

He call'd on Alla—but the word
Arose unheeded or unheard.
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?
I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
The traitor in his turn to seize;
My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
And now I go—but go alone."

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling:¹
His Mother look'd from her lattice high—²
She saw the dew's of eve besprinkling
The pasture green beneath her eye,
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
" 'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."³
She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:
" Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
And warily the steep descends,
And now within the valley bends;
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
How could I deem his courser slow?
Right well my largess shall repay
His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight:⁴
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from weariness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these might be from his courser's side;
He drew the token from his vest—
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac⁵ rent—his caftan red—
" Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed:

¹ [This beautiful passage first appeared in the fifth edition. "If you send more proofs," writes Lord Byron to Mr. Murray (August 10th, 1813), "I shall never finish this infernal story. *Ecce signum*—thirty-three more lines enclosed!—to the utter discomfiture of the printer, and, I fear, not to your advantage."]

² ["The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot."—Judges, c. v. v. 28.]

³ [In the original draft—

"His mother look'd from the lattice high,
With throbbing heart and eager eye;
The browsing camel bells are tinkling,
And the last beam of twilight twinkling,
'Tis eve; his train should now be nigh.
She could not rest in her garden bower,
And gazed through the loop of his steepest tower.
"Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
And well are they train'd to the summer's heat."

Another copy begins—

"The browsing camel bells are tinkling,
And the first beam of evening twinkling;
His mother look'd from her lattice high,
With throbbing breast and eager eye—
'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."

⁴ ["The Tartar sped beneath the gate,
And flung to earth his fainting weight."—MS.]

⁵ The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

⁶ The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar

Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
But this empurpled pledge to bear.
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

A turban⁶ carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"⁷
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,⁸
And welcome with a kiss the brave!
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's⁹ scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis'¹⁰ throne;
And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
But first, on earth as Vampire¹¹ sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:

mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

⁷ "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.—[Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a minaret or turret; and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin, or crier, to announce from it the hour of prayer. The practice is kept to this day. See D'Herbelot.]

⁸ The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,' &c."

⁹ Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no insecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. See Relig. Ceremon. and Sale's Koran.

¹⁰ Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.—[D'Herbelot supposes this title to have been a corruption of the Greek *Δαίμων*. According to Arabian mythology, Eblis had suffered a degradation from his primeval rank for having refused to worship Adam, in conformity to the supreme command; alleging, in justification of his refusal, that himself had been formed of ethereal fire, whilst Adam was only a creature of clay. See Koran.]

¹¹ The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes, about these "Vroucolochas,"

Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse:
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the demon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, most beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a father's name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony!
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they!²

"How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
Since first among our freres he came;
And here it soothes him to abide
For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our vesper prayer,
Nor e'er before confession chair
Kneels he, nor reck's he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.

as he calls them. The Romain term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.—The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

¹ The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

² [With the death of Hassan, or with his interment on the place where he fell, or with some moral reflections on his fate, we may presume that the original narrator concluded the tale of which Lord Byron has professed to give us a frag-

The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
Great largess to these walls he brought,
And thus our abbot's favour bought;
But were I prior, not a day
Should brook such stranger's further stay,
Or pent within our penance cell
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;³
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
On cliff he hath been known to stand,
And rave as to some bloody hand
Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
Invisible to all but him,
Which beckons onward to his grave,
And lures to leap into the wave."

Dark and unearthly is the scowl⁴
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue,
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
For in it lurks that nameless spell,
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
That claims and keeps ascendancy;
And like the bird whose pinions quake,
But cannot fly the gazing snake,
Will others quail beneath his look,
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
From him the half-affrighted Friar
When met alone would fain retire,
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferr'd to others fear and guile:
Not oft to smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever;
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyance ne'er derived its birth.

ment. But every reader, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking, that the interest excited by the catastrophe is greatly heightened in the modern poem; and that the imprecations of the Turk against the "accursed Giaour," are introduced with great judgment, and contribute much to the dramatic effect of the narrative. The remainder of the poem, we think, would have been more properly printed as a second canto; because a total change of scene, and a chasm of no less than six years in the series of events, can scarcely fail to occasion some little confusion in the mind of the reader.—GEORGE ELLIS.]

³ ["Of foreign maiden lost at sea."—MS.]

⁴ [The remaining lines, about five hundred in number, were, with the exception of the last sixteen, all added to the poem, either during its first progress through the press, or in subsequent editions.]

But sadder still it were to trace
 What once were feelings in that face :
 Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
 But brighter traits with evil mix'd ;
 And there are hues not always faded,
 Which speak a mind not all degraded
 Even by the crimes through which it waded :
 The common crowd but see the gloom
 Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
 The close observer can espy
 A noble soul, and lineage high :
 Alas ! though both bestow'd in vain,
 Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
 It was no vulgar tenement
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,
 And still with little less than dread
 On such the sight is riveted.
 The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
 Will scarce delay the passer by ;
 The tower by war or tempest bent,
 While yet may frown one battlement,
 Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ;
 Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
 Pleads haughtily for glories gone !

" His floating robe around him folding,
 Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle :
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
 The rites that sanctify the pile.
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,
 And kneel the monks, his steps retire ;
 By yonder lone and wavering torch
 His aspect glares within the porch ;
 There will he pause till all is done—
 And hear the prayer, but utter none.
 See—by the half-illumined wall¹
 His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent-braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd :
 For he declines the convent oath,
 And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
 But wears our garb in all beside ;
 And, not from piety but pride,
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word.
 Lo !—mark ye, as the harmony
 Peals louder praises to the sky,
 That livid cheek, that stony air
 Of mix'd defiance and despair !
 Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine !
 Else may we dread the wrath divine
 Made manifest by awful sign.
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he wore :
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven !"

¹ ["Behold—as turns he from the wall."—MS.]

² ["Must burn before it smite or shine."—MS.]

³ [Seeing himself accused of having, in this passage, too closely imitated Crabbe, Lord Byron wrote to a friend—"I have read the British Review, and really think the writer in most points very right. The only mortifying thing is, the accusation of imitation. Crabbe's passage I never saw; and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who likes it. The Giaour is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few prose-

To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own ;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair ;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal
 The rugged metal of the mine,
 Must burn before its surface shine,²
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same ;³
 Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
 'T will serve thee to defend or kill ;
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge, beware !
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart ;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief ;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share :
 Even bliss—'t were woe alone to bear ;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay !
 It is as if the desert-bird,⁴

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun ?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay ;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock !

lytes." The following are the lines of Crabbe which Lord Byron is charged with having imitated :—

"These are like wax—apply them to the fire,
 Melting, they take the impression you desire ;
 Easy to mould and fashion as you please,
 And again moulded with an equal ease ;
 Like smelted iron these the forms retain,
 But once impress'd will never melt again."—
 Crabbe's Works, vol. v. p. 163. ed. 1834.]

⁴ The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

" Father ! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer ;
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age ;
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
 Such as thy penitents unfold,
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 Within thy pure and pitying breast.
 My days, though few, have pass'd below
 In much of joy, but more of woe ;
 Yet still in hours of love or strife,
 I've 'scaped the weariness of life :
 Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,
 I loathed the languor of repose.
 Now nothing left to love or hate,
 No more with hope or pride elate,
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
 Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.
 Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 For rest—but not to feel 't is rest.
 Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil ;
 And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was, and would be still,
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem :¹
 My memory now is but the tomb
 Of joys long dead ; my hope, their doom :
 Though better to have died with those
 Than bear a life of lingering woes.
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain ;
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 Of ancient fool and modern knave :
 Yet death I have not fear'd to meet ;
 And in the field it had been sweet,
 Had danger woo'd me on to move
 The slave of glory, not of love.
 I've braved it—not for honour's boast ;
 I smile at laurels won or lost ;
 To such let others carve their way,
 For high renown, or hireling pay :
 But place again before my eyes
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize ;
 The maid I love, the man I hate,
 And I will hunt the steps of fate,
 To save or slay, as these require,
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire :
 Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
 Who would but do—what he hath done.
 Death is but what the haughty brave,
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave ;

¹ ["Though Hope hath long withdrawn her beam."—MS.]
² This superstition of a second hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriatos have not courage to be thieves."—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—"The shot! not a topaïke has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your

Then let Life go to him who gave :
 I have not quail'd to danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I now ?

" I loved her, Friar ! nay, adored—
 But these are words that all can use—
 I proved it more in deed than word ;
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,
 A stain its steel can never lose :
 'T was shed for her, who died for me,
 It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd :
 Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 Nor midst my sins such act record ;
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 For he was hostile to thy creed !
 The very name of Nazarene
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
 Ungrateful fool ! since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,
 And wounds by Galileans given,
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
 For him his Houris still might wait
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
 I loved her—love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey ;
 And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
 If passion met not some reward—
 No matter how, or where, or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh :
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how ;
 But look—'tis written on my brow !
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 In characters unworn by time :
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause ;
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one.
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow ;
 But true to me, I laid him low :
 Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me ;
 To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthral ;
 And I, alas ! too late to save !
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,
 'T was some relief, our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly ; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear²
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,
 As filed the troop to where they fell !

voice."—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romatic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palao-castro*" man? "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief

He died too in the battle broil,
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
One cry to Mahomet for aid,
One prayer to Alla all he made:
He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watch'd his spirit ebb away:
Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen corpse
Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like a lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,¹
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I have been bless'd.
Shall I the doom I sought upraid?
No—reft of all, yet undismay'd²

in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2d. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in "villanous company," and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnauts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaut came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "in the mean time he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

¹ ["I cannot prate in puling strain
Of bursting heart and maddening brain,
And fire that raged in every vein."—MS.]

² ["Even now alone, yet undismay'd,—
I know no friend and ask no aid."—MS.]

³ [These, in our opinion, are the most beautiful passages of the poem; and some of them of a beauty which it would not be easy to eclipse by many citations in the language.—JEFFREY.]

⁴ [The hundred and twenty-six lines which follow, down to "Tell me no more of fancy's gleam," first appeared in the fifth edition. In returning the proof to Mr. Murray, Lord

But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
For him who dies, but her who died:
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.³
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;⁴
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.⁵
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A Ray of him who form'd the whole;
A Glory circling round the soul!
I grant my love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
But say, oh say, hers was not guilt!
She was my life's unerring light:
That quench'd, what beam shall break my night?⁶
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill!
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
This present joy, this future hope,
No more with sorrow meekly cope;
In phrensy then their fate accuse:
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe?
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow;

Byron says:—"I have, but with some difficulty, not added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and a half of Childe Harold. The last lines Hodgson likes. It is not often he does; and when he don't, he tells me with great energy, and I fret, and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel; and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself. Do you know any body who can stop—I mean, *point*—commas, and so forth? for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation."

⁵ [Among the Giaour MSS. is the first draught of this passage, which we subjoin:—

"Yes } Love indeed { doth spring }
If } } descend } from heaven;
 } be born }
 } immortal }
A spark of that { eternal } fire,
 } celestial }

To human hearts in mercy given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self { each } sordid thought;
 } our }

Devotion sends the soul above,
But Heaven itself descends to love.
Yet marvel not, if they who love
This present joy, this future hope,
In madness, then, their fate accuse—
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem { to add but guilt to } woe.
 } but to augment their }

Alas! the { breast } that inly bleeds,
 } heart }

Has nought to dread from outward foe," &c.]

⁶ ["'Tis quench'd, and I am lost in night."—MS.]

Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear!
'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
With havock have I mark'd my way:
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone, will take.
And let the fool still prone to range,¹
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boasting boys;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble, heartless man,
Less than yon solitary swan;
Far, far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betray'd.
Such shame at least was never mine—
Leila! each thought was only thine!
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below.
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death—attest my truth!
'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
The cherish'd madness of my heart!

"And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life:
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorred all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charm'd before
The blackness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my woe.
But talk no more of penitence;
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that's done canst thou undo?
Think me not thankless—but this grief
Looks not to priesthood for relief.²
My soul's estate in secret guess:³
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
When thou canst bid my Leila live,
Then will I sue thee to forgive;
Then plead my cause in that high place
Where purchased masses proffer grace.
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,

¹ ["And let the light, inconstant fool
That sneers his coxcomb ridicule."—MS.]

² The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

And calm the lonely lioness:
But soothe not—mock not my distress!
"In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers⁴
I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!
To him this pledge I charge thee send,
Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of my end:⁵
Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could smile—
When Prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I reck'd not what—the while:
But now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
Say—that his bodings came to pass,
And he will start to hear their truth,
And wish his words had not been sooth:
Tell him, unheeding as I was,
Through many a busy bitter scene
Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory ere I died;
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name;
And what have I to do with fame?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn;
And what than friendship's manly tear
May better grace a brother's bier?
But bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold!
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wrack by passion left behind,
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

"Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now:
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear;
I wish'd it then, I wish it still;
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair⁶
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
I would not, if I might, be blest;
I want no paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;
And shining in her white symar,⁷
As through yon pale gray cloud the star

³ [—"but this grief
In truth is not for thy relief,
My state thy thought can never guess."—MS.]

⁴ ["Where rise my native city's towers."—MS.]

⁵ ["I have no heart to love him now,
And 'tis but to declare my end."—MS.]

⁶ ["Nay, kneel not, father, rise—despair," &c.—MS.]

⁷ ["Symar," a shroud.]

Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark;¹
To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold.
Alas! around a shadow prest,
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
But he is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not, for he cannot break
From earth; why then art thou awake?

¹ ["Which now I view with trembling spark."—MS.]

² The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Mughtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Biblio-

They told me wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fall:
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart:
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!
Or farther with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

"Such is my name, and such my tale.
Confessor! to thy secret ear
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,
And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."²

He pass'd—nor of his name and race
Hath left a token or a trace,
Save what the father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day:
This broken tale was all we knew³
Of her he loved, or him he slew.⁴

thèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

³ ["Nor whether most he mourn'd none knew,
For her he loved, or him he slew."—MS.]

⁴ [In this poem, which was published after the two first cantos of Childe Harold, Lord Byron began to show his powers. He had now received encouragement which set free his daring hands, and gave his strokes their natural force. Here, then, we first find passages of a tone peculiar to Lord Byron; but still this appearance was not uniform: he often returned to his trammels, and reminds us of the manner of some favourite predecessor: among these, I think we sometimes catch the notes of Sir Walter Scott. But the internal tempest—the deep passion, sometimes buried, and sometimes blazing from some incidental touch—the intensity of agonising reflection, which will always distinguish Lord Byron from other writers—now began to display themselves.—SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.]

The Bride of Abydos,

A TURKISH TALE.¹

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."
BURNS.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT,
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,
BYRON.

The Bride of Abydos.²

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle³
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl⁴ in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have
done?⁵

¹ [The "Bride of Abydos" was published in the beginning of December, 1813. The mood of mind in which it was struck off is thus stated by Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Gifford:—"You have been good enough to look at a thing of mine in MS.—a Turkish story—and I should feel gratified if you would do it the same favour in its probationary state of printing. It was written, I cannot say for amusement, nor 'obliged by hunger and request of friends,' but in a state of mind, from circumstances which occasionally occur to 'us youth,' that rendered it necessary for me to apply my mind to something, any thing, but reality; and under this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed. Send it either to the flames, or

— 'A hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds to fly or fall abroad.'

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a week, and scribbled 'stans pede in uno' (by the bye, the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise never to trouble you again under forty cantos, and a voyage between each.]"

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which
they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be clear'd."—The train dis-
appear'd—
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
"Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)"

² ["Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing is called the *Bride of Abydos*? It is an awkward question, being unanswerable; she is not a bride; only about to be one. I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull*, but the detection is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to have made it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman."—*Byron Diary*, Dec. 6. 1813.]

³ [To the *Bride of Abydos*, Lord Byron made many additions during its progress through the press, amounting to about two hundred lines; and, as in the case of the *Giaour*, the passages so added will be seen to be some of the most splendid in the whole poem. These opening lines, which are among the new insertions, are supposed to have been suggested by a song of Goethe's—

"Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühn."]

⁴ "Gûl," the rose.

⁵ "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."—*Young's Revenge*.