

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,  
That he hover'd a moment upon his way  
To look upon Leipsic plain;  
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,  
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,  
That he perch'd on a mountain of slain;  
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,  
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,  
Nor his work done half as well:  
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,  
That it blush'd like the waves of hell!  
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he:  
"Methinks they have here little need of me!"

But the softest note that soothed his ear  
Was the sound of a widow sighing:  
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,  
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear  
Of a maid by her lover lying—  
As round her fell her long fair hair;  
And she look'd to heaven with that frenzied air,  
Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!  
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,  
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,  
A child of famine dying:  
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done,  
And the fall of the vainly flying!

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,  
And what did he there, I pray?  
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night  
What we see every day:  
But he made a tour, and kept a journal  
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,  
And he sold it in shares to the *Men of the Row*,  
Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated* him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,  
Its coachman and his coat;  
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,  
And seized him by the throat:  
"Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?  
'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"  
So he sat him on his box again,  
And bade him have no fear,  
But be true to his club and stanch to his rein,  
His brothel, and his beer;  
"Next to seeing a lord at the council board,  
I would rather see him here."

The Devil gat next to Westminster,  
And he turn'd to "the room" of the Commons;  
But he heard, as he purpos'd to enter in there,  
That "the Lords" had received a summons;  
And he thought, as a "*quondam* aristocrat," [flat;  
He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them were  
And he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,  
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,  
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,  
And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size—  
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;

<sup>1</sup> ["I cannot conceive how the *Vault* has got about; but so it is. It is too *jarouche*; but truth to say, my sallies are not very playful."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, March 12. 1814.]

And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,  
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,  
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;  
And he heard—which set Satan himself a staring—  
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.  
And the Devil was shock'd—and quoth he, "I must  
For I find we have much better manners below: [go,  
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,  
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order."

## WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;  
Between them stands another sceptred thing—  
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
—In him the double tyrant starts to life:  
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,  
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.  
Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these disgorge  
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George. <sup>1</sup>

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC. 2

I *SPEAK* not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,  
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame:  
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart  
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace  
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness  
cease? [chain,—

We repent—we we abjure—we will break from our  
We will part,—we will fly to—unite it again!

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!  
Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt;—  
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,  
And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* may'st.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,  
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be;  
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more  
sweet,

With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,  
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;  
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—  
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

May, 1814.

## ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING.

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame  
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;  
The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,  
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,

<sup>2</sup> ["Thou hast asked me for a song, and I enclose you an experiment, which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting. Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *phrase*."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, May 10. 1814.]

Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand  
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?  
That race is gone—but still their children breathe,  
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:  
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,  
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.  
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,  
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!  
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,  
But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled  
While cheerly following where the mighty led—  
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod  
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,  
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—  
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:  
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise  
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,  
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose  
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,  
The bleeding phantom of each martial form  
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;  
While sad, she chants the solitary song,  
The soft lament for him who tarries long—  
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave  
The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,  
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;  
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear  
Of half its bitterness for one so dear;  
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread  
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head;  
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,  
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

## FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE.

"WHAT say I?"—not a syllable further in prose;  
I'm your man "of all measures," dear Tom,—so  
here goes!

Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,  
On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.  
If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the  
flood,

We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,  
Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,  
And Southey's last Pæan has pillow'd his sleep;  
That "Felo de se" who, half drunk with his malmsey,  
Walk'd out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,  
Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span stanza,  
The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never  
man saw.

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,  
The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes, <sup>1</sup>—  
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Het-  
man,—  
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.

<sup>1</sup> ["The newspapers will tell you all that is to be told of emperors, &c. They have dined and supped, and shown their flat faces in all thoroughfares and several saloons. Their uniforms are very becoming, but rather short in the skirts; and their conversation is a catechism, for which, and the answers, I refer you to those who have heard it."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, June 14. 1814.]

I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party,—  
For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.  
You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,  
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;  
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-  
-mere breeches whisk'd round, in a waltz with the  
Jersey,

Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted  
With majesty's presence as those she invited.

\* \* \* \* \*

June, 1814.

## CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE  
REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE. <sup>2</sup>

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,  
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhor'd,  
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,  
That left a likeness of the brave, or just;  
What most admired each scrutinising eye  
Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?  
What spread from face to face that wondering air?  
The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!  
That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd  
His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;  
And more decreed his glory to endure,  
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze  
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,  
Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,  
Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less;  
If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits  
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,  
If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,  
Could with thy gentle image bear depart;  
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,  
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:  
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,  
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?  
A garden with all flowers—except the rose;—  
A fount that only wants its living stream;  
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.  
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,  
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;  
And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,  
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,  
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:  
The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—  
The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene;  
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,  
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!  
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws  
A spell which will not let our looks repose,

<sup>2</sup> ["The newspapers have got hold (I know not how) of the Condolatory Address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by our Regent, and have published them—with my name, too, smack—without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! D—n their impudence, and d—n every thing. It has put me out of patience, and so—I shall say no more about it."—*Byron Letters*.]

But turn to gaze again, and find anew  
Some charm that well rewards another view;  
These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,  
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;  
And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,  
To please the paltry heart that pleases none:—  
That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye  
In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;  
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine  
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

#### TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,  
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;  
Behold! while yet before thee burn  
The graven words, the glowing wall.  
Many a despot men miscall  
Crown'd and anointed from on high:  
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—  
Is it not written, thou must die?

Go! dash the roses from thy brow—  
Grey hairs but poorly wreath'd with them;  
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,  
More than thy very diadem,  
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem:—  
Then throw the worthless bauble by,  
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn;  
And learn like better men to die!

Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,  
And ever light of word and worth,  
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,  
And left thee but a mass of earth.  
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:  
But tears in Hope's averted eye  
Lament that even thou hadst birth—  
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

#### ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.<sup>1</sup>

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue:  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong.

<sup>1</sup> [This gallant officer fell in August, 1814, in his twenty-ninth year, whilst commanding, on shore, a party belonging to his ship, the *Menelaus*, and animating them, in storming the American camp near Baltimore. He was Lord Byron's first cousin; but they had never met since boyhood.]

<sup>2</sup> [These verses were given by Lord Byron to Mr. Power, of the Strand, who has published them, with very beautiful music by Sir John Stevenson.—"I feel merry enough to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, (see *anté*, p. 384.) and the recollection of what I once felt, and

For them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot;  
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
In woe, that glory cannot quell;  
And shuddering hear of victory,  
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?  
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,  
They cannot choose but weep the more;  
Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.  
October, 1814.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.<sup>2</sup>

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater  
Felix! in imo qui scatentem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."  
GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE's not a joy the world can give like that it  
takes away.

When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's  
dull decay;

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,  
which fades so fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth  
itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of  
happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of ex-  
cess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in  
vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never  
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death  
itself comes down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its  
own;

ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands. I wrote them with a view to your setting them, and as a present to Power, if he would accept the words, and *you* did not think yourself degraded, for once in a way, by marrying them to music. I don't care what Power says to secure the property of the song, so that it is *not* complimentary to me, nor any thing about 'condescending' or 'noble author'—both 'vile phrases,' as Polonius says.—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore.*]

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our  
tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the  
ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth  
distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no more their  
former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret  
wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and  
grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have  
been,

Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a  
vanish'd scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish  
though they be,

So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would  
flow to me.<sup>1</sup>

March, 1815.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters

With a magic like thee;

And like music on the waters

Is thy sweet voice to me:

When, as if its sound were causing

The charmed ocean's pausing,

The waves lie still and gleaming,

And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving

Her bright chain o'er the deep;

Whose breast is gently heaving,

As an infant's asleep:

So the spirit bows before thee,

To listen and adore thee;

With a full but soft emotion,

Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

#### ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,  
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,  
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,  
Making balls for the ladies, and bows to his foes.<sup>2</sup>

March, 27, 1815.

<sup>1</sup> ["Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year? I don't wish (like Mr. Fitzgerald) to claim the character of 'Vates,' in all its translations,—but were they not a little prophetic? I mean those beginning, 'There's not a joy the world can give,' &c., on which I pique myself as being the truest, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote."—*Byron Letters*, March, 1816.]

<sup>2</sup> ["I can forgive the rogue for utterly falsifying every line of mine Ode—which I take to be the last and uttermost stretch of human magnanimity. Do you remember the story of a certain abbé, who wrote a treatise on the Swedish constitution, and proved it indissoluble and eternal? Just as he had corrected the last sheet, news came that Gustavus the Third had destroyed this immortal government. 'Sir,' quoth the abbé, 'the King of Sweden may overthrow the constitution, but not my book!' I think of the abbé, but not with him. Making every allowance for talent and most consummate daring, there is, after all, a good deal in luck or destiny. He might have been stopped by our frigates, or wrecked in the Gulf of Lyons, which is particularly tempestuous—or—a

#### ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

##### I.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo!  
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;  
There 't was shed, but is not sunk—  
Rising from each gory trunk,  
Like the water-spout from ocean,  
With a strong and growing motion—  
It soars, and mingles in the air,  
With that of lost Labedoyère—  
With that of him whose honour'd grave  
Contains the "bravest of the brave."  
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
But shall return to whence it rose;  
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—  
Never yet was heard such thunder,  
As then shall shake the world with wonder—  
Never yet was seen such lightning  
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!  
Like the Wormwood Star foretold  
By the sainted Seer of old,  
Show'ring down a fiery flood,  
Turning rivers into blood.<sup>3</sup>

##### II.

The chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo!  
When the soldier citizen  
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—  
Who, of all the despots banded,  
With that youthful chief competed?  
Who could boast o'er France defeated,  
Till lone Tyranny commanded?  
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
The Hero sunk into the King?  
Then he fell:—so perish all,  
Who would men by man enthrall!

##### III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!<sup>4</sup>  
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;<sup>5</sup>  
Better hadst thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,  
Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly royal name;  
Such as he of Naples wears,  
Who thy blood-bought title bears.  
Little didst thou deem, when dashing  
On thy war-horse through the ranks  
Like a stream which burst its banks,  
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,

thousand things. But he is certainly fortune's favourite."—*Byron Letters*, March, 1815.]

<sup>3</sup> See Rev. chap. viii. v. 7, &c. "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," &c. v. 8. "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood," &c. v. 10. "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp; and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters." v. 11. "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood*: and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

<sup>4</sup> ["Poor dear Murat, what an ead! His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul nor body to be bandaged."—*Byron Letters*.]

<sup>5</sup> Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Shone and shiver'd fast around thee —  
Of the fate at last which found thee :  
Was that haughty plume laid low  
By a slave's dishonest blow ?  
Once — as the Moon sways o'er the tide,  
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide ;  
Through the smoke-created night  
Of the black and sulphurous fight,  
The soldier raised his seeking eye  
To catch that crest's ascendancy —  
And as it onward rolling rose,  
So moved his heart upon our foes.  
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,  
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner  
Of the eagle's burning crest —  
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
*Who* could then her wing arrest —  
Victory beaming from her breast ?)  
While the broken line enlarging  
Fell, or fled along the plain ;  
There be sure was Murat charging !  
There he ne'er shall charge again !

## IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,  
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch —  
But let Freedom rejoice,  
With her heart in her voice ;  
But, her hand on her sword,  
Doubly shall she be adored ;  
France hath twice too well been taught  
The "moral lesson" dearly bought —  
Her safety sits not on a throne,  
With Capet or Napoleon !  
But in equal rights and laws,  
Hearts and hands in one great cause —  
Freedom, such as God hath given  
Unto all beneath his heaven,  
With their breath, and from their birth,  
Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth ;  
With a fierce and lavish hand  
Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;  
Pouring nations' blood like water,  
In imperial seas of slaughter !

## V.

But the heart and the mind,  
And the voice of mankind,  
Shall arise in communion —  
And who shall resist that proud union ?  
The time is past when swords subdued —  
Man may die—the soul's renew'd :  
Even in this low world of care  
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;  
Millions breathe but to inherit  
Her for ever bounding spirit —  
When once more her hosts assemble,  
Tyrants shall believe and tremble —  
Smile they at this idle threat ?  
Crimson tears will follow yet.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ["Talking of politics, as Caleb Quotem says, pray look at the conclusion of my 'Ode on Waterloo,' written in the year 1815, and, comparing it with the Duke de Berri's catastrophe in 1820, tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of 'Vates,' in both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge ?—"]

<sup>2</sup> "Crimson tears will follow yet," and have they not ?—*Byron Letters*, 1820.]

<sup>3</sup> "All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer

## FROM THE FRENCH.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,<sup>2</sup>  
Sever'd from thy faithful few ?  
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,  
Maddening o'er that long adieu ?  
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,  
Dear as both have been to me —  
What are they to all I feel,  
With a soldier's faith for thee ?

Idol of the soldier's soul !  
First in fight, but mightiest now :  
Many could a world control ;  
Thee alone no doom can bow.  
By thy side for years I dared  
Death ; and envied those who fell,  
When their dying shout was heard,  
Blessing him they served so well.<sup>3</sup>

Would that I were cold with those,  
Since this hour I live to see ;  
When the doubts of coward foes  
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,  
Dreading each should set thee free !  
Oh ! although in dungeons pent,  
All their chains were light to me,  
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him  
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,  
Were his borrow'd glories dim,  
In his native darkness share ?  
Were that world this hour his own,  
All thou calmly dost resign,  
Could he purchase with that throne  
Hearts like those which still are thine ?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu !  
Never did I droop before ;  
Never to my sovereign sue,  
As his foes I now implore :  
All I ask is to divide  
Every peril he must brave ;  
Sharing by the hero's side  
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

## ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

## FROM THE FRENCH.

STAR of the brave ! — whose beam hath shed  
Such glory o'er the quick and dead —  
Thou radiant and adored deceit !  
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet, —  
Wild meteor of immortal birth !  
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays ;  
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze ;

who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees ; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."

<sup>3</sup> "At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort !' There were many other instances of the like : this, however, you may depend on as true."—*Private Letter from Brussels*.

The music of thy martial sphere  
Was fame on high and honour here ;  
And thy light broke on human eyes,  
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
And swept down empires with its flood ;  
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,  
As thou didst lighten through all space ;  
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,  
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
A rainbow of the loveliest hue  
Of three bright colours<sup>1</sup>, each divine,  
And fit for that celestial sign ;  
For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes ;  
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes ;  
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white  
Had robed in radiance of its light :  
The three so mingled did besseem  
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,  
And darkness must again prevail !  
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free !  
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.  
When thy bright promise fades away,  
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
The silent cities of the dead ;  
For beautiful in death are they  
Who proudly fall in her array ;  
And soon, oh Goddess ! may we be  
For evermore with them or thee !

## NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory  
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name —  
She abandons me now — but the page of her story,  
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.  
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only  
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;  
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus  
lonely,  
The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd me,  
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth, —  
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

<sup>1</sup> The tricolour.

<sup>2</sup> [In the original MS. — "A Dream."]

<sup>3</sup> [In this poem Lord Byron has abandoned the art, so peculiarly his own, of showing the reader where his purpose tends, and has contented himself with presenting a mass of powerful ideas unarranged, and the meaning of which it is not easy to attain. A succession of terrible images is placed before us, flitting and mixing, and disengaging themselves, as in the dream of a feverish man — chimeras dire, to whose existence the mind refuses credit, which confound and weary the ordinary reader, and baffle the comprehension, even of those more accustomed to the flights of a poetic muse. The subject is the progress of utter darkness, until it becomes, in Shakspeare's phrase, the "burier of the dead ;" and the assemblage of terrific ideas which the poet has placed before us only

Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won —  
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,  
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

Farewell to thee, France ! — but when Liberty rallies  
Once more in thy regions, remember me then —  
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;  
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again —  
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice —  
There are links which must break in the chain that  
has bound us,  
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

## ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION, IN THE APRIL OF 1816.

A YEAR ago you swore, fond she !  
"To love, to honour," and so forth :  
Such was the vow you pledged to me,  
And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

DARKNESS.<sup>2</sup>

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.<sup>3</sup>  
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;  
Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light :  
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face ;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch :  
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd ;  
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour  
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks  
Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,

fail in exciting our terror from the extravagance of the plan. To speak plainly, the framing of such phantasms is a dangerous employment for the exalted and teeming imagination of such a poet as Lord Byron, whose Pegasus ever required rather a bridle than a spur. The waste of boundless space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision which such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poetry, what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet, as he ascends upon cloudy wing, becomes the shadow only of a thought, and having eluded the comprehension of others, necessarily ends by escaping from that of the author himself. The strength of poetical concection, and the beauty of diction, bestowed upon such prolixions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a painter, could he take a cloud of mist, or a wreath of smoke, for his canvass. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]