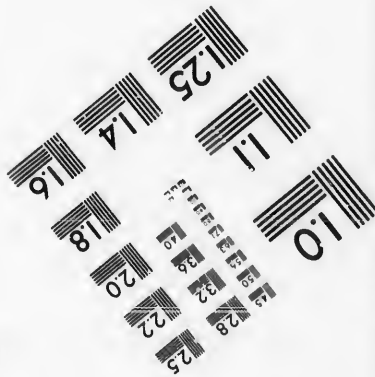
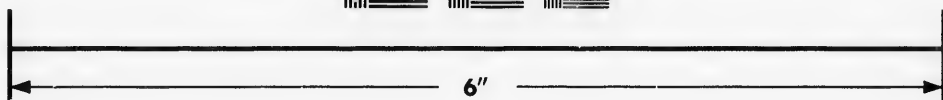


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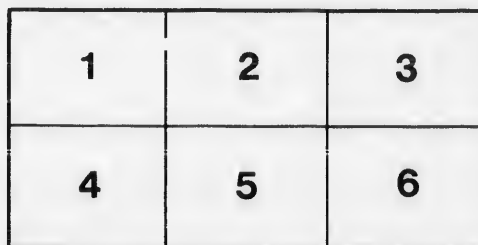
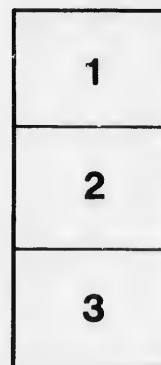
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CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,

CANTO I.

BY LORD BYRON.

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# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE First and Second Cantos of CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, published in 1812, at once ranked Byron among the great poets of his country. Referring to the suddenness with which the poem flashed upon the public eye, he says: "I went to bed one night, and got up to find myself famous."

Scott's three great romance poems had quickened the public appetite for poetry; and Byron's brilliant poetical diary, combining the interests of a romantic and striking individuality with picturesque descriptions of scenes and events which were then attracting the eyes of Europe, caught the public imagination, as it was becoming satiated with Scott's purely ideal creations.

Byron's plan, or, more properly, want of plan or combination in his structure, was admirably adapted to his disposition, and left him at perfect liberty in the choice of the subjects he took up, and his manner of treating them, provided the result was striking. The connecting thread of the poet's personality—the only continuous subject of the poem—is taken up or dropped at pleasure without loss of its interest.

Regarding Childe Harold's moral consistency, Byron candidly remarks, that "the poem" was intended as an example, further than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones; and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (the chief ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected."

CHILDE was a title of nobility equivalent to lord. Childe Harold is believed to be Lord Byron himself, who was twenty-two when he began this poem and was seven years in finishing it.

## TO IANTHE<sup>1</sup>

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,<sup>2</sup>  
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deemed;  
Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed,  
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seemed:  
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
To paint those charms which varied as they beamed:  
To such as see thee not my words were weak;  
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak!

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,  
Nor unbeseem<sup>3</sup> the promise of thy spring,

---

<sup>1</sup> From Gr. *Ion*, a lily. The young beauty thus addressed, in her eleventh year, was Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and afterwards Lady C. Bacon. <sup>2</sup> Spain, Portugal, Albania, and Greece. <sup>3</sup> *Unbeseem*, belie, disappoint; seldom used as a verb.

As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,  
 Love's image upon earth without his wing,  
 And guileless beyond Hope's imagining !  
 And surely she who now so fondly rears  
 Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,  
 Beholds the rainbow<sup>4</sup> of her future years,  
 Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri<sup>5</sup> of the West !—'tis well for me  
 My years already doubly number thine ;  
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,  
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine ;  
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline ;  
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,  
 Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign  
 To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
 But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours decreed.

Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,<sup>6</sup>  
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,  
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,  
 Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny  
 That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh  
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend :  
 This much, dear maid, accord ; nor question why  
 To one so young my strain I would commend,  
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined ;  
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast  
 On Harold's page, Ianthe's<sup>7</sup> here enshrined  
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last :  
 My days once numbered, should this homage past  
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre  
 Of him who hailed thee, loveliest as thou wast,  
 Such is the most my memory may desire ;  
 Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship less  
 require ?

---

<sup>4</sup> *Rainbow*, the emblem of hope.    <sup>5</sup> *Peri*, Persian female fairy.  
<sup>6</sup> *Gazelle*, Arab. *gazāla*, a wild goat ; an elegantly formed species of antelope.  
 To have the eyes of a gazelle is the highest compliment paid to an eastern woman.  
<sup>7</sup> That is, her name.

## CANTO FIRST.

## I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deemed of heaven 'y birth,  
 Muse! formed or fabled at the minstrel's will!  
 Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,  
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:  
 Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill; 5  
 Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,  
 Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;  
 Nor mote my shell awake the weary nine  
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

## II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth, 10  
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight,  
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
 And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.  
 Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee; 15  
 Few earthly things found favor in his sight  
 Save concubines and carnal companie,  
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, Cantos I. and II., was written mostly in Albania and Greece, between 1809 and 1811. Byron adopted the Spenserian stanza on account of its flexibility, and the freedom with which it admitted of his being "droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical," as the humor struck him. A slight sprinkling of archaic words is introduced, as in consonance with the structure of the verse.

1. HELLAS. The Greeks call their country Hellas, and themselves Hellenes, from their mythical progenitor Hellen.

3. LYRES, used figuratively for the poetic faculty.

4, 5. SACRED HILL. Mounts Helicon and Parnassus were both sacred to the Muses; from the reference to Delphi, the latter is perhaps meant.—VAUNTED RILL, the Castalian stream. See note 635-638.

6. DELPHI'S LONG-DESERTED SHRINE. The site of the famous temple of Apollo is now mostly occupied by the little village of Castri.

8. MOTE, for might, or must.—NINE. The nine Muses.—SHELL is here synonymous with lyre, which is said to have been first made by strings drawn across a tortoise shell.

10. WHILOME, O. Eng., once, at one time.—ALBION. An ancient name of the island of Great Britain.

11. NE, A.S. not, never.

14. WIGHT, A.S. fellow, man.

creed.

o less

fairy.  
 elop.  
 oman.

## III.

Childe Harold was he hight :—but whence his name  
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say ; 20  
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
 And had been glorious in another day :  
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
 However mighty in the olden time ;  
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay, 25  
 Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,  
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

## IV.

Childe Harold basked him in the noontide sun,  
 Disporting there like any other fly ;  
 Nor deemed before his little day was done 30  
 One blast might chill him into misery.  
 But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,  
 Worse than adversity the Childe befeil ;  
 He felt the fullness of satiety :  
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell, 35  
 Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

## V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
 Had sighed to many though he loved but one,  
 And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his. 40  
 Ah, happy she ! to 'scape from him whose kiss  
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ;  
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
 And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste. 45

19. CHILDE, A.S. *cild*, child, a young knight or squire.—HAROLD, a Norman name. Byron's first English ancestor is said to have come over with the Conqueror.—HIGHT, was called.

20. LOSEL, loose, wasteful fellow.

27. BLAZON, heraldic term, here used for make illustrious.

32. A THIRD OF HIS ; that is, the third part of his day, or life ; he was now twenty-four.

36. EREMIT, poetical rendering of hermit.

40. THAT LOVED ONE, Mary Anne Chaworth, afterwards Mrs. Musters. To her rejection of his addresses the poet attributes his quitting England.

## VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;  
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
 But Pride congealed the drop within his ee :  
 Apart he stalked in joyless reverie, 50  
 And from his native land resolved to go,  
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;  
 With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe,  
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

## VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hail : 55  
 It was a vast and venerable pile ;  
 So old, it seemed only not to fall,  
 Yet strength was pillared in each massy aisle.  
 Monastic dome ! condemned to uses vile !  
 Where Superstition once had made her den 60  
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile :  
 And monks might deem their time was come agen,  
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

## VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood  
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow, 65  
 As if the memory of some deadly feud  
 Or disappointed passion lurked below :  
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;  
 For his was not that open, artless soul  
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow, 70  
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,  
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

## IX.

And none did love him : though to hall and bower  
 He gathered revelers from far and near,  
 He knew them flatt'ers of the festal hour : 75  
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.

49. EE, Scotch for eye, used for the rhyme.

50. MONASTIC DOME refers to Newstead Abbey, the poet's ancestral mansion.

61. PAPHIAN GIRLS, from Paphos in Cyprus, near which Venus is said by Hesiod to have sprung from the sea-foam.

71. CONDOLES, elliptically for to condole with him.

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.

And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come  
One word of wail, whist others sate and wept,  
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

105

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea  
He seized his harp which he at times could string,  
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
When deemed he no strange ear was listening :  
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.  
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,  
Thus to the elements he poured his last "Good Night."

110

115

1.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night !

120

125

2.

A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
My dog howls at the gate.

130

3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page !  
Why dost thou weep and wail ?

135

105. KEPT up their moaning in concert with the gales.

Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,  
 Or tremble at the gale?  
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
 Our ship is swift and strong:  
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
 More merrily along." 140

## 4.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
 I fear not wave nor wind:  
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
 Am sorrowful in mind; 145  
 For I have from my father gone,  
 A mother whom I love,  
 And have no friend, save these alone,  
 But thee—and one above.

## 5.

"My father blessed me fervently, 150  
 Yet did not much complain;  
 But sorely will my mother sigh  
 Till I come back again."—  
 "Enough, enough, my little lad!  
 Such tears become thine eye; 155  
 If I thy guileless bosom had,  
 Mine own would not be dry.

## 6.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
 Why dost thou look so pale?  
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman? 160  
 Or shiver at the gale?"—  
 "Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
 But thinking on an absent wife  
 Will blanch a faithful cheek. 165

## 7.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
 Along the bordering lake,

167. ALONG THE BORDERING LAKE; that is, some distance along the lake that borders thy domains.



And when they on their father call,  
 What answer shall she make?"  
 "Enough, enough, my yeoman good, 170  
 Thy grief let none gainsay;  
 But I, who am of lighter mood,  
 Will laugh to flee away."

## 8.

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
 Of wife or paramour? 175  
 Fresh feeses will dry the bright blue eyes  
 We late saw streaming o'er.  
 For pleasure past I do not grieve,  
 Nor perils gathering near;  
 My greatest grief is that I leave 180  
 No thing that claims a tear.

## 9.

And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea:  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 When none will sigh for me? 185  
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hands;  
 But long ere I come back again  
 He'd tear me where he stands.

## 10.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go 190  
 Athwart the foaming brine;  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine.  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!  
 And when you fail my sight, 195  
 Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!  
 My native Land—Good Night!

175. PARAMOUR, used in the same sense as *teman* in line 77.

188. LONG ERRE I COME BACK AGAIN; that is, much sooner than it is my purpose to return. The poet in his misanthropic mood attributes unfaithfulness even to the most faithful of animals. Homer's picture of Argus, the dog of Ulysses, who recognizes his master after twenty years' absence, is in fine contrast.

## XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
 And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.  
 Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon, 200  
 New shores descried make every bosom gay;  
 And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,  
 And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;  
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap, 205  
 And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

## XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land:  
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!  
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand! 210  
 But man would mar them with an impious hand.  
 And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge  
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,  
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge  
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge. 215

## XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!  
 Her image floating on that noble tide,  
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,  
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied, 220  
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford:  
 A nation sworn with ignorance and pride,  
 Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword  
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

199. BISCAY'S SLEEPLESS BAY. Biscay, Basque, and Gascony are the same word differently spelt; its derivation is uncertain.

202. CINTRA. A small town in Portugal, a short distance northwest of Lisbon. See note II. 288-314.

203. TAGUS, Spanish *Tajo*; the largest river in Spain.

204. HIS FABLED GOLDEN TRIBUTE refers to a poetical legend that represents the Tagus flowing over sands of gold.

205. LUSIAN, from Lusitania, the ancient name of Portugal.

216. WHAT BEAUTIES DOTHS LISBOA FIRST UNFOLD. Lisbon for its situation has been compared to Constantinople. Its most beautiful parts are along the Tagus, and are first seen approaching by the river.

220. SINCE ALBION WAS ALLIED. The commercial alliance between Britain and Portugal was of old standing. Active help was given on account of the French invasion of 1807 under Napoleon.

222. NATION is in opposition with *Lusians*.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town, 225  
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;  
For hut and palace show like filthily :  
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt ; 230  
Ne personage of high or mean degree  
Doth care for cleanness of surtoat or shirt ;  
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—  
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ? 235  
Lo ! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
Ah me ! what hand can pencil guide or pen,  
To follow half on which the eye dilates  
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken 240  
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,  
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates ;

XIX.

The horrid crags, by topping convent crowned,  
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,  
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd, 245  
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
The vine on high, the willow branch below, 250  
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,  
And frequent turn to linger as you go.

233. SHENT WITH EGYPT'S PLAGUE, spoiled or defaced with leprosy, a disease common among the Egyptians : and mostly engendered through unclean personal and national habits.

241, 242. The reference here is probably to Dante's *Paradiso* although the classical term Elysium is used.

243-250. Note the effect of the alliteration and accumulation of epithets rapidly following each other in this stanza.

From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,  
 And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;" 255  
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
 Here impious men have punished been, and lo!  
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,  
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell. 260

## XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags yon spring,  
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:  
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—  
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:  
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath 265  
 Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,  
 Some hand erects a cross of moldering lath;  
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife  
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

## XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath, 270  
 Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;  
 But now the wild-flowers round them only breathe;  
 Yet ruined splendor still is lingering there,  
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:  
 There thou to, Vathek! England's wealthiest son, 275  
 Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware  
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,  
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

## XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,  
 Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow: 280  
 But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,  
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!

255. HOUSE OF WOE is a mistranslation of the Spanish "House of the rock." The error is explained in a note to the second edition, but the text has been left to stand, on the plea that it is not inappropriate, considering the cruelties practiced there.

271. WHILOME KINGS; that is, kings of former times.

275-287. VATHEK! ENGLAND'S WEALTHIEST SON. William Beckford, who, on the death of his father, Lord Mayor of London, was left a fortune of a million in money and £100,000 a year, is here addressed by the name of his Eastern romance, written in French. The magnificent monastery of Alcobaca, where he was entertained with great splendor, was reduced to ashes by the French in 1811.

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow  
 To halls deserved, portals gaping wide :  
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how  
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;  
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungente tide !

## XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !  
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !  
 With diadem hight foolscap, lo ! a fiend,  
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,  
 There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by  
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,  
 Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,  
 And sundry signatures adorn the roll,  
 Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

## XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled  
 That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome :  
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,  
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.  
 Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume,  
 And Policy regained what arms had lost :  
 For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom !  
 Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquered host,  
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast !

## XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,  
 Britannia sickens, Cintra ! at thy name ;  
 And folks in office at the mention fret,  
 And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.  
 How will posterity the deed proclaim !  
 Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,  
 To view these champions cheated of their fame,  
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,  
 Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year ?

288-314. THE HALL WHERE CHIEFS WERE LATE CONVENED, &c. The Convention of Cintra, by which in 1808 the French agreed to evacuate Portugal on condition of being landed in France with their arms, was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva. Its terms caused so great indignation in England that the generals who signed it were tried by court martial.

290. A FIEND, Momus, the god of mockery, satire, and censure, here ironically termed Convention.

## XXVII.

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he 315  
 Did take his way in solitary guise :  
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he sought to flee,  
 More restless than the swallow in the skies :  
 Though here awhile he learned to moralize,  
 For meditation fixed at times on him ; 320  
 And conscious Reason whispered to despise  
 His early youth, misspent in maddest whim ;  
 But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

## XXVIII.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, forever quits  
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul ; 325  
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.  
 Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal  
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ;  
 And o'er him many changing scenes must roll 330  
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,  
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

## XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,  
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen ;  
 And church and court did mingle their array, 335  
 And mass and revel were alternate seen ;  
 Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween !  
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built  
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,  
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt, 340  
 And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

## XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,  
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a free-born race !)

320. MEDITATION. The personification here assumed is substituted at line 326 by MOPING FITS ; and the object of the abrupt call "to horse ! to horse !" is as if to awaken him from his reverie.

333-335. MAFRA is an immense convent and palace of great splendor, and is termed the Escorial of Portugal.—LUCKLESS QUEEN refers to Queen Maria, whose insanity in 1789 necessitated a regency.

337. LORDLINGS AND FRERES ; contemptuously for lords and friars. Observe the deepening of the contempt by the use of the epithet *illsorted fry*.

315 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,  
 Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place. 345  
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
 And marvel men should quit their easy-chair,  
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace.  
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
 320 And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share. 350

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,  
 And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;  
 Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!  
 Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
 325 Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend 355  
 Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—  
 Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:  
 For Spain is compassed by unyielding foes  
 And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

330

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet, 360  
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?  
 Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,  
 Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?  
 Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?  
 335 Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?— 365  
 Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,  
 Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,  
 Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

340

344. JOYAUNCE (Fr. *joyant*, joyful). pleasure.

348. LEAGUE. Byron here and elsewhere uses the singular instead of the plural. See 203.

354. WITHOUTEN. An old English form of without, now only used for its quaintness, or for lengthening the measure in poetry.

356. RICH FLEECE. The merino sheep, now widely scattered throughout Europe, and constituting a great source of Australian prosperity, was originally a Spanish breed.

360-377. The reference in these two stanzas is to the defenceless state of Portugal for want of natural boundaries on the side of Spain, which was attacked by the French. Yet notwithstanding that a simple stream often forms the only landmark, a spirit of mutual animosity characterizes the intercourse of the peasants of the rival nations. Byron, considering their endurance under Wellington, modified his opinion of the Portuguese "as the lowest of the low," TAYA. See line 203.

364. SIERRAS (Span., from Lat. *scerra* a saw), a jagged chain of hills.

## XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook. 370  
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.  
 Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,  
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;  
 For proud each peasant as the noblest duke: 375  
 Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know  
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

## XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,  
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along  
 In sullen billows, murmuring and vast, 380  
 So noted ancient roundelays among.  
 Whilome upon his banks did legions throng  
 Of Moor and Knight, in mailèd sp'endor drest:  
 Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong; 385  
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
 Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.

## XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land?  
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,  
 When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band  
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore? 390  
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore  
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,  
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore!  
 Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,  
 While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail. 395

379-386. DARK GUADIANA, the ANAS of the romans. Along its banks were fought many of the sanguinary conflicts between the Moors of Granada and Cordova and the Christians of the north. Ferdinand the Catholic expelled the Moors in 1491.

381. ROUNDELAYS, from Fr. *rondelet*, roundish, applied to short lively rhymes with repetitions

387-404. Refer to romantic incidents in the history of Spain, 714-737 A.D. Roderick the last Gothic king having violated Cava or Florinda ("the Helen of Spain"), daughter of his lieutenant Count Julian of Andalusia, the latter in revenge went over to the enemy, and Roderick was deprived of his kingdom. Pelagio or Pelayo, a scion of the royal family, maintained the independence of the mountain district of Asturias, so successfully against the Moors as ultimately to become king of the Christian kingdom of Spain. Byron's *Age of Bronze* and Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick* treat of the subject.



XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale!  
 Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!  
 When granite molders and when records fail,  
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.  
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate, 400  
 See how the Mighty shrink into a song!  
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?  
 Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,  
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance! 405  
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,  
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,  
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:  
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,  
 And speaks in thunder though yon engine's roar: 410  
 In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"  
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?  
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath? 415  
 Saw ye not whom the reeking saber smote,  
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath  
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,  
 The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock  
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe; 420  
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siro,  
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,  
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,

406 CHIVALRY, from Fr. *chevalier* a knight or horseman; Spanish *caballeria*. Spanish military fame and pride justified the poet's stirring appeal.

419. BALE-FIRES, signal fires, that indicated *bale*, sorrow, war. "The gloomy *bale*-fires blaze no more."—Scott's *Lay*.

421. SIROC, Fr. *siroc*; Ital. *sirocco*; Span. *siroco*, a hot east wind.

423. LO! WHERE THE GIANT, that is *Red Battle*, which bold personification is continued to the end of this stanza.

With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands, 425  
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;  
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon:  
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;  
 For on this morn three potent nations meet, 430  
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

## XL.

By Heaven! It is a splendid sight to see  
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
 Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,  
 Their various arms that glitter in the air! 435  
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,  
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!  
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share;  
 The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array. 440

## XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;  
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;  
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;  
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!  
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally, 445  
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

## XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honored fools! 450  
 Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay!  
 With sophistry! in these behold the tools,

430. FOR ON THIS MORN THREE POTENT NATIONS MEET. From line 414 the poet has the battle of Talavera in his eye, and, to give his picture greater animation writes as if he witnessed it.

442. ORISONS, FR., prayers.

443. FLOUT, to insult by flapping as in its face.

444. FRANCE, SPAIN, ALBION. At the Battle of Talavera, fought on the 27th and 28th July, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington), with about 53,000 English, Germans, and Spaniards, defeated Joseph Bonaparte with 50,000 French veterans.

450-458. The cynicism here is almost superseded by a vein of moral irony, as if the poet felt, though it would be a slip to say so, there is something nobler than ambition, at least than that of the Bonapartes, to whom the term DESPOTS must apply.

425 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone. 455  
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?  
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,  
430 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!  
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim pricked his steed, 460  
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,  
A scene where mingling foes should hoast and bleed!  
435 Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed  
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!  
Till others fall where other chieftains lead 465  
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,  
And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient song.

XLIV.

Enough of battle's minions! let them play  
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:  
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay, 470  
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.  
In soothe, 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim  
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,  
445 And die, that living might have proved her shame;  
Peri-hed, perchance, in some domestic feud, 475  
Or in a narrower sphere wild rapine's path pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way  
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:  
Yet is she free—the spoilers wished-for prey!  
450 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude, 480  
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude

450. ALBUERA. This battle, named from the Spanish hamlet near which it was fought on 16th May, 1811, was one of the most terrible struggles of the Peninsular War. The English, Spanish, and Portuguese, under General Beresford, with the loss of 7,000, compelled the French, commanded by Marshal Soult, to retreat with a loss of 9,000.

478. SEVILLA, Span., Seville, the *Hispalis* of the Romans, stands on the Guadalquivir. It is surrounded by Moorish walls, and is one of the most interesting cities in Spain. Murillo, the greatest Spanish painter, lived and died here. It was taken and ravaged by the French under Soult in 1810, and evacuated in 1812. A coronado passed through Seville in 1599.

Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive  
 Where Desolation plants her famished brood  
 Is vain, or Ilium, Tyre, might yet survive,  
 And Virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to thrive. 485

## XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;  
 Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,  
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds;  
 Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds 490  
 Here Folly still his votaries lulls;  
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds;  
 Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,  
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering walls.

## XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate 495  
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,  
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,  
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.  
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star  
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet: 500  
 Ah, monarch! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,  
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;  
 The horse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet!

## XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?  
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay, 505  
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?  
 No! as he speeds, he chants "Viva el Rey!"  
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,

484. ILIUM, ancient Troy.

490. REBECK, a round, stringed musical instrument, supposed of Moorish origin. Drayton and Milton use the word.

498. DUN HOT BREATH. The attribution of color to breath applies properly to the effect, *blasted*.

500. FANDANGO, Span., a quick lively dance brought by the Negroes into Spanish America, thence imported into Spain. Note the personification.

508. "VIVA EL REY!" *Viva el Rey Fernando!* Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs.—BYRON.

509. GODOY. Don Manuel Godoy, known as the Prince of Peace, so captivated the Queen of Charles IV. of Spain that she raised him from the king's body guard to be Duke of Alcudia. The Spaniards attribute the ruin of their country to him.

The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,  
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy. 510

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crowned  
With crags whereon those Moorish turrets rest,  
Wide-scattered hoof-marks dint the wounded ground ; 515  
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darkened vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest :  
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,  
Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest ;  
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast ! 520  
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft where won and lost.

L.

And whomso'er along the path you meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet :  
Woe to the man that walks in public view 525  
Without of loyalty this token true ;  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke ;  
And sorely would the Gallie foeman rue,  
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,  
Could blunt the saber's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke. 530

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed, 535  
The stationed bands, the never vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance stowed,  
The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

523. THE BADGE OF CRIMSON HUE, the red cockade of Ferdinand VII.  
527-530. The meaning here seems to be that France would have cause to regret  
if the war assumed the character of a guerilla struggle, or if her success  
necessitated the retention of Spain by military occupation.

531. MORENA'S DUSKY HEIGHT, a mountain range that commands the plain of  
Andalusia on the north, and which was fortified in every defile when Byron crossed  
it on his way to Seville. Many of the scenes in *Don Quixote* are laid here.

539. THE BALL-PILED PYRAMID refers to the manner in which roundshot is piled.

## LII.

Portends the deeds to come ;—but he whose nod      540  
 Has tumbled feeble despots from their sway,  
 A moment panseth ere he lifts the rod ;  
 A little moment deigneth to delay :  
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way ;  
 The West must own the Scourger of the world.      545  
 Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning day,  
 When soar's Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled,  
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurled.

## LIII.

And must they fall ? the young, the proud, the brave,  
 To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign ?      550  
 No step between submission and a grave ?  
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain ?  
 And doth the power that man adores ordain  
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal ?  
 Is all that desperate Valor acts in vain ?      555  
 And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
 The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel ?

## LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
 And, all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,      560  
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war ?  
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
 Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,  
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,  
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead      565  
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

540, 541. HE WHOSE NOD, refers to Napoleon.—FEEBLER DESPOTS ; that is, feeblers than himself.

545. SCOURGER OF THE WORLD is a manifest application to Napoleon of the term "Scourge of God," applied to Attila, king of the Huns.—GAUL'S LOCUST HOST, line 215, is a similar metaphor.

547. GAUL'S VULTURE The Eagle, the ensign of France, appropriately turned into a Vulture.

548. HADES The abode of departed spirits

558-581. SPANISH MAID Augustina, a young woman of twenty-two, sprung from the lower ranks, since known as the "Maid of Saragossa," greatly distinguished herself at the heroic defence of that city against the French, who, after being compelled to raise the siege, captured it in 1809. Byron, who saw her at Seville, ranks her amongst the first of heroines.

559, 560. HANGS ON THE WILLOW. In reference to the loss of her lover ; the willow being an emblem of sorrow for lost love. See lines 575, 576.—ANLACE, a short sword or dagger.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when ye hear her tale,  
 Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
 Marked her black eye that mocks her coal black veil,  
 Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower, 570  
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower,  
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase. 575

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;  
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;  
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;  
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:  
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost? 580  
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
 What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?  
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
 Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons, 585  
 But formed for all the witching arts of love:  
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,  
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate; 590  
 In softness as in firmness far above  
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;  
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed  
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch; 595  
 Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,  
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:

574. DANGER GORGON FACE, a metaphor, from the face of the Gorgon Medusa, which formed the centre of the agis or shield of Minerva, the goddess of war, and petrified every beholder.

589. TENDER FIERCENESS. Note how the seeming paradox increases the poetical beauty of the metaphor.

Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much  
 Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek,  
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch ! 600  
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?  
 How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak !

## LIX.

Match me, ye climes ! which poets love to laud ;  
 Match me, ye harems of the land ! where now  
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud 605  
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow ;  
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow  
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,  
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,  
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find, 610  
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus ! whom I now survey,  
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky, 615  
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty !  
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing ?  
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by  
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,  
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her  
 wing. 620

## LXI.

Oft have I dreamed of Thee ! whose glorious name  
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore :  
 And now I view thee, 'tis alas ! with shame  
 That I in feeblest accents must adore  
 When I recount thy worshipers of yore 625

598. WILDLY BEAUTIFUL. The frequent recurrence of such phrases is a characteristic of Byron's poetry ; this one is descriptive of it.

604. HAREM, Arabic HARAM sacred, or forbidden ; the exclusive apartments of eastern women. "The Harem was written in Turkey." BYRON.

607. HOURIES, Persian HURI, black or beautiful eyed. See line 611.

612-639. OH, THOU PARNASSUS ! The apostrophe to Mount Parnassus, written at Castri (Delphos), bears the impress of the effect of the locality upon so poetically susceptible a mind as Byron's. His cynicism is superseded by a humble and sincere devotional contemplation of the undying glories of Grecian "lore," suggested by the scenes round which clustered its most sacred associations.



I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee !

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been, 630  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know it not !  
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave, 635  
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,  
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain  
I turned aside to pay my homage here ; 640  
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain ;  
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear ;  
And hailed thee, not perchance without a tear.  
Now to my theme— but from thy holy haunt  
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear ; 645  
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,  
Nor let thy votary's hope be deemed an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Momt, when Greece was young,  
See round thy giant base a brighter choir.  
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung 650  
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,  
Behold a train more fitting to inspire

635-638. THE MUSES' SEAT. The favourite haunt of the Muses was Helicon, which is also a part of the Parnassian range ; but Parnassus itself, with Delphi and all its surroundings, was sacred to them in common with Apollo, the president of their choir.—MELODIOUS WAVE. The Castalian stream, of which, the Castalian fountain or spring is the source, was the water of purification for all worshippers at the sacred shrine ; but several other streams were sacred to the Muses.

639-647. OF THEE HEREAFTER. As if having dismissed the subject too abruptly, he resumes it at line 644 ; and, by way of excuse, begs a leaf from DAPHNE'S, DEATHLESS PLANT, the bay laurel—the poet's crown. For the story of Daphne see Ovid, *Met.* i.

650, 651. DELPHI, here idealized as comprehending the temple and its adjuncts.—THE PYTHIAN HYMN, thought by Thucydides to have been composed by Homer, narrates the birth of Apollo and the slaying of the Python, which gave its name *Pythian* to the oracle.

The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,  
 Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire :  
 Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades 655  
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast  
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ;  
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise. 660  
 Ah, Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !  
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape  
 The fascination of thy magic gaze ?  
 A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
 And mold to every taste thy dear delusive shape. 665

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time !  
 The queer who conquers all must yield to thee—  
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime ;  
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
 To naught else constant, hither deigned to flee, 670  
 And fixed her shrine within these walls of white ;  
 Though not to one dome circumscribed she  
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn 675  
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn ;  
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns : 680  
 Naught interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

653. ANDALUSIA. A fertile district in the south of Spain.

666. PAPHOS. See note, line 61.

659-683 CADIZ. ancient *Gades*. Supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians about 1100 B.C.; and as to morals, manners, and maritime activity, faithful to its origin. The French tried to reduce it from 1810 to 1812, but failed in the attempt.

679. KIBES. from Ger. *Kerb*, notch, ulcerated chilblains or hacks in the heels; but heels only are here meant.

681. 682. IN LIEU OF TRUE DEVOTION, etc. The votaries of vice are often superstitious observers of the forms of religion.

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LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest :  
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore ? 685  
 Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast :  
 Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar ?  
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore  
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;  
 The thronged arena shakes with shouts for more ; 690  
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,  
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.  
 London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer :  
 Then thy spruce citizen, washed artisan, 695  
 And snug apprentice gulp their weekly air :  
 Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,  
 And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl ;  
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair ;  
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl, 700  
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribboned fair,  
 Others along the safer turnpike fly ;  
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,  
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie 705  
 Ask ye, Bœotian shades ! the reason why ?  
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,  
 Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery,  
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,  
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn. 710

686-692. A SOLEMN FEAST, ironically applied to a Sunday bull fight, fully described in stanzas lxxli.—xxix.—FOREST-MONARCH, hardly applicable to the bull, is often applied to the wild boar.

695, 696. SPRUCE, a colloquialism meaning conventional trimness without elegance.—SMUG, a variation of the same. observe the irony of the word *gulp* for breathe.

697. COACH OF HACKNEY. The terms "hackney coach" and "hack" are said to have originated in the London custom of driving to this village, begun about 1634; but *coche-a-lacquer* was a term used in France about 1600.

—WHISKEY, a light one-horse carriage, also called a *tim-whiskey*.  
 698-705. The various places here named are favorite holiday resorts of the inhabitants of London.

706. ASK YE, BŒOTIAN SHADES ! This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved—BYRON.

## LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,  
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea !  
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,  
 Thy saint adorers count the rosary :  
 Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free 715  
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)  
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be ;  
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare :  
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

## LXXII.

The lists are opened, the spacious area cleared, 720  
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated round ;  
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
 No vacant space for lated wight is found ;  
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,  
 Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye, 725  
 Yet ever well-inclined to heal the wound ;  
 None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,  
 As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

## LXXIII.

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds.  
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance, 730  
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
 And lowly bending to the lists advance ;  
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance :  
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance, 735  
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain, their toils repay.

## LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,  
 But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore

717. BEADSMAN, A.S. *bead*, a prayer, one who prays for others.

723. NE for NO — LATED WIGHT, belated fellow.

724. DONS. Span. *don*, from Lat. *dominus*, a lord. — GRANDEE, Span. *grande*, a nobleman of the highest rank in Spain.

733. FEATLY, nimbly, by way of display.

737. ALL THAT KINGS OR CHIEFS E'ER GAIN ; that is, the crowd's loud shouts, etc. Note the irony in the comparison.

739. MATADORE. Span. *matador*, murderer, slayer ; the man appointed to kill the bull at a bull-fight.

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Stands in the center, eager to invade 740  
 The lord of lowing herds ; but not before  
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,  
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :  
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed— 745  
 Alas ! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

## LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls,  
 The den expands, and Expectation mute  
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute, 750  
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,  
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :  
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit  
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
 His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow. 755

## LXXVI.

Sadden he stops ; his eye is fixed : away,  
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear ;  
 Now is thy time to perish, or display  
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
 With well-timed croupe the nimble courses veer ; 760  
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;  
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :  
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;  
 Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his woes.

## LXXVII.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail, 765  
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;  
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.  
 One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse :  
 Another, hideous sight ! unseamed appears, 770  
 His gory chest unveil's life's panting source ;  
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;  
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

758. NOW IS THY TIME TO PERISH, OR DISPLAY ; that is, to "do or die."

760. CROUPE. Fr. hind-quarters ; here applied to the action of veering a horse round on its hind-legs.

770. UNSEAMED. Note the figure here used, unseaming a garment.

## LXXVIII.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
 Full in the center stands the bull at bay, 775  
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,  
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray :  
 And now the Matadores around him play,  
 Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand :  
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way— 780  
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,  
 Wraps his fierce eye - 'tis past—he sinks upon the sand !

## LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,  
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.  
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline : 785  
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
 The decorated car appears—on high  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy, 790  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

## LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
 The Spanish maid and cheers the Spanish swain.  
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights  
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain. 795  
 What private feuds the troubled village stain !  
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,  
 Enough, alas ! in humble homes remain,  
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow.  
 For some slight cause of wrath whence life's warm stream  
 must flow. 800

## LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled : his bars, his bolts,  
 His withered centinel, Duenna sage !  
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,  
 Which the stern dotard deemed he could encage,

776. BRAST, O. Eng., burst, broken.

781. CONYNGE, cunning, skillful. So spelt in the *King's Quair*.

785. DECLINE; that is, decline the contest; give in

802. CENTINEL, a misspelling of sentinel, induced by the Span. *centinela*

—DUENNA, Span., an elderly lady having charge of young ones.

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Have passed to darkness with the vanished age 805  
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen  
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),  
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,  
 While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen ?

LXXXII.

Oh ! many a time and oft, h. l Harold loved, 810  
 Or dreamed he loved, since rapture is a dream ;  
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,  
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;  
 And lately had he learned with truth to deem 815  
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings :  
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,  
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs  
 Some bitter o'er the bowers in bubbling venom flings.

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,  
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise : 820  
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
 E'er deigned to bend her chastely-awful eyes :  
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies ;  
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,  
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise : 825  
 Pleasure's palled victim ! life's abhorring gloom  
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng ;  
 But viewed them not with misanthropic hate ;  
 Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song : 830  
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate ?  
 Naught that he saw his sadness could abate :  
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,  
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,  
 Poured forth this unpremeditated lay, 835  
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

809. NIGHT'S LOVER-LOVING QUEEN. Venus, or Hesperus, the evening star.  
 813. LETHE. Gr., forgetfulness; the river in Hades whose waters when  
 drank caused forgetfulness of former existence.  
 817, 818. These two lines are a paraphrased translation of a passage from  
 Lucretius.  
 822. CHASTEY-AWFUL: that is, the chaste, awe-inspiring eyes.  
 827. CAIN'S UNRESTING DOOM. See Genesis, iv. 11-15.  
 835. UNPREMEDITATED LAY, from the introduction to Scott's *Lay*.

## TO INEZ.

## 1.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow,  
 Alas ! I cannot smile again :  
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
 Should'st weep, and haply weep in vain. 840

## 2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe  
 I bear, corroding joy and youth ?  
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
 A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe ?

## 3.

It is not love, it is not hate, 845  
 Nor low Ambition's honors lost,  
 That bids me loathe my present state,  
 And fly from all I prized the most :

## 4.

It is that weariness which springs  
 From all I meet, or hear, or see : 850  
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings ;  
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

## 5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore ;  
 That will not look beyond the tomb, 855  
 But cannot hope for rest before.

## 6.

What Exile from himself can flee ?  
 To zones though more and more remote,  
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
 The blight of life—the demon Thought. 860

854. THE FABLED HEBREW WANDERER. refers to the legend of the Wandering Jew, which has formed the subject of much poetical and prose literature. Ahasuerus, a shoemaker of Jerusalem, refusing to allow Christ to rest before his house when bearing the cross to Golgotha, is condemned to wander over the face of the earth till the judgment-day.



## 7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
 And taste of all that I forsake;  
 Oh! may they still of transport dream,  
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

## 8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go, 865  
 With many a retrospection curst;  
 And all my solace is to know,  
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

## 9.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask—  
 In pity from the search forbear: 870  
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
 Man's heart and view the Hell that's there.

## LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!  
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood!  
 When all were changing, thou alone wert true, 875  
 First to be free and last to be subdued:  
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,  
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,  
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud:  
 Here all were noble, save Nobility! 880  
 None hugged a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

## LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!  
 They fight for freedom who were never free,  
 A Kingless people for a nerveless state;  
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee, 885  
 True to the various slaves of Treachery:  
 Fond of a land which gave them naught but life,

873-876. See note on line 659

879 A TRAITOR ONLY FELL. Alluding to Solano, governor of Cadiz, who, being accused of favoring the French, was put to death by a mob in May, 1809.

884. A KINGLESS PEOPLE. Charles IV. abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand VII., who was taken prisoner by the French; and Joseph Bonaparte, the nominee of his brother Napoleon, was resisted by the juntas and people.

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.

Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees  
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchained:  
 Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease 915  
 Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustained,  
 While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrained.

## XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,  
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead, 920  
 Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.  
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?  
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?  
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil, 925  
 And freedoms stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

## XCI.

And thou my friend!—since unavailing woe  
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain,  
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,  
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain: 930  
 But thus unlaundered to descend in vain,  
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!  
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest? 935

913. FALL'N NATIONS GAZE ON SPAIN. The different nations of the continent who fell under the sword of Napoleon watched the Peninsular War with great anxiety.

914. FELL PIZARROS. The brothers Francisco and Gonzalo Pizarro, the stern conquerors of Peru in 1533 reduced the natives to a state of slavery.

915, 916. COLUMBIA. The independence of Colombia, or New Granada in South America, was proclaimed in 1811, but not established till 1819, when it united with Quito and Venezuela in forming the republic of Colombia.—QUITO'S SONS may here mean Peruvians generally.

919. BAROSSA, one of the most splendid victories of the Peninsular War, achieved by General Graham with a few British troops in March, 1811, over the French commanded by Victor.

920. ALBUERA. See note, line 450.

923. BREATHE, used in the sense of rest, "draw breath." —BLUSHING TOIL may refer to the sanguinary nature of the toils of war, or imply that the political dissensions of Spain, which necessitated the toil, were something to blush for.

926. FREEDOM'S STRANGER-TREE. Trees of liberty were first planted by the Americans as symbols of the growth of freedom. The French adopted the idea in 1790.

927-944. This pathetic lament for his friend the Honorable John Wingfield of the Guards, who died of fever at Coimbra in 1811, proves that Byron's indifference was more assumed than real.

## XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most !  
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear !  
 Though to my hopeless days forever lost,  
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here !  
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear 940  
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier  
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
 And mourned and mourner lie united in repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fyte of Harold's pilgrimage : 945  
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
 If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.  
 Is this too much ? stern Critic ! say not so :  
 Patience ! and ye shall hear what he beheld 950  
 In other lands where he was doomed to go :  
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quelled.

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945. FYTTE, A.S. *fit*, or *fitt*, a song.

948. MOE, O. Eng. poetical contraction for more.

952. ELD, A.S. *Æld*, old, still retained in the comparative and superlative of old.

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