XXXI
Juan, whose was a delicate constitution,
Private, though highly punctual, bore
No title to point out with any precision,
The exact affair on which he was ere.

T'was merely known, that on a secret mission
Which Catherine in a moment of “fierce”
She sent to some modern “crackpot,”
Beloved, as the public learned;
And, to say truth, it had been fairly carried.

XXXII
Besides the minsters and undertakers,
Who must be courteous to the accredited
Diplomat in order to secure bags.
Until their royal fiddle’s fully ready,
The very clerks, those somewhat dirty
Of office, or the house of friends, not
By foul corruption into streams, even
They were hardly ready enough to span their pay.

XXXIII
In no wise do I question what they are
England’s for, since it is their daily labour.
In the dear offices of peace or war.
And should you doubt, pray ask of your next
When for a passport, or some other bar
To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore).
If he found not this spawn of travelling rich,
Like tip-jogging, the least civil ones of all.

XXXIV
Juan presented in the unpretentious,
To proper platesman, every Russ creditible;
And was received with smiles from every heart.
By whose good will in the good position.
Who, seeing a handsome specimen with smooth hair,
And a thought of what is said is most essential.
That they as easily might do the younger,
As hawks may pounce upon a woodcock.

XXXV
They’re right, as aged men do talk; but by
And we’ll talk of that and if we don’t,
’Twill be because our minds are not high.
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by the honey-money and boldly
Now what I love in women, though they can’t
Or do other wise than lie, but do it so
The very truth would starve the audience.

XXXVI
And, all after, what is a life? ‘Tis but
The truth iniquitous, and I defy
Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A full face without some blemish of a lie.
The very sense of truth would start
Up amount, revelations, poesy.
And glory—except when it is
Some days before the incidents relating.

XXXVII
Deceived are all lines and all the wise.
Now how can trust my mild Muse with mistrust?
She rings the world’s “To Dunciad,” and her bow
Renders for these wise and to sigh
Is Hie; let us like most others how,
And bands, let, any part of majesty.
After the good example of “Green Eras,”
What shambles now seem rather worse for wearing.

XXXVIII
I was once mRNA called out by an acquaintance, because when asked
What number their name was.
Their number may was how to
By which I know not, for
And cannot find a wild’s small home costly.
There many an envoy either dwell or dwell
The den of many a diplomatic but lie.
Until to some considerable square they rise,
And blazon o’er the name their names in brass.

XXXIX
Don Juan was presented, and his dress
And man excelled general admiration.
I don’t know how many casts with its age or less.
One monstrous diamond dress much observation,
Which Catherine in a moment of “fierce”
She sent to some modern “crackpot,”
Beloved, as the public learned;
And, to say truth, it had been fairly carried.

XL
He was a bachelor, which is a matter of
Imperturbable to young and to taste,
The former’s hymeneal hopes were
And (should she not hold fast by love or pride)
‘Tis also of some moment to the latter;
A rich’s in a web gallian’s aide.
Requires decorum, and to suit to double
The heartful sin—what’s still worse, the trouble.

XLI
But Juan was a bachelor of arts,
And parts, and hearts; he danced and sung,
And an air as sentimental as Monsieur
Sobetsol of mobs; and could be sad
Or cheerful, without any “flow or start;”
Just as the proper time; and though a bad
Had seen the world—which is a curious skill,
And very much unlike what people write.

XLII
Fitz virgins blacked upon him; wedded dames
Would also in less servile kyries;
For both commodities dwell by their process;
The painting and the pointed; youth, coarse;
Against his heart’s prejudic’d their usual claim,
Such as no gentleman can do without;
Daughters admired his dress, and pious mothers
Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

XLIII
The millions who furnish “dragery Minors”
Throughout the season, upon stipulation
Of payment every hard money; and dally;
Have waded into a促成 corruption,
Thought such an opportunity as this.
In of a richfarmer’s lifetime;
Or it may stay at home;
For true or false politicks (and science that)
You may cross the blue leape and white fence
The mind’s not to be left, and as much
And so the mind’s the mind’s the mind’s the mind.
In general topics: muse must confine
Themselves in unity, like this.

XLIV
The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o’er amours,
And with the pages of the last Review
Like the interior of their heads or homorous,
Advance to all their nooks highest lux.
They talk’d bad French or Spanish, and upon its
Late authors ask’d him for a hint or two;
And which was softer, Russian or Castilian;
And whether in his travels he saw thin

XLV
The Travellers’ groves are gone, so much the better.
Stone-bosomed is not—what the devil is it?
But Baldwin still sits with its sage or less.
That madam may not bite you on a visit;
The Bench too seats or suite half many a debtor;
Nor that you are not a strolling gentleman.
To me appears a stiff yet grand erection;
But then the Abbey’s worth the whole collection.
II. Jules, who was a little superhero,
And not a literary great (Beaucaire,
Revered by this learned and especial
Jurors of scarce, scarce knows what to answer:
His duties warfare, kind or official,
His study application as a dancer,
Had kept him from the brink of Hypocrisy,
Which now he found was blue instead of green.

III. However, he repulsed at heart, with
A modest confidence and calm assurance,
A kind and learned localitiest path,
And paid for arguments of good endurance.
That pretty, Miss Annabell Smith
(Who at nineteen translated "Mercedes Purren"
Into as fine English,)
With her best book,
Set down his sayings in her common-place book.

IV. Juan knew several languages—so well
He might ... and brought them up well, in time
To save his fame with each accomplished belle,
Who still suggested that he did not rhyme.
There wanted but this required a spell.
His qualities (with them) in calm;
Lady Flora-Frykey, and Miss Morris Mummish,
Both long extremely to be sung in Spanish.

V. However, he did pretty well, and was
Admitted as an aspirant to all.
The corderies, and, as in Bacon's glass,
At great assemblies, or in parties small,
He gave the band and living author rais.
That being among their average numeral
Alle, the eighty greatest living poets,
As every palmy magazine can show it's.

VI. In these five years the "greatest living poet,
Lost, as Captain in the forty-fifth,
Is called to support his claim, or show it,
Although a name imaginary even—
I believe I don't know it not,
Nor sought of Socquetubus subjects to be king;
We reckoned a considerable time,
The grand Napoleon of the realm of rhyme.

VII. But Juan was my Morose, and Fallor,
My Morose, and my Mount Saint Jean seems Calm
La Belle Alliance "dances down at zero,
Nothing but the Iliot's faults, may rise again.
But I will fall at least as well as her,
Nor reign at all, or a monarch reigns;
Or to the lowest lily of goddesses go.
With wandroent Socquetubus for my turnkey Love.

VIII. Sir Walter raving before me, and Campbell
Before and after; but now grown more holy.
[See end of p. 333.]

IX. (The Biographical Dictionary says— Being in due
One hand, he was induced to try the climate of Italy, where
The Muse upon Sion's hill must number
With poets almost Clesian, or wholly.
And Pagans has a prodigious number
Bathing in their baths, and in the town of Poesy,
Who shows the glorious animal with stints,
A modern Aristotel by the hills.

X. Still be this earth that artificial land.
Labour in the same vineyard, though the vine
That bears the grapes, which players for every eye;
Cantley's rears Romans best at last.
The bowling Hebrews of Clystel's peace;

XI. Then there's my gentle Epigone; who, they say,
Sets up for being for a sort of seened soul;
He find it rather different some day
To turn out both, or, it may be.
Some persons think that Colder bi the snow;
And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three;
And that, deep-mouthed, in the Innocent Land
Has been a slave to Scourby's gander.

XII. John Keats, who was all of it by one critique,
Just as he really presented something great.
In that fatal word; what plays for every eye?
To contrast to tell the gods of the heart,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
For God knows what was an, an, an, and not.
It's strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should set itself so roundly off an article.

XIII. The last great bent of true and dead pretenders
To that which noise will gain—or none will know.
The strange tale of a man, who, ere times renders.
His last will, will have the long grass grow
Above his burnt-out brains, and empty eyelids.
Cantley's rears Romans best at last;
Their descriptions—so they are numerous,
Like the thirty Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals were but dirty.

XIV. This is the literary learned name,
Where the prudens hands take up the matter.
"Deadleaf" trade, like his who gathers samples,
The florist seller's trade, like his who gathers samples.
With the same feelings as you'd see a vampire,
Now, while I were at home, and in good state,
I'm sure there are spokesmen for those Julesian;
And show them what an intellectual war is.

XV. I think a knew a book or two, would turn
Their thanks; but I will hardly try my while,
With such small time to give myself concern:
Indeed I've not the means to.
He entered in November, 1814, and died in the following December.
His death has been attributed to the attacks of Poesy; but it is, of fact, a consequence of long-standing.
Compare, however, end of p. 302.

XVI. The Muse on Sion's hill must number
With poets almost Clesian or wholly;
And Pagans has a prodigious number
Bathing in their baths, and in the town of Poesy.
Who shows the glorious animal with stints
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XXIV. I think a knew a book or two, would turn
Their thanks; but I will hardly try my while,
With such small time to give myself concern:
Indeed I've not the means to.
Where Napoleon the Grand?—God knows!
Where Little Caesars?—The devil can tell!
Where Grenadi, Curzan, Sheridan, all these
Who bound the ear or senate in their spell?
Where Huns, and Mauk, and all the woe?
And where the Daughter, whom the Angels loved well?
And where the musketeers shall meet the five per Centa? And where—
where, oh, where, are the deeds that are the Beauties?

LXXX.

Where is the Drummer?—Dis melt.
Where is the Long Tole Wednesday?
Where is the Priest?
Where is the Whitehead?—Recently.
Where is the George?—That's so not so much.
And where is the “Fum”? The Fourth, our “royal bird”.

Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be bid.
Dressed in a yellow cloak, with a hood.
We have heard—
“Cur ma, cur ma!”—for six months hath been halting.

This scene of royal state and loyal privilege.

LXXXI.

Where in Lord Tis?—And where my Lord That?
The Honourable Maitulass and Misses?
Some lad inside an old opera hat,
Married, unmarri, and unowned.
(That: is an evolution off performed late.)

Where are the Dublin shots—and London kinnis?
Where are the Grenvilles?—Turns as usual.
Where my friends the Whigs?—Exactly where they were.

LXXXII.

Where are the lady Caroline and Frances?
Divorced or doing some thing? A soot.
Now fast to form, the list of rocks and carbon is—
To whom post, record the sale of the goods.

Broken in marriage, and all the phantoms of fiction—
Are those streams now still fill these channels?

So are, some by, some laughed on the Continent.
The time these have hardy been these times.

LXXXIII.

Some who once set their caps at cautious times,
Have taken up at length with younger brothers;
Some hearies have bit at sharpers' books;
Some have made wives of women, some merely mothers.
Others have lost their flesh and fury looks,
In which the list of alterations differs;
There's little strange in this, but something strange is
The unusual quickness of these common changes.

Talk of not seventy years as age; in seven
I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to

LXXXIV.

The humblest individual under heaven.
I have seen that sought was lasting; but no event among the great
And the Whigs are not without being new;
짘's permanent among the human race.

LXXXV.

I have seen Napoleon, who said—"the Juliar

LXXXVI.

I have seen Napoleon, who quitted in 1812,
A mission to the Pope, and was in the Docks—

LXXXVII.

I have seen Napoleon, who quitted in 1812,
With a view to a Cisalpine Union; and was seen in the Docks—

LXXXVIII.

Whether he married the third or fourth

LXXXIX.

I have seen the Landholders without a nap—
I have seen the House of Commons turn'd to a tax-trap.

XC.

The Heavens are over the sea—

CANTO XII.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be
My topic, with the due restriction
Which change grows too by a power;

And reject the work is only fiction,

And reject the work is only fiction,

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XIII.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove, the heaven, and love is heaven."

Of all the quoted speeches in Byron's works, this one from "The Bride of Abydos" is perhaps the most famous. It is a Romantic and emotional speech that reflects the poet's own views on love and nature. The speaker describes how love governs all aspects of life, from the most earthly to the most celestial.

XIV.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove, the heaven, and love is heaven."

This line is from Byron's poem "The Bride of Abydos". It is a celebrated line that reflects the Romantic ideal of love as a unifying force that transcends all worldly concerns. The speaker describes how love governs all aspects of life, from the most earthly to the most celestial.

XV.

"But love is as the sun, so is the moon; and love makes snow and rain."

This line is from Byron's poem "The Two Monarchs". It is a Romantic expression of the idea that love is a universal force that can bring together all things, creating harmony and beauty in the world.

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