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*Childe Harold's  
Pilgrimage*

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**by Lord Byron**

Styled by **LimpidSoft**

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## TO IANTHE<sup>1</sup>

Not in those climes where I have  
late been straying,  
Though Beauty long hath there  
been matchless deemed,  
Not in those visions to the heart  
displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have  
only dreamed,  
Hath aught like thee in truth or  
fancy seemed:  
Nor, having seen thee, shall I  
vainly seek  
To paint those charms which  
varied as they beamed—

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<sup>1</sup>Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford.

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

Ah! mayst thou ever be what  
now thou art,  
Nor unbeseem the promise of  
thy spring,  
As fair in form, as warm yet pure  
in heart,  
Love's image upon earth with-  
out his wing,  
And guileless beyond Hope's  
imagining!  
And surely she who now so  
fondly rears  
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly  
brightening,

Beholds the rainbow of her fu-  
ture years,  
Before whose heavenly hues all  
sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well  
for me  
My years already doubly num-  
ber 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 mixed 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 entwined;  
And long as kinder eyes a look  
shall cast  
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here  
enshrined  
Shall thus be first beheld, forgot-  
ten last:  
My days once numbered, should  
this homage past  
Attract thy fairy fingers near the  
lyre  
Of him who hailed thee, loveli-  
est as thou wast,

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

# CANTO THE FIRST

I.

Oh, thou, in Hellas deemed of  
heavenly birth,  
Muse, formed 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 wandered by thy  
vaunted rill;  
Yes! sighed 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.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there  
dwelt a youth,  
Who ne in virtue's ways did take  
delight;  
But spent his days in riot most

uncouth,  
And vexed 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  
coffined clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed  
lines of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate  
a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold basked him in the  
noontide sun,  
Disporting there like any other

fly,  
Nor deemed before his little day  
was done  
One blast might chill him into  
misery.  
But long ere scarce a third of his  
passed by,  
Worse than adversity the Childe  
befell;  
He felt the fulness of satiety:  
Then loathed he in his native  
land to dwell,  
Which seemed 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 sighed 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 spoiled her goodly lands to  
gild his waste,  
Nor calm domestic peace had ever  
deigned 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 congealed the drop  
within his e'e:  
Apart he stalked in joyless  
reverie,  
And from his native land re-  
solved to go,  
And visit scorching climes be-  
yond the sea;  
With pleasure drugged, he al-  
most longed for woe,  
And e'en for change of scene  
would seek the shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his fa-

ther's hall;  
It was a vast and venerable pile;  
So old, it seemed only not to fall,  
Yet strength was pillared in each  
massy aisle.  
Monastic dome! condemned 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 ofttimes 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 lurked  
below:  
But this none knew, nor haply  
cared to know;  
For his was not that open, artless  
soul  
That feels relief by bidding sor-  
row 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 gathered 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 be-  
gun:  
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 sad-  
ness feel  
Such partings break the heart they  
fondly hope to heal.

## XI.

His house, his home, his her-  
itage, 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 in-  
vite,  
Without a sigh he left to cross the  
brine,  
And traverse Paynim shores, and

pass earth's central line.

XII.

The sails were filled, and fair the  
light winds blew  
As glad to waft him from his na-  
tive home;  
And fast the white rocks faded  
from his view,  
And soon were lost in circum-  
ambient 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 deemed he no strange ear  
was listening:  
And now his fingers o'er it he  
did fling,  
And tuned his farewell in the  
dim twilight,  
While flew the vessel on her  
snowy wing,  
And fleeting shores receded

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

from his sight,  
Thus to the elements he poured 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;

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

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;

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

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 blessed 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 foe-  
man,

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

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?

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

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 descried make ev-  
ery 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 unsparing 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 reared in  
dirt;  
No personage of high or mean  
degree  
Doth care for cleanness of  
surtout or shirt,  
Though shent with Egypt's plague,  
unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born  
midst noblest scenes—  
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders  
on such men?  
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden inter-

venes

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 un-  
locked Elysium's gates?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling  
convent crowned,

The cork-trees hoar that clothe  
the shaggy steep,

The mountain moss by scorching  
skies imbrowned,  
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,  
Mixed 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;'  
Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
Here impious men have punished 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-carved 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  
Poured forth his blood beneath  
the assassin's knife,  
Some hand erects a cross of  
mouldering lath;  
And grove and glen with thou-  
sand such are rife  
Throughout this purple land,  
where law secures not life!

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 splendour still is lin-  
gering there.  
And yonder towers the prince's  
palace fair:  
There thou, too, Vathek! Eng-  
land's wealthiest son,  
Once formed thy Paradise, as  
not aware  
When wanton Wealth her might-  
iest deeds hath done,  
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was  
ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

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 bo-  
som, how  
Vain are the pleasaunces 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 inces-  
santly,  
There sits in parchment robe ar-  
rayed, and by  
His side is hung a seal and sable  
scroll,  
Where blazoned 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 foiled the knights in Mari-alva's dome:

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

And turned 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!

Woe to the conquering, not the conquered host,

Since baffled Triumph droops on  
Lusitania's coast.

XXVI.

And ever since that martial  
synod met,  
Britannia sickens, Cintra, at thy  
name;  
And folks in office at the men-  
tion fret,  
And fain would blush, if blush  
they could, for shame.  
How will posterity the deed pro-  
claim!  
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 deemed 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 moralise,  
For Meditation fixed at times on  
him,  
And conscious Reason whis-  
pered 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, for  
ever 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 fixed 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  
experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment  
claim delay,  
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians'  
luckless queen;  
And church and court did min-  
gle their array,  
And mass and revel were alter-  
nate 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 garnish 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  
joyaunce fills,  
Childe Harold wends through  
many a pleasant 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-bounded  
plains succeed!  
Far as the eye discerns, with-  
out end,  
Spain's realms appear, whereon  
her shepherds tend

Flocks, whose rich fleece right  
well the trader knows—  
Now must the pastor's arm his  
lamb's defend:  
For Spain is compassed by un-  
yielding 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 na-  
tions 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 and tall  
Rise like the rocks that part His-  
pania's land from Gaul

XXXIII.

But these between a silver  
streamlet glides,  
And scarce a name distin-  
guisheth 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 passed,  
Dark Guadiana rolls his power  
along  
In sullen billows, murmuring  
and vast,  
So noted ancient roundelays

among.

Whilome upon his banks did legions throng

Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest;

Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;

The Paynim turban and the Christian crest

Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!

Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,

When Cava's traitor-sire first called 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 gleamed the cross, and  
waned the crescent pale,  
While Afric's echoes thrilled with  
Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the  
glorious tale?  
Ah! such, alas, the hero's am-  
plest 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, pre-  
serve thee great?  
Or must thou trust Tradition's  
simple tongue,  
When Flattery sleeps with thee,  
and History does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake!  
advance  
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient god-  
dess, 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  
Andalusia'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 beneath  
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 na-  
tions 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 fixed, and  
now anon  
Flashing afar,—and at his iron  
feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark  
what deeds are done;  
For on this morn three potent na-  
tions 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 mixed em-  
broidery,  
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 tri-  
umph share:  
The Grave shall bear the chiefest  
prize away,  
And Havoc scarce for joy can cum-  
ber 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, Victory!  
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 fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's  
honoured fools!

Yes, Honour 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  
pricked his steed,

Who could foresee thee, in a  
space so brief,

A scene where mingling foes  
should boast and bleed.

Peace to the perished! may the  
warrior's meed

And tears of triumph their re-  
ward prolong!

Till others fall where other chief-  
tains 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;  
Perished, perchance, in some do-

mestic feud,  
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rap-  
ine's path pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his  
lonely way  
Where proud Sevilla triumphs  
unsubdued:  
Yet is she free—the spoiler's  
wished-for prey!  
Soon, soon shall Conquest's  
fiery foot intrude,  
Blackening her lovely domes  
with traces rude.  
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to  
strive  
Where Desolation plants her  
famished brood

Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre, might yet  
survive,  
And Virtue vanquish all, and Mur-  
der cease to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the com-  
ing doom,  
The feast, the song, the revel  
here abounds;  
Strange modes of merriment the  
hours consume,  
Nor bleed these patriots with  
their country's wounds;  
Nor here War's clarion, but  
Love's rebeck sounds;  
Here Folly still his votaries en-  
thralls,  
And young-eyed Lewdness

walks her midnight rounds:  
Girt with the silent crimes of  
capitals,  
Still to the last kind Vice clings to  
the tottering walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic: with his trem-  
bling 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 con-  
senting star  
Fandango twirls his jocund cas-  
tanet:

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 mule-  
teer?  
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 checks 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 dis-  
tance crowned  
With crags, whereon those  
Moorish turrets rest,  
Wide scattered hoof-marks dint  
the wounded ground;  
And, scathed by fire, the  
greensward's darkened vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalu-  
sia's guest:

Here was the camp, the watch-  
flame, and the host,  
Here the brave peasant stormed  
the dragon's nest;  
Still does he mark it with tri-  
umphant 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 foe-  
men rue,

If subtle poniards, wrapt be-  
neath the cloak,

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 com-  
pass sight,

The mountain-howitzer, the bro-  
ken road,

The bristling palisade, the fosse  
o'erflowed,  
The stationed bands, the never-  
vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance  
stowed,  
The holstered 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 feebler despots  
from their sway,  
A moment pauseth ere he lifts  
the rod;  
A little moment deigneth to de-

lay:

Soon will his legions sweep  
through these the 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 un-  
wholesome 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 sup-  
pliant's appeal?

Is all that desperate Valour acts  
in vain?

And Counsel sage, and patriotic  
Zeal,

The veteran's skill, youth's fire,  
and manhood's heart of steel?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid,  
aroused,

Hangs on the willow her un-  
strung guitar,

And, all unsexed, the anlace

hath espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared  
the deed of war?  
And she, whom once the semblance  
of a scar  
Appalled, an owlet's larum  
chilled 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,

Marked 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-  
timed tear;  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fa-

tal post;  
Her fellows flee—she checks their  
base career;  
The foe retires—she heads the sal-  
lying 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  
flushed hope is lost?  
Who hang so fiercely on the fly-  
ing Gaul,  
Foiled by a woman's hand, before  
a battered wall?

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of  
Amazons,

But formed for all the witching  
arts of love:  
Though thus in arms they emu-  
late her sons,  
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 sick-  
ening prate;  
Her mind is nobler sure, her  
charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger

hath impressed  
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 Phoebus wooed 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!

LIX.

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

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.

O 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 dreamed 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 hal-  
lowed 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 still 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 turned aside to pay my homage  
here;  
Forgot the land, the sons, the  
maids of Spain;  
Her fate, to every free-born bo-  
som dear;  
And hailed 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  
deemed 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 in-  
spire  
The song of love than Andalu-  
sia'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 ig-  
noble 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 na-  
tive sea,

To nought else constant, hither  
deigned to flee,

And fixed her shrine within

these walls of white;  
Though not to one dome circum-  
scribeth she  
Her worship, but, devoted to her  
rite,  
A thousand altars rise, for ever  
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 gar-  
land worn;  
Devices quaint, and frolics ever  
new,  
Tread on each other's kibes. A  
long adieu

He bids to sober joy that here so-  
journs:  
Nought interrupts the riot,  
though in lieu  
Of true devotion monkish in-  
cense 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 Chris-  
tian 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 thronged arena shakes with  
shouts for more;  
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails  
freshly torn,  
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor  
e'en 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, washed  
artizan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their  
weekly air:  
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey,

one-horse chair,  
And humblest gig, through  
sundry suburbs whirl;  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Har-  
row, make repair;  
Till the tired jade the wheel for-  
gets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each  
pedestrian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the  
ribboned fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike  
fly;  
Some Richmond Hill ascend,  
some scud to Ware,  
And many to the steep of High-  
gate hie.

Ask ye, Boeotian shades, the reason why?  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn  
Horn,  
Grasped 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 pro-  
claimeth 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 diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious  
area cleared,

Thousands on thousands piled  
are seated round;

Long ere the first loud trumpet's  
note is heard,

No vacant space for lated wight  
is found:  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly  
dames abound,  
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish  
eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the  
wound;  
None through their cold disdain  
are doomed to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain,  
by Love's sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hushed is the din of tongues—on  
gallant steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur,  
and light-poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for ven-

turous deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists  
advance;  
Rich are their scarfs, their charg-  
ers 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  
arrayed,  
But all afoot, the light-limbed  
matadore

Stands in the centre, 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 condemned for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,

The den expands, and expecta-

tion 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 threat-  
ening front, to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to  
and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's di-  
lated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed:  
away,

Away, thou heedless boy! pre-  
pare the spear;  
Now is thy time to perish, or dis-  
play  
The skill that yet may check his  
mad career.  
With well-timed croupe the nim-  
ble coursers veer;  
On foams the bull, but not un-  
scathed he goes;  
Streams from his flank the crim-  
son 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 tor-  
tured horse;  
Though man and man's aveng-  
ing arms assail,  
Vain are his weapons, vainer is  
his force.  
One gallant steed is stretched a  
mangled corse;  
Another, hideous sight! un-  
seamed appears,  
His gory chest unveils life's  
panting source;  
Though death-struck, still his  
feeble frame he rears;  
Staggering, but stemming all, his  
lord unharmed he bears.

## LXXVIII.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
Full in the centre 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 thundering 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 tri-  
umphant 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 bull along, scarce  
seen in dashing 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 an-  
other's pain.  
What private feuds the troubled  
village stain!  
Though now one phalanxed  
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 deemed  
he could encage,  
Have passed to darkness with  
the vanished 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 dreamed he loved, since rap-  
ture is a dream;  
But now his wayward bosom  
was unmoved,  
For not yet had he drunk of  
Lethe's stream:  
And lately had he learned 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 deli-  
cious springs  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bub-  
bling 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 deigned 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 palled victim! life-  
abhorring gloom  
Wrote on his faded brow curst  
Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with  
the throng;  
But viewed them not with mis-  
anthropic hate;  
Fain would he now have joined  
the dance, the song,  
But who may smile that sinks be-  
neath his fate?  
Nought 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,  
Poured forth this unpremedi-  
tated 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 honours  
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 nobil-  
ity;  
None hugged 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  
nought 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!'

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain  
and Spaniards know,  
Go, read whate'er is writ of  
bloodiest strife:  
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged  
on foreign foe  
Can act, is acting there against  
man's life:

From flashing scimitar to secret  
knife,  
War mouldeth there each  
weapon to his need—  
So may he guard the sister and  
the wife,  
So may he make each curst op-  
pressor bleed,  
So may such foes deserve the most  
remorseless deed!

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the  
dead?  
Look o'er the ravage of the reek-  
ing plain:  
Look on the hands with female  
slaughter red;  
Then to the dogs resign the un-

buried slain,  
Then to the vulture let each corse  
remain;  
Albeit unworthy of the prey-  
bird's maw,  
Let their bleached bones, and  
blood's unbleaching stain,  
Long mark the battle-field with  
hideous awe:  
Thus only may our sons conceive  
the scenes we saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas, the dreadful work  
is done;  
Fresh legions pour adown the  
Pyrenees:  
It deepens still, the work is  
scarce begun,

Nor mortal eye the distant end  
foresees.

Fall'n nations gaze on Spain: if  
freed, she frees

More than her fell Pizarros once  
enchained.

Strange retribution! now  
Columbia's ease

Repairs the wrongs that Quito's  
sons sustained,

While o'er the parent clime prowls  
Murder unrestrained.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera  
shed,

Not all the marvels of Barossa's  
fight,

Not Albuera lavish of the dead,

Have won for Spain her well-  
asserted right.

When shall her Olive-Branch be  
free from blight?

When shall she breathe her from  
the blushing toil?

How many a doubtful day shall  
sink in night,

Ere the Frank robber turn him  
from his spoil,

And Freedom's stranger-tree grow  
native of the soil?

XCI.

And thou, my friend! since un-  
availing woe

Bursts from my heart, and min-  
gles with the strain—

Had the sword laid thee with the

mighty low,  
Pride might forbid e'en Friend-  
ship to complain:  
But thus unlaurell'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 es-  
teemed the most!  
Dear to a heart where nought  
was left so dear!

Though to my hopeless days for  
ever 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 blood-  
less 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 pil-  
grimage.  
Ye who of him may further seek

to know,  
Shall find some tidings in a fu-  
ture page,  
If he that rhymeth now may  
scribble moe.  
Is this too much? Stern critic, say  
not so:  
Patience! and ye shall hear what  
he beheld  
In other lands, where he was  
doomed to go:  
Lands that contain the monu-  
ments of eld,  
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by bar-  
barous hands were quelled.

## 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 wast-  
ing fire,  
And years, that bade thy wor-  
ship to expire:  
But worse than steel, and flame,  
and ages slow,  
Is the drear sceptre and domin-  
ion dire  
Of men who never felt the sacred  
glow  
That thoughts of thee and thine on  
polished 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,  
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! ap-  
proach you here!  
Come—but molest not yon de-  
fenceless urn!

Look on this spot—a nation's  
sepulchre!

Abode of gods, whose shrines  
no longer burn.

E'en gods must yield—religions  
take their turn:

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

Will rise with other years, till  
man shall learn

Vainly his incense soars, his vic-  
tim 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 be-  
fore it flies:  
That little urn saith more than  
thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanished hero's  
lofty mound;

Far on the solitary shore he  
sleeps;  
He fell, and falling nations  
mourned around;  
But now not one of saddening  
thousands weeps,  
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil  
keeps  
Where demi-gods appeared, as  
records tell.

Remove yon skull from out the  
scattered heaps:  
Is that a temple where a God  
may dwell?

Why, e'en the worm at last disdains  
her shattered cell!

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ru-

ined 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 brooked control:  
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 fate pro-  
claimeth 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  
deemed, there be  
A land of souls beyond that  
sable shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the  
Sadducee  
And sophists, madly vain of du-  
bious lore;  
How sweet it were in concert to  
adore  
With those who made our mor-  
tal labours light!  
To hear each voice we feared to  
hear no more!  
Behold each mighty shade re-  
vealed 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 va-  
cant breast:  
If aught of young Remembrance  
then remain,  
Be as it may Futurity's behest,  
For me 'twere bliss enough to

know thy spirit blest!

X.

Here let me sit upon this mossy  
stone,

The marble column's yet un-  
shaken base!

Here, son of Saturn, was thy  
favourite 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 laboured  
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 lingered,  
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 sad-

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

XII.

But most the modern Pict's igno-  
ble 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 Despot'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 Eu-  
rope's ears;  
The ocean queen, the free Britan-  
nia, bears  
The last poor plunder from a  
bleeding land:  
Yes, she, whose generous aid her

name endears,  
Tore down those remnants with  
a harpy's hand.  
Which envious eld forbore, and  
tyrants left to stand.

XIV.

Where was thine aegis, Pallas,  
that appalled  
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their  
way?  
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell  
in vain enthralled,  
His shade from Hades upon that  
dread day  
Bursting to light in terrible ar-  
ray!  
What! could not Pluto spare the  
chief once more,

To scare a second robber from  
his prey?  
Idly he wandered 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  
To guard those relics ne'er to be

restored.

Curst be the hour when from  
their isle they roved,  
And once again thy hapless bo-  
som gored,  
And snatched thy shrinking gods  
to northern climes abhorred!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then  
forget  
To urge the gloomy wanderer  
o'er the wave?  
Little recked he of all that men  
regret;  
No loved one now in feigned  
lament could rave;  
No friend the parting hand ex-  
tended gave,

Ere the cold stranger passed to  
other climes.

Hard is his heart whom charms  
may not enslave;

But Harold felt not as in other  
times,

And left without a sigh the land of  
war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sailed upon the dark  
blue sea,

Has viewed 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 sailer 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  
manned 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 skil-  
ful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without  
a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid  
lieutenant walks:  
Look on that part which sacred  
doth remain  
For the lone chieftain, who ma-

jestic stalks,  
Silent and feared 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 sails hauled down to  
halt for logs like these!

XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven, a  
lovely eve!

Long streams of light o'er danc-  
ing waves expand!

Now lads on shore may sigh,

and maids believe:  
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 de-  
scending sombre 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 for-  
get 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 some-  
thing dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses or  
possessed  
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 unrolled.

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 splendour shrinking  
from distress!  
None that, with kindred con-  
sciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to  
smile the less  
Of all that flattered, followed,  
sought, and sued:  
This is to be alone; this, this is soli-  
tude!

## XXVII.

More blest the life of godly  
  hermite,  
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 hal-  
  lowed 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 forgot.

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 bil-  
lows 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  
has ceased to weep,  
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless  
watch to keep  
For him who dared prefer a mor-  
tal bride:  
Here, too, his boy essayed the  
dreadful leap  
Stern Mentor urged from high to

yonder tide;  
While thus of both bereft, the  
nymph-queen doubly sighed.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glo-  
ries gone:

But trust not this; too easy youth,  
beware!

A mortal sovereign holds her  
dangerous throne,

And thou mayst find a new Ca-  
lypso there.

Sweet Florence! could another  
ever share

This wayward, loveless heart, it  
would be thine:

But checked by every tie, I may  
not dare

To cast a worthless offering at  
thy shrine,  
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one  
pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deemed, as on that  
lady's eye  
He looked, and met its beam  
without a thought,  
Save Admiration glancing harm-  
less by:  
Love kept aloof, albeit not far re-  
mote,  
Who knew his votary often lost  
and caught,  
But knew him as his worshipper  
no more,  
And ne'er again the boy his bo-

som sought:  
Since now he vainly urged him  
to adore,  
Well deemed the little god his an-  
cient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth  
with some amaze,  
One who, 'twas said, still sighed  
to all he saw,  
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre  
of her gaze,  
Which others hailed with real or  
mimic awe,  
Their hope, their doom, their  
punishment, their law:  
All that gay Beauty from her  
bondsmen claims:

And much she marvelled that a  
youth so raw  
Nor felt, nor feigned at least, the  
oft-told flames,  
Which, though sometimes they  
frown, yet rarely anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming  
marble heart,  
Now masked by silence or with-  
held by pride,  
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's  
art,  
And spread its snares licentious  
far and wide;  
Nor from the base pursuit had  
turned aside,  
As long as aught 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 possessed?  
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 e'en 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 ap-  
proves it true,  
And those who know it best de-  
plore it most;  
When all is won that all desire to  
woo,  
The paltry prize is hardly worth  
the cost:  
Youth wasted, minds degraded,

honour lost,  
These are thy fruits, successful  
Passion! these!  
If, kindly cruel, early hope is  
crossed,  
Still to the last it rankles, a dis-  
ease,  
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 Fic-  
tion, 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 favoured child.  
Oh! she is fairest in her features  
wild,  
Where nothing polished dares  
pollute her path:  
To me by day or night she ever  
smiled,  
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 Iskan-  
der 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 sailed, and passed the barren spot

Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;

And onward viewed 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 hailed Leucadia's  
cape afar;  
A spot he longed to see, nor

cared to leave:  
Oft did he mark the scenes of  
vanished war,  
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar:  
Mark them unmoved, for he  
would not delight  
(Born beneath some remote in-  
glorious star)  
In themes of bloody fray, or gal-  
lant fight,  
But loathed the bravo's trade, and  
laughed at martial wight.

XLI.

But when he saw the evening  
star above  
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of  
woe,  
And hailed the last resort of

fruitless love,  
He felt, or deemed he felt, no  
common glow:  
And as the stately vessel glided  
slow  
Beneath the shadow of that an-  
cient mount,  
He watched the billows' melan-  
choly flow,  
And, sunk albeit in thought as  
he was wont,  
More placid seemed 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, bedewed  
with snowy rills,  
Arrayed 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 con-  
vulse 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 armed '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 scoffed at by the  
circumcised,  
Forgets that pride to pampered  
priesthood dear;  
Churchman and votary alike de-  
spised.

Foul Superstition! howsoe'er  
disguised,  
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, cres-  
cent, cross,  
For whatsoever symbol thou art  
prized,  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but gen-  
eral 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 Caesar's  
trophies rose,  
Now, like the hands that reared  
them, withering;  
Imperial anarchs, doubling hu-  
man woes!  
God! was thy globe ordained 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 passed 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,  
Though classic ground, and con-  
secrated most,  
To match some spots that lurk  
within this lowering coast.

## XLVII.

He passed bleak Pindus,  
Acherusia's lake,  
And left the primal city of the  
land,  
And onwards did his further  
journey take  
To greet Albania's chief, whose  
dread command  
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.

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! from thy shady  
brow,  
Thou small, but favoured 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 harmonise  
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 deemed of  
dignity,  
The convent's white walls glis-  
ten fair on high;  
Here dwells the caloyer, nor  
rude is he,  
Nor niggard of his cheer: the  
passer-by  
Is welcome still; nor heedless

will he flee  
From hence, if he delight kind Na-  
ture'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 in-  
hale 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 amphitheatre,  
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!  
Once consecrated to the sepul-  
chre.

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

LII.

No city's towers pollute the  
lovely view;  
Unseen is Yanina, though not re-  
mote,  
Veiled 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 di-  
vine?  
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?  
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 up-gazing still, the wea-  
ried eye  
Reposes gladly on as smooth a  
vale  
As ever Spring yclad in grassy  
dye:  
E'en on a plain no humble beau-  
ties lie,  
Where some bold river breaks

the long expanse,  
And woods along the banks 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,  
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 drawing nigh,  
He heard the busy hum of  
warrior-men  
Swelling the breeze that sighed  
along the lengthening glen.

LVI.

He passed the sacred harem's  
silent tower,  
And underneath the wide  
o'erarching gate  
Surveyed the dwelling of this  
chief of power  
Where all around proclaimed his  
high estate.  
Amidst no common pomp the

despot sate,  
While busy preparation shook  
the court;  
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers,  
guests, and santons wait;  
Within, a palace, and without a  
fort,  
Here men of every clime appear to  
make resort.

LVII.

Richly caparisoned, a ready row  
Of armed horse, and many a  
warlike store,  
Circled the wide-extending  
court below;  
Above, strange groups adorned  
the corridor;  
And ofttimes through the area's

echoing door,  
Some high-capped Tartar  
spurred 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-embroidered 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 mixed conspicuous: some  
recline in groups,  
Scanning the motley scene that  
varies round;  
There some grave Moslem to de-  
votion 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 maintain.  
But when the lingering twilight  
hour was past,

Revel and feast assumed the rule  
again:  
Now all was bustle, and the me-  
nial train  
Prepared and spread the plen-  
teous board within;  
The vacant gallery now seemed  
made in vain,  
But from the chambers came the  
mingling din,  
As page and slave anon were pass-  
ing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never  
heard: apart  
And scarce permitted, guarded,  
veiled, 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 centre  
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 ra-  
diance throws  
Along that aged venerable face,  
The deeds that lurk beneath, and  
stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthen-  
ing beard  
Ill suits the passions which be-  
long to youth:

Love conquers age—so Hafiz  
hath averred,  
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 marked him with  
a tiger's tooth:  
Blood follows blood, and  
through their mortal 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

wearied feet,  
And gazed around on Moslem  
luxury,  
Till quickly wearied with that  
spacious seat  
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the  
choice retreat  
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 friendship sure,

When Gratitude or Valour 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 splendour  
and success;  
And after viewed them, when,  
within their power,  
Himself awhile the victim of dis-  
tress;  
That saddening hour when bad  
men hotlier press:  
But these did shelter him be-  
neath their roof,  
When less barbarians would  
have cheered him less,  
And fellow-countrymen have  
stood aloof—  
In aught that tries the heart how  
few withstand the proof!

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 for-  
bore,  
Dubious to trust where treach-  
ery might lurk:  
At length they ventured forth,  
though doubting sore  
That those who loathe alike the  
Frank and Turk  
Might once again renew their an-  
cient butcher-work.

## LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretched  
the welcome hand,  
Led them o'er rocks and past the  
dangerous swamp,  
Kinder than polished slaves,  
though not so bland,  
And piled the hearth, and  
wrung their garments damp,  
And filled the bowl, and  
trimmed the cheerful lamp,  
And spread their fare: though  
homely, all they had:  
Such conduct bears Philan-  
thropy'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  
barred egress,  
And wasted far and near with  
glaive and brand;  
And therefore did he take a  
trusty band  
To traverse Acarnania forest  
wide,  
In war well-seasoned, and with  
labours tanned,  
Till he did greet white Achelous'  
tide,

And from his farther bank AEto-  
lia'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 wel-  
come 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 be-  
gan;  
Each palikar his sabre from him  
cast,

And bounding hand in hand,  
man linked to man,  
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long  
danced the kirtled clan.

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance  
stood,  
And viewed, but not displeased,  
the revelrie,  
Nor hated harmless mirth, how-  
ever rude:  
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight  
to see  
Their barbarous, yet their not in-  
decent, glee:  
And as the flames along their  
faces gleamed,  
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes

flashing free,  
The long wild locks that to their  
girdles streamed,  
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  
Suliot!

Oh! who is more brave than a dark  
Suliot,  
To 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?

Let those guns so unerring such  
vengeance forego?

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

Macedonia sends forth her invinci-  
ble race;

For a time they abandon the cave  
and the chase:

But those scarves 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 conquered, the conqueror's yell;  
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,  
The wealthy we slaughtered, 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  
Pasha.

Dark Muchtar his son to the  
Danube is sped,  
Let the yellow-haired Giaours  
view his horsetail with dread;  
When his Delhis come dashing in  
blood o'er the banks,  
How few shall escape from the  
Muscovite ranks!

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 de-  
parted worth!

Immortal, though no more;  
though fallen, great!

Who now shall lead thy scat-  
tered children forth,

And long accustomed bondage  
uncreate?

Not such thy sons who whilome  
did await,

The hopeless warriors of a will-  
ing doom,

In bleak Thermopylae's sepul-  
chral 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 sat'st with Thrasybulus  
and his train,  
Couldst thou forbode the dismal  
hour which now  
Dims the green beauties of thine  
Attic plain?  
Not thirty tyrants now enforce  
the chain,  
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, unmanned.

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how  
changed! and who  
That marks the fire still  
sparkling in each eye,  
Who would but deem their bo-  
som burned anew  
With thy unquenched beam, lost  
Liberty!  
And many dream withal the  
hour is nigh  
That gives them back their fa-  
thers' heritage:  
For foreign arms and aid they

fondly sigh,  
Nor solely dare encounter hos-  
tile 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 pi-

ous 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,  
By daily abstinence and nightly  
prayer;  
But ere his sackcloth garb Re-  
pentance wear,

Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,  
To take of pleasaunce 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 meriment 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 per-

vade 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 wooed the eye, and thrilled the  
Bosphorus along.

LXXX.

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

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

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caique  
along the foam,  
Danced on the shore the daugh-  
ters 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 withstand,  
Or gently pressed, returned 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, re-  
deemed Life's years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry  
masquerade,  
Lurk there no hearts that throb  
with secret pain,  
E'en through the closest sear-  
ment half-betrayed?

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 disdain:  
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 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	Lacedaemon's
hardihood,	
When Thebes	Epaminondas
rears again,	

When Athens' children are with  
  hearts endued,  
When Grecian mothers shall  
  give birth to men,  
Then mayst 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 shattered splendour  
  renovate,  
Recall its virtues back, and van-  
  quish 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  
favourite now;  
Thy fanes, thy temples to the  
surface bow,  
Commingling slowly with  
heroic earth,  
Broke by the share of every rus-  
tic plough:  
So perish monuments of mortal  
birth,  
So perish all in turn, save well-  
recorded worth;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary col-  
umn 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 grey stones and un-  
molested grass  
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly  
brave,  
While strangers only not regard-  
less pass,  
Lingering like me, perchance, to  
gaze, and sigh 'Alas!'

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy

crag as wild:  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant  
are thy fields,  
Thine olives ripe as when Minerva  
smiled,  
And still his honeyed 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 mar-  
bles glare;  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Na-  
ture 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 deepen-  
  ing glen and wold,  
Defies the power which crushed  
  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 for-  
  eign lord—  
Preserves alike its bounds and  
  boundless fame;  
The battle-field, where Persia's  
  victim horde  
First bowed beneath the brunt of  
  Hellas' sword,  
As on the morn to distant Glory  
  dear,  
When Marathon became a magic  
  word;  
Which uttered, to the hearer's  
  eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the

conqueror's career.

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless  
broken bow;

The fiery Greek, his red pursu-  
ing 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  
hallowed 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 splendour past  
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng:  
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,  
Hail the bright clime 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 conge-  
nial 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 mayst thou prosper where  
thy youth was reared,  
By every honest joy of love and life  
endeared!

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too pro-  
tracted 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 fad-  
ing 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 affec-  
tions bound to me;  
Who did for me what none be-  
side have done,  
Nor shrank from one albeit un-  
worthy thee.  
What is my being? thou hast  
ceased to be!  
Nor stayed 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 returned 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 bet-  
ter 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 snatched the little joy that life  
had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into  
the crowd,  
And follow all that Peace dis-  
dains to seek?  
Where Revel calls, and Laughter,  
vainly loud,  
False to the heart, distorts the  
hollow cheek,  
To leave the flagging spirit dou-

bly weak!  
Still o'er the features, which per-  
force they cheer,  
To feign the pleasure or conceal  
the pique;  
Smiles form the channel of a fu-  
ture 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 destroyed:  
Roll on, vain days! full reckless  
may ye flow,  
Since Time hath reft whate'er my  
soul enjoyed,  
And with the ills of eld mine earlier  
years alloyed.

## CANTO THE THIRD

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, where-  
soe'er it lead!  
Though the strained 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, then but  
begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rush-  
ing 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 jour-  
neying 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, ambi-  
tion, 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 unimpaired, 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  
Mixed with thy spirit, blended  
with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my  
crushed feelings' 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 poi-  
soned. 'Tis too late!  
Yet am I changed; though still  
enough the same  
In strength to bear what time  
cannot 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  
altered him  
In soul and aspect as in age:  
years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour  
from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but  
sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quaffed too  
quickly, and he found  
The dregs were wormwood; but  
he filled again,  
And from a purer fount, on  
holier ground,  
And deemed its spring perpet-  
ual; but in vain!  
Still round him clung invisibly a  
chain  
Which galled for ever, fettering  
though unseen,  
And heavy though it clanked  
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 mixed  
Again in fancied safety with his  
kind,  
And deemed his spirit now so  
firmly fixed  
And sheathed with an invulner-  
able mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked  
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 ripened  
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 rolled  
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 quelled,  
In youth by his own thoughts;  
still uncompelled,  
He would not yield dominion of  
his mind  
To spirits against whom his own  
rebelled;  
Proud though in desolation;

which could find  
A life within itself, to breathe with-  
out mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there  
to him were friends;  
Where rolled 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 tome

Of his land's tongue, which he  
would oft forsake  
For nature's pages glassed by sun-  
beams 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 for-  
gotten 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 be-  
came a thing  
Restless and worn, and stern  
and wearisome,  
Drooped 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 barred-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 smiling-  
ness assume,  
Which, though 'twere wild—as

on the plundered 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 em-  
pire's dust!  
An earthquake's spoil is sepul-  
chred below!  
Is the spot marked with no  
colossal bust?  
Nor column trophied for tri-  
umphal 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  
gained 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 annals  
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 labours all  
were vain;  
He wears the shattered 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 thraldom  
again be  
The patched-up idol of enlight-  
ened days?  
Shall we, who struck the Lion  
down, shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage? proffer-  
ing lowly gaze  
And servile knees to thrones? No;  
PROVE before ye praise!

XX.

If not, o'er one fall'n despot  
boast no more!  
In vain fair cheeks were fur-  
rowed 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 gathered 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 looked love to eyes  
which spake again,  
And all went merry as a mar-  
riage bell;  
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 un-

confined;  
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 windowed 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 deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that  
peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a  
bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance  
blood alone could quell:  
He rushed into the field, and, fore-  
most fighting, fell.

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying  
to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and trem-

blings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but  
an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their  
own loveliness;  
And there were sudden part-  
ings, 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 aw-  
ful morn could rise!

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot  
haste: the steed,

The mustering squadron, and  
the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with im-  
petuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks  
of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on  
peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarm-  
ing drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the  
morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with  
terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—  
‘The foe! They come! they  
come!’

XXVI.

And wild and high the  
'Cameron's gathering' 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 pi-  
broch 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 thou-  
sand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings  
in each clansman's ears.

## 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 valour, 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 ar-  
ray!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it,  
which when rent  
The earth is covered thick with  
other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover,  
heaped and pent,

Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in  
one red burial blent!

XXIX.

Their praise is hymned 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 showered  
The death-bolts deadliest the  
thinned files along,  
Even where the thickest of war's

tempest lowered,  
They reached no nobler breast than  
thine, young, gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and break-  
ing 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 wild  
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 turned from all she brought to  
those she could not bring.

XXXI.

I turned 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;  
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 can-

not slake  
The fever of vain longing, and  
the name  
So honoured, but assumes a  
stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length;  
and, smiling, mourn:  
The tree will wither long before  
it fall:  
The hull drives on, though mast  
and sail be torn;  
The roof-tree sinks, but mould-  
ders on the hall  
In massy hoariness; the ruined  
wall  
Stands when its wind-worn bat-  
tlements are gone;

The bars survive the captive  
they enthral;  
The day drags through though  
storms keep out the sun;  
And thus the heart will break, yet  
brokenly live on:

XXXIII.

E'en 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 forsakes,  
Living in shattered 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 de-  
spair,  
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 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 numbered out the  
years of man:  
They are enough: and if thy tale  
be TRUE,  
Thou, who didst grudge him  
e'en that fleeting 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 anithetically mixed  
One moment of the mightiest,  
and again  
On little objects with like firm-  
ness fixed;  
Extreme in all things! hadst thou  
been betwixt,

Thy throne had still been thine,  
or never been;  
For daring made thy rise as fall:  
thou seek'st  
Even now to reassume the impe-  
rial 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 wooed thee once, thy vas-

sal, 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 deemed 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 pas-  
sion, nor,  
However deeply in men's spirits  
skilled,  
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 brooked  
the turning tide  
With that untaught innate phi-  
losophy,  
Which, be it wisdom, coldness,  
or deep pride,  
Is gall and wormwood to an en-

emy.

When the whole host of hatred  
stood hard by,  
To watch and mock thee shrink-  
ing, thou hast smiled  
With a sedate and all-enduring  
eye;  
When Fortune fled her spoiled  
and favourite child,  
He stood unbowed beneath the ills  
upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in  
them  
Ambition steeled thee on to far  
too show  
That just habitual scorn, which  
could contemn

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 turned 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 helped 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 as-  
pire  
Beyond the fitting medium of  
desire;  
And, but once kindled, quench-  
less 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, surviv-  
ing 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 in-  
gloriously.

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 summits 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, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing  
stern farewells  
From grey 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 cran-  
nying wind,  
Or holding dark communion  
with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were  
young and proud,  
Banners on high, and battles  
passed 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 these battlements,  
within those walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her pas-  
sions; 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 outlaws con-  
querors 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 un-  
recorded 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 fierce-  
ness, and drew on  
Keen contest and destruction  
near allied,  
And many a tower for some fair  
mischief won,

Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath  
its ruin run.

L.

But thou, exulting and abound-  
ing river!  
Making thy waves a blessing as  
they flow  
Through banks whose beauty  
would endure for ever,  
Could man but leave thy bright  
creation so,  
Nor its fair promise from the sur-  
face 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 assailed  
thy banks,  
But these and half their fame  
have passed away,  
And Slaughter heaped on high  
his weltering ranks:  
Their very graves are gone, and  
what are they?  
Thy tide washed down the blood  
of yesterday,  
And all was stainless, and on thy  
clear stream  
Glassed with its dancing light

the sunny ray;  
But o'er the blackened memory's  
blighting dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all  
sweeping as they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and  
passed along,  
Yet not insensible to all which  
here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early  
song  
In glens which might have made  
e'en exile dear:  
Though on his brow were  
graven lines austere,  
And tranquil sternness which  
had ta'en the place

Of feelings fierier 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 disgust  
Hath weaned 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 learned 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 nipped affec-  
tions have to grow,  
In him this glowed 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 en-

mities  
Still undivided, and cemented  
more  
By peril, dreaded most in female  
eyes;  
But this was firm, and from a for-  
eign shore  
Well to that heart might his these  
absent greetings pour!

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and wind-  
ing Rhine.  
Whose breast of waters broadly  
swells  
Between the banks which bear  
the vine,  
And hills all rich with blos-  
somed trees,

And fields which promise corn  
and wine,  
And scattered cities crowning  
these,  
Whose far white walls along  
them shine,  
Have strewed a scene, which I  
should see  
With double joy wert 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 tow-  
ers  
Through green leaves lift their

walls of grey,  
And many a rock which steeply  
lours,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
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 withered  
be,  
But yet reject them not as such;  
For I have cherished them as  
dear,

Because they yet may meet thine  
eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine e'en  
here,  
When thou behold'st them  
drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gathered by  
the Rhine,  
And offered from my heart to  
thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted  
ground,  
And all its thousand turns dis-  
close  
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 pyra-  
mid,  
Crowning the summit of the ver-  
dant mound;  
Beneath its base are heroes'

ashes hid,  
Our enemy's,—but let not that  
forbid  
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose  
early tomb  
Tears, big tears, gushed from the  
rough soldier's lid,  
Lamenting and yet envying such  
a doom,  
Falling for France, whose rights he  
battled to resume.

LVI.

Brief, brave, and glorious was  
his young career,—  
His mourners were two hosts,  
his friends and foes;  
And fitly may the stranger lin-  
gering here

Pray for his gallant spirit's  
bright repose;  
For he was Freedom's cham-  
pion, 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.

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her  
shattered wall  
Black with the miner's blast,  
upon her height  
Yet shows of what she was,

when shell and ball  
Rebounding idly on her strength  
did light;  
A tower of victory! from whence  
the flight  
Of baffled foes was watched  
along the plain;  
But Peace destroyed 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.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How  
long, delighted,  
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, not 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 coloured by thy ev-  
ery hue;  
And if reluctantly the eyes re-  
sign  
Their cherished 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 glo-  
ries of old days.

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruit-  
ful 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 ex-  
tend 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 pinnaced 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,  
Gathers around 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 is a spot should not be  
passed in vain,—  
Morat! the proud, the patriot  
field! where man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of  
the slain,  
Nor blush for those who con-  
quered on that plain;  
Here Burgundy bequeathed his  
tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to re-  
main,  
Themselves their monument;—  
the Stygian coast  
Unsepulchred they roamed, and  
shrieked each wandering  
ghost.

## LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannae'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,  
All unbought champions in no  
princely cause  
Of vice-entailed Corruption;  
they no land  
Doomed to bewail the blas-  
phemy of laws  
Making king's rights divine, by

some Draconic clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column  
rears  
A grey and grief-worn aspect of  
old days  
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck  
of years,  
And looks as with the wild be-  
wildered gaze  
Of one to stone converted by  
amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness; and  
there it stands,  
Making a marvel that it not de-  
cays,  
When the coeval pride of human  
hands,

Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed  
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.

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 these 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

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 cher-  
ished than of old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had  
penned 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 over-  
boil  
In one hot throng, where we be-  
come the spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and  
long

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 colour things to come with  
hues of Night;  
The race of life becomes a hope-  
less 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  
anchored 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 ar-  
rowy Rhone,  
Or the pure bosom of its nursing  
lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who  
doth make  
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,  
doomed 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,

Classed 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 absorbed, 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 awhile—a pass-  
ing guest,  
Where he became a being,—  
whose desire  
Was to be glorious; 'twas a fool-  
ish quest,  
The which to gain and keep he sac-  
rificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist,  
wild Rousseau,  
The apostle of affliction, he who  
threw  
Enchantment over passion, and  
from woe  
Wrung overwhelming elo-  
quence, 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 enamoured, 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 be-  
came  
In him existence, and  
o'erflowing teems  
Along his burning page, distem-  
pered though it seems.

LXXIX.

THIS breathed itself to life in  
Julie, THIS  
Invested her with all that's wild  
and sweet;  
This hallowed, too, the memo-  
rable kiss

Which every morn his fevered  
lip would greet,  
From hers, who but with friend-  
ship his would meet:  
But to that gentle touch, through  
brain and breast  
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-  
devouring heat;  
In that absorbing sigh perchance  
more blest,  
Than vulgar minds may be with all  
they seek possess.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with  
self-sought foes,  
Or friends by him self-banished;  
for his mind  
Had grown Suspicion's sanctu-

ary, 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 reasoning 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  
Bowed 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 over-  
threw,  
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to  
rebuild  
Upon the same foundation, and  
renew  
Dungeons and thrones, which  
the same hour refilled,  
As heretofore, because ambition  
was self-willed.

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 vigour, 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, nourished  
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 vanquished, bear  
Silence, but not submission: in  
his lair  
Fixed 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 con-  
trasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in,  
is a thing  
Which warns me, with its still-  
ness, 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 reproved,  
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,  
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen.  
Save darkened 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 in-  
stil,  
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 mor-  
tal state,  
And claim a kindred with you;  
for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and cre-  
ate  
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 lulled lake and  
mountain-coast,  
All is centered in a life in-  
tense,  
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 be-  
ing 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 substan-  
tial power to harm.

XCI.

Nor 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 honour  
shrines are weak,  
Upreared of human hands.  
Come, and compare

Columns and idol-dwellings,  
Goth or Greek,  
With Nature's realms of wor-  
ship, earth and air,  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circum-  
scribe 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  
crag 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 phos-  
phoric 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 storms 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 forked  
His lightnings, as if he did un-  
derstand  
That in such gaps as desolation  
worked,  
There the hot shaft should blast  
whatever therein lurked.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds,  
lake, lightnings! 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 hu-  
man 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, feel-  
ings, 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 light-  
ning, I would speak;  
But as it is, I live and die un-  
heard,  
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 contained  
no tomb,—  
And glowing into day: we may  
resume  
The march of our existence: and  
thus I,  
Still on thy shores, fair Leman!  
may find room  
And food for meditation, nor  
pass by  
Much, that may give us pause, if  
pondered fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens! birth-  
place 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  
  colours caught,  
And sunset into rose-hues sees  
  them wrought  
By rays which sleep there lov-  
  ingly: 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 as-

cends a throne  
To which the steps are moun-  
tains; 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 bowed 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 it stood,  
Offering to him, and his, a popu-  
lous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and

birds,  
And fairy-formed and many  
coloured 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.

## CANTO THE THIRD

---

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 hallowed it with loveliness:  
'tis lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and  
hath a sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweet-  
ness; here the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the

Alps have reared a throne.

CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have  
been the abodes  
Of names which unto you be-  
queathed a name;  
Mortals, who sought and found,  
by dangerous 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 assailed, if  
Heaven the while  
On man and man's research could

deign do more than smile.

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 o'erthrow a fool, and now  
to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, ex-  
hausting thought,  
And hiving wisdom with each  
studious year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learn-  
ing wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an  
edge severe,  
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 doomed him to the zealot's

ready hell,  
Which answers to all doubts so elo-  
quently 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 allayed  
By slumber on one pillow, in the  
dust,  
Which, thus much we are sure,  
must lie decayed;  
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 rever-  
ies I feed,  
Until it seems prolonging with-  
out end.  
The clouds above me to the  
white Alps tend,  
And I must pierce them, and sur-  
vey 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 al-  
most 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 assuages

Her thirst of knowledge,  
quaffing there her fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of  
Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a  
theme  
Renewed 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 wo-  
ven into song,  
It may be that they are a harm-  
less wile,—  
The colouring 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,—  
remembered or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor  
the world me;  
I have not flattered its rank  
breath, nor bowed  
To its idolatries a patient knee,—  
Nor coined 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.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor  
the world me,—  
But let us part fair foes; I do be-  
lieve,  
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 falling: I would

also deem  
O'er others' 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 begun—  
My daughter! with thy name  
this 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 re-  
served for me  
Yet this was in my nature:—As it  
is,  
I know not what is there, yet some-  
thing 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 fraught  
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 tempered, 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

I.

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  
Poured in her lap all gems in  
sparkling showers.  
In purple was she robed, and of  
her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed  
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 be-  
yond  
Her name in story, and her long  
array

Of mighty shadows, whose dim  
forms despond  
Above the dogeless city's van-  
ished 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 re-peopled 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 replen-  
ishing 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 dreamed of such,—but  
let them go—

They came like truth, and disappeared 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 re-  
moter 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 remembered  
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 for-  
tunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and  
dull Oblivion bar.

X.

My name from out the temple  
where the dead  
Are honoured 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 reaped  
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 renewed,  
The Bucentaur lies rotting unre-  
stored,  
Neglected garment of her wid-  
owhood!  
St. Mark yet sees his lion where  
he stood  
Stand, but in mockery of his  
withered power,  
Over the proud place where an  
Emperor sued,  
And monarchs gazed and en-  
vied in the hour

When Venice was a queen with an  
unequalled dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the  
Austrian reigns—  
An Emperor tramples where an  
Emperor knelt;  
Kingdoms are shrunk to  
provinces, and chains  
Clank over sceptred cities; na-  
tions melt  
From power's high pinnacle,  
when they have felt  
The sunshine for a while, and  
downward go  
Like lawine loosened from the  
mountain's belt:  
Oh for one hour of blind old

Dandolo!

The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering 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 seaweed, into  
whence she rose!  
Better be whelmed 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  
Immortal waves that saw Lep-  
anto's fight!  
For ye are names no time nor  
tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shivered—the  
long file  
Of her dead doges are declined  
to dust;  
But where they dwelt, the vast  
and sumptuous 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 enthrals,  
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er  
Venice' lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at  
Syracuse,  
And fettered 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'ermastered victor stops,

the reins  
Fall from his hands—his 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 choral 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.

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 stamped her image in me,  
and e'en so,  
Although I found her thus, we  
did not part,  
Perchance e'en dearer in her day  
of woe,  
Than when she was a boast, a mar-  
vel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and  
of  
The present there is still for eye  
and thought,  
And meditation chastened  
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 colours caught:  
There are some feelings Time  
cannot benumb,  
Nor torture shake, or mine would  
now be cold and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the  
tannen grow  
Loftiest on loftiest and least shel-  
tered rocks,  
Rooted in barrenness, where  
nought below  
Of soil supports them 'gainst the  
Alpine shocks

Of eddying 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, grey 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 make its  
firm abode  
In bare and desolate bosoms:  
mute  
The camel labours with the

heaviest load,  
And the wolf dies in silence. Not  
bestowed  
In vain should such examples  
be; if they,  
Things of ignoble or of savage  
mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of no-  
bler clay  
May temper it to bear,—it is but for  
a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is  
destroyed,  
Even by the sufferer; and, in  
each event,  
Ends:—Some, with hope replen-  
ished and rebuoyed,

Return to whence they came—  
with like intent,  
And weave their web again;  
some, bowed and bent,  
Wax grey 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  
formed 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 bitter-

ness imbued;  
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 where-  
with 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 renewed, nor  
can efface  
The blight and blackening which  
it leaves behind,  
Which out of things familiar, un-  
designed,  
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 mourned, 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  
Fall'n states and buried great-  
ness, 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' fer-  
tility;  
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 colours  
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 is-  
land 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  
Rolled o'er the peak of the far  
Rhaetian hill,  
As Day and Night contending  
were, until  
Nature reclaimed 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 glassed within it glows,

## XXIX.

Filled 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 colour as it gasps  
away,  
The last still loveliest, till-'tis  
gone—and all is grey.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—reared  
in air,  
Pillared in their sarcophagus, re-  
pose  
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 bar-  
baric 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 formed 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 decayed  
In the deep umbrage of a green  
hill's shade,  
Which shows a distant prospect  
far away  
Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,  
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, where-by,  
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 strive:

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 ear-  
liest day,  
And loved to dwell in darkness  
and dismay,  
Deeming themselves predes-  
tined 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 seat's  
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 impelled, 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 sur-  
vey his cell!  
And see how dearly earned  
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  
Scattered 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! formed to eat, and be de-  
spised, 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 fur-  
rowed brow,  
Which emanated then, and daz-  
zles now  
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan

quire,  
And Boileau, whose rash envy  
could allow  
No strain which shamed his  
country's creaking 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  
Aimed with their poisoned  
arrows—but to miss.  
Oh, victor unsurpassed in mod-  
ern song!  
Each year brings forth its mil-  
lions; 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 scattered rays,  
they would not form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet paralleled  
by those  
Thy countrymen, before thee  
born to shine,  
The bards of Hell and Chivalry:  
first rose  
The Tuscan father's comedy di-  
vine;  
Then, not unequal to the Floren-

tine,  
The Southern Scott, the minstrel  
who called forth  
A new creation with his magic  
line,  
And, like the Ariosto of the  
North,  
Sang ladye-love and war, romance  
and knightly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ar-  
iosto's bust  
The iron crown of laurel's mim-  
icked 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.

Oh 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, un-  
deplored

For thy destructive charms;  
then, still untired,

Would not be seen the armed

torrents poured  
Down the deep Alps; nor would  
the hostile horde  
Of many-nationed spoilers from  
the Po  
Quaff blood and water; nor the  
stranger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence,  
and so,  
Victor or vanquished, 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 be-  
hind  
AEgina lay, Piraeus on the right,  
And Corinth on the left; I lay re-  
clined  
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 upreared  
Barbaric dwellings on their shat-  
tered site,  
Which only make more  
mourned and more endeared

The few last rays of their far-scattered light,  
And the crushed relics of their vanished 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 pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine

HIS country's ruin added to the mass

Of perished states he mourned

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 redun-  
dant horn.

Along the banks where smiling  
Arno sweeps,

Was modern Luxury of Com-  
merce born,

And buried Learning rose, re-  
deemed 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—  
Chained to the chariot of tri-  
umphal 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.

Appearedst thou not to Paris in  
this guise?  
Or to more deeply blest An-  
chises? or,

In all thy perfect goddess-ship,  
when lies  
Before thee thy own vanquished  
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,  
Showered 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 undescrib-  
able:  
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  
E'en 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 wronged thee  
with ten thousand rents  
Of thine imperial garment, shall  
deny,  
And hath denied, to every other  
sky,  
Spirits which soar from ruin:—  
thy 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 Etr-  
uscan 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, distinguished from  
our common clay  
In death as life? Are they re-  
solved to dust,  
And have their country's mar-  
bles nought to say?  
Could not her quarries furnish  
forth one bust?  
Did they not to her breast their fil-  
ial earth entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence!      Dante  
sleeps afar,

Like Scipio, buried by the up-  
braiding 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 be-

queathed  
His dust,—and lies it not her great  
among,  
With many a sweet and solemn  
requiem breathed  
O'er him who formed the Tus-  
can'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 Caesar's pageant, shorn of  
Brutus' bust,  
Did but of Rome's best son re-  
mind her more:  
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary  
shore,  
Fortress of falling empire! hon-  
oured sleeps  
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too,  
her store  
Of tuneful relics proudly claims  
and keeps,  
While Florence vainly begs her  
banished dead, and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious  
stones?  
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and  
all hues  
Of gem and marble, to encrust  
the bones  
Of merchant-dukes? the mo-  
mentary 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 rain-  
bow sister vies;  
There be more marvels yet—but  
not for mine;  
For I have been accustomed 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 de-  
files  
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 de-  
spairing files,  
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers  
with their gore,

Reek through the sultry plain, with  
legions scattered o'er,

LXIII.

Like to a forest felled by moun-  
tain winds;  
And such the storm of battle on  
this day,  
And such the frenzy, whose con-  
vulsion blinds  
To all save carnage, that, beneath  
the fray,  
An earthquake reeled unheed-  
edly 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: Na-  
ture's law,  
In them suspended, recked not  
of the awe  
Which reigns when mountains  
tremble, and the birds  
Plunge in the clouds for refuge,  
and withdraw

From their down-toppling nests;  
and bellowing 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 gen-  
tle 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 turned 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 unpro-  
faned by slaughters,  
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's  
youngest daughters!

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a tem-  
ple still,

Of small and delicate propor-  
tion, 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 glitter-  
ing scales,

Who dwells and revels in thy  
glassy deeps;  
While, chance, some scattered  
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 elo-  
quent 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 shak-  
ing 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, curls round  
the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in piti-  
less horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies,  
and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower,  
which round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gen-  
tle 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 eter-  
nity,  
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 unshorn:  
Resembling, mid the torture of  
the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unal-  
terable 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 worshipped more;  
But I have seen the soaring  
Jungfrau rear  
Her never-trodden snow, and  
seen the hoar  
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc  
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 ea-  
gles fly  
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere  
for fame,

For still they soared unutterably  
high:  
I've looked on Ida with a Tro-  
jan's eye;  
Athos, Olympus, AEtna, Atlas,  
made  
These hills seem things of lesser  
dignity,  
All, save the lone Soracte's  
height displayed,  
Not NOW in snow, which asks the  
lyric Roman'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 recollec-  
tions rake,  
And quote in classic raptures,  
and awake  
The hills with Latian echoes; I  
abhorred  
Too much, to conquer for the  
poet's sake,  
The drilled dull lesson, forced  
down word by word  
In my repugnant youth, with plea-  
sure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug  
which turned  
My sickening memory; and,  
though Time hath taught

My mind to meditate what then  
it learned,  
Yet such the fixed 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 re-  
store  
Its health; but what it then de-  
tested, 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 re-  
hearse  
Our little life, nor bard prescribe  
his art,  
Nor livelier satirist the con-  
science pierce,  
Awakening without wounding  
the touched 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 suffer-  
ance? 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 with-  
ered hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered  
long ago;  
The Scipios' tomb contains no  
ashes now;  
The very sepulchres lie tenant-  
less  
Of their heroic dwellers: dost  
thou flow,  
Old Tiber! through a marble  
wilderness?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and  
mantle her distress!

LXXX.

## CANTO THE FOURTH

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The Goth, the Christian, Time,  
War, Flood, and Fire,  
Have dwelt upon the seven-  
hilled city's pride:  
She saw her glories star by star  
expire,  
And up the steep barbarian  
monarchs ride,  
Where the car climbed the Capi-  
tol; far and wide  
Temple and tower went down,  
nor left a site;—  
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace  
the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lu-  
nar light,  
And say, 'Here was, or is,' where  
all is doubly night?

LXXXI.

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 bear-  
ing fame away!

Alas for Tully's voice, and Vir-  
gil'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!

LXXXIII.

O thou, whose chariot rolled 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  
arrayed  
Her warriors but to conquer—she  
who veiled  
Earth with her haughty shadow,  
and displayed  
Until the o'er-canopied horizon

failed,  
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who  
was almighty hailed!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our  
own,  
The sagest of usurpers,  
Cromwell!—he  
Too swept off senates while he  
hewed the throne  
Down to a block—immortal rebel!  
See  
What crimes it costs to be a mo-  
ment free  
And famous through all ages!  
But beneath  
His fate the moral lurks of des-  
tiny;

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 crowned him, on the  
self-same day  
Deposed him gently from his  
throne of force,  
And laid him with the earth's  
preceding clay.  
And showed 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 dif-  
ferent were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet ex-  
istent in  
The austerest form of naked  
majesty,  
Thou who beheldest, mid the as-  
sassin's' din,  
At thy bathed base the bloody  
Caesar lie,  
Folding his robe in dying dig-  
nity,  
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 pup-  
pets 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 an-  
tique art,  
Thou standest:—Mother of the  
mighty heart,  
Which the great founder sucked

from thy wild teat,  
Scorched by the Roman Jove's  
ethereal dart,  
And thy limbs blacked with  
lightning—dost thou yet  
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor  
thy fond charge forget?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-  
babes are dead—  
The men of iron; and the world  
hath reared  
Cities from out their sepulchres:  
men bled  
In imitation of the things they  
feared,  
And fought and conquered, and  
the same course steered,

At apish distance; but as yet  
none have,  
Nor could, the same supremacy  
have neared,  
Save one vain man, who is not in  
the grave,  
But, vanquished by himself, to his  
own slaves a slave,

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a  
kind  
Of bastard Caesar, following  
him of old  
With steps unequal; for the Ro-  
man's mind  
Was modelled in a less terrestrial  
mould,  
With passions fiercer, yet a judg-

ment cold,  
And an immortal instinct which  
redeemed  
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet  
bold.  
Alcides with the distaff now he  
seemed  
At Cleopatra's feet, and now him-  
self he beamed.

XCI.

And came, and saw, and con-  
quered. But the man  
Who would have tamed his ea-  
gles down to flee,  
Like a trained falcon, in the Gal-  
lic 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  
aimed  
At what? Can he avouch, or an-  
swer what he claimed?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor  
could wait  
For the sure grave to level him;  
few years  
Had fixed him with the Caesars  
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 flowed,  
An universal deluge, which ap-  
pears  
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 rea-  
son frail,  
Life short, and truth a gem  
which loves the deep,

And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale;  
Opinion an 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 en-  
gage  
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 allowed,

Averred, and known,—and daily,  
hourly seen—  
The yoke that is upon us doubly  
bowed,  
And the intent of tyranny  
avowed,  
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 con-  
quered be,  
And Freedom find no champion

and no child  
Such as Columbia saw arise  
when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and  
undefiled?  
Or must such minds be nour-  
ished in the wild,  
Deep in the unpruned forest,  
midst the roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing na-  
ture 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 adaman-  
tine 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 flying,  
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,  
Chopped 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.

## CANTO THE FOURTH

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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 battle-  
ments 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 locked, so  
hid?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the  
dead,

Tombed in a palace? Was she  
chaste and fair?

Worthy a king's—or more—a Ro-  
man'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 honoured—and conspicuously  
there,

Where meaner relics must not  
dare to rot,

Placed to commemorate a more

than mortal lot?

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 grace-  
  ful 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, bowed  
With woes far heavier than the  
ponderous tomb  
That weighed 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 favourites—  
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 grey  
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: Be-  
hold 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 shattered  
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 foundered 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  
owlet's cry,  
As I now hear them, in the fading  
light  
Dim o'er the bird of darkness'  
native site,  
Answer each other on the Pala-

tine,  
With their large eyes, all glisten-  
ing grey 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 massed together,  
hillocks heaped  
On what were chambers, arch  
crushed, column strown  
In fragments, choked-up vaults,  
and frescoes steeped  
In subterranean damp, where  
the owl peeped,

Deeming it midnight:—Temples,  
baths, or halls?  
Pronounce who can; for all that  
Learning reaped  
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 vol-

umes vast,  
Hath but ONE page,—'tis better  
written here,  
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath  
thus amassed  
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 pinna-  
cled,  
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in  
the van  
Till the sun's rays with added  
flame were filled!  
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 Cae-  
sar'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 contained  
A spirit which with these would  
find a home,

The last of those who o'er the  
whole earth reigned,  
The Roman globe, for after none  
sustained  
But yielded back his conquests:—  
he was more  
Than a mere Alexander, and un-  
stained  
With household blood and wine,  
serenely wore  
His sovereign virtues—still we Tra-  
jan'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,  
A thousand years of silenced fac-  
tions 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 failed;  
But long before had Freedom's  
face been veiled,  
And Anarchy assumed her at-  
tributes:  
Till every lawless soldier who  
assailed  
Trode on the trembling Senate's  
slavish mutes,  
Or raised the venal voice of baser  
prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to our latest tri-  
bune'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 withered 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 com-  
mon 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 unwrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of  
the place,  
Whose green wild margin now  
no more erase  
Art's works; nor must the deli-  
cate waters sleep,  
Prisoned 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 bills  
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,  
Kissed by the breath of heaven,  
seems coloured by its skies.

## CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this en-  
chanted cover,  
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom  
beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mor-  
tal lover;  
The purple Midnight veiled that  
mystic meeting  
With her most starry canopy,  
and seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what be-  
fell?  
This cave was surely shaped out  
for the greeting  
Of an enamoured Goddess, and  
the cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest

oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to  
his replying,  
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 tempt-  
ing to the eyes,  
Flowers whose wild odours  
breathe but agonies,  
And trees whose gums are poi-  
son; 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 habitant 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 unquenched soul-  
parched-wearied-wrung-and  
riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind  
diseased,  
And fevers into false creation;-  
where,  
Where are the forms the sculp-  
tor's soul hath seized?  
In him alone. Can Nature show  
so fair?  
Where are the charms and  
virtues which we dare  
Conceive in boyhood and pur-  
sue as men,

The unreached 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, un-  
slaked 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 differ-  
    ent 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 re-  
    moved  
Antipathies—but to recur, ere  
    long,  
Envenomed with irrevocable

wrong;  
 And Circumstance, that unspiri-  
 tual 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 re-  
sign  
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 chained and tortured—  
cabined, cribbed, 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 moon-

beams shine  
As 'twere its natural torches, for  
divine  
Should be the light which  
streams here, to illumine  
This long explored but still ex-  
haustless 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 won-  
drous monument,  
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 ruined battle-  
ment,  
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 deso-  
late,  
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 whelm me, let  
me not have worn  
This iron in my soul in vain—shall  
THEY not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of hu-  
man wrong  
Left the unbalanced scale, great  
Nemesis!

Here, where the ancients 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 in-  
curred  
For my ancestral faults or mine

the wound  
I bleed withal, and had it been  
conferred  
With a just weapon, it had  
flowed unbound.  
But now my blood shall not sink  
in the ground;  
To thee I do devote it—THOU  
shalt 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 suffered:  
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 suffered things to be  
forgiven?  
Have I not had my brain seared,  
my heart riven,  
Hopes sapped, 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.

## CANTO THE FOURTH

---

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 venom of the reptile  
crew,  
The Janus glance of whose sig-  
nificant 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 expire:  
Something unearthly, which  
they deem not of,  
Like the remembered tone of a  
mute lyre,  
Shall on their softened spirits  
sink, and move  
In hearts all rocky now the late re-

morse 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 na-  
tions ran,  
In murmured pity, or loud-  
roared applause,  
As man was slaughtered by his  
fellow-man.  
And wherefore slaughtered?  
wherefore, but because  
Such were the bloody circus' ge-  
nial 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 drooped 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 hailed the wretch who  
won.

## CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—  
his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that  
was far away;  
He recked not of the life he lost  
nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the  
Danube lay,  
THERE were his young barbar-  
ians all at play,  
THERE was their Dacian  
mother—he, their sire,  
Butchered to make a Roman

holiday—  
All this rushed with his blood—  
Shall he expire,  
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths,  
and glut your ire!

## CXLII.

But here, where murder  
breathed her bloody steam;  
And here, where buzzing na-  
tions choked the ways,  
And roared or murmured like a  
mountain-stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent  
strays;  
Here, where the Roman mil-  
lion'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  
crushed, walls bowed,  
And galleries, where my steps  
seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its  
mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have  
been reared;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye  
pass,  
And marvel where the spoil  
could have appeared.  
Hath it indeed been plundered,  
or but cleared?  
Alas! developed, opens the de-

cay,  
When the colossal fabric's form  
is neared:  
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  
grey walls wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cae-  
sar'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 unal-  
tered all;  
Rome and her Ruin past Re-  
demption'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!  
Despoiled 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 aper-  
ture; to those  
Who worship, here are altars for  
their beads;  
And they who feel for genius  
may repose  
Their eyes on honoured 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 shadowed  
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 bos-  
som white and bare?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure foun-  
tain 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 worlds:—  
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  
reared on high,  
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's  
piles,

Colossal copyist of deformity,  
Whose travelled phantasy from  
the far Nile's  
Enormous model, doomed 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 philo-  
sophic mirth,  
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 wilder-  
ness, and dwell

The hyaena and the jackal in  
their shade;

I have beheld Sophia's bright  
roofs swell

Their glittering mass i' the sun,  
and have surveyed

Its sanctuary the while the usurp-  
ing Moslem prayed;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or al-  
tars 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 hon-  
our piled,  
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
Power, Glory, Strength, and  
Beauty, all are aisled  
In this eternal ark of worship unde-  
filed.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms  
thee not;  
And why? it is not lessened; but

thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the  
spot,  
Has grown colossal, and can  
only find  
A fit abode wherein appear en-  
shrined  
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 blasted  
by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing  
with th' advance,

Like climbing some great Alp,  
which still doth rise,  
Deceived by its gigantic ele-  
gance;  
Vastness which grows—but  
grows to harmonise—  
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 struc-  
tures, 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 con-  
dense 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;  
e'en so this  
Outshining and o'erwhelming  
edifice  
Fools our fond gaze, and great-  
est of the great  
Defies at first our nature's little-  
ness,  
Till, growing with its growth, we  
thus dilate  
Our spirits to the size of that they  
contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause and be enlightened;  
there is more  
In such a survey than the sating  
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 dis-  
plays  
Its depth, and thence may draw  
the mind of man  
Its golden sands, and learn what  
great conceptions 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  
envenomed chain  
Rivets the living links,—the enor-  
mous asp  
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles  
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 ar-  
rayed, 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  
Longed for a deathless lover  
from above,  
And maddened in that vision—  
are expressed  
All that ideal beauty ever  
blessed  
The mind within its most un-  
earthly mood,  
When each conception was a  
heavenly guest—  
A ray of immortality—and stood  
Starlike, around, until they gath-

ered 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  
arrayed  
With an eternal glory—which, if  
made  
By human hands, is not of hu-  
man thought  
And Time himself hath hallowed  
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 tar-  
ries long.  
He is no more—these breathings  
are his last;  
His wanderings done, his vi-  
sions ebbing fast,  
And he himself as nothing:—if he  
was  
Aught but a phantasy, and could  
be classed

With forms which live and  
suffer—let that pass—  
His shadow fades away into De-  
struction's mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, sub-  
stance, life, and all  
That we inherit in its mortal  
shroud,  
And spreads the dim and uni-  
versal pall  
Thro' which all things grow  
phantoms; and the cloud  
Between us sinks and all which  
ever glowed,  
Till Glory's self is twilight, and  
displays  
A melancholy halo scarce al-

lowed  
To hover on the verge of dark-  
ness; 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 immedica-  
ble 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 discrowned,  
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 hushed that pang for ever:  
with thee fled  
The present happiness and  
promised joy  
Which filled the imperial isles so  
full it seemed 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 poured  
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-haired 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 deemed  
Our children should obey her  
child, and blessed  
Her and her hoped-for seed,  
whose promise seemed  
Like star to shepherd's eyes; 'twas  
but a meteor beamed.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her; for she  
sleeps well:  
The fickle reek of popular  
breath, the tongue  
Of hollow counsel, the false ora-  
cle,  
Which from the birth of monar-

chy hath rung  
Its knell in princely ears, till the  
o'erstrung  
Nations have armed 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 des-  
tiny; but no,  
Our hearts deny it: and so  
young, so fair,  
Good without effort, great with-  
out 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 linked the electric chain of that  
despair,

Whose shock was as an earth-  
quake's, and oppressed

The land which loved thee so, that  
none could love thee best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navelled in the  
woody hills

So far, that the uprooting wind  
which tears

The oak from his foundation,

and which spills  
The ocean o'er its boundary, and  
bears  
Its foam against the skies, reluc-  
tant spares  
The oval mirror of thy glassy  
lake;  
And, calm as cherished hate, its  
surface wears  
A deep cold settled aspect  
nought can shake,  
All coiled into itself and round, as  
sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce di-  
vided 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 reas-  
cending star  
Rose o'er an empire,—but be-  
neath thy right  
Tully reposed from Rome;—and  
where yon bar  
Of girdling mountains intercepts  
the sight,  
The Sabine farm was tilled, 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 un-  
fold  
Those waves, we followed on till  
the dark Euxine rolled

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades:  
long years—

Long, though not very many—  
since have done  
Their work on both; some suffer-  
ing 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 gladdened  
by the sun,  
And reap from earth, sea, joy al-  
most 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 deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the path-

less woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely  
shore,  
There is society where none in-  
trudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its  
roar:  
I love not Man the less, but Na-  
ture 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 can-  
not all conceal.

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, unknelled, un-  
coffined, 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 thunder-  
strike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding na-  
tions 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 Trafalgar.

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, end-  
 less, 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 wantoned with thy breakers—  
they to me  
Were a delight; and if the fresh-  
ening 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 flutter-  
ing, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be,  
and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger;  
yet, farewell!  
Ye, who have traced the Pilgrim  
to the scene  
Which is his last, if in your mem-  
ories dwell  
A thought which once was his, if  
on ye swell  
A single recollection, not in vain  
He wore his sandal-shoon and

## CANTO THE FOURTH

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scallop shell;  
Farewell! with HIM alone may  
rest the pain,  
If such there were—with YOU, the  
moral of his strain.