

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd  
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,  
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd  
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,  
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame;  
And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,  
In signs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,  
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;  
Remembrance only can remain, —  
But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!  
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret;  
Nor let thy mind past joys review, —  
Our only hope is to forget!

## TO CAROLINE.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,  
Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;  
For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,  
And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,  
That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear;  
That age will come on, when remembrance, deploring,  
Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear;

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining  
Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,

When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,  
Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'T is this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features,

Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree,  
Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his creatures,  
In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,  
No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;  
He worships each look with such faithful devotion,  
A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,  
And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy glow,

Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,  
When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low, —

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,

Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow;  
Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,  
And quaff the contents as our nectar below. [sure,  
1805.

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Strangford's translations of Camoëns' Amatory Poems, Verses, and Little's Poems, are mentioned by Mr. Moore as having been at this period the favourite study of Lord Byron.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The latter years of Camoëns present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the

## TO CAROLINE.

OH! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrows?  
Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay?

The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow  
But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,  
I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me from bliss;  
For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses  
Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,  
Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could assuage,  
On our foes should my glance launch in vengeance its lightning,  
With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,  
Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;  
Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,  
Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,  
Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer;  
Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation;  
In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,  
Since, in life, love and friendship for ever are fled?  
If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,  
Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

1805.

## STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS. <sup>1</sup>

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,  
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize,  
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,  
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,  
The old and disappointed maid;  
Or pupil of the prudish school,  
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,  
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;  
To thee in vain I shall not plead  
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;  
His was no faint, fictitious flame;  
Like his, may love be thy reward,  
But not thy hapless fate the same. <sup>2</sup>

service of his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusitan heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was

## THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

'Α Βασιλειος δι' ἡμετέρας  
Ἐρωτα μωρον ἵζητι.

ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance;  
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!  
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,  
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,  
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;  
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,  
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,  
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,  
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,  
And try the effect of the first kiss of love!

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!  
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,

I court the effusions that spring from the heart,  
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,  
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move:  
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:  
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,  
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove;  
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,  
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past —

For years fleet away with the wings of the dove —  
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,  
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL. <sup>1</sup>

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own,  
When Probus<sup>2</sup> filled your magisterial throne?

Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoëns to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain. Camoëns sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1579. — STRANGFORD.]

<sup>1</sup> [In March, 1805, Dr. Drury retired from his situation of head-master at Harrow, and was succeeded by Dr. Butler.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Dr. Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had; and I look upon him still as a father." — *Byron Diary*.]

<sup>3</sup> ["At Harrow I was a most unpopular boy, but led latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes — except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since." — *Byron Diary*. — The reconciliation which took place between him and Dr. Butler, before his departure for Greece, in 1809, is, says Mr. Moore, "one of those instances of placability and pliancy with which his life abounded. Not content with this private atonement to the Doctor, it was his intention, had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, to substitute, for the offensive verses against that gentleman,

As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,  
Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,  
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,  
And seat Pomposus where your Probus sate.  
Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,  
Pomposus<sup>3</sup> holds you in his harsh control;  
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,  
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;  
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,  
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.  
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,  
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause,  
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,  
Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom:  
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,  
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET. <sup>4</sup>

DORSET<sup>5</sup>! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,  
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;  
Whom still affection taught me to defend,  
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,  
Though the harsh custom of our youthful ban  
Bade thee obey, and gave me to command;<sup>6</sup>  
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower  
The gift of riches, and the pride of power;  
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,  
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.  
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul  
To shun fair science, or evade control,  
Though passive tutors<sup>7</sup>, fearful to dispraise  
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,  
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,  
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.  
When youthful parasites, who bend the knee  
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee, —  
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn  
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn, —  
When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait  
On one by birth predestined to be great;  
That books were only meant for drudging fools,  
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"<sup>8</sup>  
Believe them not; — they point the path to shame,  
And seek to blast the honours of thy name.

a frank avowal of the wrong he had been guilty of in giving vent to them."]

<sup>4</sup> In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

<sup>5</sup> [George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born November 15, 1793. This amiable nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, February 22, 1815, being on a visit at the time to his mother, the duchess-dowager, and her second husband, Charles Earl of Whitworth, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.]

<sup>6</sup> At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

<sup>7</sup> Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant: I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,  
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong ;  
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,  
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,  
Ask thine own heart ; 't will bid thee, boy, forbear ;  
For well I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes ! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,  
But now new scenes invite me far away ;  
Yes ! I have mark'd within that generous mind  
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.  
Ah ! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,  
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child ;  
Though every error stamps me for her own,  
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone ;  
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,  
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'T is not enough, with other sons of power,  
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour ;  
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,  
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside ;  
Then share with titled crowds the common lot—  
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;  
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,  
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,  
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,  
That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,  
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find  
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.  
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults  
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,  
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,  
In records destined never to be read.  
Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,  
Exalted more among the good and wise,  
A glorious and a long career pursue,  
As first in rank, the first in talent too ;  
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun ;  
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day ;  
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.  
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,  
And call'd, proud boast ! the British drama forth. <sup>1</sup>  
Another view, not less renown'd for wit ;  
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit ;  
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine ;  
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine ;  
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,  
The pride of princes, and the boast of song. <sup>2</sup>  
Such were thy fathers ; thus preserve their name ;  
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.  
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close  
To me, this little scene of joys and woes ;

<sup>1</sup> ["Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, was born in 1527. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of *Gorboduc*, which was played before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. His tragedy, and his contribution of the induction and legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the "Mirror for Magistrates," compose the poetical history of Sackville. The rest of it was political. In 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset by James I. He died suddenly at the council table, in consequence of a dropsy on the brain."—CAMPBELL.]

<sup>2</sup> [Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was born in 1637, and died in 1706. He was esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, and alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with considerable gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665 ; on the day previous to which he is said to have composed his celebrated song, *To all you Ladies now at Land*. His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve.]

<sup>3</sup> ["I have just been, or rather ought to be, very much

Each knell of Time now warns me to resign  
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were mine :

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,  
And gild their pinions as the moments flew ;  
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,  
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day ;  
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell ;  
Alas ! they love not long, who love so well.  
To these adieu ! nor let me linger o'er  
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,  
Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,  
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

Dorset, farewell ! I will not ask one part  
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart ;  
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind  
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.  
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,  
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,  
Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,  
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,  
We hence may meet, and pass each other by,  
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,  
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,  
With thee no more again I hope to trace  
The recollection of our early race ;  
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,  
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice :  
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught  
To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,  
If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—  
Oh ! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,  
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate  
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great. <sup>3</sup>

1805.

## FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH.

HILLS of Annesley ! bleak and barren,  
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,  
How the northern tempests, warring,  
Howl above thy tufted shade !

Now no more, the hours beguiling,  
Former favourite haunts I see ;  
Now no more my Mary smiling  
Makes ye seem a heaven to me. <sup>4</sup>

1805.

shocked by the death of the Duke of Dorset. We were at school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met, but once, I think, since 1805—and it would be a paltry affectation to pretend that I had any feeling for him worth the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart ; and all I can say for it now is—that it is not worth breaking. The recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands.—*Byron Letters*, 1815.—The Verses referred to were those melancholy ones, beginning,—“There's not a joy the world can give, like those it takes away.”]

<sup>4</sup> [The circumstances which lent so peculiar an interest to Lord Byron's introduction to the family of Chaworth, are sufficiently explained in the "Notices of his Life." "The young lady herself combined," says Mr. Moore, "with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at this period

## GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

Ἀεγροῦναι λόγχοισι μάχου καὶ πάντα Κρατῆσαι.

Oh ! could Le Sage's<sup>1</sup> demon's gift  
Be realised at my desire,  
This night my trembling form he'd lift  
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls  
Pedantic inmates full display ;  
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,  
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,  
Petty and Palmerston survey ;  
Who canvass there with all their might,  
Against the next elective day. <sup>2</sup>

Lo ! candidates and voters lie <sup>3</sup>  
All lull'd in sleep, a godly number :  
A race renown'd for piety,  
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H—<sup>4</sup>, indeed, may not demur ;  
Fellows are sage reflecting men :  
They know preferment can occur  
But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got  
Some pretty livings in disposal :  
Each hopes that one may be his lot,  
And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene  
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,  
To view, unheeded and unseen,  
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp  
The candidate for college prizes  
Sits poring by the midnight lamp ;  
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,  
With all the honours of his college,  
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,  
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge :

Who sacrifices hours of rest  
To scan precisely metres attic ;  
Or agitates his anxious breast  
In solving problems mathematic :

(1804) that the young poet seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting ; six short weeks which he passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life. With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once more in the succeeding year, and took his last farewell of her on that hill near Annesley, which, in his poem of "The Dream," he describes so happily as "crowned with a peculiar diadem." In August, 1805, she was married to John Musters, Esq. ; and died at Wiverton Hall, in February, 1832, in consequence, it is believed, of the alarm and danger to which she had been exposed during the sack of Colwick Hall by a party of rioters from Nottingham. The unfortunate lady had been in a feeble state of health for several years, and she and her daughter were obliged to take shelter from the violence of the mob in a shrubbery, where, partly from cold, partly from terror, her constitution sustained a shock which it wanted vigour to resist.]

<sup>1</sup> The *Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

<sup>2</sup> [On the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806, Lord Henry

Who reads false quantities in Seale,<sup>5</sup>  
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,  
Deprived of many a wholesome meal ;  
In barbarous Latin<sup>6</sup> doom'd to wrangle :

Renouncing every pleasing page  
From authors of historic use ;  
Preferring to the letter'd sage,  
The square of the hypothenuse. <sup>7</sup>

Still, harmless are these occupations,  
That hurt none but the hapless student,  
Compared with other recreations,  
Which bring together the imprudent ;

Whose daring revels shock the sight,  
When vice and infamy combine,  
When drunkenness and dice invite,  
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,  
Who plans of reformation lay :  
In humble attitude they sue,  
And for the sins of others pray :

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,  
Their exultation in their trial,  
Detracts most largely from the merit  
Of all their boasted self-denial.

'T is morn :—from these I turn my sight.  
What scene is this which meets the eye ?  
A numerous crowd, array'd in white,<sup>8</sup>  
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell ;  
'T is hush'd :—what sounds are these I hear ?  
The organ's soft celestial swell  
Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,  
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain ;  
Though he who hears the music long  
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,  
Even as a band of raw beginners ;  
All mercy now must be refused  
To such a set of croaking sinners.

Petty and Lord Palmerston were candidates to represent the University of Cambridge in parliament.]

<sup>3</sup> [In the private volume, the fourth and fifth stanzas ran thus :—

“One on his power and place depends,  
The other on—the Lord knows what !  
Each to some eloquence pretends,  
Though neither will convince by that.

“The first, indeed, may not demur ;  
Fellows are sage reflecting men,” &c.]

<sup>4</sup> [Edward-Harvey Hawke, third Lord Hawke. His lordship died in 1824.]

<sup>5</sup> Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

<sup>6</sup> The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

<sup>7</sup> The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

<sup>8</sup> On a saint's day, the students wear surplices in chapel.

If David, when his toils were ended,  
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,  
To us his psalms had ne'er descended, —  
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken  
By some inhuman tyrant's order,  
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,  
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,  
Inspired by stratagem or fear,  
They might have set their hearts at ease,  
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,  
The deuce a soul will stay to read:  
My pen is blunt, my ink is low;  
'T is almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires!  
No more, like Cleofas, I fly;  
No more thy theme my muse inspires:  
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

#### ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos. — VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection  
Embitters the present, compared with the past;  
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,  
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last;<sup>1</sup>

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance  
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;  
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,  
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,  
The streams where we swam, and the fields where  
we fought;<sup>2</sup> [sorted,  
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we re-  
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,  
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone<sup>3</sup> I lay;  
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,  
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators sur-  
rounded,  
Where, as Zanga<sup>4</sup>, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;

<sup>1</sup> ["My school-friendships were with me *passions* (for I was always violent); but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now." — *Byron Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>2</sup> ["At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven." — *Ibid.*]

<sup>3</sup> [They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's Tomb;" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought.]

<sup>4</sup> [For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages; such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm.]

While, to swell my young pride, such applauses re-  
sounded,  
I fancied that Mossop<sup>5</sup> himself was outshone:

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,  
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived;  
Till, fired by loud plaudits<sup>6</sup> and self-adulation,  
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!  
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;  
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you:  
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess'd.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,<sup>7</sup>  
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll!  
Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,  
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,  
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,  
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,  
"Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew!"

1806.

#### TO M——.

OH! did those eyes, instead of fire,  
With bright but mild affection shine,  
Though they might kindle less desire,  
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,  
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,  
We must admire, but still despair;  
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,  
So much perfection in thee shone,  
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,  
The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,  
Lest angels might dispute the prize,  
She bade a secret lightning lurk  
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,  
When gleaming with meridian blaze;  
Thy beauty must enrapture all;  
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'T is said that Berenice's hair  
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;  
But they would ne'er permit thee there,  
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

<sup>5</sup> Mossop, a cotemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

<sup>6</sup> ["My grand patron, Dr. Drury, had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action." — *Byron Diary*.]

<sup>7</sup> [In the private volume the two last stanzas ran —  
"I thought this poor brain, fever'd even to madness,  
Of tears, as of reason, for ever was drain'd;  
But the drops which now flow down this bosom of sadness,  
Convince me the springs have some moisture retain'd."

"Sweet scenes of my childhood! your blest recollection  
Has wrung from these eyelids, to weeping long dead,  
In torrents the tears of my warmest affection,  
The last and the fondest I ever shall shed."]

#### TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.<sup>3</sup>

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,  
Though strong as mortal art could give,  
My constant heart of fear disarms,  
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold  
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,  
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,  
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace — ah, no! that eye,  
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,  
Must all the painter's art defy,  
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;  
But where's the beam so sweetly straying,<sup>4</sup>  
Which gave a lustre to its blue,  
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,  
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,  
Than all the living forms could be,  
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,  
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,  
Unconscious that her image there  
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 't will  
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise; [cheer;  
In life's last conflict 't will appear,  
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

#### TO LESBIA.

LESBIA! since far from you I've ranged,  
Our souls with fond affection glow not;  
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,  
I'd tell you why, — but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;  
And Lesbia! we are not much older  
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,  
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,  
Two years have lingering past away, love!  
And now new thoughts our minds engage,  
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'T is I that am alone to blame,  
I, that am guilty of love's treason;  
Since your sweet breast is still the same,  
Caprice must be my only reason.

vocal, station in life, — and that she had long light golden hair, "of which," says Mr. Moore, "the Poet used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends."]

<sup>4</sup> [In the private volume —

But where's the beam of soft desire?  
Which gave a lustre to its blue,  
Love, only love, could e'er inspire.]

For did those eyes as planets roll,  
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:  
E'en suns, which systems now control,  
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.<sup>1</sup>

1806.

#### TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,  
That all must love thee who behold thee:  
Surely experience might have taught  
Thy firmest promises are nought:  
But, placed in all thy charms before me,  
All I forget, but to adore thee.  
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing  
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;  
But how much cursed by every lover  
When hope is fled and passion's over.  
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,  
How prompt are striplings to believe her!  
How throbs the pulse when first we view  
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,  
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws  
A beam from under hazel brows!  
How quick we credit every oath,  
And hear her plight the willing troth!  
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,  
When lo! she changes in a day.  
This record will for ever stand,  
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."<sup>2</sup>

#### TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive;  
Extend not your anger to sleep;  
For in visions alone your affection can live, —  
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,  
Shed o'er me your languor benign;  
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,  
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,  
Mortality's emblem is given;  
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,  
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,  
Nor deem me too happy in this;  
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,  
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,  
Oh! think not my penance deficient!  
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,  
To awake will be torture sufficient.

<sup>1</sup> "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do intreat her eyes,  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return." — SHAKS.

<sup>2</sup> The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

<sup>3</sup> [Of this "Mary," who is not to be confounded with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen, all that has been ascertained is, that she was of an humble, if not equi-

I do not, love ! suspect your truth,  
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not ;  
Warm was the passion of my youth,  
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended ;  
For, oh ! I loved you most sincerely ;  
And—though our dream at last is ended—  
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers ;  
Absence has made me prone to roving ;  
But older, firmer hearts than ours  
Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,  
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,  
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,  
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,  
Many will throng to sigh like me, love !  
More constant they may prove, indeed ;  
Fonder, alas ! they ne'er can be, love !

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them ; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.]<sup>1</sup>

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl ! the hissing lead,  
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,  
And hurtling <sup>2</sup> o'er thy lovely head,  
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,  
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,  
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,  
Diverted from its first career.

Yes ! in that nearly fatal hour  
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide ;  
But Heaven, with interposing power,  
In pity turn'd the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear  
Upon that thrilling bosom fell ;  
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,  
Extracted from its glistening cell :

Say, what dire penance can atone  
For such an outrage done to thee ?  
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,  
What punishment wilt thou decree ?

Might I perform the judge's part,  
The sentence I should scarce deplore ;  
It only would restore a heart  
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make  
Is to become no longer free ;  
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,  
Thou shalt be all in all to me.

<sup>1</sup> [The occurrence took place at Southwell, and the beautiful lady to whom the lines were addressed was Miss Houston.]

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject  
Such expiation of my guilt :  
Come then, some other mode elect ;  
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless ! and I swear  
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent ;  
Yet hold— one little word forbear !  
Let it be aught but banishment.

#### LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

*Adieu, d'adieu me cheris.* — ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,  
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent  
dew,

Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,  
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu !

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,  
In vain do we vow for an age to be true ;  
The chance of an hour may command us to part,  
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu !

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen  
breast,

Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may renew :"  
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's repress,  
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu !

Oh ! mark you yon pair : in the sunshine of youth  
Love twined round their childhood his flow'rs as  
they grew ;

They flourish awhile in the season of truth,  
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu !

Sweet lady ! why thus doth a tear steal its way  
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue ?  
Yet why do I ask ? — to distraction a prey,  
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu !

Oh ! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind ?  
From cities to caves of the forest he flew ;  
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind ;  
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu !

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains  
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew ;  
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins ;  
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu !

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt in steel !  
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,  
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,  
And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu !

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast ;  
No more with love's former devotion we sue ;  
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast ;  
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu !

<sup>2</sup> This word is used by Gray, in his poem to the Fatal Sisters:—

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower  
Hurtles through the darken'd air."

In this life of probation for rapture divine,  
Astrea declares that some penance is due ;  
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,  
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu !

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light  
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew :  
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight ;  
His cypress the garland of love's last adieu !

#### DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant <sup>1</sup>, and in years a boy,  
In mind a slave to every vicious joy ;  
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd ;  
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend ;  
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child ;  
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild ;  
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool ;  
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school ;  
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,  
And found the goal when others just begin :  
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,  
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl ;  
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,  
And what was once his bliss appears his bane. <sup>2</sup>

#### TO MARION.

MARION ! why that pensive brow ?  
What disgust to life hast thou ?  
Change that discontented air ;  
Frowns become not one so fair.  
'T is not love disturbs thy rest,  
Love's a stranger to thy breast ;  
He in dimpling smiles appears,  
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,  
Or bends the languid eyelid down,  
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.  
Then resume thy former fire,  
Some will love, and all admire ;  
While that icy aspect chills us,  
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.  
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,  
Smile at least, or seem to smile.  
Eyes like thine were never meant  
To hide their orbs in dark restraint ;  
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,  
Still in truant beams they play.  
Thy lips — but here my modest Muse  
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse :  
She blushes, curtsies, frowns — in short she  
Dreads lest the subject should transport me ;  
And flying off in search of reason,  
Brings prudence back in proper season.

<sup>1</sup> In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

<sup>2</sup> [“When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow — wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford — wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds ; and, consequently, about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop.” — *Diary*. Mr. Moore adds, “The sort of life which young Byron led at this period, between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated

All I shall therefore say (whate'er  
I think, is neither here nor there)  
Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,  
Were form'd for better things than sneering :  
Of smoothing compliments divested,  
Advice at least 's disinterested ;  
Such is my artless song to thee,  
From all the flow of flattery free ;  
Counsel like mine is like a brother's  
My heart is given to some others ;  
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,  
It shares itself among a dozen.  
Marion, adieu ! oh, pr'ythee slight not  
This warning, though it may delight not ;  
And, lest my precepts be displeasing  
To those who think remonstrance teasing,  
At once I'll tell thee our opinion  
Concerning woman's soft dominion :  
Howe'er we gaze with admiration  
On eyes of blue or lips carnation,  
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,  
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,  
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,  
These cannot fix our souls to love :  
It is not too severe a stricture  
To say they form a pretty picture ;  
But wouldst thou see the secret chain  
Which binds us in your humble train,  
To hail you queens of all creation,  
Know, in a word, 't is ANIMATION.

#### TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR  
BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT  
IN DECEMBER TO MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN. <sup>3</sup>

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,  
In firmer chains our hearts confine,  
Than all th' unmeaning protestations  
Which swell with nonsense love orations.  
Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,  
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it ;  
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,  
With groundless jealousy repine,  
With silly whims and fancies frantic,  
Merely to make our love romantic ?  
Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,  
And fret with self-created anguish ?  
Or doom the lover you have chosen,  
On winter nights to sigh half frozen ;  
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,  
Only because the scene 's a garden ?  
For gardens seem, by one consent,  
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,  
Since Juliet first declared her passion  
To form the place of assignation. <sup>4</sup>

to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own, even the pleasures to which he was naturally most inclined prematurely palled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment — rarity and restraint.”]

<sup>3</sup> [See *antè*, p. 387. note.]

<sup>4</sup> In the above little piece the author has been accused by some *candid readers* of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written ; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in “the tomb of all the Capulets,” has been converted, with a trifling  
C c 3