BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD

CANTOS I. AND II.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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LONDON

GEORGE BELL & SONS

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Reprinted from Mr Keene's Complete Edition of the Poem.

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INTRODUCTORY.

" He led the Genius of his country on a pilgrimage through Europe."
—MAZZINI.

LORD BYRON was the product of a remarkable period which greatly affected his character, even when he least appeared to resemble it. The events of his life are too well known to require relation; but a few dates it will be desirable for us to recollect. Born of a good country family, in 1788, he was eight years old when Burns—after showing the way to the reform of poetry—sank into his premature and deplorable grave. By the mother's side Byron was a North Briton descended from the Gordons of Gight, an old Scottish family. His mother was a widow, in straitened circumstances, when the boy passed his early years in Scotland, like his elder contemporary, Walter Scott. These things mark the affinities of Byron's nascent genius; they help us, likewise, if we seek to know why he was, from first to last, so completely outside the literary movement of the day, and so out of sympathy with Coleridge and Wordsworth, even with Keats and Shelley. Our fundamental notion of Byron ought not to be that of an English noble, brought up at Harrow and at Cambridge. Such a training might have produced a statesman, a traveller, or even a social satirist, it could hardly by itself have given us *Childe Harold*. If the destinies of men are shaped by the conditions in which they pass through their tenderest state,

then the congeners of Byron are rather Burns and Scott. Endowed, like the former, with the gifts that win the love of woman, like the latter he had pride of race, with a physical infirmity which — resembling the car-companion of the triumphing Roman general—was ever at hand to whisper lessons of modesty or of discontent. In 1798, when only ten years of age, Byron became an English peer; and then his whole circumstances underwent a fatal change. In 1801 he left for ever the banks of Dee, the braes of Lochnagar, to pass the next few years of his life in England, as the ward of Lord Carlisle. Like his future friend Shelley, he had an individuality too strong to be much influenced either by the teaching of a public school or by that of a University. At the end of his Cambridge course he wrote to a friend that his reading had been "tolerably extensive in the historical department . . . . . from Herodotus down to Gibbon." But he added that he had learned but little of Law, Geography, or Mathematics. [To Mr Dallas, Jan. 21, 1808.] Leaving college thus equipped, he emerged into the arena of letters with a mediocre collection of juvenile verses for which there was no welcome in those stirring times. They were the days of Eylau and of Friedland, of the Treaty of Tilsit and the French conquests in Spain. The *Hours of Idleness* had, indeed, the honour of a notice in the *Edinburgh Review;* but the notice was contemptuous. The young author gave the first taste of his quality by his fierce retort, called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;* and in June 1809 he set forth to visit those parts of the Continent which still remained accessible to the enemies of Napoleon.

This was the period to which Byron afterwards referred in apostrophising the mighty Corsican after his fall:—

> "There was a day, there was an hour,
> When Earth was Gaul's, Gaul thine."

In that volcanic moment of crisis Byron's career was determined. His early circumstances had not fitted him especially for the career of a man of letters; and after events were to show how much his nature included of ability as a man of business—perhaps, even as a statesman and soldier. His mind received its final bent from his visit to the battle-fields of Spain.

Nor was Byron at all aware, at first, of any portion of his own powers. On his return from the Mediterranean in 1811 he brought back the 1st and 2nd Cantos of the work before us, but had no suspicion that they contained the germ of a great reputation. Published, literally, at the suggestion of friends, February 1812, they got into their seventh edition in less than seven weeks, a rare example of contemporary success endorsed by posterity. From that time to the wreck of his home he lived the life of an Englishman of rank, who was also a famous writer; but those four years contain the whole of his career as a member of London society. In 1815 he married, and at the end of twelve months his wife left his house for ever. Byron now returned to the Continent, where he rapidly wrote the 3rd Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, sending it home for publication in June 1816. In his covering letter to the publisher, he said that this Canto was "longer than either of the two former, and in some parts, it may be, better." This conjecture proved more correct than the usual appreciation by authors of their own works; and when, a year later, the 4th Canto came to be written, the work was rounded off by a vigorous completion.

Byron's last considerable poetical work was the satirical and romantic medley called *Don Juan;* and he dropped it, unfinished, in 1821, when he earnestly adopted the active support of the Greeks, then struggling for the emancipation from Muhamadan rule, which they have long since obtained. In 1823 he left Italy to take a personal part in the war, and

died, in Greece, in the spring of the following year, aged thirty-six.

Such a singular life had singular results. Byron stands before us, in some respects, greater in what he was than in what he did. His literary work is, to the last, that of the man of the world playing at authorship. His personal character for a long while hardly appears much more sincere. In both he seems self-conscious, affected, and wanting in earnest effort. Both as a writer and generally, as a young man, he seems to lack the high sense of discipline. This it is that makes *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* such an unequal composition even more than the difference of conditions in which its various parts were produced. Scarcely a stanza is perfect, or free from carelessness in workmanship. On the other hand, there are many passages which give notice of true greatness. Such are the stanzas on Waterloo; the description of the Lake of Geneva in calm and tempest; much of the meditations among the ruins and monuments of Rome; and the celebrated Address to the Ocean with which the poem closes. In all these we see a keen observation, a resolute reflection, and the power of expression combined with an almost unwearied flow of lofty diction. It is true, however, that the observation is rather broad than deep; the reflection general, and at times somewhat superficial; the expression sometimes ill-sustained and liable to drop into weak versification and bad grammar. But all such faults are either swallowed up in a sense of the author's great ability, or excused by a knowledge of causes in his life which continually weakened the calls of obligation.

Nor would it, for other reasons, be reasonable to expect a consistent plan in such a composition as *Childe Harold.* The earlier portion—Cantos I., II.—appeared with the somewhat affected sub-title, "A Romaunt," by which may have been implied a desire that the work should be taken for a fiction. It seems, really, to have been at first a kind of

journal of travel, written (under the excitement of new and romantic scenes) in the form of verse. During his tour in the Mediterranean, Byron occasionally wrote letters to his mother, and in one of these letters—dated "Athens, January 14, 1811"—he says that he has "done with authorship," and shows a disposition to rest his future reputation on the satire already mentioned (*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*). But he adds that he has some other writings by him, which—"if deemed worth publishing"—may serve to prolong his memory when he is dead. After his return he must have put some finishing touches to Canto I., seeing that it was not till about August 1, 1811, that he heard of the death of his kinsman, Captain Wingfield, which is lamented at the close (*vide* st. 91, 2). In a letter written soon after, however, he refers to "the *Pilgrimage*" as ready for publication; and his "Preface" is dated "February 1812." In this short introduction the author thus characterises his work:—

"The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania (*vide* c. ii. st. 42–52); and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries (c. i. st. 15–90). . . . . There,[1] for the present, the poem stops; its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his reader to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental."

So far, we hardly see any definite ambition beyond the production of a sort of metrical *guide-book*. But the author's London life, unfortunate marriage, and estrangement from his native land, combined to produce a change in his mental habits and aspirations. After a stay of some months amid the mountains of Switzerland, he wrote to his publisher, Mr Murray, under date June 27, 1816, that he had "finished

[1] Greece.

a 3rd canto of *Childe Harold;*" and he added the description already recorded, showing a higher appreciation of his present work as compared with the value he had originally placed upon the earlier portion. Still more than the 1st and 2nd cantos, the 3rd will be seen to abound in direct pictures of Nature's sublimer scenes, shown in the light reflected from a mature but sincerely melancholy mind. It may be doubted whether, in their own peculiar manner, the descriptions of Night and Tempest on the Lake of Geneva have ever been surpassed in English poetry. The stanzas to his child, and the thoughts on his own lonely situation, have a genuine ring also, and take the canto quite out of the region of travellers' handbooks.

Canto III. appeared without any prefatory prose; but the letters to Murray show that it went to press in 1817. At this time the author was inclined to revert to his doubts as to a permanent pursuit of literature. "It is nothing," so he wrote to his brother-poet, T. Moore, in February of that year: adding, "I do not think that it is my vocation." If he lived ten years longer, he meant to distinguish himself in some more important field. In January 1818 he sent home the MS. of Canto IV., calling it his "ultimate canto." Here, also, there was no hint of "Ionia, Phrygia, and the capital of the East;" but—as announced in a dedication to Mr J. C. Hobhouse, the companion of his youthful travels in Greece—a somewhat new departure from the lines of any of the former cantos was made.

"There will be found," says Byron, "less of the Pilgrim than in any of the preceding; and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person."

The limits proposed are said by him to be "hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent reflections;" but few readers will regret that this was so. Byron had originally intended that Canto IV. should include disquisitions on the literary and social aspects

of contemporary Italy; but we have gained more in the musical and eloquent pictures of landscape and seascape, classic monuments and medieval architecture, than anything that we may have lost in the direction indicated as abandoned. Canto IV. excited the mind of the author: "Is *Childe Harold* nothing?" he asks his publisher in 1819. "You have many divine poems—is it nothing to have written a human one?"

In this outburst we find confirmation of our own impression of Byron's mental growth. The man was already great who could produce the nocturne or night-piece (st. 27–29), the pictures of Clitumnus and Terni (st. 66–72), the stanzas on Rome (78–82, 128–147), and the famous Address to Ocean (178–184).

It was not till the thirty-fifth year of his life, after experiencing the vanity of rank, the fickleness of fame, and the insufficiency of sensuous enjoyment, that Byron saw the veil fall from the face of Duty. The effect was immediate and final: the call to Greece roused him for good and all. Thereupon we see his affectations vanish, his poetry turn to practical prose, and the man of affairs and of sincerity emerge in a marvel of metamorphosis.

A sturdy Briton at heart, he now evidently looked forward to a reconciliation with his country, and desired that his countrymen should do what they could for Greece with full knowledge of the case. They had proved, he said, both able and willing, and "upright as usual" (letter to Bowring, Nov. 29, 1823). In an address to the Greek chiefs, of the same date, he adds these noble words:—

"I desire the well-being of Greece. . . . . I will do all I can to secure it. But I cannot consent that the English public, or English individuals, should be deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs."

Such an honest patriotism underlay Byron's pretended

estrangement: yet that estrangement is a matter that must be remarked. For it had this undoubted effect, that it made him less insular than any of his most illustrious contemporary fellow-countrymen, and gave him a sympathy with continental thought which has been rewarded by continental popularity. It has been said by a distinguished modern Italian that "Byron made English literature European."

ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.

Cantos I., II.

It was on the 31st October 1809 that Byron, not yet twenty-one years of age, began *Childe Harold*. He was then travelling in the north-western part of the Greeco-Turkish peninsula; and, after a visit to the Viceroy, Ali Pasha, was making a short stay at Joannina, or Yanina, about 50 miles inland from the coast opposite Corfu. He wrote with such facility that the 2nd canto was completed on March 28 of the following year. It is doubtful whether so large a quantity of good and distinguished work was ever produced in so short a time, or by so young a writer. The 1st canto describes the departure from home of a young Englishman, declared by the author to be an imaginary character, but in whose description Byron's mental habits led him to introduce, however unintentionally, parts of his own nature; indeed, in the original draft there is an indication that the self-delineation was not quite unconscious, for the hero was named "Childe Buron." The first intention of the author had been to go to India, and to this he makes allusion in stanza 11. After a melodious farewell to his native land, the traveller reaches Lisbon, the capital of Portugal; and, so far at least, the poetic journey exactly corresponds to that which really happened: Lord Byron left Falmouth, July 2, 1809, and landed at Lisbon five days later. The place

next described is Cintra, a village on the hills 15 miles inland, of which Byron wrote in a letter to his mother, that it united "all the wilderness of the Western Highlands [of Scotland] with the verdure of the south of France." Here the poet pauses to execrate the convention, or agreement, by which, a year before, the British Commanders in Portugal had allowed the vanquished French to return to their own country in British ships, and free to fight the British whenever and wherever they pleased. Still adhering to his own actual route, the poet takes Harold across the S.W. parts of Spain, celebrates some of the recent victories of his countrymen in that country; sings the charms and courage of the Spanish women; gives some stanzas to Seville and Cadiz; and draws an animated picture of a Spanish bull-fight. Reference is made to the battle of Talavera (July 28, 1809), the lines of Torres Vedras (October 1810), and the victory at Albuera (May 16, 1811). This and the lament for Wingfield are excrescences upon the original work, and were, in fact, additions made to the 1st canto after the poet's return to England. The 2nd canto is a continuation of the former, less realistic and somewhat more poetical. After an invocation to Pallas, the Greek Goddess of Wisdom, the author proceeds to give the picture of a voyage from Gibraltar on board of a British warship, turning aside to sketch a lady named Mrs Spencer Smith, whom he met at Malta in September 1809. On the 29th of that month Byron landed at Prevesa, in Albania; and the next few stanzas give a beautiful picture of that country, with an account of a visit to the Viceroy (or "Vizier," as Byron calls him), and a song which is supposed to be sung by that chief's wild followers detached to guard his march to Patras. Byron then passed ten days in the Morea—the ancient Peloponnesus—visited Parnassus (apostrophised in Canto I.), and proceeded to Athens, where he passed two and a half months. Thence, on board the frigate "Pylades" to Smyrna

and the Troad. Parting at Athens from the real course of his own travels, he next conducts Harold to Constantinople; records his admiration and sympathy for the cause of Greece, which he was to adopt as his own some ten years later; and concludes the canto with some sad but graceful laments over the deaths of friends. These stanzas, like some in the previous canto, were added after the poet's return to England, and they present a sorrowful but genuine view of the desolation of a nature still so young, and so deeply sensitive. On the day when they were written (October 11, 1811), Byron recorded, in a letter, that he seemed to be going "to experience in youth the greatest misery of age. Other men," he added, "can always take refuge in their families: I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my friends."

Such is a short account of the earlier portion of *Childe Harold*, the observations and thoughts of one who, as much as Chatterton, deserved the title of "the marvellous boy." In the succeeding parts we are to see the boy grown into a man, without losing his claims to our wonder, and making still greater demands on our admiration.

TO IANTHE.

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
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 the promise of thy spring,
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 of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri 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,
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 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?

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

FIRST CANTO.

I

Oh, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly 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;
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,
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;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
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,
Nor florid prose, nor honied 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
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
He felt the fulness of satiety:
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
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.
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.

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,
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 hall:
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
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,
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,
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 revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatt'rers of the festal hour;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
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,
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 :
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.

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 ;
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,
As glad to waft him from his native home ;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam :
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, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

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.'

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!

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.

3

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

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;
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,
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;
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?
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.

7

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?'
'Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
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?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
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?
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
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,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!

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,
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,
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!
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.

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,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln 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.

XVII

But whoso entereth within this town,
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;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanliness of surtout 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?
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
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates?

XIX

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
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,
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,

From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at 'Our Lady's house of woe;'
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.

XXI

And here and there, as up the crags you 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
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering 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,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruined splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
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:
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow

To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle 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?

XXVII

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
For Meditation fixed at times on him;
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, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
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
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,
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,
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 freeborn race!)

Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
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,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

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,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
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.

XXXII

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
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?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?
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:

XXXIII

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
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 :
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,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest :
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong ;
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 ?
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.

XXXVI

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?
Ah ! such, alas ! the hero's amplest fate !
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride ! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
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!
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 through yon engine's roar:
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?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre 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;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
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,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
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,
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!
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.

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
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 honoured fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
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,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!

Till others fall where other chieftains lead
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,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perished, perchance, in some domestic feud,
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 spoiler's wished-for prey
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

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;
Here Folly still his votaries inthralls;
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
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:
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet.

XLVIII

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

XLIX

On yon long, level plain, at distance crowned
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
Wide scattered hoof-marks dint the wounded ground;
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;
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

L

And whomsoe'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
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

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,
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,

LII

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth 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.
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars 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?
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 Valour acts in vain?
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,
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 bayonet jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

LV

Ye who shall marvel when you 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,
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.

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?
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,
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:
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:
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
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
Beauties that even 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,
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,
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.

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 worshippers of yore
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,
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,
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.—Even amidst my strain
I turned aside to pay my homage here;
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;
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 Mount! when Greece was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
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
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.
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 mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time!
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee,
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white;
Though not to one dome circumscribeth 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
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:
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVIII

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest:
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
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;
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,
And smug 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,
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.
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.

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
(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 oped, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
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,
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,
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
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
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—
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,
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.

LXXVI

Sudden 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 coursers veer ;
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,
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,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

LXXVIII

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'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—
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 :
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,
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.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanxed 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.

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,
Have passed to darkness with the vanished age.
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, had Harold loved,
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
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 flowers its bubbling venom flings.

LXXXIII

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;
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 :
Pleasure's palled victim ! life-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 ;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate ?
Nought 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,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

TO INEZ.

1

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

2

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

3

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours 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:
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,
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.

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,
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:
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,
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;
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,
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
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!'

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,
War mouldeth 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?
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 corse remain,
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw;
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 dreadful work is done;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fallen nations gaze on Spain; if freed she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchained:
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
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,
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,
And Freedom's 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:
But thus unlaureled 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?

XCII

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most:
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
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 fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:
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
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.

SECOND CANTO.

I

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

II

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

III

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here:
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.

Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

IV

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling nations mourned around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

VI

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit

And Passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

VIII

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

IX

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead
When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may Futurity's behest,
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

X

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn! was thy favourite throne:
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling place.
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what time hath laboured to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas lingered, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush Caledonia! such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.

XII

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared:
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

XIII

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?

Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

XIV

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appalled
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain enthralled,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day
Bursting to light in terrible array!
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
To scare a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatched thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhorred!

XVI

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Little recked he of all that men regret;
No loved-one now in feigned lament could rave;

No friend the parting hand extended gave
Ere the cold stranger passed to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are manned on high;
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and feared by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve

That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

XX

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs like these!

XXI

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXII

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore,
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who, with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

XXIV

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

XXVI

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,

And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued:
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

XXVII

More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot;
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

XXIX

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:

Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide:
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sighed.

XXX

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou mayst find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But checked by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI

Thus Harold deemed, as on that lady's eye
He looked, and met its beam without a thought
Save admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deemed the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, 'twas said, still sighed to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hailed with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law,
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvelled that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feigned at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

XXXIII

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now masked in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turned aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

XXXIV

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possessed?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes:
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

XXXV

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured, when love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,

And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have marked her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

XXXVIII

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot,
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;
And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?

Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

XL

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar;
A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.

XLI

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year

XLIII

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view:
His breast was armed 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet;
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

XLIV

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised,
Forgets that pride to pampered priesthood dear;
Churchman and votary alike despised.
Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

XLV

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose:
Now, like the hands that reared them, withering:
Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
God! was thy globe ordained for such to win and lose?

XLVI

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Even to the centre of Illyria's vales,

Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
Though classic ground and consecrated most,
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII

He passed bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

XLVIII

Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favoured spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLIX

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,

Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees:
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LI

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,
Chimæra's alps extend from left to right:
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir:
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
Nodding above; behold black Acheron!
Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

LII

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veiled by the screen of hills: here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot:
But peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

LIII

Oh! where, Dodona! is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?
What valley echoed the response of Jove?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?
All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?
Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine:
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke.

LIV

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye:
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
And woods along the banks are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

LV

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by;
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening glen.

LVI

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate

Surveyed the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaimed his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

LVII

Richly caparisoned, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store.
Circled the wide extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorned the corridore;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door,
Some high-capped Tartar spurred his steed away:
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

LVIII

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold embroidered garments, fair to see:
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
The crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX

Are mixed conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground:
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;

Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
'There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!'

LX

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
Through the long day its penance did maintain:
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
Now all was bustle, and the menial train
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within;
The vacant gallery now seemed made in vain.
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares! all other feelings far above!
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

LXII

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined, a man of war and woes:
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth;
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averred,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

LXIV

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.

LXV

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower
Thronging to war in splendour and success;

And after viewed them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheered him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof.

LXVII

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
And filled the bowl, and trimmed the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp—
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barred egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;

And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well seasoned, and with labours tanned,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

LXX

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest ;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

LXXI

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,
And he that unawares had there ygazed
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began ;
Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,
And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

LXXII

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
And viewed, but not displeased, the revelrie,
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee ;
And, as the flames along their faces gleamed,

Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed,
While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half screamed:—

1

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

2

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

3

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

4

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase:
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;

Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.

9

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier:
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-haired Giaours view his horsetail with dread;
When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11

Selictar! unsheathe then our chief's scimitār:
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!

Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

LXXIV

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand;
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed unmanned.

LXXV

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

LXXVI

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.

Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

LXXVII

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;
Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along.

LXXX

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore;
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echoed back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seemed to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, returned the pressure still:
Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

LXXXII

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment half betrayed?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

LXXXIII

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:

Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most—
Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

LXXXIV

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then mayst thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shattered splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

LXXXV

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now:
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

LXXXVI

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass

Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave;
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze and sigh 'Alas!'

LXXXVII

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

XC

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below:
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

XCI

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveiled their awful lore.

XCII

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth:
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste;

But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:
Revere the remnants nations once revered:
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So mayst thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of love and life endeared!

XCIV

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder minstrels in these later days:
To such resign the strife for fading bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er returned to find fresh cause to roam!

XCVI

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But time shall tear thy shadow from me last.

All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique?
Smiles from the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed.

NOTES.

FIRST CANTO.

Ianthe. The object of this dedication was a child named Charlotte Harley, daughter of Edward, fifth Earl of Oxford ; in the autumn of 1812, when these lines were written, she was in the 11th year of her age. She married General A. Bacon, K.T.S., of Hertfordshire.

l. 4, **which it sighs,** etc. Beauty seen in dreams alone, causing sighs of regret when one awakes and finds the unreality.

l. 7, **varied as they beamed.** Metaphor from the changeful flash of the sun's rays through a prism.

l. 11, **unbeseem.** Be unsuited or unbecoming.

l. 19, **Peri,** a Persian word (پری *pari*) for a fancied superhuman female of great beauty : hence *Eng.* "fairy."

These lines are of the nature of what is called a "Dedication" : a sort of metrical preface informing the reader, through the vehicle of a complimentary address to the person named, of the feeling that is meant to be found underlying the whole work.

Here, the 1st stanza preludes by assuring the young lady that, in all his travels through lands where women are famous for beauty, the poet has met none as fair as she—which may be thought an extravagant compliment to pay a child. The second stanza hopes that the girl may grow as lovely as her youth promises, and speaks of her mother's cares for her future. In the third, Byron recurs to his favourite notion of his own precocious maturity, though in reality not separated from the object of his address by a wider interval than commonly exists in European society between man and wife : namely, nine years. In twenty years the beauty of her youth would begin to fade ; he would be then over 40 (no great age for a man). "All younger hearts shall bleed ;" your friends nearer your own age will be wounded by love for you : your eyes will cause them pain from unsatisfied

longing. Meanwhile, those eyes can do him a kindness by reading his poem. She is a Lily ; may she let him use her name to decorate his work, and so make to his friendly regard for her the only possible return.

l. 27, Whose admiration shall be combined with feelings of disappointment.

l. 28, **Gazelle.** *Gazella Dorcas* : a kind of small antelope found in Syria, Arabia, and other warm countries, having eyes very large, black, and of soft expression.

l. 36, **Lily.** *Ianthe* is a fanciful derivative, compounded arbitrarily of two Greek words signifying a lily—or, more accurately, a violet—flower. He compares the coupling of this name with his poem to the inclusion of a lily in a coronal of green leaves, such as poets were depicted as wearing. Wordsworth, also addressing a child, has said :—

> "My heart is at your festival,
> My head hath its coronal."
>
> (*Intimations of Immortality.*)

l. 46, **Hellas.** The proper name of the country of the Hellenes, called by the Italians of antiquity Graii or Græci, whence the modern term—"Greece."

l. 47, **Muse.** The Muses in Greek mythology were fabled divinities—daughters of the Sun-God and of Memory—who were held in honour as presiding over the arts. The ancient poet Homer began the practice of invoking them—or one of them—at the commencement of a poem. Among their supposed haunts was the hill "Parnassus" (*v. inf.* st. lx.) at the southern base of which were the fountain and oracle of Delphi.

l. 53, **Mote.** Affected antique, meaning "must" or "might" in the language of Spenser ; which in the early part especially Childe Harold seeks to imitate (*v.* st. 8). **Whilome,** "Formerly" (Spenser).

l. 56, **Ne.** "Not" or "Neither" (Spenser).

l. 57, **Uncouth.** "Strange" (Spenser).

l. 58, **Night.** The season of sleep ; ("drowsy") here represented as a person disturbed by the noise of Harold's revels.

l. 59, **Wight.** "Creature" (Spenser). Anglo-Saxon word of uncertain derivation.

l. 62, **Concubines : Wassailers.** Companions of ill-living—here called Revel—female and male. It was asserted, by the writer's friends, that this was an imaginary picture : and Byron himself always protested against the supposition that the "Childe" of this Canto was, in any sense, a portrait of himself.

l. 64, **Childe.** "A youth of rank." **Hight,** "named," or called, from Anglo-Saxon *hatan* ; Germ., *heissen.*

l. 68, **Losel.** "A *loose* liver."

l. 70, **Heralds . . . clay.** Not all the glories that the historians of families can throw over the dead. The *herald* was an officer whose duty it was to *blazon*, or record on shields, monuments, etc. the deeds of deceased chiefs and knights.

[For further explanations of Stt. iv., v, vi., see notes to C. II.]

Basked him, a superfluous reflexive form, for the metre's sake. **Eremite**; archaic for *Hermit*, or Solitary.

l. 88, **who soon**, etc. A man who would have deserted her for other companions, while he dissipated her property in wicked self-indulgence.

l. 90, **Nor calm domestic peace**, etc. Byron was here at least taking his own measure, however unconsciously. Whatever the immediate cause of his own subsequent matrimonial failure, there can be no doubt that his wife left him on finding his character utterly undomestic. Many idle, and some worse than idle, attempts have been made to penetrate deeper into this matter, but perhaps the only mystery about it was that it was wholly unmysterious. If a man and a woman, in a state of society that gives them equality, find themselves entirely unsuited to each other they will be very likely to part.

The favourite attitude of Byron is portrayed in St. vi. Fellow-bacchanals means joint worshippers of Bacchus, the ancient deity of wine.

l. 97, **Visit scorching climes.** He says that the Childe was so weary of the over-enjoyed pleasures of England that he was prepared, for the sake of change, to visit the infernal regions. Byron himself at one time contemplated a journey through Egypt to India.

St. vii. is vaguely inspired by the author's country-house, Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham, founded by King Henry II., 1170, and given to the Byron family by Henry VIII., 1540. It comprised a ruined church, a lake, and a dwelling-house of great size, partly ruinous in Byron's time. See 3rd line; the house is described as "only not falling," *i.e.* almost fallen.

l. 105, **Paphian.** From Paphos, now "Baffo," a town in the Island of Cyprus, where there was a famous temple to Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love and pleasure. "*Paphian* girls," here stand for professed singers and dancers. In a letter to Murray (dated Oct. 12, 1820) Byron describes the life led by himself and friends at Newstead in 1808, very much that of clever boys let loose from discipline, "buffooning all round the house in our conventual garments." The youths dressed themselves up as monks, and Byron was known as "The Abbot."

St. viii. The hero is described as subject to moments of unaccountable sadness, which sprang from some cause which his friends did not care to inquire into, nor he to explain; he was

not one of those whose sorrows are relieved by talking of them to others.

St. ix. Pursuing the subject, Byron says that his hero was not popular even among those who seemed to pay court to him while he gave them dinners.

l. 122, **Leman.** "Liefman" = dear friend. Cf. Germ., *Lieber.*

ll. 124, **Eros.** Greek god of love (Latin "Cupid").

l. 124, **Feere.** "A companion" (Spenser). **Mammon.** Riches, from a Syriac word; used in the Christian Scripture.

l. 130, **Begun,** correctly "began."

ll. 144, **Paynim,** "Pagan" (Spenser). It has been said above that Byron originally intended to go as far as to India—**central line.** The Equator.

l. 147, **White rocks.** The chalk cliffs of Dover. **Circumambient** here only means the foaming waves that surrounded the boat or ship, on which Harold was embarked, as the English shores disappeared in the increasing distance. True to his character, the Childe conceals his momentary regret at leaving his native country.

l. 153, **Reckless gales.** The wind that blew quite indifferent to the sufferings of the Childe's fellow passengers. See a pretty use of this word in Canto III. (St. xxx.).

St. xiii. is pure imagination. No one could play a new tune and sing new words without preparation. Nor is a harp the sort of thing a passenger would be likely to carry on the deck of a ship. But of course the harp may be taken figuratively.

l. 165, **The breakers,** no breakers at sea, where there are no rocks for the waves to break on.

l. 166, **Sea-mew.** The common gull of the British coasts,—so called from its harsh cry.

The sun sets in the *west:* the Childe was sailing *south-eastward:* so Macaulay speaks of the people of Madras seeing "the *eastern* sky reddened by a vast semicircle of burning villages." See also below, Canto II. St. lv., where the sun is said to be seen setting behind a mountain which stood N.E. of the place from whence it was being viewed.

l. 179, **Little Page.** Robert Rushton, son of one of Byron's tenants, who accompanied the poet on more than one occasion. Byron sent him back from Gibraltar, begging his mother to "show the lad every kindness." He allowed £25 a year for his education.

l. 203, **Yeoman.** William Fletcher served Byron for more than twenty years, and watched by his death-bed at Missolonghi: this, with other allusions, shows how difficult it was for Byron to separate himself and his affairs from his imaginary creations.

l. 216, **Gainsay,** "gainsay" = speaking against.

l. 220, **Paramour.** French *par amour* "by way of love" = leman (St. lx.).

l. 226, **No thing that claims a tear,** *i.e.* nothing that one feels bound to weep for.

l. 234, **Tear me where he stands.** Byron raised a monument to his Newfoundland dog "Boatswain."

l. 238. So long as it be not to my land.

l. 240, **Fail . . . right,** *i.e.* when I see the waves no longer.

l. 242, **Good Night!** This song is said to have been modelled on "Lord Maxwell's Good Night" in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It was carefully rewritten, and many weak verses were omitted.

l. 244, **Biscay's sleepless bay.** The Bay of Biscay is that part of the Atlantic Ocean which sweeps in from the north of Spain to the island of Ushant on the western coast of France. It is considered dangerous to mariners, by reason of the prevalence of stormy winds.

l. 247, **Cintra.** A beautifully situated village, 15 miles from Lisbon, surrounded by woody rocks and picturesque buildings (see St. xix.).

l. 249, **Tagus.** *Tajo* (pronounced *Takho*), the largest river of the Peninsula, rises in the Spanish range of Muela de S. Juan, and flows by Toledo and Alcantara, into Portugal, falling into the sea 10 miles below Lisbon. In Portugal it is called *Tejo*. The ancient Romans believed that this river produced quantities of gold: but no such produce is recorded now.

The closing couplet implies that the land at the mouth of the Tagus would yield good crops if there were more cultivation to till it; perhaps an allusion to the ravages of recent war. The pilots are natives acquainted with the rocks and shores, and licensed, or appointed, to conduct ships up the river. Lusian = "Portuguese."

l. 252, **Oh Christ!** . . . This or a similar invocation is used too frequently (see below, St. xl. and elsewhere).

Note the false economy with regard to the not very valuable word "goodly," used twice in two couplets.

l. 261, **Lisboa.** Formerly *Olisipo*, an old capital of the Lusitanians. The "Moors" of Africa took the place A.D. 716 and called it, in Arabic, "Al Oshbuna," whence Lisbon, or as written in the Portuguese language, "Lisboa."

After having been a great colonial power, the Kingdom of Portugal became, by the Treaty of 1703, a dependent ally of Great Britian. Annexed to the French Empire in 1807 the country became the seat of war in which the British took an active part, being valiantly seconded by the Portuguese.

l. 271, **Sheening far.** Shines at a distance like a city of

heaven. Shent, "spoiled," or disgraced (Spenser): Lisbon was very ill kept, and subject to leprosy, and other maladies of the kind, at the time of the poet's visit. **Ee** is pseudo-antique for "eye," which would not rhyme with "be."

The description of the Portuguese character in St. xviii. is still so far true that the people of the great towns are not considered very virtuous. Those of the rural districts were of higher character, and—under British discipline—became good soldiers.

l. 277, **Cleanliness.** The metre here would be better if "cleanness" could have been used.

l. 281, **Cintra.** See above, note (l. 247, *n.*) and *Introduction.*

l. 286, **The bard.** Dante, whose "Divine Comedy" is divided into three parts, the third being called "Paradise."

St. xix. gives promise of the poet's future descriptive skill and great power of observation.

l. 288, **Horrid** = "precipitous" (old sense).

l. 291, **Sunless shrubs,** *i.e.* shrubs which, for want of sunshine, keep the dew by day, and so appear to be crying.

l. 300, **Our Lady . . . of woe.** *Nossa Senora de peña.* Byron misread the last word as Pena "pain." Peña, with the mark over the *n*, means a stone. Honorius, a medieval Saint, practised austerities there; and Byron, when he found out his error, declined to correct it; saying, "I may well assume the other sense, from the severity practised."

St. xxi. refers to the wooden crosses set up to mark the places where murders had been committed.

l. 313, **are rife.** Rife = plentiful, abundant.

l. 314, **Purple land.** No clear meaning; the epithet may probably mean "land often stained with blood." This comes under the head of what have been called "idealising epithets."

Assassinations were common during the visit of Byron to Lisbon; the poet himself was attacked in his carriage one evening; and he stated that had he not been armed, and with armed companions, he might "have adorned a tale in place of telling one."

l. 320, **Vathek.** Byron gives this name to Mr William Beckford, a wealthy and eccentric Englishman who wrote a celebrated story with this title, and resided in Portugal from 1787 to 1790. *Vathek* was written in the French language, when the author was a very young man. There was a real Khalif of Baghdad so named.

l. 331, **Pleasaunces.** A "pleasance" is an antique word for a large garden, now usually styled "Pleasure-ground."

The convention of Cintra (see above, *Introduction*) was said to have been signed in the palace of the Marquis of Marialva; but

Sir W. Napier, in his famous *History of the Peninsular War*, declares that this is a complete mistake, "the armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all commenced, conducted, and concluded at the distance of 30 miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connection, military, political, or local." However this may be, the transaction always has been, and always will be, known by the above name. The British officers by whom it was signed were brought to trial; "the people of England," the historian tells us, "were indignant," etc.

The "fiend," or evil spirit, crowned with "foolscap"—*i.e.* official paper—is the convention, as explained in the next stanza. The "sable scroll" is the document bearing the signature of the French and British officers between whom it was agreed and executed.

ll. 337–8, These lines expand the metaphor: parchment (here used for paper) is a material on which treaties and agreements are written, and so assigned as the demon's dress.

In St. xxv. the poet forces the feeling which the convention caused in England at the time. By the terms granted the French were thought to have retrieved their defeat. It may, however, be mentioned that their General, Junot, threatened to burn down Lisbon if these terms were withheld. **Woe to the conquering**, a reversal of the usual rule, is (like **baffled triumph**) an expression only well-founded on the assumption that the British were masters of the situation.

l. 359, **Scorn . . . coming year.** The officers were acquitted, but the General (Sir H. Dalrymple) was personally censured by King George III. The indignation of the public found expression—amongst other channels—in a pamphlet by the poet Wordsworth. Gen. Dalrymple was superseded by Sir John Moore, who afterwards fell gloriously at Corunna.

St. xxvii. appears to be one of Byron's frequent passages of self-display. **Whispered to despise**, means, suggested contempt of his misspent youth.

Byron travelled on horseback from Lisbon to Seville, riding 70 miles a day, and living on the plainest fare.

l. 378, **Mafra**, a Portuguese town, 20 miles from Lisbon, with a palace, built by King John V., 1717–31, as a rival to the Escorial of Spain. Here lived the Queen Maria I., who lost her reason in 1799.

l. 382, **Freres**, "Brothers." The palace included a monastery. It is now converted into a barrack and military academy.

l. 383, **Whore**, a loose woman, a prostitute. So Byron's Scottish feeling led him to designate the Church of Rome. The next three lines refer to the persecutions of heretics.

l. 389, **Joyaunce.** Sham-antique for "Joy." Used in Shelley's "Sky-lark." Wends = "goes."

The meaning of the following passage will be clear if we bear in mind that travel is even now an undertaking from which indolent persons are apt to recoil.

l. 399, **Withouten,** "without" (for metre's sake).

l. 401, **Fleece.** The *merino* sheep of Spain are celebrated for the fineness of their wool.

l. 403, **Compassed.** Wellington was driven into Portugal by Masséna; Spain was filled with French troops, and Napoleon had made his brother, Joseph, King of Spain.

l. 409, **Sierras.** From Latin *serra* "a saw." The Spaniards give this name to a chain of mountains, from their jagged skyline.

l. 410, The great wall, erected for the protection of China against the northern tribes, begun by the Emperor Shih Hwang Ti, 214 B.C., is still standing. It covers a line 1255 miles long, but is in reality much longer; 25 feet high, and as many broad at the foot, sloping upward to a breadth of about 15 feet. **Vasty,** for "vast," is probably taken from Shakspere, though not used by him alone.

l. 413, **Hispania . . . Gaul.** Latin names for Spain and France, parted by the chain of the Pyrenees.

St. xxxiii. No natural limit here bounds Spain from Portugal: only the streamlet, of next stanza.

l. 414, **These between.** Between these. In the northern part of the border the line is partially traced by a small river called Elga, an affluent of the Tagus, but Byron must have crossed below Badajos.

l. 420, **Proud . . . low.** The Spanish peasant looked down on the Portuguese as if of an inferior race or breed.

l. 424, **Guadiana.** Arabic, Wadi Ana (the ancient Anas) flows for a few miles below Badajos between the two kingdoms. Total length 510 miles.

l. 416, **Roundelays,** "Songs" (French *rondelet*, an old variant of *rondeau*, a kind of a short poem ?). Byron was quick at languages, and learned enough Spanish to translate a Ballad ("The Moorish King rides up and down"). See 1 vol. ed. of *Works*, p. 566.

l. 432, **Pelagio.** A king of northern Spain, who defeated the Moors in their attempt to invade his country, 718 A.D. He was of Gothic race, and is usually known as "Pelayo" in History.

l. 434, **Cava's sire.** Count Julian of Andalusia, who was probably a Roman Governor, invited the invasion of the Moors, who conquered the Gothic chief, Roderic, at the battle of Guadalete. The legend runs that Roderic had dishonoured Julian's daughter, called Cava by the Moors, and Florinda by

the Goths and other Christians. **Gothic** : the dominant race in Spain.

l. 440, **Moorish matrons' wail.** The Moors were finally conquered by the Spaniards in 1492 A.D., the year in which Columbus discovered the New World. **Red Cross** : the Christian banner in the war with the Moors is supposed to have borne a red cross.

St. xxxvi. The poet, addressing Pride as a person, asks if any *book*, *column*, or entire *building*, can be monument enough, or whether—if these fail—it can trust to the sayings among the common people, handed down from father to son. **Pride** is used for "the proud."

l. 499, When you are no longer flattered ; or done justice to by historians.

St. xxxvii. An apostrophe to modern Spain, and her people, invaded by the French armies. **Andalusia**, the South of Spain, conquered by the Moors.

Note, in this stanza, reference to changed conditions of warfare. The spirit that medieval knights obeyed may still be present: but fire-arms have mostly taken the place of steel.

St. xxxviii. The subject is pursued :—**Hoof**,—the conflicting cavalry. **Siroc**, the dust-laden hot wind of Italy, blowing from Africa.

l. 464, **Bale-fires.** The cannon's flash is called a fire of "bale," an obsolete English word for "woe," or "evil."

l. 468, **The Giant.** Personification of *Battle.*

l. 472, **Now anon.** Two adverbs together, an unusual construction. *Anon* (="at once") is to the same purport as *now.*

l. 475, **Three potent nations.** France, represented by Marshals Jourdain and Victor at the head of 50,000 veteran soldiers, came upon Wellesley, the British general, who commanded 19,000 troops of his own country's service and 34,000 Spaniards who did not show much energy in the encounter that ensued. The French losses amounted to about 10,000 ; those of the British were nearly half that number ; the Spanish general, Cuesta, claimed to have had 1200 killed and wounded. These figures—even accepting to the full the Spanish estimate—show a loss of about 1 in 28 on the side of the defenders of their own country to that of a fourth on that of their allies. The French generals received large reinforcements soon after the battle.

In a note to the original edition Byron expressed some degree of ridicule for the conduct of the British nation in aiding the Spaniards. The battle of Talavera de la Reyna, fought July 27, 28, 1809, was a struggle for Portugal, on whose border it took place. The French were repulsed so far that the British were enabled to pursue their retreat after two days of hard fighting. Byron, in the note above quoted, said "a victory

it was, surely, for everybody claimed it." It may be untrue to say that the victory was complete for the British, or the battle what is called "decisive": but it had at least this important result—it showed that the British troops could hold their own against any enemy in Europe. (Jomini.) **Fond**; Old Engl. for "foolish."

l. 487, **Orisons**: "prayers" (from old French word taken from Latin *oratio*).

ll. 498–9, **That tyrants cast away by myriads.** Men are here likened to implements used and thrown aside by "tens of thousands" (from Greek *myrias* = 10,000).

l. 501, **Despots.** A Greek term for persons exercising arbitrary power. The word is almost the same as the Sanskrit *Des-pati*.

l. 503, **Crumble.** That is, can the arbitrary ruler of a country hope to possess any of it, finally, but his grave? A truism or a fallacy, as we chose to take it: no one—whatever his power—can possess anything when he is dead, but a despot can found a dynasty. It was for this, as much as himself, that Napoleon fought: and his line troubled France for half a century after his death. All royal lines, indeed, are traceable to conquest, unless in cases—such as modern Britain—where a foreign family has been invited to reign on conditions imposed by the people.

l. 504, The battle of Albuera was fought May 16, 1811, by Beresford, at the head of 7000 British troops, with Spanish and Portuguese auxiliaries, to check the French General Soult and prevent him from relieving Badajos, then besieged by the main army under Wellington. The battle was decided by the valour of the British infantry, celebrated in the work of Napier. Next day the French fell back, and the siege proceeded. This stanza was added after the poem was finished (August 1811).

The British soldiery of that day included thousands of dangerous characters recruited from the back streets and the jails. But they were superbly trained by Wellington, and did not fear to risk their lives at the call of duty.

l. 515, **Scarce**, scarcely, hardly.

l. 518, **Blest hirelings.** The bad characters "hired" as soldiers gain by death in serving their country.

l. 523, **Seville.** Seville, the most famous town of Southern Spain, long a Moorish capital, stands on the river Guadalquivir, taken by the French in 1810 and held by them when the poem was published. Her "lovely domes" are the Cathedral and the Alcazar, or Moorish palace.

l. 529, **Ilion.** A famous city of antiquity, said to have been destroyed by the allied Greeks after a ten years' siege. It was minutely examined and described by the German explorer Schliemann (1870–82).

l. 529, **Tyre.** An ancient seaport of the Phœnicians, destroyed by Alexander the Great.

Seville was compelled to capitulate about six months after the battle of Talavera, while the poet was writing this poem at Athens. The French retired from Seville in 1812.

l. 535, **Clarion: rebeck.** Ancient musical instruments, the former a sort of *bugle*, the latter a rude anticipation of the *violin*. The name is said to be derived from the Persian ; and this may point to the Eastern origin of the *rebeck*, and justify its introduction into the picture of what was once a Moorish city.

l. 539, **Kind Vice.** So Shakspere, "our pleasant vices."

From descriptions in Byron's letters it may be inferred that the people of Cadiz did not lead very moral lives in his day.

St. xlvii. refers to the insecurity of the rural population already noted in St. xxxi. **Fandango**: a dance of the Spanish peasantry, like the *Bolero* : kings are bid to think how much enjoyment they hinder, both for themselves and mankind at large, by waging war.

St. xlviii. pursues the thought in application to the then condition of Spanish politics. "Long live King Ferdinand!" was the cry most heard in Spain at that time: the people sang songs in contempt of Ferdinand's father Charles IV., and of his Queen, believed to have an unlawful intimacy with a minister named Godoy, who, having concluded a treaty with France, was dignified with the title of "Prince of the Peace." It was to this statesman that the Spaniards were disposed to ascribe their national misfortunes.

l. 555, **Wittol**: an old English word (connected with "wit," or "to wit"), indicates a husband who *knows* that his wife is unfaithful to him. This infamy is ascribed by Byron to the old ex-king.

l. 564, **Here the bold peasant,** etc. This was where brave Spanish villagers assaulted and took a Moorish stronghold.

St. xlix. : Reference to the campaign in which the French, under General Sebastiani, defeated the Spanish under Areizaga, taking several of the cities of Andalusia.

l. 569, **The badge of crimson hue.** The red cockade which was the mark of the Nationalist party.

l. 574, **Subtle poniards,** etc. The Spaniards of that day were taxed with the practice of assassination. **Cloke**: archaic spelling for "cloak."

l. 576, **Morena.** Mountain chain so-called, which runs across the South of Spain, from the Province of Estremadura to that of Murcia. The stanza refers to fortifications erected on these heights, afterwards abandoned for the famous lines of Torres Vedras—N. of Cintra—by which Wellington checked the advance

of the French during the winter of 1810–11. In the spring Wellington issued from the "Lines," drove the French out of Portugal, and entered on his long and arduous task of freeing the whole Peninsula. Such were the "deeds to come" when Byron penned this and the following stanzas.

l. 579, **Howitzer.** (Bohemian *Haufnice* "a sling," in German corr. into *Haubitze*, whence the Eng. word.) A short cannon used for *slinging*, or throwing shells to a less distance than a mortar. They were originally intended to be quite portable.

l. 583, **Holstered steed.** Horse ready saddled. The cavalry saddle being provided with pistol-cases, called "holsters," from a Dutch word meaning "cover": the horse ready for war is said to be "holstered." The balls were piled, ready also, in pyramidal form; as is still practised in batteries.

l. 590, **Attila, or Etzel,** leader of the Huns, in the 5th cent. A.D., was called by a Gaulish hermit, "The Scourge of God." Byron borrows the name for the Gaulish conqueror of his day.

l. 592, **Gaul's Vulture.** A disparaging description of the French symbol, a Roman eagle.

l. 593, **Hades.** Greek term for the "Underworld," or supposed place of departed spirits.

l. 601, **Counsel sage.** The supreme *Junta*, or Council, was a provisional committee, organised out of the provincial councils of Spain—principally to carry on the war—during the absence of a regular government. Originally assembled at Seville, it migrated to Cadiz when the French obtained possession of the former city. The poet asks if it be the will of God that all the prudent deliberations of the Spanish government and all the courage of the Spanish people, the wisdom of the aged, the ardour of the young, the firm intrepidity of the mature men, are to be of no avail.

l. 603, **Spanish Maid.** This was Augustina, a beautiful girl who, when her lover was killed in the defence of Saragossa (1808–9), is said to have taken his place at the gun that he was working, and by her courage inspired heroism in the defenders. Modern sceptics hold that her services were exaggerated by Byron.

l. 605, **Anlace.** Antique word, presumably here meant for a sword or long knife.

l. 608, **Owlet's larum.** "Larum is a favourite abbreviation with Byron for 'alarum,'" which is a form of the word "alarm," from the Italian *all'armë*—"to arms." The cry of the owl is here compared to the call of a war-trumpet.

l. 611, **Minerva.** Roman goddess, presiding over mental exertion (*Mens* = "mind"). **Mars:** Roman deity of very ancient origin, also called *Gradivus*; generally held to be the patron of war and the father of the Roman people.

The Spanish girl, once frightened if she heard the hoot of a night-bird, had learned to look unmoved upon the charge of lines of soldiers, and to walk over the corpses of the dead covering the field of battle.

l. 618, **Saragoza.** A town of Aragon, in Northern Spain (*Cæsarea-Augusta*), founded by the Romans, 25 B.C., and twice besieged by the French in the Peninsular war. **Danger,** said to have a "Gorgon face" from the fable in Greek mythology of a woman—or female monster—whose aspect turned her beholders into stone. Augustina's superiority to the petrifying power of danger is thus tersely and powerfully expressed. St. lvi. goes on to say :—

She does not find time to weep when her intended husband is hurt in battle or his leader killed. If her companions give way she stays their flight; if the enemy do so she urges the pursuit. And yet she belongs to a nation in which the women are wont to be as loving as elsewhere, and certainly not less lovely. They excel the talkative female creatures of other countries in every aspect of character, as affectionate as they are, and possessed of greater courage.

l. 633, **Phalanx.** A line or square of men disposed for battle (Greek).

l. 639–41, The dimple, or imprint of a loving finger is compared to the seal on a writing. The ladies' mouths are ready to kiss their lovers, but only on condition that the lovers be brave. The Sun that loves them is a model for the men that would win their love, etc.—It is all exaggeration, but we must remember how very young the writer was.

Byron celebrates the beauty of Spanish women in a passage hardly worthy of a great poet. **Harem** (Arab. *Harâm*), the "forbidden," or private apartment of an eastern house. **Houries :** *Hur*="black-eyed," the nymphs of the Muslim Paradise. **Whom ye scarce allow,** etc. This refers to the jealous seclusion—*pardah*—of Eastern families.—**Wise Prophet.** It is suggested that the founder of Islam taught his followers to look for "Houries" in Paradise as a prudent way of inviting converts.

l. 657, **Parnassus.** A mountain in Greece, formerly held sacred to Apollo and the Muses. (See above, l. 47, *n.*) It was December 1809 when Byron crossed the gulf of Lepanto and visited Parnassus, which he addresses in these noble lines (Stt. lx.–lxiv.).

l. 667, Poetry is here spoken of.

l. 683, **The "melodious wave"** is Castalia, a spring on the slope of the mountain, a little above Delphi, where the shrine and oracle were. Its waters were held to have a purifying quality for those who bathed in them, while to drink them procured poetic inspiration.

l. 691, **Daphne.** A nymph beloved by Apollo and changed into a laurel-tree (*Laurus nobilis*) : the plant became consecrated to the god ; and its boughs, bearing berries, were used to crown victorious heroes and successful poets, thus placing them under the patronage and favour of the Sun, personified in Apollo. It is difficult to account for the origin of this story, which perhaps survives from some old Aryan form of tree-worship, and may remind us of the sanctity of the tulsi (*ozymum sanctum*) in India.

In this address to Parnassus the poet is to be understood as congratulating himself that he actually sees the sacred scenes that other writers only fancy. For the Muses see above, *n.* (6). The melodious wave over which the "gentle spirit" of poetry is supposed to glide, refers to the water at the foot of the holy mountain.

In St. lxiii. he expands the topic, and explains its introduction here. The leaf of Daphne's deathless plant is that of the bay-laurel, into which, as the fable ran, the nymph had been turned (see above). In St. lxiv. he returns to the Spanish ladies and their charms. The mountain, in its most glorious days, was never surrounded by more beautiful forms ; and he only wishes that Spain were now as peaceful as Greece, inglorious as that country then might be.

An able critic has noted that, if Byron wrote these lines—as he records—at Delphi, he has made them "a curious instance of poetical adaptation" ; as Parnassus is not visible from thence. The truth is, that minute accuracy has only recently been regarded as essential to poetry or to any other art.

l. 702, **Seville . . . Cadiz.** Cities of Andalusia : see above l. 601, *n.* Cadiz, one of the most ancient sites in Europe, was a city of the old Phœnician merchants about 1100 B.C. It was blockaded by the French for more than two years, when the Supreme Junta had taken refuge there ; but was open to the sea, and finally quite set free in consequence of the victories of the British armies in Andalusia, August 25, 1812.

l. 709, By the strange compound of "a cherub-hydra," Byron means to describe Vice as a combination of the *angel* and the *serpent.* **Cherub** is from the Hebrew, and **Hydra** (a water-monster with many heads) is from Greek mythology.

l. 711, **Paphos.** See above, *n.* (18).

l. 714, **Venus . . . Sea.** Venus is the Latin deity of love's pleasures, called by the Greeks Aphrodite, from two words meaning "sprung from the foam" ; it being fabled that the goddess was born in the sea.

l. 723, **Quaint.** An old word derived from an older French one, and originally meaning "known." The use has now

shifted to the opposite, and means "pleasantly-whimsical." The reference is to fancy dress.

l. 724, **Kibes.** "Chilblains," or swollen heels. A word of Celtic origin. Used in *Hamlet*, I. 153.

l. 726, The poet resumes the subject of the dissipated life led at Cadiz: where the formal observations of church ceremonies took the place of religion and morality.

l. 729, Saturday was the Jewish day of rest, called in their tongue "Sabbath," = *Seventh*. The name was transferred to Sunday, the 1st day of the week, in England and Scotland, about the time of the Reformation (16th cent. A.D.). In the latter country the use of the word became a substantial part of religion: and Byron, in adopting it, may have been influenced by his early Scottish training.

In the next twelve stanzas the young poet contrasts the Sunday of Spain with that of his native island, especially as observed by Londoners of his time,—the peaceful visits to the suburbs with the excitement of a bull-fight.

l. 738, **The seventh day.** Rather "the first." **Jubilee.** A season of festivity: from Heb. *Yobel* = "trumpet," because the Jews proclaimed a festival every 50 years, by sound of brass instruments.

l. 741, **Smug** = affectedly neat.

l. 742, **Coach of Hackney.** Name given to public vehicles in London till the general use of *Cabs* (from *hackney*, an old word for a mean horse, especially for hire). **Whiskey.** A kind of lightly-moving vehicle; the name probably taken from the verb "whisk," to move rapidly.

l. 744, **Hampstead.** Suburb north of London. **Brentford,** W. do., best known, perhaps, as the capital of the county of Middlesex and the polling-place of Wilkes's elections, 1768–9. **Harrow,** N.W., famous for a great foundation school, where Byron was educated.

l. 747, **Thamis.** Mock antique for the river "Thames," on which London is situated. **Richmond-hill**; a favourite ascent on the S. of the river, opposite Brentford. **Ware**: a town in Hertfordshire. **Highgate**: a northern suburb celebrated for a tavern called The Horns. **Row the fair** = "conduct their female friends in boats up the river."

l. 752, "**The Horns,**" on which an oath used to be sworn with mock solemnity. To this the poet alludes in the last lines of the stanza. Moore considered this passage (lxix., lxx.) as a disfigurement to the canto.

St. lxxii.–lxxix. The animated description of a bull-fight of those days is borne out by others, in prose: see especially *Letters of Don Leueadio Doblado* (Rev. Blanco White), published 1822. The sport

is still pursued in Spain, and is attended by thousands of people who crowd the sloping seats surrounding the arena: but the bulls are small, the horses ill-kept and ill-fed; and the whole affair poor and almost mechanical. It has been computed that about 2500 bulls are killed in this way every year, while the sacrifice of horses is still larger. St. lxxiii., To the human beings concerned it is—at least in the present day—not very dangerous. **Beadsmen** = "worshippers."

l. 769, **Dons**: ordinary title of Spanish gentlemen (Lat. *Dominus*). **Grandees.** The highest order of Spanish nobility: hereditary members of the senate, and entitled to wear their hats in the royal presence. **Don** is a minor title among the gentry of the peninsula. **Ogle** = "leer."

l. 778, **Featly.** In the form of a "feat"; (Latin *factum* = "deed"), used here for "actively."

l. 779, **If in the dangerous . . . to-day.** For the "danger" see *n.* (107) **shine** = "obtain distinction."

l. 783, **Costly sheen** = silk or gold attire.

l. 784, **Matadore** = "murderer," fr. Sp. *matar* "to kill." Here used for the man who fights the bull on foot, and kills him when disabled by the horseman.

l. 792, **Clarion** = "bugle." **Herds**, *of cows.*

l. 793, **The den**, etc. The cage is thrown open. **Expectation . . . gapes.** People waiting with their mouths open, crowd the sides of the arena.

l. 801, **Sudden**; for "suddenly." **Away . . . spear**: the matador warned to get out of the bull's way, and let the horsemen come forward to the encounter. All correctly described.

l. 805, **Croupe.** The hinder part of the horse, on which he "veers," or turns, whenever the bull charges.

l. 806, **On foams . . . throes.** The bull chases the horse, his mouth foaming; not unwounded, his side streaming with blood; then he in turn seeks to escape, wounded more and more until he roars with the pain.

St. lxxvii. Then the bull comes to the charge again, and wounds the horse; on the other hand, the rider continues to wound him, but at last he kills the horse; and then rips up another which just staggers out of the arena in time to save the life of the rider by stemming, or cutting, as with the "stem," or prow of a ship, all opposition.

[As above noted, the men generally escape. See note to st. lxxiii.].

l. 821, **Brast** = "broken."

l. 824, **The red cloak**; to excite the fury of the wearied animal.

l. 826, **Conynge** = "cunning," or skilful.

The bull is at last slaughtered outright by a man who throws the mantle over his head and stabs him in the place where the head joins the neck. The body is then lifted on a cart and carried off by four fast horses. **Spurn the rein**: an exaggerated expression to show the horses' wildness; to spurn literally means "to kick."

l. 830, **To decline**=to bend or turn away.

The national ferocity is glanced at in St. lxxx. with an expression of regret that the Spaniards do not encounter the French with an organised army. When they did they were badly beaten.

l. 842, **Phalanxed**: a host formed in close columns; generally well-ordered. *Phalanx* is an old Greek word for a mass of infantry from 8 to 25 deep.

Byron says, in a letter, that the Spaniards are famous for revenge. Instead of keeping their ferocity for war they practised it on each other.

l 847, **Centinel.** Affected spelling for Sentinel. **Duenna**, an elder woman taking care of a young lady. (Properly *Duena*, the Spanish for "married woman.")

Byron means that the restrictions once borrowed by the Spaniards from the Moors had been given up, and the young women were at last recovering the freedom of human beings when their country was once more overrun by contending armies.

l. 849, **Dotard**; an old man. Youth's view of the fathers and husbands of the Spanish ladies.

More affected cynicism in St. lxxxii.

l. 858, **Lethe.** In Greek mythology the stream of forgetfulness. In this and the next two stanzas Byron seems to desire to represent the feelings of a man of 50 rather than those of a youth.

l. 860, The poet here, somewhat cynically, tells us that the pleasantest feature of love is its readiness to fly.

ll. 862, 63, These two lines, **Full . . . flings**, are a version of a famous passage in the work of a famous Latin poet, Lucretius.

In St. lxxxiii.–iv., Byron pursues the subject of his hero's supposed insensibility to pleasure; not—as he affirms—because he had become wise, but because he had grown weary. He looked on at the enjoyments that for him had lost their savour; he did not despise them nor those who still found them sweet; but he had given way to depression. On one occasion, sitting in a lady's room, he was roused by her great attractions to write the lines "To Inez."

l. 880, **Unpremeditated lay** is a song that has not been prepared

by previous thought; the expression occurs in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

> "No longer courted or caressed,
> High-placed in hall a welcome guest,
> He poured, to lords and ladies gay,
> His unpremeditated lay.
>
> —*Introduction.*

This is known as "improvisation"; but it is more common among the Italians than with the Northern nations.

l. 882, **To Inez**: an imaginary person probably; no Spanish woman would be likely to understand English poetry.

This little lyric is studiously sad and simple; and was perhaps written in one of the poet's varying moods and inserted as an after-thought.

l. 891, Ambition is here spoken of as something base.

l. 899, **Hebrew wanderer**: a fabled Jew, called sometimes Ahasuerus, doomed to wander for ever.

l. 902, **What exile**, etc.? Translated from the Roman poet, Horace, *Od.* ii. 16.

This song shows the young writer in his most artificial aspect. The attitude of a worn-out follower of pleasure was fashionable at the time. Byron records that he wrote it in January 1810. It was substituted for a livelier and more natural lyric, in praise of the "dark-eyed girl of Cadiz."

The *style*, however, is studiously simple, as above noted.

l. 924, **A Traitor.** Solano, Governor of Cadiz, murdered by the people on account of his French sympathies, in May 1809. The long and loyal defence of Cadiz has been already mentioned (l. 702, *n.*).

l. 926, **Fallen Chivalry**: a fresh allusion to the supposed treachery of the Governor, who belonged to the class of Nobles or Knights.

l. 929, **Kingless: nerveless.** The lawful rulers had abdicated and were living in France. The bulk of the Spanish people refused to recognise the kingdom of Napoleon's brother, Joseph.

l. 935, **War to the knife**, *q.d.* "When all other weapons fail, we will stab you so long as we have a dagger left and a hand to hold it." The answer of General Palafox when the French commander summoned him to surrender Saragossa.

St. lxxxvii. Referring once more to the valiant but vindictive resistance of the Spaniards to French conquest, English writers of the time assert that, though inefficient in regular warfare, the Spaniards harassed the French, cutting off detachments and killing solitary stragglers and travellers. What they needed most, perhaps, was skilful leading. Their generals were inexperienced and bad at keeping discipline; and without discipline an

army is little more than a mob. It would seem therefore that the Spaniards were better hands at "the secret knife" than at "the flashing sabre," with which it is here contrasted.

l. 942, **So may** : "so *that* he may." In the last line the construction is somewhat varied ; and "so" is used in its more customary sense.

Byron says (St. lxxxviii.) that the French committed too many crimes in Spain for them to be entitled to our compassion. They are scarcely worthy to be devoured after death by birds of prey. Let their bones, whitened by sun and wind, lie soaking in the stains of blood (popularly supposed to be uneffaceable) and make their appropriate monument on the fields of battle where they fell.

St. lxxxix. Two years and more of suffering still awaited the Spanish nation, although their deliverance began when Wellington drove Joseph Bonaparte out of Madrid (August 1812), while Joseph's brother, the Emperor Napoleon, was entangled in his invasion of Russia.

l. 959, The **Pizarros** were two brutal Spaniards who conquered and oppressed the natives of South America, of which Columbia was a province which shook off the Spanish yoke in 1826 A.D.

l. 961, **Quito** is a beautifully situated town on the mountains of the same continent ; it is the capital of the State of Ecuador.

l. 963, **Talavera.** The doubtful "victory" mentioned in St. xl., xli. For **Albuera**, see l. 504.

l. 964, **Barossa.** Here General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, defeated Marshal Victor, and protected Cadiz, March 5, 1811.

l. 967, **olive-branch.** This is the conventional symbol of peace ; here used by anticipation.

l. 968, **Breathe her.** The reflective use of this verb is for the sake of the metre, and is hardly warranted by the rules of grammar. It is, however, not quite unknown to the contemporaries of Spenser, whom Byron occasionally, though incompletely, follows.

l. 971, The "Tree of Liberty" was more to the French taste, than to that of Spain.

l. 972, The friend here addressed is the Hon. John Wingfield, a young officer of the Coldstream Guards, who had been a friend of the poet's youth, and died of fever, May 14, 1811, at Coimbra, in Portugal.

l. 976, **Unlaureled.** For the ancient use of the bay or *laurel*, see above *n.* (l. 691). The poet says that if his friend had perished in battle he would have won the soldier's crown or wreath, and consoled his survivors by the pride they would have felt in his glory.

This stanza and the next were added after the poet's return to England.

l. 990, **Fytte.** Sham-antique for "canto." It is found in the old ballad literature.

l. 993, **Moe**="more." (Spenser.)

l. 997, **Eld**="antiquity:" used in Spenser's *Faery Queen* for "old age."

SECOND CANTO.

Except Stanzas xliii., xci., xcii., this canto was finished at Athens December 30, 1809.

St. ii. In place of the Muse, Byron now invokes the blue-eyed goddess of wisdom, Athene, or Pallas: Wisdom, he insinuates, is not the inspirer of Poets: but the goddess was the patroness of the city of Athens where he was living from the end of 1809 to March 9, 1810, when most of this Canto was composed. The Parthenon, whose ruins are still standing on the top of the Acropolis, or central hill of Athens, was the temple of Pallas, but not an object of interest to the Mussulmans who then held possession of the place and surrounding country. Up to the year 1667, the buildings on the Acropolis were entire; but were after that date much damaged by the cannonading of besiegers. The greatest mischief was done by the Venetians until Lord Elgin removed the sculptures.

St. ii. The great men of Athens, Æschylus, Perides, Plato, Demosthenes, and others, were among the most famous that the earth has known, from the Persian war (480 B.C.) to the battle of Cheronea (338 B.C.). We now, says Byron, are unable to trace the monuments or the local traditions of the great soldiers or wise men of those old days.

l. 10, **Athena**, apparently meant for "Athens," the Latin of which, however, is *Athenæ* (see below, St. vii.). The goddess would be called "Athene" in Greek, but was usually known to Byron by the name of the corresponding Roman divinity "Minerva." Byron wrote a separate piece on the subject of the spoliation of the Parthenon, under the title of "The Curse of Minerva." The distinction between Greek and Roman deities was not observed in his time.

l. 16, **Sophist stole.** "Sophist" is an unfriendly word for a Greek sage; the "stole" was his gown.

l. 19, **Son of the morning.** What this means is not by any

means clear. Perhaps an appeal to himself and reader as the heirs of a civilisation that was just dawning upon the night of darker ages. **Shrines . . . burn,** whose places of worship have ceased to smoke with incense. **'Twas Jove's**=Jove, or Jupiter, the chief deity of the Romans, here used to denote pagan worship in general. **Mahomet's**: a Mahomedan mosque. **Poor child,** etc: Man is certain of nothing but that he will die, and his religions are all alike, without foundation.

St. iv. Man looks away from his native planet as if to find a promise of life after death. Surely, the poet says, the miseries of his present existence are enough to dissuade him from desiring another.

St. v. Byron turns to the tomb of Ajax, a Grecian hero buried in Troas, contrasting the grief, which must have been general when such a "mound" was raised, with the present neglect and loneliness of the place. He then proceeds to moralise upon a human head from which the hair, and flesh, and all that made it beautiful, have long since vanished. The ancient Greeks—like most early Aryan races—practised cremation.

l. 38, **Far, on the solitary shore.** The hero buried at a distance from his Grecian home, on the coast of the Trojan Sea.

St. vi. A powerful picture of the skull as a tenement of the soul, now in ruins.

l. 55, **Well . . . son.** Perhaps Socrates: but he was not really what is now called "an agnostic": he only affected ignorance as a means of controversy. He was, however, condemned and put to death by his countrymen on a charge of being opposed to the State religion.

l. 61, **Shores of Acheron.** A fabled stream of the lower regions: the meaning is, when we have reached the limit of this life we fall into silent slumber—the Nirvana of the Buddhists.

St. viii. Notice the solemn piety of this passage.

l. 62, **Forced banquet.** Refers to the curse of those who have more than they want—of anything. Shelley speaks of "Love's sad satiety."

l. 66, **Sadducee:** among the ancient Jews, the orthodox believers who denied a future life.

l. 72, Zoroaster is **The Bactrian,** Spitama, also called Zarathushtra: the supposed author of the *Avesta*, or ancient Persian Scriptures.

l. 72, **The Samian sage.** Pythagoras, born at Samos (an island off the coast of Asia Minor) about 581 B.C., celebrated in ancient Greece as a mathematician and moral teacher.

St. ix. is addressed to the memory of a young Cambridge friend, named Eddleston, for whom Byron had the warmest affection. Originally a chorister, or singer in a church, he went into business in London, and died of consumption 1811. This

regard of the proud Byron for a friend so much beneath him in rank is noticeable.

l. 84, **Son of Saturn.** The apostrophe is to Zeus Olympius. Saturn was an Italian deity, fabled to be the father of Jupiter, to whom Zeus answers in Greek mythology. His temple's ruins lie on the Acropolis.

l. 90, **light Greek.** Refers to the levity which seemed to be the characteristic of the modern Athenians.

l. 92, **Pallas lingered.** An imaginative phrase for the Parthenon. The dull spoiler is meant for the seventh Earl of Elgin, to whose enlightened energy the British Museum is indebted for the possession of the sculptures from the Parthenon, which have done so much to raise and instruct the public taste in sculpture. Byron blames him; but the sculptures were neither safe nor accessible at Athens when Elgin removed them. Whether they might not be restored now that Greece has a settled and a civilised government, is another matter.

l. 96, **England!** Byron rejoices that he was not born in Scotland; which little country, however, had much to do with the formation of his character, besides being the place of his mother's birth and ancestry (see *Introduction*).

l. 99, The British ship was delayed by storm.

l. 100, **Modern Pict.** A jibe at Elgin's northern origin. The "Picts" were an old people of the eastern part of what is now called Scotland, the Scots being a race of Irish visitors on the west with whom the Picts sometimes fought and finally united. Byron supposes the Athenians to have felt the departure of the "Elgin marbles" so acutely that they may be said never to have appreciated the full weight of the Turkish dominion before. The next two stanzas are devoted to the same complaint.

Despot (see above, I. l. 501, *n.*).

Eld: Spenserian for "antiquity."

l. 118, **Aegis . . . Peleus' son.** Pallas was fabled to wear a breastplate made from the hide of the goat Amalthea, decorated with the head or mask of the Gorgon (see above, I. *n.* 91). **Alaric,** a Gothic leader, took Rome in the early part of the 5th cent. A.D. According to Zosimus, a contemporary historian, Alaric was scared away from the Acropolis by the united efforts of Pallas and Achilles (the son of Peleus), who could not be brought to interpose a second time when Lord Elgin and his men removed the marbles.

A fresh lament over the same subject.

St. xvi. A new allusion to the Childe's precocious superiority to ordinary human weaknesses. **To urge,** *i.e.* to follow his course.

The next few stanzas contain a spirited description of a voyage from Gibraltar, on board a vessel of war, in the days of

sailing ships. **Frigate**: this was a word borrowed from the French to denote a ship of size and strength secondary to the "man-of-war"or first-rate ship, though rigged on the same principles. **Convoy**, the collection of mercantile vessels sailing under the frigate's protection : the slower vessels—so favourable was the wind—contrived to keep up by tacking (or "wearing").

l. 148, **tight.** A nautical phrase by which sailors express their sense of a vessel being in good order.

l. 155, **Well-reeved** refers to the ropes by which the frigate's cannon were fastened to their places in the battery, with a netting to keep off the fall of splinters in action.

l. 158, **Boatswain** (pronounced "Bosun"): the chief petty officer, immediately responsible for the crew's discipline.

l. 160, **Midshipman**: a young probationer or naval cadet on board a war ship, learning the duty of an officer, and exercising an officer's power in a subordinate degree. Midshipmen are often employed in command of the ship's boats when detached for service.

l. 161, **Shrill pipe**: the youthful voice exerted beyond its natural pitch becomes sharp, either in reproof or encouragement, but is obeyed by the well-trained seamen.

St. xix. sets before us the deck, clean and polished, on which walk the officer of the watch and, elsewhere, the commanding officer, who does not join in general intercourse. **Which broken,** etc. If the restraint imposed by discipline on board a man-of-war were shattered the captain could not hope for professional success.

The strict obedience to discipline has often been shown in the battles and shipwrecks of the Royal Navy. [The last line ran : —"From discipline's stern law"—in the poet's original MS.]

St. xx. The frigate—her name was *The Hyperion*—had better sailing qualities than the ships of the convoy ; and she had to halt at sunset in order that they might come up.

St. xxi. describes scenes on board by night.

l. 185, **Arion**; a musical mariner of the 7th cent. B.C.

l. 190, **Calpe**: old name for Gibraltar.

l. 190, **Steepy**: for "steep."

l. 193, **Hecate**: "the moon." Here (as in the older poets) a word of *two* syllables : in the original Greek it has three.

l. 197, **Mauritania**: the land of the moon : the part of Africa facing Gibraltar, now called "Morocco."

Stt. xxiii., xxiv. Solitary meditations by moonlight lead Byron to his customary mood of melancholy.

l. 201, **Mourner . . . zeal.** A too condensed phrase to express regret for disappointed affection.

ll. 201–203, Who would wish to deprive himself of the sense of friendship—even if but in a vision or wish to grow old alone ?

l. 209, **Dian.** Another name for "the moon."

l. 215, **A flashing pang.** Sir Walter Scott has described the sudden look of pain that was sometimes seen to pass over Byron's face.

Byron was much addicted to lonely wandering and—as he said—"gazing upon the sky and the waters." The value of such hours is dependent on a man's character and intellect: not many would make the use of them that he did.

In St. xxvi. the poet contrasts his lonely musings (when—personifying the world of material objects—he declares that "Nature" was his companion) with the virtual solitude which he found when surrounded by people with whom he was not in sympathy: and who—however they might try to be agreeable when he was present—would not cease to look happy when he was dead. **Minions of splendour.** "Minion" (from *mignon*) = darling; and so, a spoiled child: such an one shrinks from contact with the pain of another.

l. 236, **Athos.** The easternmost point of the peninsula of Salonica, at the head of the Sea of Greece called the Archipelago, formerly the Ægean. It is known as the residence of numerous religious ascetics who, though Christians, are tolerated by the Turkish Government, to which they pay an annual tribute.

l. 240, **Wistful.** "With earnest longing."

ll. 244, p. f. A rapid sketch of life at sea in the man-of-war described as a "winged citadel," or fortress.

l. 246, **the tack.** A ship's course altered by a shift of the sails.

l. 253, **Calypso's Isles.** There is only one island so called; namely Gozo, supposed to be the Ogygia of the ancients: it is 4 miles N.N.W. of Malta, of which it is a dependency.

Calypso was fabled as a nymph who lived there, and when Odysseus (Latin, Ulysses), chief of Ithaca, was thrown on her island, endeavoured to persuade him to become her husband. On searching for his father, Telemachus, son of Odysseus, is supposed to have come there, with his tutor.

l. 265, **A new Calypso.** Byron made, at Malta, the acquaintance of a lady born at Constantinople, of Austrian parentage, married to an English diplomatist (Mr Spencer Smith), and honoured by the hostility of the great Napoleon. Byron addressed her in several pieces of verse, among them one containing the following stanza—written in Greece—which attracted the special praise of the poet Moore:—

> "Then think upon Calypso's isle,
> Endeared by days gone by;
> To others give a thousand smiles,
> To me a single sigh."

St. xxxi. In this and the next three stanzas Byron, painting himself in his hero, boasts that—to the lady's astonishment—he could admire her attractions without yielding to them so far as to become her lover. **Who knew his votary,** etc. Cupid, the God of Love, had often seen this worshipper captured after apparent escape. We may look on the passage, it is most likely, as a mere piece of social and literary sport.

l. 280, The lady is supposed to have thought that if the Childe did not feel what is called "love," he should have at least pretended to do so.

St. xxxiii. This stanza is one of those in which Byron takes pleasure in misrepresenting himself through the mask of his hero. The poet was much annoyed when the public ultimately took him at his word.

l. 291, Harold is said to have been an expert in the game of snaring ladies.

l. 297, **Whining crew.** The band of complaining wooers.

l. 307, **Approves.** Proves.

The next two are not much more to the poet's credit, a concession perhaps to the taste of the day, but not palatable now. They contain, however, a moral that is not without instruction.

l. 316, The poet is reminded that he has been digressing, and must return to his theme, which is the travel of his hero and the scenery of Greece.

l. 319, **led,** says the poet, by solemn reflection on real scenes.

l. 322, **Utopia.** "Nowhere;" the landscape of the Imagination.

l. 322, **Ared:** presumably intended as an archaism for "read." In old English the meaning would be rather "advised," from **rede** "advice" with participial prefix. It is, however, used by Spenser in the former sense.

l. 324, **Ever such.** "Could ever be taught such [lessons]."

l. 325, **Nature.** See above, *n.* to st. xxvi. Byron now personifies the material world as a mother, from whose breast he has never been "weaned," or taught to do without it: he professes to have seen this parent in moods not revealed to other men, and to have been best pleased with her when those moods were most angry—such as are shown in earthquakes and hurricanes—which is hard to believe.

l. 334, **Albania.** A western province of Turkey, inhabited by a half-civilised people, where the Childe is supposed to land.

l. 334, **Iskander:** the "Scanderbeg" of European historians; an Albanian named George Branilo, who deserted from the Turkish army about 1443 A.D., and for twenty-five years waged successful rebellion against his former masters. He died a natural death in 1468, when the rebellion was suppressed. The

Albanians were then Greek Christians, but have since—for the most part—embraced Islam. **His namesake,** Scanderbeg bore the same as that which Orientals give to Alexander the Great who was born (350 B.C.) in the same regions, and has become a theme, or topic, for young hero-worshippers, though wise men avoid his errors. Poets have called him "Macedonia's madman."

l. 339, **The cross:** *i.e.* Christianity has fallen; The towers arise from which the *Azān* is recited by Muslims (*v.* below, 530, *n.*).

l. 343, **The barren spot.** Ithaca, the island of Odysseus [see above, *n.* 29].

l. 344. **The mount.** See next note.

l. 353, **Leucadia:** the S. cape of Santa Maura, 200 ft. high, whence the poetess Sappho is related to have thrown herself into the sea for disappointment.

l. 356, **Actium:** the scene of a naval fight between Octavius and his brother-in-law Marcus Antonius, 31 B.C. The latter was defeated, and Octavius became master of the Roman Empire.

l. 356, **Lepanto:** another neighbouring inlet, the scene of the defeat of the Turkish fleet by the ships of the Christians under Don John of Austria, Oct. 7, 1571.

l. 356, **Trafalgar:** on the S.W. coast of Spain, between Cadiz and Gibraltar, famous for the defeat of the united French and Spanish fleets by Nelson, Oct. 21, 1805.

Childe Harold is here described as indifferent to scenes of war, and looking at the place of Sappho's suicide with far greater interest.

l. 371, **Suli** is on the coast. **Pindus,** a mountain chain a few miles in the interior: the highest peak of Pindus is in the territory now belonging to the modern kingdom of Greece, which was not created until after Byron's death. Pindus is 7111 ft. in height, and is regarded as a spur of the Balkan range.

St. xliii. The Childe is supposed to land, as Byron did, at Prevesa on the Albanian coast. He says "Goodbye" to English, French, etc., the languages of Christendom, and enters on a journey through lands of which little is known but that they are wild and dangerous.

St. xliv. l. 388, The red cross is the sign of Christians of whom a few still remain in Albania, but the cross is not allowed to dominate.

l. 391, Priest and professing believer being alike contemned by the conquering Turks and Arnauts, or Albanians. The construction here answers to what in Latin is called "ablative absolute."

ll. 392–6, **Superstition:** a word meaning superfluous belief, or religious credulity, here addressed as an unclean personage, whose symbols are a source of profit to priests, but of bewilder-

ment to honest worshippers who are not always able to separate their sham and tinsel from the real truths which give them whatever value they may have.

l. 397, **Ambracia's gulf.** The scene of the sea-fight of Actium, already mentioned (*n.* 40). Cleopatra is the woman called "harmless" in irony (l. 398). **Asian King** (l. 400). M. Antonius had several allied Eastern Princes with him when encountering Octavius—tradition said 13, an unlucky number.

l. 402, **Second Cæsar.** See Shakspere's *Antony and Cleopatra.* Octavius called himself Cæsar-Augustus after obtaining the Empire: "Cæsar" being the family name of his predecessor, while "Augustus" implied good omens. The trophies are the ruins of Nicopolis, a city built by the conqueror, in the neighbourhood, to commemorate his victory.

Byron landed at Prevesa, Sept. 29, 1809; went through Arta to Yanina (the chief town), which he reached Oct. 9; and, after his visit to Ali Pasha, returned to Yanina, where he passed the last week of October, and began the present poem. **Primal town**: Yanina, or Joannina.

l. 407, **Illyria**: an ancient name for the east side of the Adriatic, revived by Napoleon, Emperor of the French, at the time of Byron's visit (1809). It can hardly by any stretching be made to include any part of Albania, though the French at one time had a garrison in Prevesa (see St. lxxii., song, verse 8).

l. 411, **fair Tempe.** Tempe was the name of a gorge, or pass, in the N.W. of the province of Thessaly in Greece; through which the river Peneus flowed, and formed fertile banks, with abundant vegetation.

l. 415, **Pindus**: an offshoot of the Balkan chain of mountains separating Epirus from Thessaly, v. 371, *n.* **Acherusia**: a little lake near Suli, *v.* St. li.

l. 418, **Albania's chief.** Ali Pasha, Viceroy of the Province, an able Albanian adventurer, born at Tepaleni—the place where he was still residing when Byron visited him 68 years later. In 1797 he joined Napoleon, but next year expelled the French garrison. He ruled his province with justice, though somewhat severe; and did not shrink from any bloodshed which he deemed requisite. At the time of Byron's visit, he was virtually an independent ruler, and remained so for many years. At length, in 1820, when he was nearly 80 years old, the Turkish Sultan sent an overwhelming force against Ali. He surrendered, on a promise that was not fulfilled; and was put to death Feb. 5, 1822. He took Suli, by bribes, after 18 years' siege.

l. 424, **Zitza.** A hill-top which Byron crossed in a violent thunder-storm, Oct. 10. It is, in fair weather, a journey of four hours from Yanina.

l. 436, **of dignity.** This hill might be thought important, were it not dwarfed by its neighbours.

l. 438, **Caloyer** : a word for a monk, or inmate of a monastery, in modern Greek. The poet here uses the word **convent**, which is usually in English reserved for a house of religious ladies. We hear from Byron's travelling companion Hobhouse much praise of the monks and their prior, who received the English travellers with simple but willing hospitality.

St. l. gives a pleasant picture of a resting-place on the cool summit of Zitza.

l. 445, **From heaven itself**, etc. On these hill-tops the air blows untainted by human habitations, and contains no germs of sickness. Such a feeling would be peculiarly excited after a storm such as Byron passed through in ascending.

l. 448, **Impregnate.** For "impregnated."

l. 453, **Chimaera's Alps.** This is a little spur of Pindus, running down towards the sea, properly "Chimare." At the foot of these hills the river Acheron runs through the lake Acherusia and falls into the sea opposite the island of Paxo. The name of this river was borrowed in the infernal geography of the Greeks : it is now known as the Kalamas. The place was once the scene of a volcano.

The last line of St. li. originally began,

"Keep heaven for better souls ; my shade," etc.

The meaning of the words as they now stand is less clear ; but the general idea seems the same.

l. 459, Acheron was once the sacred river of the dead : and O Pluto, god of the infernal regions, if this be thy realm, I will not seek any better place of rest for my soul.

The scene is beautifully described in St. lii. The capote refers to a kind of mantle worn by Albanian peasants on the hillsides in cold weather.

l. 469, **Dodona.** An ancient shrine of Zeus, whose ruins are not far from Yanina. The stanza refers to the scanty traces left of a place once so famous: telling man not to murmur at his frail tenure, since even the shrines of deity leave so little permanent a mark.

l. 478, **Epirus** : here used as a name for the coast, as distinct from the district of Albania Proper, from which the poet supposes himself to be separated by the hills he has crossed. The border-village is Delvinachi.

l. 481, **Yclad** : "clothed." The old Saxon form of the past participle.

l. 487, **Tomerit** : anciently Mount Tomarus, a peak of the Pindus, near Dodona ; on which Tepaleni stands. **Laos** : a mountain-stream near which Tepaleni is situated. Byron, who

saw it in an exceptional flood, thought it "the finest river in the Levant."

l. 492, **Tepalen**: the favourite residence of Ali, who was born there, as mentioned in *n.* (418). **Laos**: should be Aous, now the Viosa.

l. 496, **Haram**: the private apartments of the chief.

l. 500, **Despot**: (see above, 501, *n.* to Canto I.). Ali was in almost unlimited power at the time: though nominally a viceroy of the Sultan, his position resembled that of a Nawab in India towards the end of the Mughal Empire.

l. 502, **Santon**: a word used in Spanish and French for a Muslim "saint" or *fakir*.

l. 503, **Within a palace**: a fortified residence like the old castle at Agra in Upper India.

l. 505, **Caparisoned**: used of horses saddled for war; "two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment,"—so Byron says in a letter.

l. 506, **Warlike store**: arms and munitions for fighting.

l. 510, **High-capped Tartar**: the Tartars or Tatārs are the mounted messengers of the East; their caps are high and made of lamb's wool.

l. 514, "The Albanians in their dresses: the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long white kilt (petticoat), gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers."—(Byron's *Letters.*)

l. 518, **Delhi with his cap of terror**: a kind of Turkish horseman. In the middle ages Hindustan rang with "the terror of the Mughal helmet;" and the words here refer to the high sheep-skin caps of the descendants of these very Mughals (see below, 687).

l. 520, **Nubia's . . . son**: the African negroes, kept as eunuchs to guard the Turkish ladies.

l. 530, **The Muezzin's call**: Byron speaks of hearing this "hymn," as he regards it: "God is great: I testify that there is no God but God, and Muhamad is his prophet. Come to prayer," etc. The word comes from *azān* (اذان) "to make known."

l. 532, **Ramazani's fast**: The 9th month of the Muslim year, which begins as soon as some believer is able to say that he has seen the new moon. It is called *Ramzan* (رمضان) from an Arabic root meaning "to burn," and was formerly held solely in the hot season, but, under lunar computation, moves yearly. It was going on when Byron arrived (October 11, 1809) and, naturally, attracted his attention. It is supposed to have been copied from the Christian Lent, but is kept more strictly, a good Muslim neither eating nor drinking from dawn to sunset.

l. 541, The condition of women in Islam is here considered. She is hardly allowed to go out even when attended and hidden by a veil. Byron, however, thinks that she finds happiness in the feelings of a wife and a mother.

l. 547, **Blest cares!** Byron's love of children is often expressed in the poem, and was sometimes shown in his conduct.

l. 554, **Ali:** (see above, *n.* 47). The poet means to say:—

"His face is that of an old man of so gentle an appearance that casual visitors would fail to perceive signs of the bloody deeds with which his reputation is marked."

l. 549, Byron explains that Ali's character is not only stained by a sensuality unbecoming his age—he was then 68—but that his cruelty and readiness to take human life grew worse as he advanced in years.

l. 561, **Hafiz:** a native of Shiraz, whose name was Shams-ul-din Muhamad, d. 791 A.H., in the 14th cent. of the Christian era. His poems appear, on the surface, to be merely very graceful and ardent songs of love and wine; though the Sufis profess to read them with an inward philosophic signification.

l. 562, **The Teian:** Anacreon, a Greek poet, born at Teos in Asia Minor, about 550 B.C. The *odes* formerly attributed to him are now for the most part held to be spurious.

ll. 565–7, Ali boasted, in a letter to Byron written in 1813, that he had lately murdered six hundred persons in cold blood. **Blood . . . blood.** The poet had a just prevision of the end of such a career: Ali was decapitated in the very palace where he had received Byron's visit thus described:—

"He received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans" (*Letters*).

St. lxv. In an Appendix to the collected (one vol.) edition of Byron's *Poems* (Murray, 1837) will be found a long Note (B) on the Albanians as Byron had time and means for knowing them. "As far as my experience goes," he writes, "I can speak favourably . . . The Albanians have a fine cast of countenance . . . on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue." Byron kept one in his service until he left Greece in May 1811. "They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service" [same Letter, November 12, 1809].

l. 591, In sailing down the coast Byron was nearly wrecked off Suli, where "we landed," he says, "and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again." The Albanians who showed the poet such hospitality "refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received" [same Letter].

l. 592, **When less barbarians. . . .** A shipwrecked man would

have been less happy with more civilised men. An allusion to the Cornish "wreckers."

l. 593, **Fellow-countrymen.** The peasantry of the English county of Cornwall had, at this time, the worst character for conduct towards shipwrecked voyagers.

l. 598, **To sojourn more.** To stay any longer.

l. 602, The Albanians hated Turks as much as Christians.

Frank: Christians called *Faringhi* throughout the East; the word is a corruption of "Frank" or Frenchman, men of that nation having been conspicuous during the Crusades.

l. 612, **Lesson happier men.** Such treatment of distressed voyagers may teach a "lesson" to people more prosperously placed; and at least make wicked men ashamed of themselves.

St. lxix. Byron still describes his own adventures. "I am going to-morrow," he writes on November 12, "to Patras, in the Morea, with a guard of fifty men."

l. 621, **Ætolia:** a district of ancient Greece forming the N. shore of the Gulf of Corinth, and parted from Acarnania (the south of Epirus) by the river Aspropotamos, known to the ancients as the

l. 620, **Achelous:** at its mouth are deposits of silt forming malarious marshes, on which stands the town of Missolonghi; here Byron was destined to die some eleven years later.

622, **Utraikey:** village on a small bay called Leutraki, near Actium; whither the poet, somewhat abruptly, reverts. He was there November 14, and wrote the lines beginning:—"Through cloudless skies, in silvery sheen, Full beams the moon on Actium's coast" (to be found at p. 544 of the *Works*).

But this was *before* his march to Missolonghi, which he did not reach till the 21st.

ll. 631 ff., The amusements of the guard at night are described in St. lxxi. **Ygazed:** for "gazed" or "looked."

l. 637, **Palikar:** a Greek soldier.

l. 640, **The Childe,** as usual, represents Byron's own feelings. He did not find any vulgarity in the enjoyment of these unfamiliar men.

The song which follows is said in Byron's own note to have been pieced together from fragments of what the men actually sang, as interpreted to him.

The stanzas are supposed to be addressed to a drummer.

l. 651, **Tambour** is French for "drum," and the termination is a common Turkish one for the official user of an instrument or weapon: thus, the Master of the Ordnance was called Topji Bashi. [The words Tambourgi, etc. are usually written with a *j*.]

l. 651, **Chimariot,** from the Chimarē hills (453 *n.*).

l. 652, **Illyrian**: from the northern coast, formerly known as "Illyria."

Suliote: inhabitant of Suli, close at hand.

l. 654, **Camese**: "shirt."

Capote: *v. n.* 52.

l. 661, v. 4, **Macedonia**, the N.E. part of the peninsula, where Salonica and Mt. Athos are.

l. 665, v. 5, **Parga**: a place on the sea-coast, near Suli.

l. 677, v. 8, **Previsa, or Prevesa**: *v.* St. xliii. and note: stands on the north side of the entrance to the gulf of Arta, or Ambracia, opposite the ancient Actium. The French garrisoned the place in 1797, but Ali drove them out a year later and plundered the inhabitants.

l. 685, v. 10, **Muchtar**: Mukhtyar Pasha, a Turkish chief.

l. 686, **Yellow-haired giaours**: the Russians. Byron wrote a poem called "The Giaour," published soon after *Childe Harold*, I., II. The word means "unbeliever," and is applied in Turkey to the Christians. **Horse-tail**: standard of a Pasha.

l. 687, **Delhi**: Turkish troops so-called. The word in Turkish means "mad."

l. 689, **Selictar**: said by Byron to mean "sword-bearer."

St. lxxiii. Greece was then in the possession of the Osmanli Turks, whose oppressive yet neglectful treatment of subject races is well known. "Immortal, though no more," etc., means that though she has ceased to be a nation she is still remembered and admired on account of her past history. Byron lived to devote himself to her cause; and great part of Greece is now independent, under a Christian king.

l. 679, **Thermopylae**: a pass where the Spartan King and three hundred of his followers fell in opposing the advance of the Persian army of invasion, 480 B.C.

l. 701, **Eurotas**; now called the *Iri*, or *Vasilo*: the river on which ancient Sparta stood.

l. 702, **Phyle**. A height near Athens, on which still stand some ruined buildings.

l. 703, **Thrasybulus**. A patriot and general of Athens, who overthrew the "Thirty Tyrants" of that city; allusion to the story of the conquest of Athens by the Lacedæmonians under Lysander, who appointed these "Thirty Tyrants" as a committee to administer the affairs of Athens. Thrasybulus collected an army and attacked them with success, 402 B.C. The poet reproaches the modern Greeks with not resisting the Osmanlis, who are many more than thirty. Byron proved that his sympathy with the cause of Greece went beyond words. He speaks of their fine figures and good looks, asking whether these may not be taken as signs of coming independence.

l. 720, **Hereditary bondsmen,** etc. A fine couplet, often quoted.

l. 723 ff., Will the French or Russians deliver the Greeks from Turkish rule? The poet says they may perhaps conquer the Turks, but it will be in their own interest. The singular sagacity of the young politician was partly justified in after years. On 20th October 1827 the Turkish Fleet was entirely destroyed by the combined forces of Russia, France, and Great Britain. But the jealousies of the Western powers have to this day prevented the fulfilment of Russian aims.

l. 726, **Helots.** In the Peloponnesus, as in many countries, a stratum of ancient races appears to have been overpowered and oppressed by conquering invaders. The treatment of the Helots in Sparta was proverbially insolent and cruel, but they never rose.

l. 729, **Allah.** The Muslim deity.

l. 730, **Othman**: or **Osman.** Founder of the "Osmanli" line still ruling at Constantinople.

l. 731, **Serai**; the palace of the Turkish Sultan.

l. 733, **Wahab**; founder of the sect of Wahhābis, who seized Mecca and Medina in 1803 A.D., but were finally expelled by the Turkish government, their leader Abdulla being taken and sent to Constantinople, where he was publicly executed as a rebel, Dec. 19, 1818. Byron thinks that the Wahhābis—who were unconquered when he was writing—might overthrow the Osmanli power, but would not free the Greeks.

St. lxxviii. describes the Greek Carnival, or festivity before the Christian fast of Lent.

St. lxxix. Byron here takes leave of his hero, whom he sends straight on to Stamboul, or Constantinople. He himself went from Athens to Smyrna and the Troad (see preliminary Analysis).

l. 749, **Sophia**; "**Divine Wisdom**;" to whom was dedicated the great Church of Constantinople built by the Emperor Justinian about 540 A.D. It is now used as a mosque.

l. 755, **Bosphorus**: properly Boos Poros, = "Bull's ferry," from a fabled crossing by Zeus in the disguise of a bull. Constantinople stands on its western shore. Byron laments that the Greeks are not now sincere in their rejoicings, but yet admits that he—speaking in his own person rather than the Childe's—took much pleasure in the scene presented by the city and its surroundings.

There was an incessant sound of music, accompanied by the plash of waves on oars and boats. The Queen of Tides is, of course, the moon: there is no tide in the Central Mediterranean, but in the neighbourhood of Constantinople the tide though slight is perceptible. Compare Shakspere; "the star upon

whose influence Nature's empire stands."—*Hamlet.* **Consenting.** The moon is supposed to make harmony with the hour's soft sounds: an unusual use of the word: perhaps from the Latin *concentus*="singing together." The effect of a wind parting the clouds is prettily painted in Byron's broad manner.

l. 765, **Caique.** Turkish boat, so-called in French (Turk. *Kaik*). The stanza celebrates the hours of youth's enjoyment, which the poet (vainly perhaps) regards as the sole compensation for the cares of life.

In the next st. Byron proceeds to ask:—whether, even in such hours, the Greek patriot would not rather be dead and buried. **Searment** is a misapplication of a word used for "raiment," and seems of a piece with the somewhat artificial character of the whole passage. The usual spelling "cerement," meaning the wax-cloth in which a corpse was wrapped.

l. 786, **The bondsman's peace:** the escape from conflict of a slave who submits to a foreign yoke and pretends to like it. He says that the natives of Greece, in spite of their noble origin, are less attached to their country than foreigners. It should be remembered that the ancient Greeks, though an artistic people, were not very famous for virtue. In self-defence they united on the occasion of the Persians invading their country under Xerxes, and behaved with courage. But the rest of their history is chiefly one of intestine quarrels, not unmarked by treachery and wanton bloodshed.

l. 792, **Lacedaemon.** The people of Sparta, in the south of the Peloponnesus—whose treatment of the subjugated aborigines has been already noted—were famous for self-denial and valour: "Spartan firmness" is still a proverbial phrase.

l. 793, **Thebes:** the capital of Bœotia, which—under Epaminondas and Pelopidas—shook the power of Sparta at the battle of Leuctra (370 B.C.), and established a brief Theban supremacy.

l. 797, **A thousand years,** etc. Byron thinks that the rise of States is many thousand times more gradual than their fall; a view hardly borne out by history.

In St. lxxxv. the poet praises the beauty of the country, adding that the ruins of her ancient monuments mix by degrees with the soil once trodden by heroes, as the rural labourers break it up. **Share:** the plough-share, or blade.

l. 811, **The Cave.** The marble-quarry of Mt. Pentelicus.

l. 812, **Tritonia**; or rather "**Tritonis**;" an ancient epithet of Pallas, whose temple has sixteen columns yet on the top of the promontory of Sunium, now known (from them) as "Cape Colonna" or *column.*

l. 818, **Sigh "Alas!"** A feeble ending, apparently for the rhyme's sake.

l. 819, The thought here recorded is beautiful if not strictly original, and expressed in Byron's best manner.

l. 826, **Mendeli**; the modern name for Pentelicus (see note 811). "Attica is still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey: human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent" [Harris; *Philosophical Inquiries*, 1780–89].

l. 835, **Defies**: every natural landmark outlives the work of Man.

Marathon; the scene of the defeat of the Persians, 490 B.C. It is a plain near a village called Brana.

The thought is beaten out thin in this stanza.

l. 840, It was an observation of a Greek physician that the Westerns would always beat Orientals so long as the former fought for themselves and the latter for a master. [Hippocrates; 460 to 357 B.C.]

St. xc. The poet pictures the scene as he sees it in imagination on the spot. He says, in Don Juan:—

"The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free."

[*Works*, p. 637.]

The supposed scene of the battle was offered to Byron for £900. There was a barrow, or mound, on the field, but no relics have been dug out of it; and the very site has been disputed since Byron's time.

In St. xci. Byron foretells that Marathon will long continue an interesting resort of tourists. The meaning of "Ionian blast" is not clear, but would seem to apply to some wind of the neighbourhood, blowing from the west (where the Ionian isles are) and useful to visitors in sailing-boats.

St. xcii. If you have kinsfolk at home you will not perhaps care to travel so far. But for a single man it is just the very place, being sorrowful as his mood may be.

This stanza was the last of the canto as originally penned.

l. 864, **Parted bosom**; a heart that is parted or separated longs to get back to home.

l. 875 ff., The poet returns to his denunciations of Lord Elgin. See *The Curse of Minerva*, a Satire written at the time (Athens, March 1811), but so fierce that it had to be suppressed. [*Works*, 507.]

l. 883, **Inglorious lays.** There is plenty of evidence that Byron originally thought but little of *Childe Harold*, and was much more anxious to publish "Hints from Horace" on his return from abroad.

l. 891, **Thou loved and lovely one.** Byron's friends were never

able to discover or to conjecture who this was. He wrote a number of short poems in her praise, by the name of Thyrza. [*Works*, 549, where is the following pathetic verse on the occasion of her death—dated Oct. 11, 1811 :—

"Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain :
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again."]

St. xcvi. In this st. the poet mourns the deaths of his mother, his friend Eddleston, and the mysterious "Thyrza," all of whom died about the same time.

"Some curse hangs over me and mine," he wrote, before the death of the last. [Letter to Scrope Davies.]

St. xcvii. This stanza, in the midst of real sorrow, reintroduces the Byronic attitude. He will riot and laugh to hide, if not to drown, his real feelings. Persons who are quite overcome by sorrow do not usually talk of it in this way.

"Other men can always take refuge in their families, etc. . . . " (Letter dated Oct. 11). There is no doubt that Byron was very much alone at this time, and felt it very deeply, having little or no occupation and health already shaken.

Eld. See previous note (II. 117).

Byron notes that he concluded Canto II. at Smyrna, March 28, 1810.

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