

Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.  
Yet hear me still!—If you condemn me, yet  
Remember *who* hath taught me once too often  
To listen to him! *Who* proclaim'd to me  
That *there were crimes* made venial by the occasion?  
That passion was our nature? that the goods  
Of Heaven waited on the goods of fortune?  
*Who* show'd me his humanity secured  
By his *nerves* only? *Who* deprived me of  
All power to vindicate myself and race  
In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd  
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on  
Himself—a *felon's* brand! The man who is  
At once both warm and weak invites to deeds  
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange [done  
That I should *act* what you could *think*? We have  
With right and wrong; and now must only ponder  
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,  
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *unknown*,  
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew  
*Known* as our foe—but not from vengeance. He  
Was a rock in our way which I cut through,  
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us  
And our true destination—but not idly.  
As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*  
His *life*: when due, I but resumed the debt.  
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein  
I have plunged our enemy. *You* kindled first  
The torch—*you* show'd the path; now trace me that  
Of safety—or let me!

*Sieg.* I have done with life!  
*Ulr.* Let us have done with that which cankers  
life—

Familiar feuds and vain recriminations  
Of things which cannot be undone. We have  
No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,  
And have within these very walls men who [things.  
(Although you know them not) dare venture all  
You stand high with the state; what passes here  
Will not excite her too great curiosity:  
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,  
Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me;  
We must have no *third* babblers thrust between us.

[*Exit ULRIC.*  
*Sieg.* (*solus*). Am I awake? are these my father's  
halls?

And *you*—my son? *My* son! *mine*! who have ever  
Abhor'd both mystery and blood, and yet  
Am plunged into the deepest hell of both!  
I must be speedy, or more will be shed—  
The Hungarian's!—*Ulr.*—he hath partisans,  
It seems: I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool!  
Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key  
(As I too) of the opposite door which leads  
Into the turret. Now then! or once more  
To be the father of fresh crimes, no less  
Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!  
[*Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.*

## SCENE II.

The Interior of the Turret.

GABOR and SIEGENDORF.

*Gab.* Who calls?  
*Sieg.* I—Siegendorf! Take these, and fly!  
Lose not a moment!

[*Tears off a diamond star and other jewels, and  
thrusts them into GABOR's hand.*

*Gab.* What am I to do  
With these?  
*Sieg.* Whate'er you will: sell them, or hoard,  
And prosper; but delay not, or you are lost!  
*Gab.* You pledged your honour for my safety!  
*Sieg.* And  
Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,  
It seems, of my own castle—of my own  
Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,  
Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!  
Or you will be slain by—

*Gab.* Is it even so?  
Farewell, then! Recollect, however, Count,  
You sought this fatal interview!

*Sieg.* I did:  
Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!

*Gab.* By the same path I enter'd?  
*Sieg.* Yes; that's safe still:  
But loiter not in Prague;—you do not know  
With whom you have to deal.

*Gab.* I know too well—  
And knew it ere yourself, unhappy sire!  
Farewell! [*Exit GABOR.*

*Sieg.* (*solus and listening*). He hath clear'd the  
staircase. Ah! I hear

The door sound loud behind him! He is safe!  
Safe!—Oh, my father's spirit!—I am faint—  
[*He leans down upon a stone seat, near the wall  
of the tower, in a drooping posture.*

*Enter ULRIC, with others armed, and with weapons  
drawn.*

*Ulr.* Despatch!—he's there!  
*Lud.* The count, my lord!

*Ulr.* (*recognising SIEGENDORF*). You here, sir!  
*Sieg.* Yes: if you want another victim, strike!

*Ulr.* (*seeing him stript of his jewels*). Where is the  
ruffian who hath plunder'd you?

Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see  
'T was as I said—the wretch hath stript my father  
Of jewels which might form a prince's heir-loom!  
Away! I'll follow you forthwith.

[*Exeunt all but SIEGENDORF and ULRIC.*  
What's this?

Where is the villain?  
*Sieg.* There are *two*, sir: which  
Are you in quest of?

*Ulr.* Let us hear no more  
Of this: he must be found. You have not let him  
Escape?

*Sieg.* He's gone.  
*Ulr.* With your connivance?  
*Sieg.* With

My fullest, freest aid.  
*Ulr.* Then fare you well!  
[*ULRIC is going.*

*Sieg.* Stop! I command—entreat—implore! Oh,  
*Ulr.*  
Will you then leave me?

*Ulr.* What! remain to be  
Denounced—dragg'd, it may be, in chains; and all  
By your inherent weakness, half-humanity,  
Selfish remorse, and temporising pity,  
That sacrifices your whole race to save  
A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, count,  
Henceforth you have no son!

*Sieg.* I never had one;  
And would you ne'er had borne the useless name!

Where will you go? I would not send you forth  
Without protection.

*Ulr.* Leave that unto me.  
I am not alone; nor merely the vain heir  
Of your domains; a thousand, ay, ten thousand  
Swords, hearts, and hands, are mine.

*Sieg.* The foresters!  
With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frank-  
fort!

*Ulr.* Yes—men—who are worthy of the name!  
Your senators that they look well to Prague;  
Their feast of peace was early for the times;  
There are more spirits abroad than have been laid  
With Wallenstein!

*Enter JOSEPHINE and IDA.*

*Jos.* What is't we hear? My Siegendorf!  
Thank Heav'n, I see you safe!

*Sieg.* Safe!  
*Ida.* Yes, dear father!

*Sieg.* No, no; I have no children: never more  
Call me by that worst name of parent.

*Jos.* What  
Means my good lord!

*Sieg.* That you have given birth  
To a demon!

*Ida.* (*taking ULRIC's hand*). Who shall dare say  
this of Ulrice?

*Sieg.* *Ida*, beware! there's blood upon that hand.  
*Ida.* (*stooping to kiss it*). I'd kiss it off, though it  
were mine.

*Sieg.* It is so!  
*Ulr.* Away! it is your father's! [*Exit ULRIC.*  
*Ida.* Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!  
[*IDA falls senseless—JOSEPHINE stands speech-  
less with horror.*

*Sieg.* The wretch hath slain  
Them both!—My Josephine! we are now alone!

Would we had ever been so!—All is over  
For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;  
Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son  
In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

## Hours of Idleness:

A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.<sup>1</sup>

Virginibus puerisque canto. — HORACE, lib. iii. Ode 1.  
Μῆτιρ ἄγ' ἴσθ' ἡμῶν ἀνέτα, μὴτε τι νόμιμι. — HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.  
He whistled as he went, for want of thought. — DRYDEN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.

THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,<sup>2</sup>

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.<sup>3</sup>

IN submitting to the public eye the following col-  
lection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that  
writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur  
the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on  
the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my  
age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours  
of a young man who has lately completed his nine-  
teenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a  
boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information.  
Some few were written during the disadvantages of

illness and depression of spirits: under the former  
influence, "CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS," in particular,  
were composed. This consideration, though it cannot  
excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm  
of censure. A considerable portion of these poems  
has been privately printed, at the request and for the  
perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial  
and frequently injudicious admiration of a social  
circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is  
to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly," we must "dare  
greatly;" and I have hazarded my reputation and  
feelings in publishing this volume. "I have passed  
the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of

<sup>1</sup> [First published in 1807.]

<sup>2</sup> [Isabella, the daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron  
(great-great uncle of the Poet), became, in 1742, the wife of  
Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, and was the mother of the  
fifth Earl, to whom this dedication was addressed. This

lady was a poetess in her way. The Fairy's Answer to Mrs.  
Greville's "Prayer of Indifference," in Pearch's Collection,  
is usually ascribed to her.]

<sup>3</sup> [This Preface was omitted in the second edition.]

the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please every body; because they who have no connection, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe: on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed: their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce any thing entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indispotion, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin:" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "virum voltare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

<sup>2</sup> [The passage referred to by Lord Byron occurs in Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. viii. p. 91. ed. 1835. Dr. Johnson's letter to Mrs. Chapone, criticising, on the whole favourably, the Earl's tragedy of "The Father's Revenge," is inserted in the same volume, p. 242.]

first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor, even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine<sup>1</sup>, "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

### Hours of Idleness.

#### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM.<sup>3</sup>

HUSH'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,  
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,  
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,  
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,  
That clay, where once such animation beam'd:  
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey;  
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,  
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!  
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,  
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars  
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;  
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers  
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,  
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?  
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—  
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,  
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;  
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,  
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

<sup>4</sup> ["My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker

#### TO E——, 1

LET Folly smile, to view the names  
Of thee and me in friendship twined;  
Yet Virtue will have greater claims  
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,  
Since title deck'd my higher birth!  
Yet envy not this gaudy state;  
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,  
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;  
Our intercourse is not less sweet,  
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

#### TO D——, 2

IN thee, I fondly hoped to clasp  
A friend, whom death alone could sever;  
Till envy, with malignant grasp,  
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my breast,  
Yet, in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;  
There, there thine image still must rest,  
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,  
When life again to dust is given,  
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—  
Without thee, where would be my heaven?

February, 1803.

(daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eye-lashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful,) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured, throughout the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness—being at Harrow and in the country—till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>1</sup> [This little poem, and some others in the collection, refer to a boy of Lord Byron's own age, son of one of his tenants at Newstead, for whom he had formed a romantic attachment, of earlier date than any of his school friendships.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Delawarr. The idea of printing a collection of his Poems first occurred to Lord Byron in the parlour of that cottage, which, during his visit to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the Poems of Burns, when young Byron said, that "he, too, was a poet sometimes, and would write down for her some verses of his own which he remembered." He then, with a pencil, wrote these lines, "To D——." A *fac-simile* of the first four lines of this pencilling fronts p. 1.]

<sup>3</sup> [This poem appears to have been, in its original state, intended to commemorate the death of the same lowly-born youth, to whom the affectionate verses given in the opposite column were addressed:—

#### EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.<sup>3</sup>

Ἄσπ'η πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπεεὶ ἐν ζωῶν ἐὼς. — LAERTIUS.

OH, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!  
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!  
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,  
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!  
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;  
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;  
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,  
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;  
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,  
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.  
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh  
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,  
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,  
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.  
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,  
But living statues there are seen to weep;  
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,  
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.  
What though thy sire lament his failing line,  
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!  
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,  
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:  
But, who with me shall hold thy former place?  
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?  
Ah! none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,  
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;  
To all, save one, is consolation known,  
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

"Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born," &c.

But, in the altered form of the Epitaph, not only this passage, but every other containing an allusion to the low rank of his young companion, is omitted; while, in the added parts, the introduction of such language as—

"What though thy sire lament his failing line,"

seems calculated to give an idea of the youth's station in life, wholly different from that which the whole tenour of the original Epitaph warrants. "That he grew more conscious," says Mr. Moore, "of his high station, as he approached to manhood, is not improbable, and this wish to sink his early friendship with the young cottager may have been a result of that feeling." The following is a copy of the lines as they first appeared in the private volume:—

"Oh, Boy! for ever loved, for ever dear!  
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!  
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,  
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!  
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;  
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;  
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,  
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;  
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,  
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.  
Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born,  
No titles did thy humble name adorn,  
To me, far dearer was thy artless love  
Than all the joys wealth, fame, and friends could prove:  
For thee alone I lived, or wish'd to live;  
Oh God! if impious, this rash word forgive!  
Heart-broken now, I wait an equal doom,  
Content to join thee in thy turf-clad tomb;  
Where, this frail form composed in endless rest,  
I'll make my last cold pillow on thy breast;  
That breast where oft in life I've laid my head,  
Will yet receive me mouldering with the dead;  
This life resign'd, without one parting sigh,  
Together in one bed of earth we'll lie!  
Together share the fate to mortals given;  
Together mix our dust, and hope for heaven."]

## A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice  
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;  
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,  
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;  
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured urns  
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!  
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone;  
My epitaph shall be my name alone;<sup>1</sup>  
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,  
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!  
*That*, only *that*, shall single out the spot;  
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.<sup>2</sup>

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days?  
Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and  
the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."  
— OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow  
winds whistle;  
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay:  
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle  
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the  
way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle  
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,<sup>3</sup>  
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast  
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain. [rattle,

<sup>1</sup> [Of the sincerity of this youthful aspiration, the Poet has left repeated proofs. By his will, drawn up in 1811, he directed, that "no inscription, save his name and age, should be written on his tomb;" and, in 1819, he wrote thus to Mr. Murray:—"Some of the epitaphs at the Certosa cemetery, at Ferrara, pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

'Martini Luigi  
Implora pace.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? I hope whoever may survive me will see those two words, and no more, put over me."]

<sup>2</sup> [The priory of Newstead, or de Novo Loco, in Sherwood, was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II., and dedicated to God and the Virgin. It was in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, that, by a royal grant, it was added, with the lands adjoining, to the other possessions of the Byron family. The favourite upon whom they were conferred, was the grand-nephew of the gallant soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth, and is distinguished from the other knights of the same Christian name, in the family, by the title of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard." A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the abbey, while in the possession of the Poet, were decorated.]

<sup>3</sup> [There being no record of any of Lord Byron's ancestors having been engaged in the Holy Wars, Mr. Moore suggests, that the Poet may have had no other authority for this notion, than the tradition which he found connected with certain strange groups of heads, which are represented on the old panel-work in some of the chambers at Newstead. In one of these groups, consisting of three heads, strongly carved and projecting from the panel, the centre figure evidently represents a Saracen or Moor, with an European female on one side of him, and a Christian soldier on the other. In a second group, the female occupies the centre, while on either side is the head of a Saracen, with the eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Of the exact meaning of these figures there is nothing known; but the tradition is, that they refer to a love adventure of the age of the Crusades.]

<sup>4</sup> ["In the park of Horsley," says Thoroton, "there was a castle, some of the ruins of which are yet visible, called Horistan Castle, which was the chief mansion of Ralph de Burun's successors."]

<sup>5</sup> [Two of the family of Byron are enumerated as serving

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,  
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd  
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan<sup>4</sup> slumbers;  
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy;<sup>5</sup>  
For the safety of Edward and England they fell:  
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;  
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

On Marston<sup>6</sup>, with Rupert<sup>7</sup>, 'gainst traitors contending,  
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak  
For the rights of a monarch their country defending,  
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.<sup>8</sup>

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing  
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!  
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting  
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,  
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;  
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,  
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;  
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:  
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish:  
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your  
own!

1803.

with distinction in the siege of Calais, under Edward III., and as among the knights who fell on the glorious field of Cressy.]

<sup>6</sup> The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

<sup>7</sup> Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

<sup>8</sup> [Sir Nicholas Byron served with distinction in the Low Countries; and, in the Great Rebellion, he was one of the first to take up arms in the royal cause. After the battle of Edgehill, he was made colonel-general of Cheshire and Shropshire, and governor of Chester. "He was," says Clarendon, "a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, which gave great life to the designs of the well affected; and, with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, he raised such a power of horse and foot, as made frequent skirmishes with the enemy, sometimes with notable advantage, never with signal loss."—In 1643, Sir John Byron was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which he deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connection with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. "Sir John Biron," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms, and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's." We find also, in the reply of Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, to his cousin-german Sir Richard Byron, a noble tribute to the chivalrous fidelity of the race. Sir Richard, having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that "except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken."—On the monument of Richard, the second Lord Byron, who lies buried in the chancel of Hucknal-Tokard church, there is the following inscription:—"Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of Richard Lord Byron, who, with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles the First in the civil wars, who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes; yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours of the said Richard Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity."]

## LINES

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS TO AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J. ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"AWAY, away, your flattering arts  
May now betray some simple hearts;  
And you will smile at their believing,  
And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,  
From which thou'dst guard frail female hearts,  
Exist but in imagination,—  
Mere phantoms of thine own creation;  
For he who views that witching grace,  
That perfect form, that lovely face,  
With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,  
He never wishes to deceive thee:  
Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,  
Thou'lt there descry that elegance,  
Which from our sex demands such praises,  
But envy in the other raises:  
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,  
Believe me, only does his duty:  
Ah! fly not from the candid youth;  
It is not flattery,—'tis truth.

July, 1804.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.<sup>1</sup>

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,  
Friend and associate of this clay!  
To what unknown region borne,  
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?  
No more with wonted humour gay,  
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—  
Greater than Jove he seems to me—  
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,  
Securely views thy matchless charms,  
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,  
That mouth, from whence such music flows,  
To him, alike, are always known,  
Reserved for him, and him alone.  
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,  
I cannot choose but look on thee;  
But, at the sight, my senses fly;  
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;  
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,  
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,  
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,  
My limbs deny their slight support,  
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,  
With deadly languor droops my head,

<sup>1</sup> [This and several little pieces that follow appear to be fragments of school exercises done at Harrow.]

My ears with tingling echoes ring,  
And life itself is on the wing;  
My eyes refuse the cheering light,  
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night:  
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,  
And feels a temporary death,

## TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,  
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,  
By Death's<sup>2</sup> unequal hand alike controll'd,  
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

## IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib.* 4.

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease  
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?  
Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,  
That I might live for love and you again:  
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate;  
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Lugete, Venere, Cupidinesque, &amp;c.]

YE Cupids, droop each little head,  
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,  
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,  
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:  
For he was gentle, and so true,  
Obedient to her call he flew,  
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,  
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,  
He never sought to cleave the air,  
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,  
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.  
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne  
From whence he never can return,  
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,  
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!  
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,  
From whom no earthly power can save,  
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:  
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,  
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;  
Thou art the cause of all her woe,  
Receptacle of life's decay.

## IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,  
A million scarce would quench desire:

<sup>2</sup> The hand of Death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

Still would I steep my lips in bliss,  
And dwell an age on every kiss :  
Nor then my soul should sated be ;  
Still would I kiss and cling to thee :  
Nought should my kiss from thine dissever ;  
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever ;  
E'en though the numbers did exceed  
The yellow harvest's countless seed.  
To part would be a vain endeavour :  
Could I desist ? — ah ! never — never !

## TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &amp;c.]

THE man of firm and noble soul  
No factious clamours can control ;  
No threatening tyrant's darkling brow  
Can swerve him from his just intent :  
Gales the warring waves which plough,  
By Auster on the billows spent,  
To curb the Adriatic main,  
Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,  
Hurling his lightnings from above,  
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,  
He would, unmoved, unawed behold.  
The flames of an expiring world,  
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,  
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,  
Might light his glorious funeral pile :  
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

## FROM ANACREON.

[Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδης, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre  
To deeds of fame and notes of fire ;  
To echo, from its rising swell,  
How heroes fought and nations fell,  
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,  
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar ;  
But still, to martial strains unknown,  
My lyre recurs to love alone :  
Fired with the hope of future fame,  
I seek some nobler hero's name ;  
The dying chords are strung anew,  
To war, to war, my harp is due :  
With glowing strings, the epic strain  
To Jove's great son I raise again ;  
Alcides and his glorious deeds,  
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.  
All, all in vain ; my wayward lyre  
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.  
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms !  
Adieu the clang of war's alarms !  
To other deeds my soul is strung,  
And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;  
My harp shall all its powers reveal,  
To tell the tale my heart must feel :  
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,  
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

## FROM ANACREON.

[Μεσονυκτίας ποθ' ἄραίς, κ. τ. λ.]

'T WAS now the hour when Night had driven  
Her car half round yon sable heaven ;  
Boötes, only, seem'd to roll  
His arctic charge around the pole ;  
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,  
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep.  
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,  
Descending from the realms of joy,  
Quick to my gate directs his course,  
And knocks with all his little force.  
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose, —  
“ What stranger breaks my blest repose ? ”  
“ Alas ! ” replies the wily child,  
In faltering accents sweetly mild,  
“ A hapless infant here I roam,  
Far from my dear maternal home.  
Oh ! shield me from the wintry blast !  
The nightly storm is pouring fast.  
No prowling robber lingers here.  
A wandering baby who can fear ? ”  
I heard his seeming artless tale,  
I heard his sighs upon the gale :  
My breast was never pity's foe,  
But felt for all the baby's woe.  
I drew the bar, and by the light,  
Young Love, the infant, met my sight ;  
His bow across his shoulders flung,  
And thence his fatal quiver hung  
(Ah ! little did I think the dart  
Would rattle soon within my heart).  
With care I tend my weary guest,  
His little fingers chill my breast ;  
His glossy curls, his azure wing,  
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring ;  
His shivering limbs the embers warm ;  
And now reviving from the storm,  
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,  
Than swift he seized his slender bow : —  
“ I fain would know, my gentle host,”  
He cried, “ if this its strength has lost ;  
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,  
The strings their former aid refuse.”  
With poison tipped, his arrow flies,  
Deep in my tortured heart it lies ;  
Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd : —  
“ My bow can still impel the shaft :  
'T is firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;  
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it ? ”

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF  
ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδαιμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne  
Both gods and mortals homage pay,  
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,  
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.  
Oft shall the sacred victim fall  
In sea-girl Ocean's mossy hall ;  
My voice shall raise no impious strain  
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

## TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,  
Their hue invites my fervent kiss ;  
Yet I forego that bliss divine,  
Alas ! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,  
How could I dwell upon its snows !  
Yet is the daring wish repress ;  
For that, — would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye  
Can raise with hope, depress with fear ;  
Yet I conceal my love, — and why ?  
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou  
Hast seen my ardent flame too well ;  
And shall I plead my passion now,  
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell ?

No ! for thou never canst be mine,  
United by the priest's decree :  
By any ties but those divine,  
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,  
Let it consume, thou shalt not know :  
With joy I court a certain doom,  
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,  
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine ;  
Rather than such a sting impart,  
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes ! yield those lips, for which I'd brave  
More than I here shall dare to tell ;  
Thy innocence and mine to save, —  
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes ! yield that breast, to seek despair,  
And hope no more thy soft embrace ;  
Which to obtain my soul would dare,  
All, all reproach — but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,  
No matron shall thy shame reprove ;  
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,  
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

## TO CAROLINE.

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,  
Suffused in tears, implore to stay ;  
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,  
Which said far more than words can say ?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,  
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown ;  
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast  
Throb'd with deep sorrow as thine own.

How different now thy joyless fate,  
Since first Hesiöne thy bride,  
When placed aloft in godlike state,  
The blushing beauty by thy side,  
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,  
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,  
The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,  
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless  
frown'd. <sup>1</sup>

Harrow, Dec. 1. 1804.

## TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,  
When you must quit your anxious lover ;  
Since now our dream of bliss is past,  
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas ! that pang will be severe,  
Which bids us part to meet no more ;  
Which tears me far from one so dear,  
Departing for a distant shore.

Well ! we have pass'd some happy hours,  
And joy will mingle with our tears ;  
When thinking on these ancient towers,  
The shelter of our infant years ;

Where from this Gothic casement's height,  
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell ;  
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,  
We lingering look a last farewell,

O'er fields through which we used to run,  
And spend the hours in childish play ;  
O'er shades where, when our rage was done,  
Reposing on my breast you lay ;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,  
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,  
Yet envied every fly the kiss  
It dared to give your slumbering eyes :

See still the little painted bark,  
In which I row'd you o'er the lake ;  
See there, high waving o'er the park,  
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past — our joys are gone,  
You leave me, leave this happy vale ;  
These scenes I must retrace alone :  
Without thee what will they avail ?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,  
The anguish of a last embrace ?  
When, torn from all you fondly loved,  
You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,  
For this these tears our cheeks bedew ;  
This is of love the final close,  
Oh, God ! the fondest, last adieu !

<sup>1</sup> [“ My first Harrow verses (that is, English, as exercises), a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by Dr. Drury, my grand patron

(our head master) but coolly. No one had, at that time, the least notion that I should subside into poesy.” — *Byron Diary.*]