

## XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd  
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,  
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the tounded ground;  
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:  
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,  
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;  
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,  
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and  
lost.

## L.

And whomso'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:<sup>1</sup>  
Woe to the man that walks in public view  
Without of loyalty this token true:  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;  
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,  
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's  
smoke.

## LL.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,  
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,  
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
The ball-piled pyramid<sup>2</sup>, 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 delay:  
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;  
The West must own the Scourger of the world.  
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,  
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,  
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd.

## LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,  
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?  
No step between submission and a grave?  
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?  
And doth the Power that man adores ordain  
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?  
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?  
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart  
of steel?

<sup>1</sup> The red cockade, with "Fernando VII.," in the centre.

<sup>2</sup> All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

<sup>3</sup> Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta. — [The exploits of Augustina, the famous heroine of both the sieges of Saragoza, are recorded at length in Southey's History of the Peninsular War. At the time when she first attracted notice, by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his room, she was in her twenty-second year, exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style

## LIV.

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

## LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,  
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face, [chase.  
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful

## LVI.

Her lover sinks — she sheds no ill-timed tear;  
Her chief is slain — she fills his fatal post;  
Her fellows flee — she checks their base career;  
The foe retires — she heads the sallying host:  
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?  
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?<sup>3</sup>

## LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,  
But form'd for all the witching arts of love:  
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,  
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:  
In softness as in firmness far above  
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;  
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as  
great.

## LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd  
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch:<sup>4</sup>  
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,  
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:  
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much  
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,  
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!  
Who round the North for paler dames would seek?  
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and  
weak!

of beauty. She has further had the honour to be painted by Wilkie, and alluded to in Wordsworth's Dissertation on the Convention (misnamed) of Cintra; where a noble passage concludes in these words:—"Saragoza has exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, — yet consolatory and full of joy, — that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept; upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted."

<sup>4</sup> "Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem." AUL. GEL.

## LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;  
Match me, ye harams of the land! where now<sup>1</sup>  
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;<sup>2</sup>  
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow  
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,  
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters<sup>3</sup> — deign to  
know,  
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,  
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus<sup>4</sup>! whom I now survey,  
Not in the phrensy 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.

Off have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious name  
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:  
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame  
That I in feeblest accents must adore.  
When I recount thy worshippers of yore  
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!<sup>5</sup>

## LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know it not?  
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,<sup>6</sup>  
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.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This stanza was written in Turkey.

<sup>2</sup> "Beauties that need not fear a broken vow." — MS.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman, used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible." — *B. to his Mother*, Aug. 1809.]

<sup>4</sup> These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Λιακura (Liakura), Dec. 1809.

<sup>5</sup> ["Upon Parnassus, going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri), in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (Hobhouse says they were vultures — at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus (in Childe Harold), and on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet, during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty); — whether it will last is another matter: but I have been a votary of the deity and the place, and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf, leaving the future in his hands, as I left the past." — *B. Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Casting the eye over the site of ancient Delphi, one cannot possibly imagine what has become of the walls of the numerous buildings which are mentioned in the history of its former magnificence, — buildings which covered two miles of ground. With the exception of the few terraces or supporting walls, nothing now appears. The various robberies by Sylla, Nero, and Constantine, are inconsiderable; for the removal of

## LXIII.

Of thee hereafter. — Ev'n amidst my strain  
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;  
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;  
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;  
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.  
Now to my theme — but from thy holy haunt  
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;  
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,<sup>8</sup>  
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

## LXIV.

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

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;<sup>9</sup>  
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.  
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!  
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape  
The fascination of thy magic gaze?<sup>10</sup>  
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time — accursed Time!  
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee —  
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;  
And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee;  
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white;  
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she  
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.<sup>11</sup>

the statues of bronze, and marble, and ivory, could not greatly affect the general appearance of the city. The acclivity of the hill, and the foundations being placed on rock, without cement, would no doubt render them comparatively easy to be removed or hurled down into the vale below; but the vale exhibits no appearance of accumulation of hewn stones; and the modern village could have consumed but few. In the course of so many centuries, the débris from the mountain must have covered up a great deal, and even the rubbish itself may have acquired a soil sufficient to conceal many a noble remains from the light of day. Yet we see no swellings or risings in the ground, indicating the graves of the temples. All therefore is mystery, and the Greeks may truly say, 'Where stood the walls of our fathers? scarce the mossy tombs remain!' — *H. W. Williams's Travels in Greece*, vol. ii. p. 254.]

<sup>7</sup> ["And walks with glassy steps o'er Aganippe's wave." — MS.]

<sup>8</sup> ["Some glorious thought to my petition grant." — MS.]

<sup>9</sup> Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

<sup>10</sup> ["The lurking lures of thy enchanting gaze." — MS.]

<sup>11</sup> ["Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! — it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the liveliness of its inhabitants. It is a complete Cythera, full of the finest women in Spain; the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land." — *Lord B. to his Mother*, 1809.]

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn  
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;  
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:  
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.<sup>1</sup>

## LXVIII.

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

## LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.  
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:  
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:  
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,  
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl;  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair;  
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.<sup>2</sup>

## LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike fly;  
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,  
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?<sup>3</sup>  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,  
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,  
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,  
And consecrate the oath<sup>4</sup> with draught, and dance  
till morn.<sup>5</sup>

## LXXI.

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

<sup>1</sup> [The hours misspent, and all in turns is love and prayer.] — MS.]

<sup>2</sup> ["And droughty then alights, and roars for Roman purl."] — MS.]

<sup>3</sup> This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was pronounced and solved.

<sup>4</sup> [Lord Byron alludes to a ridiculous custom which formerly prevailed at the public-houses in Highgate, of administering a burlesque oath to all travellers of the middling rank who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns, fastened, "never to kiss the maid when he could the mistress; never to eat brown bread when he could get white; never to drink small beer when he could get strong;" with many other injunctions of the like kind, — to all which was added the saving clause, — "unless you like it best."] — MS.]

## LXXII.

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

## LXXIII.

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

## LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore  
Stands in the 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 condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

## LXXV.

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

## LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,  
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:  
Now is thy time, to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
With well-timed croupe<sup>6</sup> the nimble coursers veer;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;  
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;  
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellows speak  
his woes.

<sup>5</sup> ["In thus mixing up the light with the solemn, it was the intention of the poet to imitate Ariosto. But it is far easier to rise, with grace, from the level of a strain generally familiar, into an occasional short burst of pathos or splendour, than to interrupt thus a prolonged tone of solemnity by any descent into the ludicrous or burlesque. In the former case, the transition may have the effect of softening or elevating; while, in the latter, it almost invariably shocks; — for the same reason, perhaps, that a trait of pathos or high feeling, in comedy, has a peculiar charm; while the intrusion of comic scenes into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The poet was himself convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding cantos of Childe Harold repeated it."] — MOORE.]

<sup>6</sup> ["The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manège."] — MS.]

## LXXVII.

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

## LXXVIII.

Foill'd, 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!<sup>1</sup>

## LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,  
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.  
He stops — he starts — disdain to decline:  
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
The decorated car appears — on high  
The corse is piled — sweet sight for vulgar eyes<sup>2</sup> —  
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
Hurl the dark bulk 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 another's pain.  
What private feuds the troubled village stain!  
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,  
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,  
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,  
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm  
stream must flow.<sup>3</sup>

## LXXXI.

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

<sup>1</sup> [The reader will do well to compare Lord Byron's animated picture of the popular "sport" of the Spanish nation, with the very circumstantial details contained in the charming "Letters of Don Leucadio Doblado," (i. e. the Rev. Blanco White) published in 1822. So inveterate was, at one time, the rage of the people for this amusement, that even boys mimicked its features in their play. In the slaughter-house itself the professional bull-fighter gave public lessons; and such was the force of depraved custom, that ladies of the highest rank were not ashamed to appear amidst the filth and horror of the shambles. The Spaniards received this sport from the Moors, among whom it was celebrated with great pomp and splendour. — See various Notes to Mr. Lockhart's Collection of Ancient Spanish Ballads. 1822.]

## LXXXII.

Oh! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved,  
Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream;  
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,  
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;  
And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem  
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:  
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,  
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs<sup>4</sup>  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.<sup>5</sup>

## LXXXIII.

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

## LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;  
But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:  
Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;  
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?  
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,  
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,  
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

## TO INEZ.

## 1.

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.

## 2.

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

## 3.

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:

## 4.

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.

<sup>2</sup> ["The trophy corse is reared — disgusting prize" — Or,

"The corse is reared — sparkling the chariot flies." — MS.]

<sup>3</sup> ["The Spaniards are as revengeful as ever. At Santa Otella I heard a young peasant threaten to stab a woman (an old one to be sure, which mitigates the offence), and was told, on expressing some small surprise, that this ethic was by no means uncommon." — MS.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Medio de fonte leporum,  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat." — Luc.

<sup>5</sup> ["Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses stings." — MS.]

5.  
It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore ;  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.  
What Exile from himself can flee ?<sup>1</sup>  
To zones, though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where-e'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon Thought.<sup>2</sup>

7.  
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 !

8.  
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.

9.  
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.<sup>3</sup>

## LXXXV.

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

<sup>1</sup> ["What Exile from himself can flee ?  
To other zones, how'er remote,  
Still, still pursuing clings to me  
The blight of life—the demon Thought."—MS.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Written January 25, 1810."—MS.]

<sup>3</sup> In place of this song, which was written at Athens, January 25, 1810, and which contains, as Moore says, "some of the dearest touches of sadness that ever Byron's pen let fall," we find, in the first draught of the Canto, the following:—

1  
Oh never talk again to me  
Of northern climes and British ladies  
It has not been your lot to see,  
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.  
Although her eye be not of blue,  
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,  
How far its own expressive hue  
The languid azure eye surpasses !

2  
Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
The fire, that through those silken lashes  
In darkest glances seems to roll,  
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes :  
And as along her bosom steal  
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,  
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

3  
Our English maids are long to woo,  
And frigid even in possession ;  
And if their charms be fair to view,  
Their lips are slow at Love's confession :  
But, born beneath a brighter sun,  
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,  
And who, — when fondly, fairly won, —  
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz ?

4  
The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,  
And if she love, or if she hate,  
Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold —  
How'er it beats, it beats sincerely ;  
And, though it will not bend to gold,  
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

5  
The Spanish girl that meets your love  
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,  
For every thought is bent to prove  
Her passion in the hour of trial.  
When thronging foemen menace Spain,  
She dares the deed and shares the danger ;

5.  
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 :<sup>4</sup>  
Here all were noble, save Nobility ;  
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry !

LXXXVI.  
Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate !  
They fight for freedom who were never free ;  
A Kingless people for a nerveless state,  
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,  
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery ;  
Fond of a land which gave them 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!"<sup>5</sup>

## 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 oppressor bleed,  
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed !<sup>6</sup>

And should her lover press the plain,  
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

6.  
And when, beneath the evening star,  
She mingles in the gay Bolero,  
Or sings to her attuned guitar  
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,  
Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,  
Or joins devotion's choral band,  
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper ; —

7.  
In each her charms the heart must move  
Of all who venture to behold her ;  
Then let not maids less fair reprove  
Because her bosom is not colder :  
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam  
Where many a soft and melting maid is,  
But none abroad, and few at home,  
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

<sup>5</sup> "War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza. [In his proclamation, also, he stated, that, should the French commit any robberies, devastations, and murders, no quarter should be given them. The dogs by whom he was beset, he said, scarcely left him time to clean his sword from their blood, but they still found their grave at Saragoza. All his addresses were in the same spirit. "His language," says Mr. Southey, "had the high tone, and something of the inflation of Spanish romance, suiting the character of those to whom it was directed." See History of the Peninsular War, vol. iii. p. 152.]

<sup>6</sup> The Canto, in the original MS., closes with the following stanzas:—

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,  
Sights, Saints, Antiques, Arts, Anecdotes, and War,  
Go ! hie ye hence to Paternoster Row —  
Are they not written in the Book of Carr,\*  
Green Erin's Knight and Europe's wandering star !  
Then listen, Readers, to the Man of Ink,  
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar ;  
All these are coop'd within one Quarto's brink,  
This borrow, steal, — don't buy, — and tell us what you think.

\* Porphyry said, that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here ; but it requires no second sight to foretell a tome : the first glimpse of the knight was enough. [In a letter written from Gibraltar, August 6, 1809, to his friend Hodson, Lord Byron says — "I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz ; and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white."]

## LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead ?  
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain ;  
Look on the hands with female slaughter red ;  
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,  
Then to the vulture let each corpse remain ;  
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw, [stain,  
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching  
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 enchain'd :  
Strange retribution ! now Columbia's ease  
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,  
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

## 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 !

There may you read, with spectacles on eyes,  
How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain,  
As if therein they meant to colonize,  
How many troops y-cross'd the laughing main  
That ne'er beheld the said return again :  
How many buildings are in such a place,  
How many leagues from this to yonder plain,  
How many relics each cathedral grace,  
And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base.

There may you read (Oh, Phœbus, save Sir John !  
That these my words prophetic may not err)  
All that was said, or sung, or lost, or won,  
By vaunting Wellesley or blundering Frere,  
He that wrote half the "Needy Knife-Grinder."<sup>4</sup>  
'Tis poesy the way to grandeur paves —  
Who would not such diplomatists prefer ?  
But cease, my Muse, thy speed some respite craves,  
Leave Legates to their house, and armies to their graves.

Yet here of Vulpes mention may be made,  
Who for the Junta modell'd sapient laws,  
Taught them to govern ere they were obey'd :  
Certes, fit teacher to command, because  
His soul Socratic no Xantippe awes ;  
Blest with a dame in Virtue's bosom nurst, —  
With her let silent admiration pause ! —  
True to her second husband and her first :  
On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst.

<sup>1</sup> [The Honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra (May 14, 1811). I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine. In the short space of one month, I have lost her who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction:—

"Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,  
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn."  
I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, gave sufficiently established

\* [The "Needy Knife-grinder," in the Anti-jacobin, was a joint production of Messrs. Frere and Canning.]

## XCI.

And thou, my friend ! — since unavailing woe  
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—  
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,  
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain :  
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,  
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest !  
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest ?

## XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most !<sup>2</sup>  
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 bloodless bier,  
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fyte of Harold's pilgrimage :  
Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.  
Is this too much ? stern Critic ! say not so :  
Patience ! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go :  
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were  
quell'd.<sup>3</sup>

his fame on the spot where it was acquired ; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority. — [This and the following stanza were added in August, 1811. In one of his school-boy poems, entitled "Childish Recollections," Lord Byron has thus drawn the portrait of young Wingfield:—

"Alonzo ! best and dearest of my friends,  
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends :  
From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise ;  
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.  
Oh ! in the promise of thy early youth,  
If hope anticipates the words of truth,  
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,  
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.  
Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list  
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,  
Oft have we drained the fount of ancient lore,  
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still for more ;  
Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,  
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one.  
In every element, unchanged, the same,  
All, all that brothers should be, but the name."

Matthews, the idol of Lord Byron at college, was drowned, while bathing in the Cam, on the 2d of August. The following passage of a letter from Newstead to his friend Scrope Davies, written immediately after the event, bears the impress of strong and even agonised feelings:—"My dearest Davies ; some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in the house ; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do ? I received a letter from him the day before yesterday. My dear Scrope, if you can spare a moment, do come down to me—I want a friend. Matthews's last letter was written on Friday,—on Saturday he was not. In ability, who was like Matthews ? How did we all shrink before him. You do me but justice in saying I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him, as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. What will our poor Hobhouse feel ? His letters breathe but of Matthews. Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world!"—Matthews was the son of John Matthews, Esq. (the representative of Herefordshire, in the parliament of 1802—6), and brother of the author of "The Diary of an Invalid," also untimely snatched away.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Beloved the most."—MS.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Dec. 30th, 1809."—MS.]