

Pride points the path that leads to Liberty ;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War. War is still the cry, ' War even to the knife ! ' 890

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
 Can act, is acting there against man's life :
 From flashing scimitar to secret knife, 895
 War moldeth there each weapon to his need—
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed—
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed !

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead ? 900
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain ;
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red ;
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corpse remain,
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw ; 905
 Let their bleached bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe :
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw !

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas ! the drear '... work is done ;
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees : 910
 It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
 Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.

890. "WAR EVEN TO THE KNIFE." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragossa.—BYRON.

891-899. The structure of this stanza is somewhat involved. It may be paraphrased thus: Ye who would know the condition of Spain and the cruel character of the Spaniards, read the bloodiest chapter in the history of war, or private strife; for what ever means of retaliation the keenest revenge has devised against the life of an enemy is there employed—from the flashing scimitar to the secret knife. The Spaniard is not nice in the choice of his means or weapons; so that it serves his supreme purpose of preserving the honor of his wife and sister, or of accomplishing the death of his cursed foe, the most remorseless deed is justifiable in his sight.

900. FLOWS THERE. "there" may here be meant as an introduction to the verb flows, but is more like an adverb of place, referring to Spain, or the particular battle-field the poet has in view.

907. HIDEOUS AWE. Note the attribute of form here assigned to awe.

912. THE DISTANT END FORESEEN. When Byron wrote this, the Peninsular War was still raging. It did not terminate till 1814.