

But ye — who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;
Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say — would you make those beauties quite so
cheap?

Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form,
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most endearing thought resign,
To press the hand so press'd by none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret;
Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough — if not to touch — to taint;

If such thou lovest — love her then no more,
Or give — like her — caresses to a score;
Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
Terpsichore, forgive! — at every ball
My wife *now* waltzes — and my daughters *shall*;
My son — (or stop — 'tis needless to inquire —
These little accidents should ne'er transpire;
Some ages hence our genealogic tree
Will wear as green a bough for him as me) —
Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
Grandsons for me — in heirs to all his friends.

Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte.¹

"Expense Annibalem: — quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?" JUVENAL, *Sat. x.*²

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till ———." — GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220.³

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?⁴
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;

¹ [The reader has seen that Lord Byron, when publishing "The Corsair," in January 1814, announced an apparently quite serious resolution to withdraw, for some years at least, from poetry. His letters of the February and March following abound in repetitions of the same determination. On the morning of the *ninth* of April, he writes, — "No more rhyme for — or rather *from* — me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer." In the evening, a *Gazette* Extraordinary announced the abdication of Fontainebleau, and the Poet violated his vows next morning, by composing this Ode, which he immediately published, though without his name. His *Diary* says, "April 10. To-day I have boxed one hour — written an ode to Napoleon Buonaparte — copied it — eaten six biscuits — drunk four bottles of soda water, and redde away the rest of my time."

² ["Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:
AND IS THIS ALL!"]

I know not that this was ever done in the old world; at least, with regard to Hannibal: but, in the statistical account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh, the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as "the inside of the coffin

Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife⁵ —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;

was smooth, and the whole body visible." Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL! Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration. — GIFFORD.]

³ ["I send you an additional motto from Gibbon, which you will find singularly appropriate." — Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, April 12. 1814.]

⁴ ["I don't know — but I think I, even I (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may not be worth dying for. Yet, to outlive *Lodi* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! 'Expense — quot libras in duce summo invenies?' I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil; — the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat. Psha! 'something too much of this.' But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, like the Thames, fallen from him." — Byron *Diary*, April 9.]

⁵ "Certaminis gaudia" — the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quell'd! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbitrer of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak¹,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman², when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,³
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:⁴
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.⁵

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —

¹ ["Out of town six days. On my return, find my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal. It is his own fault. Like Milo, he would rend the oak; but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts — lion, bear, down to the dirtiest jackal — may all tear him. That Muscovite winter *wedged* his arms: — ever since, he has fought with his feet and teeth. The last may still leave their marks; and 'I guess now' (as the Yankees say), that he will yet play them a pass." — Byron *Diary*, April 8.]

² Sylla. — [We find the germ of this stanza in the *Diary* of the evening before it was written: — "Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes — the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too — Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise — Charles the Fifth but so so: but Napoleon worst of all." — Byron *Diary*, April 9.]

³ ["Alter '*potent* spell' to '*quicken* spell: ' the first (as Polonius says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means nothing, besides being common-place and Rosa-Matildaish. After the resolution of not publishing, though our Ode is a thing of little length and less consequence, it will be better altogether that it is anonymous." — Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, April 11.]

⁴ [Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, resigned, in 1555, his imperial crown to his brother

Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?⁶

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'T is worth thy vanish'd diadem!⁷

Ferdinand, and the kingdom of Spain to his son Philip, and retired to a monastery in Estremadura, where he conformed, in his manner of living, to all the rigour of monastic austerity. Not satisfied with this, he dressed himself in his shroud, was laid in his coffin with much solemnity, joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, and mingled his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral.]

⁵ ["I looked into Lord Kaimes's 'Sketches of the History of Man,' and mentioned to Dr. Johnson his censure of Charles the Fifth for celebrating his funeral obsequies in his life-time, which, I told him, I had been used to think a solemn and affecting act. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, a man may dispose his mind to think so of that act of Charles; but it is so liable to ridicule, that if one man out of ten thousand laughs at it, he'll make the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine laugh too.'" — Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. vii. p. 78. ed. 1835.]

⁶ ["But who would rise in brightest day
To set without one parting ray?" — MS.]

⁷ [It is well known that Count Neipperg, a gentleman in the suite of the Emperor of Austria, who was first presented to Maria Louisa within a few days after Napoleon's abdication, became, in the sequel, her chamberlain, and then her husband. He is said to have been a man of remarkably plain appearance. The Count died in 1831.]

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue¹ hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage²
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world was mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,³
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,⁴
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;⁵
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

¹ [Dionysius the Younger, esteemed a greater tyrant than his father, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, retired to Corinth, where he was obliged to turn school-master for a subsistence.]

² The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

³ Prometheus.

⁴ [In first draught—

"He suffered for kind acts to men,
Who have not seen his like again,
At least of kingly stock;
Since he was good, and thou but great,
Thou canst not quarrel with thy fate."]

⁵—"The very fiend's arch mock—
To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."

SHAKESPEARE.

[We believe there is no doubt of the truth of the anecdote here alluded to—of Napoleon's having found leisure for an unworthy amour, the very evening of his arrival at Fontainebleau.]

⁶ [The three last stanzas, which Lord Byron had been solicited by Mr. Murray to write, in order to avoid the stamp duty then imposed upon publications not exceeding a sheet, were not published with the rest of the poem. "I don't like them at all," says Lord Byron, "and they had better be left out. The fact is, I can't do any thing I am asked to do, however gladly I would; and at the end of a week my interest in a composition goes off."]

⁷ [In one of Lord Byron's MS. Diaries, begun at Ravenna in May, 1821, we find the following:—"What shall I write?—another Journal? I think not. Any thing that comes uppermost, and call it

"My Dictionary."

"Augustus.—I have often been puzzled with his character. Was he a great man? Assuredly. But not one of my GREAT men. I have always looked upon Sylla as the greatest character in history, for laying down his power at the moment when it was—

'Too great to keep or to resign,'

There was a day—there was an hour,⁶
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsat to resign
Had been an act of purer fame,
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest,—
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star—the string—the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;⁷
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but One!⁸

and thus despising them all. As to the retention of his power by Augustus, the thing was already settled. If he had given it up—the commonwealth was gone—the republic was long past all resuscitation. Had Brutus and Cassius gained the battle of Philippi, it would not have restored the republic. Its days ended with the Gracchi; the rest was a mere struggle of parties. You might as well cure a consumption, or restore a broken egg, as revive a state so long a prey to every uppermost soldier, as Rome had long been. As for a despotism, if Augustus could have been sure that all his successors would have been like himself—(I mean *not* as Octavius, but Augustus) or Napoleon could have insured the world that *none* of his successors would have been like himself—the ancient or modern world might have gone on, like the empire of China, in a state of lethargic prosperity. Suppose, for instance, that, instead of Tiberius and Caligula, Augustus had been immediately succeeded by Nerva, Trajan, the Antonines, or even by Titus and his father—what a difference in our estimate of himself!—So far from gaining by the contrast, I think that one half of our dislike arises from his having been heir'd by Tiberius—and one half of Julius Caesar's fame, from his having had his empire consolidated by Augustus.—Suppose that there had been *no* Octavius, and Tiberius had 'jumped the life' between, and at once succeeded Julius?—And yet it is difficult to say whether hereditary right or popular choice produce the worse sovereigns. The Roman Consuls make a goodly show; but then they only reigned for a year, and were under a sort of personal obligation to distinguish themselves. It is still more difficult to say which form of government is the worst—all are so bad. As for democracy, it is the worst of the whole; for what is, in fact, democracy?—an aristocracy of blackguards."]

⁸ [On being reminded by a friend of his recent promise not to write any more for years—"There was," replied Lord Byron, "a mental reservation in my pact with the public, in behalf of *anonymes*; and, even had there not, the provocation was such as to make it physically impossible to pass over this epoch of triumphant tameness. 'Tis a sad business; and after all, I shall think higher of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic people, till—*Elba becomes a volcano, and sends him out again. I can't think it is all over yet.*"]

Hebrew Melodies.¹

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies², and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

January, 1815.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.³

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.⁴

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,

¹ [Lord Byron never alludes to his share in these Melodies with complacency. Mr. Moore having, on one occasion, rallied him a little on the manner in which some of them had been set to music,—“Sunburn Nathan,” he exclaims, “why do you always twit me with his Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper?”]

² [“Neither the ancient Jews,” says Dr. Burney, “nor the modern, have ever had characters peculiar to music; so that the melodies used in their religious ceremonies have, at all times, been traditional, and at the mercy of the singers.”—Kalkbrenner tells us, that “les Juifs Espagnols lisent et chantent leurs psaumes bien différemment que les Juifs Hollandais, les Juifs Romains autrement que les Juifs de la Prusse et de la Hesse; et tous croient chanter comme on chantait dans le Temple de Jérusalem!”—*Hist. de la Musique*, tom. i. p. 34.]

³ [These stanzas were written by Lord Byron, on returning from a ball-room, where he had seen Mrs. (now Lady) Wilmot Horton, the wife of his relation, the present Governor of Ceylon. On this occasion Mrs. Wilmot Horton had appeared in mourning, with numerous spangles on her dress.]

⁴ [“In the reign of King David, music was held in the highest estimation by the Hebrews. The genius of that prince for music, and his attachment to the study and practice of it, as well as the great number of musicians appointed by him for the performance of religious rites and ceremonies, could not fail to extend its influence and augment its perfections; for it was during this period, that music was first honoured by being

Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspir'd to Heaven and there abode!⁵
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.⁶

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears,
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

admitted in the ministry of sacrifice, and worship of the ark; as well as by being cultivated by a king.”—BURNBY.]

⁵ [“When Lord Byron put the manuscript into my hand, it terminated with this line. As this, however, did not complete the verse, I wished him to help out the melody. He replied, ‘Why, I have sent you to heaven—it would be difficult to go further!’ My attention for a few minutes was called to some other person, and his Lordship, whom I had hardly missed, exclaimed, ‘Here, Nathan, I have brought you down again;’ and immediately presented me the beautiful lines which conclude the melody.”—NATHAN.]

⁶ [The hymns of David excel no less in sublimity and tenderness of expression, than in loftiness and purity of religious sentiment. In comparison with them, the sacred poetry of all other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have embodied so exquisitely the universal language of religious emotion, that (a few fierce and vindictive passages excepted, natural in the warrior-poet of a sterner age,) they have entered, with unquestionable propriety, into the Christian ritual. The songs which cheered the solitude of the desert caves of Engedi, or resounded from the voice of the Hebrew people as they wound along the glens or the hill-sides of Judea, have been repeated for ages in almost every part of the habitable world,—in the remotest islands of the ocean, amongst the forests of America, or the sands of Africa. How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted!—of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation!—on how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of Divine Providence, by bringing the affections in unison with their deep devotional fervour!—MILMAN.]

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground ;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by : —

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there ;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's stately maids are gone !

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race ;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace :
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die ;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie :
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE.

OH ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ; [dwell !
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the Godless

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest !
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Zion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep— [sleep :
Yet there—even there—Oh God ! thy thunders

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone !
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone !
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire :
Thyself—none living see and not expire !

Oh ! in the lightning let thy glance appear ;
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear :
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod !
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God !

¹ [Jephtha, a bastard son of Gilead, having been wrongfully expelled from his father's house, had taken refuge in a wild country, and become a noted captain of freebooters. His kindred, groaning under foreign oppression, began to look to their valiant, though lawless compatriot, whose profession, according to their usage, was no more dishonourable than that of a pirate in the elder days of Greece. They sent for him, and made him head of their city. Before he went forth against the Ammonites, he made the memorable vow, that, if he returned victorious, he would sacrifice as a burnt offering

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER. ¹

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my sire !
Demand that thy Daughter expire ;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more :
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow !

And of this, oh, my Father ! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent !
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free !

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died !

OH ! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH ! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain ?
Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

MY soul is dark—Oh ! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear ;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again :
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first :
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst ;

whatever first met him on his entrance into his native city. He gained a splendid victory. At the news of it, his only daughter came dancing forth, in the gladness of heart, and with jocund instruments of music, to salute the deliverer of his people. The miserable father rent his clothes in agony ; but the noble-spirited maiden would not hear of the disregard of the vow : she only demanded a short period to bewail upon the mountains, like the Antigone of Sophocles, her dying without hope of becoming a bride or mother, and then submitted to her fate.—MILMAN.]

For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long ;
And now 't is doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once—or yield to song. ¹

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue ;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew :
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine ;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart ;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

THY days are done, thy fame begun ;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
The slaughters of his sword !
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored !

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death !
The generous blood that flow'd from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath :
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath !

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word !
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices pour'd !
To weep would do thy glory wrong ;
Thou shalt not be deplored.

¹ ["It was generally conceived that Lord Byron's reported singularities approached on some occasions to derangement ; and at one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared that he would try how a madman could write : seizing the pen with eagerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildness on vacancy ; when, like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result."—NATHAN.]

² [Haunted with that insatiable desire of searching into the secrets of futurity, inseparable from uncivilised man, Saul knew not to what quarter to turn. The priests, outraged by his cruelty, had forsaken him : the prophets stood aloof ; no dreams visited his couch ; he had persecuted even the unlawful diviners. He hears at last of a female necromancer, a woman with the spirit of Ob ; strangely similar in sound to the Obeah women in the West Indies. To the cave-dwelling of this woman, in Endor, the monarch proceeds in disguise. He commands her to raise the spirit of Samuel. At this daring demand, the woman first recognises, or pretends to recognise, her royal visitor. "Whom seest thou ?" says the king.—"Mighty ones ascending from the earth."—"Of what form ?"—"An old man covered with a mantle." Saul, in

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

SAUL. ²

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head !"
King, behold the phantom seer !

Earth yawn'd ; he stood the centre of a cloud :
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry ;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare ;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted ?
Who is he that calls the dead ?
Is it thou, O King ? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :
Such are mine ; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me :
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow ;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide :
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul !"³

terror, bows down his head to the earth ; and, it should seem, not daring to look up, receives from the voice of the spectre the awful intimation of his defeat and death. On the reality of this apparition we pretend not to decide : the figure, if figure there were, was not seen by Saul ; and, excepting the event of the approaching battle, the spirit said nothing which the living prophet had not said before, repeatedly and publicly. But the fact is curious, as showing the popular belief of the Jews in departed spirits to have been the same with that of most other nations.—MILMAN.]

³ ["Since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron, at Cephalonia, in 1823, "what think you of the witch of Endor ? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived ; and you will be of my opinion, if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the language. It beats all the ghost scenes I ever read. The finest conception on a similar subject is that of Goethe's Devil, Mephistopheles ; and though, of course, you will give the priority to the former, as being inspired, yet the latter, if you know it, will appear to you—at least it does to me—one of the finest and most sublime specimens of human conception."]

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me ;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me ;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender ;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd ;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming ;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh ! who hath power of charming ?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it ;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING
CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?
It cannot die, it cannot stray,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way ?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall :
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure :
An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly ;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man ;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
" Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth,
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

" Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay,
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone :
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne !"

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS !

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well !
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays ;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how cold !

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU
DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee ;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race :

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee !
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free !
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know ;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE. ¹

OH, Marianne ! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding ;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Marianne ! where art thou ?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading.
Ah ! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead ?—and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving ?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair :
The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.—
But thou art cold, my murder'd love !
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem ;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing ;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming ;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the bell,
This bosom's desolation dooming ;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming !

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF
JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, oh Sion ! when render'd to Rome :
'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come ;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed ;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

¹ [Marianne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty, and a haughty spirit : unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment, which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away ;
Oh ! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head !

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign ;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father, is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT
DOWN AND WEPT.

WE sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey ;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters !
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song ; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know !
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem ! its sound should be free ;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee :
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Marianne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement.—MILMAN.]

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me : I beheld
The face of immortality unvell'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood, — all formless — but divine :

Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :

“ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure ?
Creatures of clay — vain dwellers in the dust !
The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light ! ”¹

Domestic Pieces. — 1816.

FARE THEE WELL. ²

“ Alas ! they have been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain ;

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.”

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well :
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe :

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound ?

¹ [The Hebrew Melodies, though obviously inferior to Lord Byron's other works, display a skill in versification and a mastery in diction, which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction. — JEFFREY.]

² [It was about the middle of April that his two celebrated copies of verses, “ Fare thee well,” and “ A Sketch,” made their appearance in the newspapers ; and while the latter poem was generally, and it must be owned, justly condemned, as a sort of literary assault on an obscure female, whose situation ought to have placed her as much beneath his satire, as the undignified mode of his attack certainly raised her above it, with regard to the other poem, opinions were a good deal more divided. To many it appeared a strain of true conjugal tenderness, — a kind of appeal which no woman with a heart could resist ; while, by others, on the contrary, it was considered to be a mere showy effusion of sentiment, as difficult for real feeling to have produced as it was easy for fancy and art, and altogether unworthy of the deep interests involved in

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own life retaineth —
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wall above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say “ Father ! ”
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd !

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know ;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now :

the subject. To this latter opinion I confess my own to have, at first, strongly inclined ; and suspicious as I could not help thinking the sentiment that could, at such a moment, indulge in such verses, the taste that prompted or sanctioned their publication appeared to me even still more questionable. On reading, however, his own account of all the circumstances in the Memoranda, I found that on both points I had, in common with a large portion of the public, done him injustice. He there described, and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting, the swell of tender recollections under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, these stanzas were produced, — the tears, as he said, falling fast over the paper as he wrote them. Neither did it appear, from that account, to have been from any wish or intention of his own, but through the injudicious zeal of a friend whom he had suffered to take a copy, that the verses met the public eye. — MOORE. The appearance of the MS. confirms this account of the circumstances under which it was written. It is blotted all over with the marks of tears.]

But 'tis done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will. —

Fare thee well ! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17. 1816.

A SKETCH. ¹

“ Honest — honest Iago !
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”
SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head ;
Next — for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd —
Raised from the toilet to the table, — where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie —
The genial confidante, and general spy —
Who could, ye gods ! her next employment guess —
An only infant's earliest governess !
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows :
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know — but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not — Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not — near Contagion soil —
Indulgence weaken — nor Example spoil —
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown —
Nor Genius swell — nor Beauty render vain —
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain —
Nor Fortune change — Pride raise — nor Passion bow,
Nor Virtue teach austerity — till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness — to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below :
Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme : — now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song —
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers — none know why — before her quake ;
If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake ;
If early habits — those false links, which bind
At times the loliest to the meanest mind —

¹ [“ I send you my last night's dream, and request to have fifty copies struck off, for private distribution. I wish Mr. Gifford to look at them. They are from life.” — Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, March 30. 1816.]

² [In first draught — “weltering.” — “I doubt about ‘weltering.’ We say ‘weltering in blood ;’ but do not they also

Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will ;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find ;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints, [smiles —
While mingling truth with falsehood — sneers with
A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming ;
A lip of lies — a face form'd to conceal ;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;
A cheek of parchment — and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale —
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face) —
Look on her features ! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined :
Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged —
There is no trait which might not be enlarged :
Yet true to “ Nature's journeymen,” who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade —
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh ! wretch without a tear — without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought —
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflict now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black — as thy will for others would create :
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed, —
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with
prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims — and despair !
Down to the dust ! — and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear —
Thy name — thy human name — to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhor'd compeers —
And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29. 1816.

use ‘weltering in the wind,’ ‘weltering on a gibbet ?’ I have no dictionary, so look. In the mean time, I have put ‘festering ;’ which, perhaps, in any case is the best word of the two. Shakspeare has it often, and I do not think it too strong for the figure in this thing. Quick ! quick ! quick ! quick ! — Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, April 2.]

H h 3