

Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare, 80
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun;
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun: 85
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel:
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal. 90

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
 And long had fed his youthful appetite; 95
 His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,
 And all that mote to luxury invite,
 Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
 And traverse Paynim shores and pass Earth's central line.

XII.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew, 100
 As glad to walt him from his native home;
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam:

77. LEMANS, lovers, paramours.

79. LIGHT EROS FINDS A FEERE, Love finds a companion or consort.

81. MAMMON WINS, etc., a parody of Pope's line: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"—*Essay on Criticism*, 625.

84. A SISTER, his half-sister, the Honorable Augusta Leigh, to whom he addressed some of his *Occasional Pieces*.

91. HIS HOUSE, etc. The picture in this and stanza vii. is greatly exaggerated, if not altogether untrue, as regards the poet's conduct at his ancestral home.

98. BRINE, from A. S. *brinnan*, to burn, poetically applied to the sea.

99. PAYNIM, Nor.-French, from Lat. *paganus*, heathen, mostly applied to Mussulmans.