

CANTO II.

“ Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray ?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with his own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might, the majesty of Loveliness.”

BYRON—“*Bride of Abydos*”—*Canto 1.*

I don't know if you've ever been
 To Dawlish pebbly stand,
 Nor could I say you'd ever seen
 The cliffs upon the land ;
 Those mighty cliffs, whose blood-red face
 The sea reflects below,
 And at whose broad sea-beaten base
 The fair sea-flowers grow.
 If you have not, 'tis not my fault ;
 But I have, and I saw
 The blood-red cliffs, which made me halt
 And wond'ring, wonder more
 What dreadful deed had caused the rock
 To blush so very red, and shock
 That mirror—Ocean's wavy breast—
 With being so unlike the rest.

Tall, rugged, grand, the cliffs stand out
 Against the azure sky ;
 While Echo answers to your shout,
 (If, when you're passing by,
 You chance to call,) and throws the sound
 To every ragged corner round.
 Upon the cliffs a wood is seen,
 And as it shows its verdure green,
 Like some vain girl on holidays,
 You hear the birds sing roundelays
 To their fond mates, or to their young,
 Who may be hid the leaves among.
 And further on, between yon crags,
 You see the fields so gay,
 Where once the noble antler'd stags
 And timid deer would play,
 And where they roamed, as blithe and free
 As stags and deer are wont to be.

Upon these glorious cliffs there stood
 Sir Oscar's castled halls,
 Surrounded by an ample wood.
 Beyond the castle walls.