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PERIOD  
VERSE

Edited by  
JEROME J. MCGANN

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Some thoughts of pity rais'd by his distress,  
 Some feeling touch of ancient tenderness;  
 Religion, duty urg'd the Maid to speak  
 In terms of kindness to a man so weak:  
 But pride forbad, and to return would prove  
 She felt the shame of his neglected love;  
 Nor wrapp'd in silence could she pass, afraid  
 Each eye should see her, and each heart upbraid,  
 One way remain'd—the way the Levite took,  
 Who without mercy could on misery look;  
 (A way perceiv'd by Craft, approv'd by Pride,)  
 She cross'd and pass'd him on the other side.

340

[1813]

## GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

*The Giaour*

150

*A Fragment of a Turkish Tale*

One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws  
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—  
 To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,  
 For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.

MOORE

No breath of air to break the wave  
 That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
 That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,\*  
 First greets the homeward-veering skiff,  
 High o'er the land he saved in vain—  
 When shall such hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
 Which seen from far Colonna's height,  
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
 And lend to loneliness delight.  
 There mildly dimpling—Ocean's cheek  
 Reflects the tints of many a peak

10

line 3. A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

316

Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
 These Edens of the eastern wave;  
 And if at times a transient breeze  
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
 How welcome is each gentle air,  
 That wakes and wafts the odours there!  
 For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,  
 Sultana of the Nightingale,\*

20

The maid for whom his melody—  
 His thousand songs are heard on high,  
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale;  
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
 Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
 Far from the winters of the west  
 By every breeze and season blest,  
 Returns the sweets by nature given  
 In softest incense back to heaven;  
 And grateful yields that smiling sky  
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
 And many a summer flower is there,  
 And many a shade that love might share,  
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
 That holds the pirate for a guest;  
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
 Till the gay mariner's guitar\*  
 Is heard, and seen the evening star;  
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
 And turn to groans his roundelay.

30

40

Strange—that where Nature lov'd to trace,  
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,  
 And every charm and grace hath mixed  
 Within the paradise she fixed—  
 There man, enamour'd of distress,  
 Should mar it into wilderness,  
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
 That tasks not one laborious hour;  
 Nor claims the culture of his hand  
 To bloom along the fairy land,

50

line 22. The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the 'Bulbul of a thousand tales' is one of his appellations.  
 line 40. The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night: with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

317

But springs as to preclude his care,  
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare!  
 Strange—that where all is peace beside  
 There passion riots in her pride,  
 And lust and rapine wildly reign,  
 To darken o'er the fair domain.  
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd  
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,  
 And fixed, on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
 The freed inheritors of hell—  
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,  
 So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
 Ere the first day of death is fled;  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress;  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)  
 And mark'd the mild angelic air—  
 The rapture of repose that's there—  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy\*  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—  
 Yes—but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,  
 So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd  
 The first—last look—by death reveal'd!\*

Such is the aspect of this shore—  
 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!

line 81.

Ay, but to die and go we know not where,  
 To lie in cold obstruction.

*Measure for Measure*, III. i. 118-19  
 line 89. I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after 'the spirit is not there'. It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start—for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—  
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!—  
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—  
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
 That this is all remains of thee?  
 Approach thou craven crouching slave—  
 Say, is not this Thermopylae?  
 These waters blue that round you lave  
 Oh servile offspring of the free—  
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
 These scenes—their story not unknown—  
 Arise, and make again your own;  
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
 The embers of their former fires,  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,  
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame;  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
 Though baffled oft is ever won.  
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
 Attest it many a deathless age!  
 While kings in dusty darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy heroes—through the general doom  
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
 A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of their native land!  
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,  
 The graves of those that cannot die!  
 'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,

Each step from splendour to disgrace,  
Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell,  
Yes! Self-abasement pav'd the way  
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?

No legend of thine olden time,  
No theme on which the muse might soar,  
High as thine own in days of yore,  
When man was worthy of thy clime.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
The fiery souls that might have led

Thy sons to deeds sublime;

Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,\*

And callous, save to crime;

Stain'd with each evil that pollutes

Mankind, where least above the brutes;

Without even savage virtue blest,

Without one free or valiant breast.

Still to the neighbouring ports they waft

Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft,

In this the subtle Greek is found,

For this, and this alone, renown'd.

In vain might Liberty invoke

The spirit to its bondage broke,

Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:

No more her sorrows I bewail,

Yet this will be a mournful tale,

And they who listen may believe,

Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,

The shadows of the rocks advancing,

Start on the fisher's eye like boat

Of island-pirate or Mainote;

And fearful for his light caique

He shuns the near but doubtful creek,

Though worn and weary with his toil,

And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,

Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,

line 151: Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pandar and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now governs the *governor* of Athens!

Till Port Leone's safer shore  
Receives him by the lovely light  
That best becomes an Eastern night.

140

Who thundering comes on blackest steed?

With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,

Beneath the clattering iron's sound

The cavern'd echoes wake around

In lash for lash, and bound for bound;

The foam that streaks the courser's side,

Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:

Though weary waves are sunk to rest,

There's none within his rider's breast,

And though to-morrow's tempest lower,

'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!\*

I know thee not, I loathe thy race,

But in thy lineaments I trace

What time shall strengthen, not efface;

Though young and pale, that sallow front

Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt,

Though bent on earth thine evil eye

As meteor-like thou glidest by,

Right well I view, and deem thee one

Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

190

160

On—on he hastened—and he drew

My gaze of wonder as he flew:

Though like a demon of the night

He passed and vanished from my sight;

His aspect and his air impressed

A troubled memory on my breast;

And long upon my startled ear

Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.

He spurs his steed—he nears the steep,

That jutting shadows o'er the deep—

He winds around—he hurries by—

The rock relieves him from mine eye—

For well I ween unwelcome he

Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;

And not a star but shines too bright

On him who takes such timeless flight.

He wound along—but ere he passed—

One glance he snatched—as if his last—

A moment checked his wheeling steed—

200

line 190. Infidel.

210

A moment breathed him from his speed—  
 A moment on his stirrup stood—  
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood?—  
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,  
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still;  
 Though too remote for sound to wake  
 In echoes of the far tophaike,\*  
 The flashes of each joyous peal  
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.  
 To-night—set Rhamazani's sun—  
 To-night—the Bairam feast's begun—  
 To-night—but who and what art thou  
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow?  
 And what are these to thine or thee,  
 That thou should'st either pause or flee?  
 He stood—some dread was on his face—  
 Soon Hatred settled in its place—  
 It rose not with the reddening flush  
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,  
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.  
 His brow was bent—his eye was glazed—  
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised;  
 And sternly shook his hand on high,  
 As doubting to return or fly,—  
 Impatient of his flight delayed  
 Here loud his raven charger neighed—  
 Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade—  
 That sound had burst his waking dream,  
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream.—  
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides—  
 Away—away—for life he rides—  
 Swift as the hurled on high jerreed,\*  
 Springs to the touch his startled steed,  
 The rock is doubled—and the shore  
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more—  
 The crag is won—no more is seen  
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.—

line 225. 'Tophaike', musquet.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

line 251. Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople.—I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skillful that came within my observation.

'Twas but an instant—he restrained  
 That fiery barb so sternly reined—  
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,  
 Then sped as if by death pursued;  
 But in that instant, o'er his soul  
 Winters of Memory seemed to roll,  
 And gather in that drop of time  
 A life of pain, an age of crime.  
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
 Such moment pours the grief of years—  
 What felt *he* then—at once opprest  
 By all that most distracts the breast?  
 That pause—which pondered o'er his fate,  
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date!  
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,  
 It was Eternity to Thought!  
 For infinite as boundless space  
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,  
 Which in itself can comprehend  
 Woe without name—or hope—or end.—

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,  
 And did he fly or fall alone?

Woe to that hour he came or went,

The curse for Hassan's sin was sent

To turn a palace to a tomb;

He came, he went, like the Simoom,\*

That harbinger of fate and gloom,

Beneath whose widely-wasting breath

The very cypress droops to death—

Dark tree—still sad, when others' grief is fled,

The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall,

No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;

The lonely Spider's thin grey pall

Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;

The Bat builds in his Haram bower;

And in the fortress of his power

The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;

The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,

With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,

line 282. The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and alluded to in eastern poetry.

For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.  
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
 And chase the sultriness of day—  
 As springing high the silver dew  
 In whirls fantastically flew,  
 And flung luxurious coolness round  
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.—  
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
 To view the wave of watery light,  
 And hear its melody by night.—  
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood played  
 Around the verge of that cascade;  
 And oft upon his mother's breast  
 That sound had harmonized his rest;  
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
 Its bank been sooth'd by Beauty's song;  
 And softer seemed each melting tone  
 Of Music mingled with its own.—  
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
 Along the brink at Twilight's close—  
 The stream that filled that font is fled—  
 The blood that warmed his heart is shed!—  
 And here no more shall human voice  
 Be heard to rage—regret—rejoice—  
 The last sad note that swelled the gale  
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail—  
*That* quenched in silence—all is still,  
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill—  
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
 No hand shall close its clasp again.  
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
 The rudest steps of fellow man,  
 So here the very voice of Grief  
 Might wake an Echo like relief—  
 At least 'twould say, 'all are not gone;  
 There lingers Life, though but in one'—  
 For many a gilded chamber's there,  
 Which Solitude might well forbear;  
 Within that dome as yet Decay  
 Hath slowly worked her cankering way—  
 But Gloom is gathered o'er the gate,  
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;  
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,  
 For Bounty cheers not his delay;  
 Nor there will weary stranger halt

324

To bless the sacred 'bread and salt'.\*  
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty  
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,  
 For Courtesy and Pity died  
 With Hassan on the mountain side.—  
 His roof—that refuge unto men—  
 Is Desolation's hungry den.—  
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,  
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre!\*

350

I hear the sound of coming feet,  
 But not a voice mine ear to greet—  
 More near—each turban I can scan,  
 And silver-sheathed ataghan,\*  
 The foremost of the band is seen  
 An Emir by his garb of green.\*  
 'Ho! who art thou!'—'this low salam\*  
 Replies of Moslem faith I am.'  
 'The burthen ye so gently bear,  
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,  
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,  
 My humble bark would gladly wait.'

360

'Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,  
 And waft us from the silent shore;  
 Nay, leave the sail still fur'd, and ply  
 The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,  
 And midway to those rocks where sleep  
 The channel'd waters dark and deep.—  
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done,  
 Our course has been right swiftly run,  
 Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,  
 That one of—'

370

line 343. To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.  
 line 351. I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.  
 line 355. The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.  
 line 357. Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works; they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.  
 line 358. Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful.—to a Christian, 'Urlarula', a good journey; or saban hiresem, saban serula; good morn, good even; and sometimes, 'may your end be happy'; are the usual salutes.

325

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
 The calm wave rippled to the bank,  
 I watch'd it as it sank, methought  
 Some motion from the current caught  
 Bestirr'd it more, — 'twas but the beam  
 That chequer'd o'er the living stream—  
 I gaz'd, till vanishing from view,  
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew;  
 Still less and less, a speck of white  
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;  
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
 Known but to Genii of the deep,  
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

380

As rising on its purple wing  
 The insect-queen of eastern spring,\*  
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
 Invites the young pursuer near,  
 And leads him on from flower to flower  
 A weary chase and wasted hour,  
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high  
 With panting heart and tearful eye:  
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child  
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
 If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
 Woe waits the insect and the maid,  
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
 From infant's play, or man's caprice:  
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
 Has lost its charm by being caught,  
 For every touch that wooed its stay  
 Has brush'd the brightest hues away  
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
 Can this with faded pinion soar  
 From rose to tulip as before?  
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,

390

400

410

line 389. The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Find joy within her broken bower?  
 No: gayer insects fluttering by  
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
 And lovelier things have mercy shewn  
 To every failing but their own,  
 And every woe a tear can claim  
 Except an erring sister's shame.

420

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,  
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,  
 In circle narrowing as it glows  
 The flames around their captive close,  
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,  
 And maddening in her ire,  
 One sad and sole relief she knows,  
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,  
 Whose venom never yet was vain,  
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
 And darts into her desperate brain. —  
 So do the dark in soul expire,  
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire,\*  
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,  
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
 Darkness above, despair beneath,  
 Around it flame, within it death! —

430

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,  
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes,  
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,  
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.  
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai.  
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell?  
 That tale can only Hassan tell:  
 Strange rumours in our city say  
 Upon that eve she fled away;  
 When Rhamazan's last sun was set,\*  
 And flashing from each minaret  
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast

440

450

line 434. Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict 'Felo de se'. The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect *Cato*s, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.  
 line 449. The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan; see note [to l. 225].



Of Bairam through the boundless East.  
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,  
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath,  
 But she was flown her master's rage  
 In likeness of a Georgian page;  
 And far beyond the Moslem's power  
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.  
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd,  
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,  
 Too well he trusted to the slave  
 Whose treachery deserv'd a grave:  
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,  
 Who did not watch their charge too well;  
 But others say, that on that night,  
 By pale Phingari's trembling light,\*  
 The Giaour upon his jet-black steed  
 Was seen—but seen alone to speed  
 With bloody spur along the shore,  
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

460

470

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
 It will assist thy fancy well,  
 As large, as languishingly dark,  
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark  
 That darted from beneath the lid,  
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.\*  
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say  
 That form was nought but breathing clay,  
 By Alla! I would answer nay;  
 Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,\*  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
 With Paradise within my view,

480

line 468. Phingari, the moon.

line 479. The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Isakhar: from its splendour, named Scheherag, 'the torch of night'; also, the 'cup of the sun', etc.— In the first editions 'Giamschid' was written as a word of three syllables, so d'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes 'Jamshid'. I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

line 483. Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a 'facilis descensus Avernî', not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

And all his Hours beckoning through.  
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read  
 And keep that portion of his creed\*  
 Which saith, that woman is but dust,  
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?  
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the Immortal shone—  
 On her fair cheek's un fading hue,  
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew\*  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new—  
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow\*  
 When left to roll its folds below,  
 As midst her handmaids in the hall  
 She stood superior to them all,  
 Hath swept the marble where her feet  
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,  
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
 The cygnet nobly walks the water—  
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter—  
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!\*

490

500

As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,  
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
 When pass the steps of stranger man  
 Along the banks that bound her tide;  
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—  
 Thus armed with beauty would she check  
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze  
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.  
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;  
 Her heart as tender to her mate—  
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?  
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

510

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en  
 With twenty vassals in his train,  
 Each arm'd as best becomes a man

520

line 488. A vulgar error; the Koran allows at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern 'any fineness of things' in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Hours.

line 494. An Oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed 'plus Arabe qu'en Arabie'.

line 496. Hyacinthine, in Arabic, 'Sunbul', as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

line 506. 'Franguestan', Circassia.

With arquebuss and ataghan;  
 The chief before, as deck'd for war,  
 Bears in his belt the scimitar  
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,  
 When in the pass the rebels stood,  
 And few return'd to tell the tale  
 Of what befell in Parné's vale.  
 The pistols which his girdle bore  
 Were those that once a pasha wore,  
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,  
 Even robbers tremble to behold.—  
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride  
 More true than her who left his side;  
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!—

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
 Whose welcome waters cool and clear,  
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer;  
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek  
 In cities lodg'd too near his lord,  
 And trembling for his secret hoard—  
 Here may he rest where none can see,  
 In crowds a slave, in desarts free;  
 And with forbidden wine may stain  
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.—

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,  
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap,  
 The rest in lengthening line the while  
 Wind slowly through the long defile;  
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,  
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,  
 And theirs may be a feast to-night,  
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light.  
 Beneath, a river's wintry stream  
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,  
 And left a channel bleak and bare,  
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there.  
 Each side the midway path there lay  
 Small broken crags of granite gray,  
 By time or mountain lightning riven,  
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;  
 For where is he that hath beheld

330

The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

They reach the grove of pine at last,  
 'Bismillah! now the peril's past; \*  
 For yonder view the opening plain,  
 And there we'll prick our steeds amain:  
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
 A bullet whistled o'er his head;

The foremost Tartar bites the ground!  
 Scarce had they time to check the rein  
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound,  
 But three shall never mount again;  
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,  
 The dying ask revenge in vain.

With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,  
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant,  
 Half shelter'd by the steed,  
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,  
 And there await the coming shock,  
 Nor tamely stand to bleed

Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,  
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.  
 Stern Hassan only from his horse  
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,  
 Till fiery flashes in the van  
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan

Have well secur'd the only way  
 Could now avail the promis'd prey;  
 Then curl'd his very beard with ire, \*  
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire.

'Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
 I've scaped a bloodier hour than this,'  
 And now the foe their covert quit,  
 And call his vassals to submit;

But Hassan's frown and furious word  
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,  
 Nor of his little band a man  
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan—

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun! \*

line 568. Bismillah—'In the name of God', the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

line 593. A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Captain Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

line 603. 'Amaun', quarter, pardon.

331

In fuller sight, more near and near,  
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,  
 And issuing from the grove advance,  
 Some who on battle charger prance.—  
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,  
 Far flashing in his red right hand?  
 'Tis he—'tis he—I know him now,  
 I know him by his pallid brow;  
 I know him by the evil eye\*  
 That aids his envious treachery;  
 I know him by his jet-black barb,  
 Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,  
 Apostate from his own vile faith,  
 It shall not save him from the death;  
 'Tis he, well met in any hour,  
 Lost Leila's love—accursed Giaour!

610

As rolls the river into ocean,  
 In sable torrent wildly streaming;  
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion  
 In azure column proudly gleaming,  
 Beats back the current many a rood,  
 In curling foam and mingling flood;  
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,  
 Roused by the blast of winter rave;  
 Through sparkling spray in thundering clash,  
 The lightnings of the waters flash  
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,  
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar;  
 Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,  
 With waves that madden as they meet—  
 Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,  
 And fate and fury drive along.  
 The bickering sabres' shivering jar;  
 And pealing wide—or ringing near,  
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,  
 The deathshot hissing from afar—  
 The shock—the shout—the groan of war—  
 Reverberate along that vale,  
 More suited to the shepherd's tale:  
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,  
 That neither spares nor speaks for life!

640

line 612. The 'evil eye', a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular to those who conceive themselves affected.

Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,  
 To seize and share the dear caress;  
 But Love itself could never pant  
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant,  
 With half the fervour Hate bestows  
 Upon the last embrace of foes,  
 When grappling in the fight they fold  
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold;  
 Friends meet to part—Love laughs at faith;—  
 True foes, once met, are joined till death!

650

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,  
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand  
 Which quivers round that faithless brand;  
 His turban far behind him roll'd,  
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;  
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,  
 And crimson as those clouds of morn  
 That streak'd with dusky red, portend  
 The day shall have a stormy end;  
 A stain on every bush that bore  
 A fragment of his palampore,\*  
 His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye  
 Yet lowering on his enemy,  
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,  
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;  
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
 As dark as his that bled below.—

660

670

'Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,  
 But his shall be a redder grave;  
 Her spirit pointed well the steel  
 Which taught that felon heart to feel.  
 He call'd the Prophet, but his power  
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:  
 He call'd on Alla—but the word  
 Arose unheeded or unheard.  
 Thou Paynim fool!—could Leila's prayer  
 Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?  
 I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,

680

line 666. The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

The traitor in his turn to seize;  
My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,  
And now I go—but go alone.

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling—  
His Mother looked from her lattice high,  
She saw the dew's of eve besprinkling  
The pasture green beneath her eye,  
She saw the planets faintly twinkling,  
'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh. —  
She could not rest in the garden-bower,  
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower—  
'Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;  
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift,  
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?  
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now  
Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,  
And warily the steep descends,  
And now within the valley bends;  
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—  
How could I deem his courser slow?  
Right well my largess shall repay  
His welcome speed, and weary way. —  
The Tartar lighted at the gate,  
But scarce upheld his fainting weight;  
His swarthy visage spake distress,  
But this might be from weariness;  
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,  
But these might be from his courser's side;—  
He drew the token from his vest—  
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!  
His calpac rent—his caftan red—\*  
'Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed—  
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,  
But this empurpled pledge to bear.  
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt—  
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt.

A turban carv'd in coarsest stone,\*

line 717. The 'Calpac' is the solid cap or centre part of the headdress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

line 723. The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementoes; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

690

700

710

720

A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,  
Wheron can now be scarcely read  
The Koran verse that mourns the dead;  
Point out the spot where Hassan fell  
A victim in that lonely dell.

There sleeps as true an Osmanlie  
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;  
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,  
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,  
In orisons resumed anew

At solemn sound of 'Alla Hui!'

Yet died he by a stranger's hand,

And stranger in his native land—

Yet died he as in arms he stood,

And unaveng'd, at least in blood.

But him the maids of Paradise

Impatient to their halls invite,

And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes

On him shall glance for ever bright;

They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,\*

And welcome with a kiss the brave!

Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour,

Is worthiest an immortal bower.

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe

Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe;\*

And from its torment 'scape alone

To wander round lost Eblis' throne;\*

And fire unquench'd, unquenchable—

Around—within—thy heart shall dwell,

Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell

The tortures of that inward hell!—

line 734. 'Alla Hui!' the concluding words of the muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

line 743. The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—'I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee,' etc.

line 748. Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

line 750. Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

But first, on earth as Vampire sent,\*  
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;  
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
 And suck the blood of all thy race,  
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
 At midnight drain the stream of life;  
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse;  
 Thy victims ere they yet expire  
 Shall know the daemon for their sire,  
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.  
 But one that for thy crime must fall—  
 The youngest—most belov'd of all,  
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,  
 And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;  
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear  
 The tresses of her yellow hair,  
 Of which in life a lock when shorn,  
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn;  
 But now is borne away by thee,  
 Memorial of thine agony!  
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip,\*  
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;  
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave—  
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;  
 Till these in horror shrink away  
 From spectre more accursed than they!

'How name ye yon lone Caloyer?

His features I have scann'd before  
 In mine own land—'tis many a year,

760

770

780

line 755. The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba*, quotes about these 'Vroucolochas', as he calls them. The Romic term is 'Vardoulacha'. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that 'Broucolokas' is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.—The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

line 781. The freshness of the face, and the wensness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Since, dashing by the lonely shore,  
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
 As ever serv'd a horseman's need.  
 But once I saw that face—yet then  
 It was so mark'd with inward pain  
 I could not pass it by again;  
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
 As death were stamped upon his brow.'

790

'Tis twice three years at summer tide  
 Since first among our freres he came;  
 And here it soothes him to abide  
 For some dark deed he will not name.

800

But never at our vesper prayer,  
 Nor e'er before confession chair  
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
 Incense or anthem to the skies,  
 But broods within his cell alone,  
 His faith and race alike unknown.  
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
 And here ascended from the coast,  
 Yet seems he not of Othman race,  
 But only Christian in his face:  
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,  
 Repentant of the change he made,  
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,  
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.  
 Great largess to these walls he brought,  
 And thus our abbot's favour bought;  
 But were I Prior, not a day  
 Should brook such stranger's further stay,  
 Or pent within our penance cell  
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
 Much in his visions mutters he  
 Of maiden 'whelmed beneath the sea;  
 Of sabres clashing—foemen flying,  
 Wrongs aveng'd—and Moslem dying.  
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
 And rave as to some bloody hand  
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,  
 Invisible to all but him,  
 Which beckons onward to his grave,  
 And lures to leap into the wave.'

810

820

830

Dark and unearthly is the scowl  
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl—

The flash of that dilating eye  
 Reveals too much of times gone by—  
 Though varying—indistinct its hue,  
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue—  
 For in it lurks that nameless spell  
 Which speaks—itself unspeakable—  
 A spirit yet unquelled and high  
 That claims and keeps ascendancy,  
 And like the bird whose pinions quake—  
 But cannot fly the gazing snake—  
 Will others quail beneath his look,  
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.  
 From him the half-affrighted Friar  
 When met alone would fain retire—  
 As if that eye and bitter smile  
 Transferred to others fear and guile—  
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,  
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see  
 That he but mocks at Misery.  
 How that pale lip will curl and quiver!  
 Then fix once more as if for ever—  
 As if his sorrow or disdain  
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.—  
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth  
 From joyance ne'er deriv'd its birth.—  
 But sadder still it were to trace  
 What once were feelings in that face—  
 Time hath not yet the features fixed,  
 But brighter traits with evil mixed—  
 And there are hues not always faded,  
 Which speak a mind not all degraded  
 Even by the crimes through which it waded—  
 The common crowd but see the gloom  
 Of wayward deeds—and fitting doom—  
 The close observer can espy  
 A noble soul, and lineage high.—  
 Alas! though both bestowed in vain,  
 Which Grief could change—and Guilt could stain—  
 It was no vulgar tenement  
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,  
 And still with little less than dread  
 On such the sight is riveted.—  
 The roofless cot decayed and rent,  
 Will scarce delay the passer by—  
 The tower by war or tempest bent,  
 While yet may frown one battlement,

Demands and daunts the stranger's eye—  
 Each ived arch—and pillar lone,  
 Pleads haughtily for glories gone!  
 'His floating robe around him folding,  
 Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle—  
 With dread beheld—with gloom beholding  
 The rites that sanctify the pile.  
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,  
 And kneel the monks—his steps retire—  
 By yonder lone and wavering torch  
 His aspect glares within the porch;  
 There will he pause till all is done—  
 And hear the prayer—but utter none.  
 See—by the half-illumin'd wall  
 His hood fly back—his dark hair fall—  
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,  
 As if the Gorgon there had bound  
 The sablest of the serpent-braid  
 That o'er her fearful forehead strayed.  
 For he declines the convent oath,  
 And leaves those locks' unhallowed growth—  
 But wears our garb in all beside;  
 And—not from piety but pride  
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
 Of his one holy vow nor word.—  
 Lo!—mark ye—as the harmony  
 Peals louder praises to the sky—  
 That livid cheek—that stoney air  
 Of mixed defiance and despair!  
 Saint Francis! keep him from the shrine!  
 Else may we dread the wrath divine  
 Made manifest by awful sign.—  
 If ever evil angel bore  
 The form of mortal, such he wore—  
 By all my hope of sins forgiven  
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!

To love the softest hearts are prone,  
 But such can ne'er be all his own;  
 Too timid in his woes to share,  
 Too meek to meet, or brave, despair;  
 And sterner hearts alone may feel  
 The wound that time can never heal.  
 The rugged metal of the mine  
 Must burn before its surface shine,  
 But plung'd within the furnace-flame,

It bends and melts—though still the same;  
Then tempered to thy want, or will,  
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;  
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,  
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;  
But if a dagger's form it bear,  
Let those who shape its edge, beware!  
Can passion's fire, and woman's art,  
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;  
From these its form and tone are ta'en,  
And what they make it, must remain,  
But break—before it bend again.

If solitude succeed to grief,  
Release from pain is slight relief;  
The vacant bosom's wilderness  
Might thank the pang that made it less.  
We loathe what none are left to share—  
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;  
The heart once left thus desolate,  
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.  
It is as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around them steal,  
And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep  
Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay!  
It is as if the desert-bird,\*

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream  
To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,  
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,  
Should rend her rash devoted breast,  
And find them flown her empty nest.  
The keenest pangs the wretched find  
Are rapture to the dreary void—  
The leafless desart of the mind—  
The waste of feelings unemploy'd—  
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon  
A sky without a cloud or sun?  
Less hideous far the tempest's roar,  
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—  
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,

line 951. The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

930

940

950

960

'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
Unseen to drop by dull decay;—  
Better to sink beneath the shock  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

'Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,  
'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;  
To bid the sins of others cease,

Thyself without a crime or care,  
Save transient ills that all must bear,  
Has been thy lot, from youth to age,  
And thou wilt bless thee from the rage  
Of passions fierce and uncontrol'd,  
Such as thy penitents unfold,

Whose secret sins and sorrows rest  
Within thy pure and pitying breast.

My days, though few, have pass'd below  
In much of joy, but more of woe;

Yet still in hours of love or strife,  
I've 'scap'd the weariness of life;

Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,  
I loath'd the languor of repose;

Now nothing left to love or hate,  
No more with hope or pride elate;

I'd rather be the thing that crawls  
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,

Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze—

Yet, lurks a wish within my breast  
For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest—

Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;  
And I shall sleep without the dream

Of what I was, and would be still;  
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem—

My memory now is but the tomb  
Of joys long dead—my hope—their doom—

Though better to have died with those  
Than bear a life of lingering woes—

My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;

Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
Of ancient fool, and modern knave:

Yet death I have not fear'd to meet,  
And in the field it had been sweet

Had danger wooed me on to move  
The slave of glory, not of love.

1010

1000

990

980

970

I've brav'd it—not for honour's boast;  
I smile at laurels won or lost.—  
To such let others carve their way,  
For high renown, or hireling pay;  
But place again before my eyes  
Aught that I deem a worthy prize;—  
The maid I love—the man I hate—  
And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
(To save or slay—as these require)  
Through rending steel, and rolling fire;  
Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one  
Who would but do—what he *hath* done.  
Death is but what the haughty brave—  
The weak must bear—the wretch must crave—  
Then let Life go to him who gave:  
I have not quailed to danger's brow—  
When high and happy—need I *no*?

'I lov'd her, friar! nay, adored—  
But these are words that all can use—  
I prov'd it more in deed than word—  
There's blood upon that dinted sword—  
A stain its steel can never lose:  
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,  
It warmed the heart of one abhorred:  
Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,  
Nor midst my sins such act record,  
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
For he was hostile to thy creed!  
The very name of Nazarene  
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen,  
Ungrateful fool! since but for brands,  
Well wielded in some hardy hands;  
And wounds by Galileans given,  
The surest pass to Turkish heav'n;  
For him his Hours still might wait  
Impatient at the prophet's gate.  
I lov'd her—love will find its way  
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,  
And if it dares enough, 'twere hard  
If passion met not some reward—  
No matter how—or where—or why,  
I did not vainly seek—nor sigh:  
Yet sometimes with remorse in vain  
I wish she had not lov'd again.  
She died—I dare not tell thee how,

But look—'tis written on my brow!  
There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
In characters unworn by time:  
Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause—  
Not mine the act, though I the cause;  
Yet did he but what I had done  
Faitless to him—he gave the blow,  
But true to me—I laid him low;  
Howe'er deserv'd her doom might be,  
Her treachery was truth to me;  
To me she gave her heart, that all  
Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;  
And I, alas! too late to save,  
Yet all I then could give—I gave—  
'Twas some relief—our foe a grave.  
His death sits lightly; but her fate  
Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.  
His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,  
Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,  
Deep in whose darkly boding ear\*

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Line 1077. This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and enquired. 'We are in peril,' he answered. 'What Peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriaties have not courage to be thieves?'—'True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.'—'The shot! not a topshaike has been fired this morning.'—'I hear it notwithstanding.—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.'—'Psha.'—'As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.' I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a '*Palla-castro*' man: 'No,' said he, 'but these pillars will be useful in making a stand'; and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*. On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto [11 st. 12]. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in 'villainous company', and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musiquery than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand), to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: 'Well, Affendi,' quoth he, 'may you live!—you would have



The deathshot peal'd of murder near—  
 As fled the troop to where they fell!  
 He died too in the battle broil—  
 A time that heeds not pain nor toil—  
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,  
 One prayer to Alla—all he made:  
 He knew and crossed me in the fray—  
 I gazed upon him where he lay,  
 And watched his spirit ebb away;  
 'Though pierced like Pard by hunters' steel,  
 He felt not half that now I feel.  
 I search'd, but vainly search'd to find,  
 The workings of a wounded mind;  
 Each feature of that sullen corse  
 Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.  
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace  
 Despair upon his dying face!  
 The late repentance of that hour,  
 When Penitence hath lost her power  
 To tear one terror from the grave—  
 And will not soothe, and can not save!

'The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
 Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
 But mine was like the lava flood  
 That boils in Aetna's breast of flame.  
 I cannot prate in puling strain  
 Of lady-love, and beauty's chain;  
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein—  
 Lips taugth to writhe, but not complain—  
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain—  
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel—  
 And all that I have felt—and feel—  
 Betoken love—that love was mine,  
 And shewn by many a bitter sign.  
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
 I knew but to obtain or die.  
 I die—but first I have possess'd,  
 And come what may, I *have been* blest;  
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?

found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.'—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, in the mean time he will join the Klephites' (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

No—reft of all—yet undismay'd  
 But for the thought of Leila slain,  
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
 So would I live and love again.  
 I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
 For him who dies, but her who died;  
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—  
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
 This breaking heart and throbbing head  
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.  
 She was a form of life and light—  
 That seen—became a part of sight,  
 And rose—where'er I turned mine eye—  
 The Morning-star of Memory!

'Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven—  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shar'd—by Alla given,  
 To lift from earth our low desire.  
 Devotion wafts the mind above,  
 But Heaven itself descends in love—  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
 To wean from self each sordid thought—  
 A Ray of him who form'd the whole—  
 A Glory circling round the soul!  
 I grant *my* love imperfect—all  
 That mortals by the name miscall—  
 Then deem it evil—what thou wilt—  
 But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!  
 She was my life's unerring light—  
 That quench'd—what beam shall break my night?  
 Oh! would it shone to lead me still,  
 Although to death or deadliest ill!—  
 Why marvel ye? if they who lose  
 This present joy, this future hope,  
 No more with sorrow meekly cope—  
 In phrenzy then their fate accuse—  
 In madness do those fearful deeds  
 That seem to add but guilt to woe.  
 Alas! the breast that inly bleeds  
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow—  
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
 Cares little into what abyss.—  
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now  
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear—  
 I read abhorrence on thy brow,

And this too was I born to bear!  
 'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,  
 With havoc have I mark'd my way—  
 But this was taught me by the dove—  
 To die—and know no second love.  
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn—  
 The bird that sings within the brake,  
 The swan that swims upon the lake,  
 One mate, and one alone, will take.  
 And let the fool still prone to range,  
 And sneer on all who cannot change—  
 Partake his jest with boasting boys,  
 I envy not his varied joys—  
 But deem such feeble, heartless man,  
 Less than yon solitary swan—  
 Far—far beneath the shallow maid  
 He left believing and betray'd.  
 Such shame at least was never mine—  
 Leila—each thought was only thine!—  
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,  
 My hope on high—my all below.  
 Earth holds no other like to thee,  
 Or if it doth, in vain for me—  
 For worlds I dare not view the dame  
 Resembling thee, yet not the same.  
 The very crimes that mar my youth,  
 This bed of death—attest my truth—  
 'Tis all too late—thou wert—thou art  
 The cherished madness of my heart!

'And she was lost—and yet I breathed,  
 But not the breath of human life—  
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
 And stung my every thought to strife.—  
 Alike all time—abhorred all place,  
 Shuddering I shrank from Nature's face,  
 Where every hue that charmed before  
 The blackness of my bosom wore:—  
 The rest—thou dost already know,  
 And all my sins and half my woe—  
 But talk no more of penitence,  
 Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence—  
 And if thy holy tale were true—  
 The deed that's done can'st *thou* undo?  
 Think me not thankless—but this grief

Looks not to priesthood for relief.\*  
 My soul's estate in secret guess—  
 But would'st thou pity more—say less—  
 When thou can'st bid my Leila live,  
 Then will I sue thee to forgive;  
 Then plead my cause in that high place  
 Where purchased masses proffer grace—  
 Go—when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,  
 And calm the lonely lioness—  
 But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

'In early days, and calmer hours,  
 When heart with heart delights to blend,  
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers—  
 I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!—  
 To him this pledge I charge thee send—  
 Memorial of a youthful vow;  
 I would remind him of my end,—  
 Though souls absorbed like mine allow  
 Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,  
 Yet dear to him my blighted name.  
 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,  
 And I have smil'd—(I then could smile—)  
 When Prudence would his voice assume,  
 And warn—I reck'd not what—the while—  
 But now remembrance whispers o'er  
 Those accents scarcely mark'd before.  
 Say—that his bodings came to pass,  
 And he will start to hear their truth,  
 And wish his words had not been sooth.  
 Tell him—unheeding as I was—  
 Through many a busy bitter scene  
 Of all our golden youth had been—  
 In pain, my faltering tongue had tried  
 To bless his memory ere I died;  
 But heaven in wrath would turn away,  
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.  
 I do not ask him not to blame—  
 Too gentle he to wound my name;

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line 1207. The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the penitent), and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.

And what have I to do with fame?  
 I do not ask him not to mourn,  
 Such cold request might sound like scorn;  
 And what than friendship's manly tear  
 May better grace a brother's bier?  
 But bear this ring—his own of old—  
 And tell him—what thou dost behold!  
 The wither'd frame, the ruined mind,  
 The wrack by passion left behind—  
 A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,  
 Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!  
 'Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,  
 No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;  
 Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,  
 I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;  
 But could not, for my burning brow  
 Throbb'd to the very brain as now.  
 I wish'd but for a single tear,  
 As something welcome, new, and dear;  
 I wish'd it then—I wish it still,  
 Despair is stronger than my will.  
 Waste not thine orison—despair  
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer;  
 I would not, if I might, be blest,  
 I want no paradise—but rest.  
 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then  
 I saw her—yes—she liv'd again;  
 And shining in her white symar,\*  
 As through yon pale grey cloud—the star  
 Which now I gaze on, as on her  
 Who look'd and looks far lovelier;  
 Dimly I view its trembling spark—  
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark—  
 And I—before its rays appear,  
 That lifeless thing the living fear.  
 I wander, father! for my soul  
 Is fleeing towards the final goal;  
 I saw her, friar! and I rose,  
 Forgetful of our former woes;  
 And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
 And clasp her to my desperate heart;  
 I clasp—what is it that I clasp?

line 1273. 'Symar'—Shroud.

No breathing form within my grasp,  
 No heart that beats reply to mine,  
 Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!  
 And art thou, dearest, chang'd so much,  
 As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?  
 Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
 I care not—so my arms enfold  
 The all they ever wish'd to hold.  
 Alas! around a shadow prest,  
 They shrink upon my lonely breast;  
 Yet still—'tis there—in silence stands,  
 And beckons with beseeching hands!  
 With braided hair, and bright-black eye—  
 I knew 'twas false—she could not die!  
 But he is dead—within the dell  
 I saw him buried where he fell;  
 He comes not—for he cannot break  
 From earth—why then art thou awake?  
 They told me, wild waves roll'd above  
 The face I view, the form I love;  
 They told me—'twas a hideous tale!  
 I'd tell it—but my tongue would fail—  
 If true—and from thine ocean-cave  
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,  
 Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
 This brow that then will burn no more;  
 Or place them on my hopeless heart—  
 But, shape or shade!—what'er thou art,  
 In mercy, ne'er again depart—  
 Or farther with thee bear my soul,  
 Than winds can waft—or waters roll!—  
 'Such is my name, and such my tale,  
 Confessor—to thy secret ear,  
 I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
 And thank thee for the generous tear  
 This glazing eye could never shed.  
 Then lay me with the humblest dead,  
 And save the cross above my head,  
 Be neither name nor emblem spread  
 By prying stranger to be read,  
 Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread.  
 He pass'd—nor of his name and race  
 Hath left a token or a trace,  
 Save what the father must not say  
 Who shriv'd him on his dying day;

This broken tale was all we knew  
Of her he lov'd, or him he slew.\*

## ANONYMOUS

151 *War the Source of Riches*

WHAT nonsense they talk who complain of a War  
Which makes us all greater and richer by far:  
And tho' no War known, ever lasted so long,  
Yet this may go on to the end of the song.

I remember the time when we all were at peace,  
When rich men and poor men all liv'd at their ease;  
When the great could drink claret, the middling sort port,  
And ale or grog flow'd for th' inferior sort.  
But War levels all, or makes us all rich,  
Whether buried in th' Abbey, or dead in a ditch.

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I remember, that formerly Cits worth a plum  
Were call'd very rich—but now such a sum  
Is a younger child's portion—since some worth a million  
Have fail'd!—or jigg'd off in death's dance of cotillon.  
Then what nonsense to talk of the horrors of War,  
Which makes the small great, and the poor richer far.

line 1334. The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a wrench from all we know, from all we love'. The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romatic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to d'Herbelot, and partly to that most eastern, and, as Mr Weber justly entitles it, 'sublime tale', the 'Caliph Vathek'. I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale*; but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his 'Happy Valley' will not bear a comparison with the 'Hall of Eblis'.