shines serene, but doth not  
glare,

Then in this magic circle raise the dead:

Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust  
ye tread.

## CXLV.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall  
stand;

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;  
And when Rome falls—the World.” From  
our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty  
wall

In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
Ancient; and these three mortal things are  
still

On their foundations, and unalter'd all;  
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,  
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or  
what ye will.

## CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by  
time;

Looking tranquillity while falls or nods  
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and  
man plods

His way through thorns to ashes—glorious  
dome;

Shalt thou not last?—Time's scythe and  
tyrants' rods  
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety—Pantheon:—pride of Rome!

## CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!  
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
To art a model; and to him who treads  
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds  
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those  
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;  
And they who feel for genius may repose  
Their eyes on honor'd forms, whose busts  
around them close.

## CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light  
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!  
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my  
sight—  
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:  
It is not so: I see them full and plain—  
An old man, and a female young and fair,  
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she  
there,



With her unmantled neck, and bosom white  
and bare?

## CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young  
life,

Where on the heart and from the heart we  
took

Our first and sweetest nurture, when the  
wife,

Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
Man knows not, when from out its cradled  
nook

She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—  
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain  
was Eve's.

## CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire  
To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire  
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
Of health and holy feeling can provide  
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises  
higher

Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side

Drink, drink and live, old man! heaven's realm  
holds no such tide.

## CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way  
Has not thy story's purity; it is  
A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
Where sparkle distant world:—Oh, holiest  
nurse!  
No drop of that clear stream its way shall  
miss  
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

## CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on  
high,\*  
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,  
Colossal copyist of deformity,  
Whose travel'd phantasy from the far Nile's  
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils  
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,  
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How  
smiles  
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,

---

\* The Castle of St. Angelo.

To view the huge design which sprung from  
such a birth!

## CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous  
dome,

To which Diana's marvel was a cell\*—

Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's  
tomb!

I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—

Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell

The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;

I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell

Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have  
survey'd;

Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem  
pray'd;

## CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,

Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—

Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,

Since Zion's desolation, when that He

Forsook His former city, what could be,

Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,

Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,

---

\* St. Peter's.

Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are  
 aisled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

## CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blessed by His  
 brow.

## CLVI.

Thou movest — but increasing with the  
 advance,  
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still  
 doth rise.  
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance. —  
 Vastness which grows — but grows to har-  
 monize —  
 All musical in its immensities;  
 Rich marbles — richer painting — shrines  
 where flame  
 The lamps of gold — and haughty dome which  
 vies

In air with Earth's chief structures, though  
 their frame  
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds  
 must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must  
 break,  
 To separate contemplation, the great whole;  
 And as the ocean many bays will make,  
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul  
 To more immediate objects, and control  
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by  
 heart  
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
 In mighty graduations, part by part,  
 The glory which at once upon thee did not  
 dart.

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward  
 sense  
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is  
 That what we have of feeling most intense  
 Outstrips our faint expression; even so this  
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness.  
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

## CLIX.

Then paused and be enlighten'd; there is  
 more  
 In such a survey than the satiating gaze  
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore  
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise  
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought  
 could plan;  
 The fountain of sublimity displays  
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of  
 man  
 Its golden sands, and learn what great con-  
 ceptions can.

## CLX.

Or turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—  
 A father's love and mortal's agony  
 With an immortal's patience blending:—  
 Vain  
 The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain  
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's  
 grasp,  
 The old man's clench; the long envenom'd  
 chain  
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and strifes gasp on  
 gasp.

## CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
 The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight:  
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow  
     bright  
 With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye  
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,  
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

## CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,  
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose  
     breast  
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,  
 And madden'd in that vision—are exprest  
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd  
 The mind within its most unearthly mood,  
 When each conception was a heavenly  
     guest—  
 A ray of immortality—and stood,  
 Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

## CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven  
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid

By him to whom the energy was given  
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd  
 With an eternal glory—which, if made  
 By human hands, is not of human thought;  
 And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid  
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught  
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with  
 which 'twas wrought.

## CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
 The being who upheld it through the past?  
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.  
 He is no more—these breathings are his last:  
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,  
 And he himself as nothing:—if he was  
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd  
 With forms which live and suffer—let that  
 pass—  
 His shadow fades away into Destruction's  
 mass.

## CLXV.

Which gathers shadow substance, life, and  
 all  
 That we inherit in its mortal shroud,  
 And spread the dim and universal pall  
 Through which all things grow phantoms;  
 and the cloud



Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,  
 Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays  
 A melancholy halo scarce allow'd  
 To hover on the verge of darkness; rays  
 Sadder than saddest night, for they distract  
 the gaze.

## CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,  
 To gather what we shall be when the frame  
 Shall be resolved to something less than this  
 Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,  
 And wipe the dust from off the idle name  
 We never more shall hear,—but never more,  
 Oh, happier thought! can we be made the  
 same:

It is enough, in sooth, that once we bore  
 These fardels of the heart—the heart whose  
 sweat was gore.

## CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
 A long, low distant murmur of dread sound,  
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
 With some deep and immedicable wound;  
 Through storm and darkness yawns the  
 rending ground,  
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the  
 chief

Seems royal, still, though with her head dis-  
crown'd,  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields  
no relief.

## CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art  
thou?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head?  
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still  
bled,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee  
fled  
The present happiness and promised joy  
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd  
to cloy.

## CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,  
O thou that wert so happy, so adored!  
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for  
thee,  
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to  
hoard,  
Her many griefs for One; for she had pour'd

Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,  
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!  
 The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

## CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment  
 made;  
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes; in the dust  
 The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
 The love of millions! How we did entrust  
 Futurity to her! and, though it must  
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd  
 Our children should obey her child, and  
 bless'd  
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise  
 seem'd  
 Like star to shepherds' eyes; 'twas but a meteor  
 beam'd.

## CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her: for she sleeps well:  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue  
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
 Which from the birth of monachy hath rung  
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung

Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange  
 fate\*  
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and  
 hath flung  
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon  
 or late,—

## CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny; but no,  
 Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,  
 Good without effort, great without a foe;  
 But now a bride and mother—and now there!  
 How many ties did that stern moment tear?  
 From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's  
 breast  
 Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,  
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and  
 opprest  
 The land which loved thee so, that none could  
 love thee best.

## CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills  
 So far, that the uprooting wind which tears  
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills

---

\* Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louise XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and Napoleon died a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares  
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;  
 And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears  
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,  
 All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the  
 snake.

## CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves  
 Shine from a sister valley;—and afar  
 The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves  
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,  
 "Arms and the Man," whose reascending  
 star  
 Rose o'er an empire;—but beneath thy right  
 Tully reposed from Rome; and where yon  
 bar  
 Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,  
 The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's  
 delight.

## CLXXV.

But I forget,—My Pilgrim's shrine is won.  
 And he and I must part,—so let it be,—  
 His task and mine alike are nearly done;  
 Yet once more let us look upon the sea:  
 The midland ocean breaks on him and me,  
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold

Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when  
 we  
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold  
 Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Eux-  
 ine roll'd

## CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—  
 Long, though not very many—since have  
 done  
 Their work on both; some suffering and  
 some tears  
 Have left us nearly where we had begun:  
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,  
 We have had our reward—and it is here;  
 That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,  
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear  
 As if there were no man to trouble what is  
 clear.

## CLXXVII.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,  
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her!  
 Ye Elements! in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not  
 Accord me such a being? Do I err  
 In dreaming such inhabit many a spot?

Though with them to converse can rarely be  
our lot.

## CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all con-  
ceal.

## CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—  
roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and  
unknown.

## CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength  
     he wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful  
     spray

And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let  
     him lay.

## CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the  
     walls

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which  
     mar

Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Traf-  
     algar.



## CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save  
 thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are  
 they?  
 Thy waters washed them power while they  
 were free,  
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest  
 now.

## CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's  
 form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or  
 storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and  
 sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each  
 zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

## CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane as I do here.

## CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my  
theme  
Has died into an echo: it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted  
dream.  
The torch shall be extinguished which hath  
lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is  
writ—  
Would it were worthier! but I am not now  
That which I have been—and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint,  
and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath  
been—

A sound which makes us linger;—yet, fare-  
well!

Ye, who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
A single recollection, not in vain

He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell;

Farewell! with him alone may rest the pain,

If such there were—with you, the moral of his  
strain.

THE END.





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