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COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS.
VOL. XI.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON
IN FIVE VOLUMES.
VOL. IV.



L. Sichling sc.

OLYMPIA.

Leipzig, Bernhard Tauchnitz.

Inv. A. 16. 173

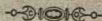
THE
WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON

COMPLETE IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

WITH THE PORTRAIT OF OLYMPIA.

Donăția Th. Rosetti



LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1842.



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HEBREW MELODIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

January, 1815.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

1.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

2.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

3.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

1.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
 The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
 Which Music hallow'd while she wept
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
 Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
 It soften'd men of iron mould,
 It gave them virtues not their own;
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
 That felt not, fired not to the tone,
 Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

2.

It told the triumphs of our King,
 It wafted glory to our God;
 It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
 Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode!
 Since then, though heard on earth no more,
 Devotion and her daughter Love,
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar
 To sounds that seem as from above,
 In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

1.

IF that high world, which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving Love endears;
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears —

How welcome those untrodden spheres!
 How sweet this very hour to die!
 To soar from earth and find all fears
 Lost in thy light — Eternity!

2.

It must be so: 't is not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink;
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.
 Oh! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

1.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground;
 Its airy step and glorious eye
 May glance in tameless transport by: —

2.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
 Hath Judah witness'd there;
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair.
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

3.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scatter'd race;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace:

It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

4.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

1.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn — where their God hath dwelt the Godless dwell!

2.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

3.

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country — Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

1.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep —
Yet there — even there — Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

2.

There — where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
 There — where thy shadow to thy people shone!
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
 Thyself — none living see and not expire!

3.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear:
 How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
 How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

 JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

1.

SINCE our Country, our God — Oh, my Sire!
 Demand that thy Daughter expire;
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow —
 Strike the bosom that 's bared for thee now!

2.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
 And the mountains behold me no more:
 If the hand that I love lay me low,
 There cannot be pain in the blow!

3.

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure —
 That the blood of thy child is as pure
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
 And the last thought that soothes me below.

4.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
 Be the judge and the hero unbent!
 I have won the great battle for thee,
 And my Father and Country are free!

5.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
 When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
 Let my memory still be thy pride,
 And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

1.

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

2.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

3.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
 Will this unteach us to complain?
 Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

1.

My soul is dark — Oh! quickly string
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.

If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again:
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain.

2.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
 Or else this heavy heart will burst;
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence long;
 And now 't is doom'd to know the worst,
 And break at once — or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

1.

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew:
 I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine;
 It could not match the living rays
 That fill'd that glance of thine.

2.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

1.

THY days are done, thy fame begun;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen Son,
 The slaughters of his sword!
 The deeds he did, the fields he won,
 The freedom he restored!

2.

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death!
 The generous blood that flow'd from thee
 Disdain'd to sink beneath:
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath!

3.

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle-word!
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song
 From virgin voices pour'd!
 To weep would do thy glory wrong;
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

1.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

2.

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

3.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

S A U L.

1.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the prophet's form appear.
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head!
 King, behold the phantom seer!"

Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

2.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
 Who is he that calls the dead?
 Is it thou, O King? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
 Such are mine; and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me:
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day,
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;

And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

1.

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
 And health and youth possess'd me;
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,
 And lovely forms caress'd me;
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
 And felt my soul grow tender;
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,
 Was mine of regal splendour.

2.

I strive to number o'er what days
 Remembrance can discover,
 Which all that life or earth displays
 Would lure me to live over.
 There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
 Of pleasure unembitter'd;
 And not a trapping deck'd my power
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

3.

The serpent of the field, by art
 And spells, is won from harming;
 But that which coils around the heart,
 Oh! who hath power of charming?
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,
 Nor music's voice can lure it;
 But there it stings for evermore
 The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

1.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

2.

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all, that was, at once appears.

3.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

4.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

1.

THE King was on his throne,
 The Satraps throng'd the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deem'd divine —
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

2.

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand:
 The fingers of a man; —
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

3.

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice;
 All bloodless wax'd his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 "Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth."

4.

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw — but knew no more.

5.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night, —
 The morrow proved it true.

6.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom pass'd away,
 He, in the balance weigh'd,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!”

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
 How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
 So gleams the past, the light of other days,
 Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
 A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
 Distinct, but distant — clear — but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

1.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
 I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
 It was but abjuring my creed to efface
 The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

2.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
 If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
 If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
 Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

3.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
 As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
 In his hand is my heart and my hope — and in thine
 The land and the life which for him I resign.

 HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

1.

Oh, Mariamne? now for thee
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
 Revenge is lost in agony,
 And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
 Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
 Ah! couldst thou — thou wouldst pardon now,
 Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

2.

And is she dead? — and did they dare
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair.
 The sword that smote hers o'er me waving. —
 But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above,
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

3.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;

And mine 's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming;
 And I have earn'd these tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM
 BY TITUS.

1.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
 I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to Rome:
 'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

2.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
 And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

3.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

4.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
 But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
 Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
 And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

5.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
 The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
 And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
 Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

1.

WE sate down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
 Were scatter'd all weeping away.

2.

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which roll'd on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song; but, oh never
 That triumph the stranger shall know!
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

3.

On the willow that harp is suspended,
 Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee:
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

1.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

2.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

3.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;

And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

4.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

5.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

6.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

1.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd —
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine —
And there it stood, — all formless — but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:

2.

“Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay — vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!”

DOMESTIC PIECES — 1816.

FARE THEE WELL.

“Alas! they had been friends in Youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And Life is thorny; and youth is vain:
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain;

* * * * *

But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining —
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.”

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*:
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show!
 Then thou would'st at last discover
 'T was not well to spare it so.

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Though the world for this commend thee —
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embraced me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth —
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is press'd,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know;

All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 't is done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will. —

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17. 1816.

A SKETCH.

“Honest — honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”

SHAKSPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next — for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd —
Raised from the toilet to the table, — where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie —
The genial confidante, and general spy —
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess —
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,

As many a nameless slander deftly shows :
 What she had made the pupil of her art,
 None know — but that high Soul secured the heart,
 And panted for the truth it could not hear,
 With longing breast and undeluded ear.
 Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
 Which Flattery fool'd not — Baseness could not blind,
 Deceit infect not — near Contagion soil —
 Indulgence weaken — nor Example spoil —
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown —
 Nor Genius swell — nor beauty render vain —
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain —
 Nor Fortune change — Pride raise — nor Passion bow,
 Nor Virtue teach austerity — till now.
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness — to forgive,
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all could be like her below :
 Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme : — now laid aside too long,
 The baleful burthen of this honest song —
 Though all her former functions are no more,
 She rules the circle which she served before.
 If mothers — none know why — before her quake ;
 If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake ;
 If early habits — those false links, which bind
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind —
 Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will ;
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find ;
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works

Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints
While mingling truth with falsehood — sneers with smiles —
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies — a face form'd to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment — and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale —
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face) —
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged —
There is no trait which might not be enlarged:
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade —
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear — without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought —
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind

As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black — as thy will for others would create:
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed, —
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
 Look on thine earthly victims — and despair!
 Down to the dust! — and, as thou rott'st away,
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear —
 Thy name — thy human name — to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers —
 And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29. 1816.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

[“WHEN ALL AROUND,” &c.]

1.

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
 And reason half withheld her ray —
 And hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way;

2.

In that deep midnight of the mind,
 And that internal strife of heart,
 When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
 The weak despair — the cold depart;

3.

When fortune changed — and love fled far,
 And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
 Thou wert the solitary star
 Which rose and set not to the last.

4.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
 That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
 And stood between me and the night,
 For ever shining sweetly nigh.

5.

And when the cloud upon us came,
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray —
 Then purer spread its gentle flame,
 And dash'd the darkness all away.

6.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
 And teach it what to brave or brook —
 There's more in one soft word of thine
 Than in the world's defied rebuke.

7.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,
 Still waves with fond fidelity
 Its boughs above a monument.

8.

The winds might rend — the skies might pour,
 But there thou wert — and still would'st be
 Devoted in the stormiest hour
 To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

9.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
 Whatever fate on me may fall;
 For heaven in sunshine will requite
 The kind — and thee the most of all.

10.

Then let the ties of baffled love
 Be broken — thine will never break;
 Thy heart can feel — but will not move;
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

11.

And these, when all was lost beside,
 Were found and still are fix'd in thee; —
 And bearing still a breast so tried,
 Earth is no desert — ev'n to me.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

[“THOUGH THE DAY OF MY DESTINY 'S,” &c.]

1.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find;
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
 It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

2.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine;
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

3.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
 Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
 To pain — it shall not be its slave.
 There is many a pang to pursue me:
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn —
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me —
 'T is of *thee* that I think — not of them.

Though human, thou didst nōt deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake, —
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

5.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one —
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'T was folly not sooner to shun:
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

6.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
 Deserved to be dearest of all:
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24. 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

[“MY SISTER! MY SWEET SISTER!” &c.]

1.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:

Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny, —
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

2.

The first were nothing — had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, —
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

3.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

4.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,
 My whole life was a contest, since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd*
 The gift, — a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

5.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away :
 Something — I know not what — does still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience; — not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

6.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me, — or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when ills habitually recur, —
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,
 And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

7.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
 My heart with recognition of their looks;
 And even at moments I could think I see
 Some living thing to love — but none like thee.

8.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
 A fund for contemplation; — to admire
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
 But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most desire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

9.

Oh that thou wert but with me! — but I grow
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget
 The solitude which I have vaunted so
 Has lost its praise in this but one regret;

There may be others which I less may show; —
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

10.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
 By the old Hall which may be mine no more
 Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

11.

The world is all before me; I but ask
 Of Nature that with which she will comply —
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister — till I look again on thee.

12.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
 And that I would not; — for at length I see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life begun,
 The earliest — even the only paths for me —
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
 I had been better than I now can be;
 The passions which have torn me would have slept;
 I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

13.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
 Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
 And made me all which they can make — a name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
 But all is over — I am one the more
 To baffled millions which have gone before.

14.

And for the future, this world's future may
 From me demand but little of my care;
 I have outlived myself by many a day;
 Having survived so many things that were;
 My years have been no slumber, but the prey
 Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

15.

And for the remnant which may be to come
 I am content; and for the past I feel
 Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum
 Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
 And for the present, I would not benumb
 My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal
 That with all this I still can look around
 And worship Nature with a thought profound.

16.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
 We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
 Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
 It is the same, together or apart,
 From life's commencement to its slow decline
 We are entwined — let death come slow or fast,
 The tie which bound the first endures the last!

LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.

AND thou wert sad — yet I was not with thee;
 And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
 Methought that joy and health alone could be
 Where I was not — and pain and sorrow here!
 And is it thus? — it is as I foretold,
 And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
 Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
 While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.
 It is not in the storm nor in the strife
 We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
 But in the after-silence on the shore,
 When all is lost, except a little life.
 I am too well avenged! — but 't was my right;
 Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent
 To be the Nemesis who should requite —
 Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.
 Mercy is for the merciful! — if thou
 Hast been of such, 't will be accorded now.
 Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep! —
 Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
 A hollow agony which will not heal,
 For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;
 Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
 The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
 I have had many foes, but none like thee;
 For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
 And be avenged, or turn them into friend;
 But thou in safe implacability
 Hadst nought to dread — in thy own weakness shielded,
 And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,
 And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare —
 And thus upon the world — trust in thy truth —
 And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth —
 On things that were not, and on things that are —

Even upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope — and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anger, and for future gold —
And buying other's grief at any price.
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,
The early truth, which was thy proper praise,
Did not still walk beside thee — but at times,
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,
Deceit, averments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus-spirits — the significant eye
Which learns to lie with silence — the pretext
Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd —
The acquiescence in all things which tend,
No matter how, to the desired end —
All found a place in thy philosophy.
The means were worthy, and the end is won —
I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

September, 1816.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

 WRITTEN IN 1807 — 8.

THE ADIEU.

 WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD
 SOON DIE.

ADIEU, thou Hill! where early joy
 Spread roses o'er my brow;
 Where Science seeks each loitering boy
 With knowledge to endow.
 Adieu my youthful friends or foes,
 Partners of former bliss or woes;
 No more through Ida's paths we stray;
 Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
 Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
 Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
 Ye spires of Granta's vale,
 Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
 And Melancholy pale.
 Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
 Ye tenants of the classic bower,
 On Cama's verdant margin placed,
 Adieu! while memory still is mine,
 For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
 These scenes must be effaced,

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
 Where grew my youthful years;
 Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
 His giant summit rears.
 Why did my childhood wander forth
 From you, ye regions of the North,
 With sons of pride to roam?
 Why did I quit my Highland cave,
 Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
 To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell —
 Yet why to thee adieu?
 Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
 Thy towers my tomb will view:
 The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
 And former glories of thy Hall
 Forgets its wonted simple note —
 But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
 And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
 In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
 While yet I linger here,
 Adieu! you are not now forgot,
 To retrospection dear.
 Streamlet! along whose rippling surge,
 My youthful limbs were wont to urge
 At noontide heat their pliant course;
 Plunging with ardour from the shore,
 Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
 Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,
 Still nearest to my breast?
 Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
 The spot which passion blest;
 Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
 Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,

To me in smiles display'd:
 Till slow disease resigns his prey
 To Death, the parent of decay,
 Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend! whose gentle love
 Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
 How much thy friendship was above
 Description's power of words!
 Still near my breast thy gift I wear
 Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
 Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;
 Our souls were equal, and our lot
 In that dear moment quite forgot;
 Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
 No smile of Love's deceit,
 Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
 Can bid Life's pulses beat:
 Not e'en the hope of future fame,
 Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
 Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
 Mine is a short inglorious race, —
 To humble in the dust my face,
 And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
 On him who gains thy praise,
 Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
 Consumed in Glory's blaze;
 But me she beckons from the earth,
 My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
 My life a short and vulgar dream;
 Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
 My hopes recline within a shroud,
 My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
 Unheeded in the clay,
 Where once my playful footsteps trod,
 Where now my head must lay;
 The meed of Pity will be shed
 In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
 By nightly skies, and storms alone;
 No mortal eye will deign to steep
 With tears the dark sepulchral deep
 Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
 Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:
 There must thou soon direct thy flight,
 If errors are forgiven.
 To bigots and to sects unknown,
 Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
 To Him address thy trembling prayer:
 He, who is merciful and just,
 Will not reject a child of dust,
 Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,
 My soul is dark within:
 Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert the death of sin.
 Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
 Who calm'st the elemental war,
 Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
 My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
 And, since I soon must cease to live,
 Instruct me how to die.

1807. [First published 1832.]

TO A VAIN LADY.

AH, heedless girl! why thus disclose
 What ne'er was meant for other ears:
 Why thus destroy thine own repose
 And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
 While lurking envious foes will smile,
 For all the follies thou hast said
 Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,
 If thou believ'st what striplings say:
 Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
 Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
 The words man utters to deceive?
 Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
 If thou can'st venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers
 Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,
 Can'st thou not mark the rising sneers
 Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,
 Nor make thyself the public gaze:
 What modest maid without a blush
 Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise
 Her who relates each fond conceit —
 Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes
 Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
 These amorous nothings in revealing,
 Must credit all we say or write,
 While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!
 No jealousy bids me reprove:
 One, who is thus from nature vain,
 I pity, but I cannot love.

January 15. 1807. [First published 1832.]

TO ANNE.

OH, Anne! your offences to me have been grievous;
 I thought from my wrath no atonement could save you;
 But woman is made to command and deceive us —
 I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.
 I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,
 Yet thought that a day's separation was long:
 When we met, I determin'd again to suspect you —
 Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.
 I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
 With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:
 I saw you — my anger became admiration;
 And now, all my wish, all my hope, 's to regain you.
 With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention!
 Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you; —
 At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,
 Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you!

January 16. 1807. [First published 1832.]

TO THE SAME.

OH say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed
 The heart which adores you should wish to dis sever;
 Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed, —
 To bear me from love and from beauty for ever.
 Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone
 Could bid me from fond admiration refrain;
 By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,
 Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,
 The rage of the tempest united must weather,
 My love and my life were by nature design'd
 To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed,
 Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu;
 Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed,
 His soul, his existence, are centred in you.

1807. [First published 1832.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET BEGINNING,

“‘SAD IS MY VERSE,’ YOU SAY, ‘AND YET NO TEAR.’”

THY verse is “sad” enough, no doubt:

A devilish deal more sad than witty!

Why we should weep I can't find out,

Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;

And much, alas! I think he needs it:

For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,

Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,

May *once* be read — but never after:

Yet their effect's by no means tragic,

Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,

And of no common pang complain —

If you would make us weep indeed,

Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.

March 8. 1807. [First published 1832.]

ON FINDING A FAN.

IN one who felt as once he felt,

This might, perhaps, have fann'd the flame;

But now his heart no more will melt,

Because that heart is not the same.

As when the ebbing flames are low,
 The aid which once improved their light,
 And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
 Now quenches all their blaze in night,
 Thus has it been with passion's fires —
 As many a boy and girl remembers —
 While every hope of love expires,
 Extinguish'd with the dying embers.
 The *first*, though not a spark survive,
 Some careful hand may teach to burn;
 The *last*, alas! can ne'er survive;
 No touch can bid its warmth return.
 Or, if it chance to wake again,
 Not always doom'd its heat to smother,
 It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
 Its former warmth around another.

1807. [First published 1832.]

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

THOU Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
 Young offspring of Fancy, 't is time we should part;
 Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
 The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.
 This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
 Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
 The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
 Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.
 Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
 Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
 No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
 My visions are flown, to return, — alas, never!
 When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
 How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
 When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
 What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
 Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
 Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
 Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?
 Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!
 But how can my numbers in sympathy move
 When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
 And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?
 For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
 For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast —
 'T is hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;
 And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
 When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
 Since early affection and love is o'er-cast:
 Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
 Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;
 If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:
 Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet —
 The present — which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807. [First published 1832.]

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.

YOUNG Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
 I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
 That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
 And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
 On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride:
 They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears, —
 Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
 A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
 Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
 But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert — even now little care
 Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal:
 But thou wert not fated affection to share —
 For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
 Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,
 The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
 When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,
 That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
 For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
 And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
 Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death,
 On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
 Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
 O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
 While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
 The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
 He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.

Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
 Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
 Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
 And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
 Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

ON REVISITING HARROW.

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
 Young Friendship's record simply traced ;
 Few were her words, — but yet, though few,
 Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut — but not erased,
 The characters were still so plain,
 That Friendship once return'd, and gazed, —
 Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before ;
 Forgiveness join'd her gentle name ;
 So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
 That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been ;
 But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
 Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
 And blotted out the line for ever !

September, 1807.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,
 A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well ;
 He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
 He could *carry* no more — so was *carried* at last ;
 For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not *carry* off, — so he's now *carri-on*.

September, 1807.

TO MY SON.

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
 Bright as thy mother's in their hue ;
 Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
 And smile to steal the heart away,
 Recall a scene of former joy,
 And touch thy father's heart, my Boy !

And thou canst lisp a father's name —
 Ah, William, were thine own the same, —
 No self-reproach — but, let me cease —
 My care for thee shall purchase peace;
 Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
 And pardon all the past, my Boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
 And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
 Derision sneers upon thy birth,
 And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
 Yet shall not these one hope destroy, —
 A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
 Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
 Ah, no — though moralists reprove,
 I hail thee, dearest child of love,
 Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy —
 A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

Oh, 't will be sweet in thee to trace,
 Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
 Ere half my glass of life is run,
 At once a brother and a son;
 And all my wane of years employ
 In justice done to thee, my Boy!

Although so young thy heedless sire,
 Youth will not damp parental fire;
 And, wert thou still less dear to me,
 While Helen's form revives in thee,
 The breast, which beat to former joy,
 Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,

Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word — Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel:
 I only know we loved in vain —
 I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
 On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine,
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
 May its verdure like emeralds be:
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest:
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
 For why should we mourn for the blest?

1808.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow —
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me —
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well: —
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee? —
 With silence and tears.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
 When Man himself is but a tool;
 When interest sways our hopes and fears,
 And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
 We learn at length our faults to blend;
 And those, and those alone, may claim
 The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:
 Can we then 'scape from folly free?
 Can we reverse the general plan,
 Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate
 Through every turn of life hath been;
 Man and the world so much I hate,
 I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
 Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;
 As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
 But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
 Where parasites and princes meet,
 (For cherish'd first in royal halls,
 The welcome vices kindly greet)

Ev'n now thou 'rt nightly seen to add
 One insect to the fluttering crowd;
 And still thy trifling heart is glad
 To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
 Still simpering on with eager haste,
 As flies along the gay parterre,
 That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
 Which seems, as marshy vapours move,

To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share!

In time forbear; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but — mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.

START not — nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee;
I died: let earth my bones resign:
Fill up — thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
 Our heads such sad effects produce;
 Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
 This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WRITTEN IN 1809 — 10.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
 That I should thus be happy too;
 For still my heart regards thy weal
 Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest — and 't will impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot:
 But let them pass — Oh! how my heart
 Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would break;
 But when the unconscious infant smiled,
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, — and repress'd my sighs,
 Its father in its face to see;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
 While thou art blest I'll not repine;
 But near thee I can never stay;
 My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all, — save hope, — the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look;
 But now to tremble were a crime —
 We met, — and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there:
 One only feeling could'st thou trace;
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake:
 Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
 My foolish heart be still, or break.

November 2. 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND
 DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below;
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been:
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
 While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust!
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!

By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on — it honours none you wish to mourn:
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
 I never knew but one, — and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30. 1808.

TO A LADY, ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING
 ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
 A moment linger'd near the gate,
 Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
 And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
 He learnt to bear his load of grief;
 Just gave a sigh to other times,
 And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,
 And I must view thy charms no more;
 For, while I linger near to thee,
 I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
 Escaping from temptation's snare;
 I cannot view my paradise
 Without the wish of dwelling there.

December 2. 1808.

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

REMIND me not, remind me not,
 Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,
 When all my soul was given to thee;
 Hours that may never be forgot,
 Till time unnerves our vital powers,
 And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget — canst thou forget,
 When playing with thy golden hair,
 How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
 Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
 With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
 And lips, though silent, breathing love.
 When thus reclining on my breast,
 Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
 As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
 And still we near and nearer prest,
 And still our glowing lips would meet,
 As if in kisses to expire.
 And then those pensive eyes would close,
 And bid their lids each other seek,
 Veiling the azure orbs below;
 While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
 Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
 Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.
 I dreamt last night our love return'd,
 And, sooth to say, that very dream
 Was sweeter in its phantasy
 Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
 For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
 In rapture's wild reality.
 Then tell me not, remind me not,
 Of hours which, though for ever gone,
 Can still a pleasing dream restore,
 Till thou and I shall be forgot,
 And senseless as the mouldering stone
 Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
 Since it will ne'er forgotten be,

When all our feelings were the same
 As still my soul hath been to thee.
 And from that hour when first thy tongue
 Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
 Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
 Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,
 None, none hath sunk so deep as this —
 To think how all that love hath flown;
 Transient as every faithless kiss,
 But transient in thy breast alone.
 And yet my heart some solace knew,
 When late I heard thy lips declare,
 In accents once imagined true,
 Remembrance of the days that were.
 Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
 Though thou wilt never love again,
 To me 't is doubly sweet to find
 Remembrance of that love remain.
 Yes! 't is a glorious thought to me,
 Nör longer shall my soul repine,
 Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
 Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
 Sweet lady! speak those words again:
 Yet if they grieve thee, say not so —
 I would not give that bosom pain.
 My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
 My blood runs coldly through my breast;
 And when I perish, thou alone
 Wilt sigh above my place of rest.
 And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
 Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;

And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear —
It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so —
I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink! — who would not? — since, through life's varied
round,

In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved! — who has not? — but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends! — who has not? — but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam — thou never canst change:
Thou grow'st old — who does not? — but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! — who's not? — thou hast no such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find — do we not? — in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left, — was she not? — but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die — who shall not? — May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'T is done — and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen —
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest —
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

'T is long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:

For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go — but whereso'er I flee,
There 's not an eye will weep for me;
There 's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe —
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,

And why that early love was crost,
 Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
 But few that dwell beneath the sun
 Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
 With charms perchance as fair to view;
 And I would fain have loved as well,
 But some unconquerable spell
 Forbade my bleeding breast to own
 A kindred care for aught but one.

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,
 And bless thee in my last adieu;
 Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
 For him that wanders o'er the deep;
 His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
 Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

1809.

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
 Our embargo 's off at last;
 Favourable breezes blowing
 Bend the canvass o'er the mast.
 From aloft the signal 's streaming,
 Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
 Tell us that our time 's expired.
 Here 's a rascal
 Come to task all,
 Prying from the custom-house;
 Trunks unpacking,
 Cases cracking,
 Not a corner for a mouse
 'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We're impatient — push from shore.
 "Have a care! that case holds liquor —
 Stop the boat — I'm sick — oh Lord!"
 "Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
 Ere you've been an hour on board."
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax. —
 Such the general noise and racket,
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
 Passengers their births are clapt in,
 Some to grumble, some to spew.
 "Hey day! call you that a cabin?
 Why't is hardly three feet square;
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in —
 Who the deuce can harbour there?"
 "Who, Sir? plenty —
 Nobles twenty
 Did at once my vessel fill."
 "Did they? Jesus,
 How you squeeze us!
 Would to God they did so still:
 Then I'd scape the heat and racket
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."
 Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
 Stretch'd along the deck like logs —
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
 Here's a rope's end for the dogs,

Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
 As the hatchway down he rolls,
 Now his breakfast, now his verses,
 Vomits forth — and damns our souls.
 “Here ’s a stanza
 On Braganza —
 Help!” — “A couplet?” — “No, a cup
 Of warm water —”
 “What’s the matter?”
 “Zounds! my liver ’s coming up;
 I shall not survive the racket
 Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.”
 Now at length we ’re off for Turkey,
 Lord knows when we shall come back!
 Breezes foul and tempests murky
 May unship us in a crack.
 But, since life at most a jest is,
 As philosophers allow,
 Still to laugh by far the best is,
 Then laugh on — as I do now.
 Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore;
 While we ’re quaffing,
 Let ’s have laughing —
 Who the devil cares for more? —
 Some good wine! and who would lack it,
 Ev’n on board the Lisbon Packet?
 Falmouth Roads, June 30. 1809.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o’er the cold sepulchral stone
 Some name arrests the passer-by;
 Thus, when thou view’st this page alone,
 May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
 Perchance in some succeeding year,
 Reflect on me as on the dead,
 And think my heart is buried here.

September 14. 1809.

TO FLORENCE.

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
 The distant shore which gave me birth,
 I hardly thought to grieve once more,
 To quit another spot on earth:
 Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
 Where panting Nature droops the head,
 Where only thou art seen to smile,
 I view my parting hour with dread.
 Though far from Albin's craggy shore
 Divided by the dark-blue main;
 A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
 Perchance I view her cliffs again:
 But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
 Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
 Though Time restore me to my home,
 I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:
 On thee, in whom at once conspire
 All charms which heedless hearts can move,
 Whom but to see is to admire,
 And, oh! forgive the word — to love.
 Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
 With such a word can more offend;
 And since thy heart I cannot share,
 Believe me, what I am, thy friend.
 And who so cold as look on thee,
 Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
 Nor be, what man should ever be,
 The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
 Through Danger's most destructive path,
 Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
 And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
 Where free Byzantium once arose,
 And Stamboul's Oriental halls
 The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
 That glorious city still shall be;
 On me 't will hold a dearer claim,
 As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
 When I behold that wond'rous scene,
 Since where thou art I may not dwell,
 'T will soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
 Where Pindus' mountains rise,
 And angry clouds are pouring fast
 The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
 And lightnings, as they play,
 But show where rocks our path have crost,
 Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
 When lightning broke the gloom —
 How welcome were its shade! — ah, no!
 'T is but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
 I hear a voice exclaim —

My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.
A shot is fired — by foe or friend?
Another — 't is to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.
Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?
And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.
Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.
While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?
Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!
Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock
Impell'd thy gallant ship.
Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'T were hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
 In darkness and in dread,
 As in those hours of revelry
 Which mirth and music sped;
 Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
 If Cadiz yet be free,
 At times from out her latticed halls
 Look o'er the dark blue sea;
 Then think upon Calypso's isles,
 Endear'd by days gone by;
 To others give a thousand smiles,
 To me a single sigh.
 And when the admiring circle mark
 The paleness of thy face,
 A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
 Of melancholy grace,
 Again thou 'lt smile, and blushing shun
 Some coxcomb's raillery;
 Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
 Who ever thinks on thee.
 Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When sever'd hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
 And mourns in search of thine.

 STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
 The ancient world was won and lost.
 And now upon the scene I look,
 The azure grave of many a Roman;

Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow woman.
 Florence! whom I will love as well
 As ever yet was said or sung,
 (Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
 Whilst thou art fair and I am young;
 Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
 When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies.
 Though Fate forbids such things to be
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
 I cannot lose a world for thee,
 But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14. 1809.

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN!

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16. 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
 Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
 We madly smile when we should groan;
 Delirium is our best deceiver.
 Each lucid interval of thought
 Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
 And he that acts as wise men ought,
 But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS.

IF, in the month of dark December,
 Leander, who was nightly wont
 (What maid will not the tale remember?)
 To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
 He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
 And thus of old thy current pour'd,
 Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
 Though in the genial month of May,
 My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
 And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
 According to the doubtful story,
 To woo, — and — Lord knows what beside,
 And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'T were hard to say who fared the best:
 Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
 He lost his labour, I my jest:
 For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

May 9. 1810.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Zῶη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh, give me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it nōw, and take the rest!
 Hear my vow before I go,
Zῶη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zῶη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zōne-encircled waist;

By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul:
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

1811 — 1813.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care!
 Though now of Love and thee bereft,
 To reconcile me with despair,
 Thine image and my tears are left.
 'T is said with Sorrow Time can cope;
 But this I feel can ne'er be true:
 For by the death-blow of my Hope
 My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

KIND Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
 Here HAROLD lies — but where 's his Epitaph?
 If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
 Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

“ Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife!
 Hellénes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life!
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!
 And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie?
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally!
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,
 Who saved ye once from falling,
 The terrible! the strong!
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,

And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

“Μπενω μες’ τσ’ περίβόλι
 Ὠραιότατη Χάηδη,” &c.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung;
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon’d the bowers;
 Bring me hemlock — since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison, when pour’d from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl;
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save:
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
 For torture repay me too well?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Beloved but false Haidée!
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN: —

'FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
 To trace the birth and nursery of art:
 Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
 He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.'

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING: —

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
 Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
 But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
 His name would bring more credit than his verse.

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.
 Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see:
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.
 Nor need I write — to tell the tale
 My pen were doubly weak:
 Oh! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak?
 By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show
 And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND
 SHOEMAKER.

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,
 The *souls* of learning and of leather.
 Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*;
 You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
 His works were neat, and often found
 Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.
 Tread lightly — where the bard is laid
 He cannot mend the shoe he made;
 Yet is he happy in his hole,
 With verse immortal as his *sole*.
 But still to business he held fast,
 And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
 Then who shall say so good a fellow
 Was only "leather and prunella?"
 For character — he did not lack it;
 And if he did, 't were shame to "Black-it."

Malta, May 16. 1811.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARGICAL OPERA.

Good plays are scarce,
 So Moore writes farce:
 The poet's fame grows brittle —
 We knew before
 That *Little's* Moore,
 But now 't' is *Moore* that 's *little*.

September 14, 1811.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE
 CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"Oh! banish care" — such ever be
 The motto of *thy* revelry!
 Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
 Renew those riotous delights,
 Wherewith the children of Despair
 Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
 But not in morn's reflecting hour,
 When present, past, and future lower,
 When all I loved is changed or gone,
 Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
 Whose every thought — but let them pass —
 Thou know'st I am not what I was.
 But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
 Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
 By all the powers that men revere,
 By all unto thy bosom dear,
 Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
 Speak — speak of any thing but love.

'T were long to tell, and vain to hear,
 The tale of one who scorns a tear;
 And there is little in that tale
 Which better bosoms would bewail.
 But mine has suffer'd more than well
 'T would suit philosophy to tell.

I've seen my bride another's bride, —
 Have seen her seated by his side, —
 Have seen the infant, which she bore,
 Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
 When she and I in youth have smiled,
 As fond and faultless as her child; —
 Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
 Ask if I felt no secret pain;
 And I have acted well my part,
 And made my cheek belie my heart,
 Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
 Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave; —
 Have kiss'd, as if without design,
 The babe which ought to have been mine,
 And show'd, alas! in each caress
 Time had not made me love the less.

But let this pass — I'll whine no more,
 Nor seek again an eastern shore;
 The world befits a busy brain, —
 I'll hie me to its haunts again.
 But if, in some succeeding year,
 When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
 Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
 Suit with the sablest of the times,
 Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
 Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
 One, who in stern ambition's pride,
 Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
 One rank'd in some recording page
 With the worst anarchs of the age,
 Him wilt thou *know* — and *knowing* pause,
 Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11. 1811.

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said,
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,
 Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
 Divided, yet beloved in vain;
 The past, the future fled to thee
 To bid us meet — no — ne'er again!

Could this have been — a word, a look
 That softly said, "We part in peace,"
 Had taught my bosom how to brook,
 With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
 Prepared a light and pangless dart,
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
 Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
 Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
 In that dread hour ere death appear,
 When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past? But when no more
 'T was thine to reckon of human woe,
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flow'd as fast — as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
 In these, to me, deserted towers,
 Ere call'd but for a time away,
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
 The smile none else might understand;
 The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand:

The kiss, so guiltless and refined
 That Love each warmer wish forbore;
 Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
 Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore — I wear it still,
 But where is thine? — Ah! where art thou?
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!

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;

But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me — too early taught by thee!
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
 On earth thy love was such to me;
 It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 11. 1811.

STANZAS.

["AWAY, AWAY," &c.]

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
 Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
 Or I must flee from hence — for, oh!
 I dare not trust those sounds again.
 To me they speak of brighter days —
 But lull the chords, for now, alas!

I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am — on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrzà! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'T is silent all! — but on my ear
The well remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still:
Yet oft my doubting soul 't will shake;
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

December 6. 1811.

STANZAS.

[“ONE STRUGGLE MORE,” &c.]

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before :
 Though every joy is fled below ,
 What future grief can touch me more ?
 Then bring me wine , the banquet bring ;
 Man was not form'd to live alone :
 I'll be that light , unmeaning thing
 That smiles with all , and weeps with none .
 It was not thus in days more dear ,
 It never would have been , but thou
 Hast fled , and left me lonely here ;
 Thou 'rt nothing , — all are nothing now .
 In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath ,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre .
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul ,
 The heart — the heart is lonely still !
 On many a lone and lovely night
 It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky ;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye :
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon ,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave ,
 " Now Thyrza gazes on that moon — "
 Alas , it gleam'd upon her grave !
 When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed ,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins ,
 " 'T is comfort still , " I faintly said ,
 " That Thyrza cannot know my pains : "
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave ,
 A boon 't is idle then to give ,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life , when Thyrza ceased to live !

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new!
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent — ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.
 Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou 'rt press'd!
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
 Oblivion! may thy languid wing
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!
 No band of friends or heirs be there,
 To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
 No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.
 But silent let me sink to earth,
 With no officious mourners near:
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,
 Nor startle friendship with a fear.
 Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,
 Might then exert its latest power
 In her who lives and him who dies.

"T were sweet, my Psyche! to the last
 Thy features still serene to see:
 Forgetful of its struggles past,
 E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish — for Beauty still
 Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
 And woman's tears, produced at will,
 Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
 Without regret, without a groan;
 For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
 And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
 Where all have gone, and all must go!
 To be the nothing that I was
 Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
 And know, whatever thou hast been,
 'T is something better not to be.

STANZAS.

["AND THOU ART DEAD," &c.]

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,
 Too soon return'd to Earth!
 Though Earth received them in her bed
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them not:

It is enough for me to prove
 That what I loved, and long must love,
 Like common earth can rot;
 To me there needs no stone to tell,
 'T is Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
 As fervently as thou,
 Who didst not change through all the past,
 And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow:
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
 The worst can be but mine:
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
 Shall never more be thine.

The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep;
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have pass'd away;
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
 Must fall the earliest prey;
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
 The leaves must drop away:

And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 Than see it pluck'd to-day;
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade;
 The night that follow'd such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade:
 Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
 And thou wert lovely to the last;
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
 As stars that shoot along the sky
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.
 As once I wept, if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed,
 To think I was not near to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed;
 To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.
 Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee!
 The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread Eternity
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812.

STANZAS.

["IF SOMETIMES," &c.]

If sometimes in the haunts of men
 Thine image from my breast may fade,
 The lonely hour presents again
 The semblance of thy gentle shade:

And now that sad and silent hour
 Thus much of thee can still restore,
 And sorrow unobserved may pour
 The plaint she dare not speak before.
 Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
 I waste one thought I owe to thee,
 And, self-condemn'd, appear to smile,
 Unfaithful to thy Memory!
 Nor deem that memory less dear,
 That then I seem not to repine;
 I would not fools should overhear
 One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.
 If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
 It is not drain'd to banish care;
 The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
 That brings a Lethe for despair.
 And could Oblivion set my soul
 From all her troubled visions free,
 I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
 That drown'd a single thought of thee.
 For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
 Where could my vacant bosom turn?
 And who would then remain behind
 To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
 No, no — it is my sorrow's pride
 That last dear duty to fulfil;
 Though all the world forget beside,
 'T is meet that I remember still.
 For well I know, that such had been
 Thy gentle care for him, who now
 Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
 Where none regarded him, but thou:
 And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
 A blessing never meant for me;
 Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
 For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14. 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be
 That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
 Have years of care for thine and thee
 Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
 And every fragment dearer grown,
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art
 A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812.

LINES TO A LADY WEeping.

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
 A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
 Ah! happy if each tear of thine
 Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep — for thy tears are Virtue's tears —
 Auspicious to these suffering isles;
 And be each drop in future years
 Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

THE CHAIN I GAVE,

(From the Turkish.)

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
 The lute I added sweet in sound;
 The heart that offer'd both was true,
 And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
 Thy truth in absence to divine;
 And they have done their duty well, —
 Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
 But not to bear a stranger's touch;
 That lute was sweet — till thou could'st think
 In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
 The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
 Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
 Restring the chords, renew the clasp.
 When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;
 The chain is broke, the music mute.
 'T is past — to them and thee adieu —
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "PLEASURES
 OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
 My friend, what magic spells belong!
 As all can tell, who share, like me,
 In turn thy converse, and thy song.
 But when the dreaded hour shall come
 By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
 And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
 How fondly will she then repay
 Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
 And blend, while ages roll away,
 Her name immortally with *thine*!

April 19. 1812.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY,
 OCTOBER 10. 1812.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
 Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
 In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
 Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
 Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)

Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
 Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
 Saw the long column of revolving flames
 Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
 While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
 Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
 As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
 The skies, with lightning awful as their own,
 Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
 Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
 Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
 Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
 Know the same favour which the former knew,
 A shrine for Shakspeare — worthy him and *you*?

Yes — it shall be — the magic of that name
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
 And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:
 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell —
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
 Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
 Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
 O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
 That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claim'd and claims — nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
 Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
 Pause — ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject;
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
 Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
 The curtain rises — may our stage unfold
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
 Still may *we* please — long, long may *you* preside!

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
 The varying hours must flag or fly,
 Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
 But drag or drive us on to die —

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
 Those boons to all that know thee known;
 Yet better I sustain thy load,
 For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
 The bitter moments thou hast given;
 And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
 All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
 Thy future ills shall press in vain;
 I nothing owe but years to thee,
 A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
 It felt, but still forgot thy power:
 The active agony of grief
 Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
 Would soon subside from swift to slow;
 Thy cloud could overcast the light,
 But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
 My soul was suited to thy sky;
 One star alone shot forth a spark
 To prove thee — not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
 A blank; a thing to count and curse
 Through each dull tedious trifling part,
 Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
 The limit of thy sloth or speed
 When future wanderers bear the storm
 Which we shall sleep too sound to heed.

And I can smile to think how weak
 Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
 When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
 Must fall upon — a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

AH! Love was never yet without
 The pang, the agony, the doubt,
 Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
 While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
 I faint, I die beneath the blow.
 That Love had arrows, well I knew;
 Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
 Which Love around your haunts hath set;
 Or, circled by his fatal fire,
 Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
 Was I, through many a smiling spring;
 But caught within the subtle snare,
 I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
 Can neither feel nor pity pain,
 The cold repulse, the look askance,
 The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;
 Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
 Like melting wax, or withering flower,
 I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
 That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?
 My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
 And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
 What wretch with me would barter woe?
 My bird! relent: one note could give
 A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
 In silent anguish I sustain;
 And still thy heart, without partaking
 One pang, exults — while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
 Thou canst not murder more than now:
 I've lived to curse my natal day,
 And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
 Can patience preach thee into rest?
 Alas! too late, I dearly know
 That joy is harbinger of woe.

STANZAS.

["THOU ART NOT FALSE."]

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
 To those thyself so fondly sought;
 The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
 Are doubly bitter from that thought:
 'T is this which breaks the heart thou grieve'st,
 Too well thou lov'st — too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
 And spurns deceiver and deceit;
 But she who not a thought disguises,
 Whose love is as sincere as sweet, —

When she can change who loved so truly,
 It feels what mine has felt so newly.
 To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
 Is doom'd to all who love or live;
 And if, when conscious on the morrow,
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,
 That cheated us in slumber only,
 To leave the waking soul more lonely,
 What must they feel whom no false vision,
 But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
 Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
 As if a dream alone had charm'd?
 Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
 And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!" — Ah, why
 That cruel question ask of me,
 When thou mayst read in many an eye
 He starts to life on seeing thee?
 And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
 My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
 He'll linger long in silent woe;
 But live — until I cease to be.

STANZAS.

[“REMEMBER HIM,” &c.]

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
 Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
 Remember thou that dangerous hour
 When neither fell, though both were loved.
 That yielding breast, that melting eye,
 Too much invited to be bless'd:

That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reprov'd, repress'd.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitudé.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign — such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
 Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
 My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
 For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
 The thought that we no more may meet;
 Yet I deserve the stern decree,
 And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
 Had then less sacrificed to thine;
 It felt not half so much to part,
 As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1813.

 ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.

WHEN Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent,
 (I hope I am not violent)
 Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.
 And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
 To common sense his thoughts could raise —
 Why *would* they let him print his lays?

* * * * *

* * * * *

To me, divine Apollo, grant — O!
 Hermilda's first and second canto,
 I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;
 And thus to furnish decent lining,
 My own and others' bays I'm twining —
 So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

TO LORD THURLOW.

"I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown
Let every other bring his own."

Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.

"*I lay my branch of laurel down.*"

THOU "lay thy branch of laurel down!"

Why, what thou 'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He 'd have but little, and thou — none.

"*Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*"

A crown! why: twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They 'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

"*Let every other bring his own.*"

When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried;
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN
COLD BATH FIELDS PRISON, MAY 19. 1813.

OH you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown, —

For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Post Bag;

* * * * *

But now to my letter — to *yours* 't is an answer —
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, Sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon —
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you 're engaged with some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote,
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
And you 'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.

September, 1813.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair —
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought —

I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care,
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —
 Such seem'st thou — but how much more excellent!
 With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtue scorn.

December 17. 1813.

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes — but, oh,
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
 For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17. 1813.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

“TU MI CHAMAS.”

IN moments to delight devoted,
 “My life!” with tenderest tone, you cry;
 Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
 If youth could neither fade nor die.
 To death even hours like these must roll,
 Ah! then repeat those accents never;
 Or change “my life!” into “my soul!”
 Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*. — Oh! change the word —
 Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
 Say rather I 'm your soul; more just that name,
 For, like the soul, my love can never die.

1 8 1 4 — 1 8 1 6

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE;

AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY.

THE Devil return'd to hell by two,
 And he stay'd at home till five;
 When he dined on some homicides done in *ragout*,
 And a rebel or so in an *Irish stew*,
 And sausages made of a self-slain Jew —
 And bethought himself what next to do,
 "And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
 I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
 In darkness my children take most delight,
 And I'll see how my favourites thrive.
 "And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer then —
 "If I follow'd my taste, indeed,
 I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,
 And smile to see them bleed.
 But these will be furnished again and again,
 And at present my purpose is speed;
 To see my manor as much as I may,
 And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.
 "I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
 A chariot in Seymour Place;
 But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
 By driving my favourite pace:
 And they handle their reins with such a grace,
 I have something for both at the end of their race.

“So now for the earth to take my chance.”

Then up to the earth sprung he;
 And making a jump from Moscow to France,
 He stepp'd across the sea,
 And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
 No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
 That he hover'd a moment upon his way
 To look upon Leipsic plain;
 And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
 And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
 That he perch'd on a mountain of slain;
 And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
 Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
 Nor his work done half as well:
 For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
 That it blush'd like the waves of hell!
 Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he:
 “Methinks they have here little need of *me!*”

* * * * *

But the softest note that soothed his ear
 Was the sound of a widow sighing;
 And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
 Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
 Of a maid by her lover lying —
 As round her fell her long fair hair;
 And she look'd to heaven with that frenzied air,
 Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
 And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
 With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
 A child of famine dying:
 And the carnage begun, when resistance is done
 And the fall of the vainly flying!

* * * * *

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
 And what did he there, I pray?

If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
 What we see every day:
 But he made a tour, and kept a journal
 Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
 And he sold it in shares to the *Men of the Row*,
 Who bid pretty well — but they *cheated* him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
 Its coachman and his coat;
 So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,
 And seized him by the throat:
 "Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?
 'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"

So he sat him on his box again,
 And bade him have no fear,
 But be true to his club, and stanch to his rein,
 His brothel, and his beer;
 "Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
 I would rather see him here."

* * * * *

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
 And he turn'd to "the room" of the Commons;
 But he heard, as he purposed to enter in there,
 That "the Lords" had received a summons;
 And he thought, as a "*quondam* aristocrat,"
 He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them were flat;
 And he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,
 That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,
 The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
 And Johnny of Norfolk — a man of some size —
 And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;
 And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
 Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
 In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;

And he heard — which set Satan himself a staring —
 A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.
 And the Devil was shock'd — and quoth he, “I must go,
 For I find we have much better manners below:
 If thus he harangues when he passes my border,
 I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order.”

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
 Between them stands another sceptred thing —
 It moves, it reigns — in all but name, a king:
 Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
 — In him the double tyrant starts to life:
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
 Ah, what can tombs avail! — since these disgorge
 The blood and dust of both — to mould a George.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[“I SPEAK NOT, I TRACE NOT,” &c.]

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
 There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame:
 But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
 The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
 Were those hours — can their joy or their bitterness cease?
 We repent — we abjure — we will break from our chain, —
 We will part, — we will fly to — unite it again!

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
 Forgive me, adored one! — forsake, if thou wilt; —

But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
And *man* shall not break it — whatever *thou* mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign —
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

May, 1814.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN
MEETING.

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame — no tyrant could command?
That race is gone — but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
But now 't is only shed for fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support — the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the mighty led —
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath — 't is all their fate allows —
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,

Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
 The Highland seer's anticipated woes,
 The bleeding phantom of each martial form
 Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
 While sad, she chants the solitary song,
 The soft lament for him who tarries long —
 For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
 The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'T is Heaven — not man — must charm away the woe
 Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;
 Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
 Of half its bitterness for one so dear;
 A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
 A thornless pillow for the widow'd head;
 May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
 And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE.

“WHAT say I?” — not a syllable further in prose;
 I'm your man “of all measures,” dear Tom, — so, here goes!
 Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
 On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.
 If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the flood,
 We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,
 Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,
 And Southey's last Pæan has pillow'd his sleep; —
 That “Felo de se” who, half drunk with his malmsey,
 Walk'd out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,
 Singing “Glory to God” in a spick and span stanza,
 The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never man saw.

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
 The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes, —
 Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman, —
 And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.

I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party, —
 For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
 You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,

* * * * *

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
 But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
 And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-
 -mere breeches whisk'd round, in a waltz with the Jersey,
 Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
 With majesty's presence as those she invited.

* * * * *

June, 1814.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY,
 ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO
 MRS. MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
 Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
 That left a likeness of the brave, or just;
 What most admired each scrutinizing eye
 Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?
 What spread from face to face that wondering air?
 The thought of Brutus — for his was not there!
 That absence proved his worth, — that absence fix'd
 His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;
 And more decreed his glory to endure,
 Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
 Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
 Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
 Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less;
 If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
 Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
 If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,
 Could with thy gentle image bear depart;

That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
 To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:
 Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
 We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
 A garden with all flowers — except the rose; —
 A fount that only wants its living stream;
 A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;
 And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
 Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
 With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:
 The symmetry of youth — the grace of mien —
 The eye that gladdens — and the brow serene;
 The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
 Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!
 Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
 A spell which will not let our looks repose,
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew
 Some charm that well rewards another view.
 These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
 Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;
 And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,
 To please the paltry heart that pleases none; —
 That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
 Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
 Behold! while yet before thee burn
 The graven words, the glowing wall.

Many a despot men miscall
 Crown'd and anointed from on high ;
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all —
 Is it not written, thou must die ?
 Go ! dash the roses from thy brow —
 Grey hairs but poorly wreath with them ;
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
 More than thy very diadem,
 Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem —
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn ;
 And learn like better men to die !
 Oh ! early in the balance weigh'd,
 And ever light of word and worth,
 Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
 And left thee but a mass of earth.
 To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :
 But tears in Hope's averted eye
 Lament that even thou hadst birth —
 Unfit to govern, live, or die.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER,
 BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.
 For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent :
 In vain their bones unburied lie,
 All earth becomes their monument !
 A tomb is theirs on every page,
 An epitaph on every tongue :
 The present hours, the future age,
 For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;
 While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
 The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes,
 Who would not share their glorious lot?
 Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
 And early valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
 In woe, that glory cannot quell;
 And shuddering hear of victory,
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more;
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October, 1814.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[“THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE,” &c.]

“O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.”

GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;

'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so
fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess :

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the
breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of
rest;

'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they
be,

So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

March, 1815.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[“THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.”]

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters

With a magic like thee;

And like music on the waters

Is thy sweet voice to me:

When, as if its sound were causing

The charmed ocean's pausing,

The waves lie still and gleaming,

And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
 Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
 From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
 Making *balls* for the ladies, and *bows* to his foes.

March 27. 1815.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

[“WE DO NOT CURSE THEE, WATERLOO!”]

1.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
 There 't was shed, but is not sunk —
 Rising from each gory trunk,
 Like the water-spout from ocean,
 With a strong and growing motion —
 It soars, and mingles in the air,
 With that of lost Labedoyère —
 With that of him whose honour'd grave
 Contains the “bravest of the brave.”
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
 But shall return to whence it rose;
 When 't is full 't will burst asunder —
 Never yet was heard such thunder
 As then shall shake the world with wonder —

Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
 Like the Wormwood Star foretold
 By the sainted Seer of old,
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,
 Turning rivers into blood.

2.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!
 When the soldier citizen
 Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men —
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son —
 Who, of all the despots banded
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated,
 Till lone Tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?
 Then he fell: — so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthral!

3.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
 Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;
 Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.
 Little didst thou deem, when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks
 Like a stream which burst its banks,
 While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
 Shone and shiver'd fast around thee —
 Of the fate at last which found thee:

Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow?
 Once — as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
 It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;
 Through the smoke-created night
 Of the black and sulphurous fight,
 The soldier raised his seeking eye
 To catch that crest's ascendancy, —
 And, as it onward rolling rose,
 So moved his heart upon our foes.
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest —
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
 Who could then her wing arrest —
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell, or fled along the plain;
 There be sure was Murat charging!
 There he ne'er shall charge again!

4.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch —
 But let Freedom rejoice,
 With her heart in her voice;
 But, her hand on her sword,
 Doubly shall she be adored;
 France hath twice too well been taught
 The "moral lesson" dearly bought —
 Her safety sits not on a throne,
 With Capet or Napoleon!
 But in equal rights and laws,
 Hearts and hands in one great cause —
 Freedom, such as God hath given
 Unto all beneath his heaven,

With their breath, and from their birth,
 Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;
 With a fierce and lavish hand
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
 Pouring nations' blood like water,
 In imperial seas of slaughter!

5.

But the heart and the mind,
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion —
 And who shall resist that proud union?
 The time is past when swords subdued —
 Man may die — the soul's renew'd:
 Even in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her for ever bounding spirit —
 When once more her hosts assemble,
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble —
 Smile they at this idle threat?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

 FROM THE FRENCH.

[“MUST THOU GO, MY GLORIOUS CHIEF?”]

1.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
 Sever'd from thy faithful few?
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
 Maddening o'er that long adieu?
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
 Dear as both have been to me —
 What are they to all I feel,
 With a soldier's faith for thee?

2.

Idol of the soldier's soul!
 First in fight, but mightiest now:

Many could a world control;
 Thee alone no doom can bow.
 By thy side for years I dared
 Death; and envied those who fell,
 When their dying shout was heard,
 Blessing him they served so well.

3.

Would that I were cold with those,
 Since this hour I live to see;
 When the doubts of coward foes
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
 Dreading each should set thee free!
 Oh! although in dungeons pent,
 All their chains were light to me,
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

4.

Would the sycophants of him
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,
 In his native darkness share?
 Were that world this hour his own,
 All thou calmly dost resign,
 Could he purchase with that throne
 Hearts like those which still are thine?

5.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
 Never did I droop before;
 Never to my sovereign sue,
 As his foes I now implore:
 All I ask is to divide
 Every peril he must brave;
 Sharing by the hero's side
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

STAR of the brave! — whose beam hath shed
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead —
 Thou radiant and adored deceit!
 Which millions rush'd in arms to greet, —
 Wild meteor of immortal birth!
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
 Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
 The music of thy martial sphere
 Was fame on high and honour here;
 And thy light broke on human eyes,
 Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
 And swept down empires with its flood;
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
 As thou didst lighten through all space;
 And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue
 Of three bright colours, each divine,
 And fit for that celestial sign;
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
 One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
 One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
 Had robed in radiance of its light:
 The three so mingled did beseem
 The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
 And darkness must again prevail!

But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!
 Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
 When thy bright promise fades away,
 Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
 The silent cities of the dead;
 For beautiful in death are they
 Who proudly fall in her array;
 And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
 For evermore with them or thee!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

1.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
 Arose and o'ershadov'd the earth with her name —
 She abandons me now — but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single Captive to millions in war.

2.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth, —
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won —
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

3.

Farewell to thee, France! — but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then, —

The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again —
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice —
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION, IN THE
 APRIL OF 1816.

A YEAR ago you swore, fond she!
 "To love, to honour," and so forth:
 Such was the vow you pledged to me,
 And here 's exactly what 't is worth.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
 And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,
 The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
 Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour

They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; — a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress — he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,

And they were enemies : they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
 For an unholy usage ; they raked up ,
 And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
 The feeble ashes , and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life , and made a flame
 Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
 Their eyes as it grew lighter , and beheld
 Each other's aspects — saw , and shriek'd , and died —
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died ,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written Fiend . The world was void ,
 The populous and the powerful was a lump ,
 Seasonless , herbless , treeless , manless , lifeless —
 A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay .
 The rivers , lakes , and ocean all stood still ,
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths ;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea ,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a surge —
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ,
 The Moon , their mistress , had expired before ;
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air ,
 And the clouds perish'd ; Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them — She was the Universe .

Diodati, July, 1816.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE ;

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season , and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres , and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone ,
 With name no clearer than the names unknown ,

Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
 Through the thick deaths of half a century;
 And thus he answer'd — "Well, I do not know
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
 He died before my day of Sextonship,
 And I had not the digging of this grave."
 And is this all? I thought, — and do we rip
 The veil of Immortality? and crave
 I know not what of honour and of light
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
 So soon, and so successless? As I said,
 The Architect of all on which we tread,
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
 Were it not that all life must end in one,
 Of which we are but dreamers; — as he caught
 As 't were the twilight of a former Sun,
 Thus spoke he, — "I believe the man of whom
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
 Was a most famous writer in his day,
 And therefore travellers step from out their way
 To pay him honour, — and myself whate'er
 Your honour pleases," — then most pleased I shook
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook
 Some certain coins of silver, which as 't were
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
 So much but inconveniently: — Ye smile,
 I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
 Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
 You are the fools, not I — for I did dwell
 With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
 On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
 In which there was Obscurity and Fame, —
 The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

PROMETHEUS.

1.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

2.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill;
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
 The ruling principle of Hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee even the boon to die:
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
 Was but the menace which flung back
 On him the torments of thy rack;
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

3.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit:
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To Mortals of their fate and force;
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself — and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concenter'd recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making Death a Victory.

Diodati, July, 1816.

A FRAGMENT.

[“COULD I REMOUNT,” &C.]

COULD I remount the river of my years
 To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
 I would not trace again the stream of hours
 Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,
 But bid it flow as now — until it glides
 Into the number of the nameless tides.

* * * * *

What is this Death? — a quiet of the heart?
 The whole of that of which we are a part?
 For life is but a vision — what I see
 Of all which lives alone is life to me,
 And being so — the absent are the dead,
 Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
 A dreary shroud around us, and invest
 With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.
 The absent are the dead — for they are cold,
 And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
 And they are changed, and cheerless, — or if yet
 The unforgotten do not all forget,
 Since thus divided — equal must it be
 If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
 It may be both — but one day end it must
 In the dark union of insensate dust.

The under-earth inhabitants — are they
 But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
 The ashes of a thousand ages spread
 Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
 Or do they in their silent cities dwell
 Each in his incommunicative cell?
 Or have they their own language? and a sense
 Of breathless being? — darken'd and intense
 As midnight in her solitude? — Oh Earth!
 Where are the past? — and wherefore had they birth?
 The dead are thy inheritors — and we
 But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
 Of thy profundity is in the grave,
 The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
 Our elements resolved to things untold,
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
 The essence of great bosoms now no more.

* * * * *

Diodati, July, 1816.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU — Voltaire — our Gibbon — and De Staël —
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these! wert thou no more,
Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*,
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

Diodati, July, 1816.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO.

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA.

El qual dezia en Aravigo assi.

1.

PASSEAVASE el Rey Moro
 Por la ciudad de Granada,
 Desde las puertas de Elvira
 Hasta las de Bivarambla.

Ay de my, Alhama!

2.

Cartas le fueron venidas
 Que Alhama era ganada.
 Las cartas echò en el fuego,
 Y al mensagero matava.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

3.

Descavalga de una mula,
 Y en un cavallo cavalga.
 Por el Zacatin arriba
 Subido se avia al Alhambra.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

4.

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
 Al mismo punto mandava
 Que se toquen las trompetas
 Con añafles de plata.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

5.

Y que atambores de guerra
 Apriessa toquen alarma;
 Por que lo oyan sus Moros,
 Los de la Vega y Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE
SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

1.

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

2.

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

3.

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

4.

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

5.

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,

Woe is me, Alhama!

6.

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron formavan.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

7.

Alli hablò un Moro viejo;
Desta manera hablava: —
Para que nos llamas, Rey?
Para que es este llamada?

Ay de mi, Alhama!

8.

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que Christianos, con braveza,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

9.

Alli hablò un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana: —
Bien se te emplea, buen Rey,
Buen Rey; bien se te empleava.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

10.

Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

11.

Por esso mereces, Rey,
Una pene bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

6.

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

7.

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
"Wherefore call on us, oh King?
What may mean this gathering?"

Woe is me, Alhama!

8.

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold."

Woe is me, Alhama!

9.

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
"Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou hast deserved.

Woe is me, Alhama!

10.

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.

Woe is me, Alhama!

11.

"And for this, oh King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Woe is me, Alhama!

12.

Si no se respetan leyes,
 Es ley que todo se pierda;
 Y que se pierda Granada,
 Y que te pierdas en ella.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

13.

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
 El Rey que esto oyera.
 Y como el otro de leyes
 De leyes tambien hablava.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

14.

Sabe un Rey que no ay leyes
 De darle a Reyes disgusto —
 Eso dize el Rey Moro
 Relinchando de colera.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

15.

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
 El de la vellida barba,
 El Rey te manda prender,
 Por la perdida de Alhama.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

16.

Y cortarte la cabeza,
 Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
 Por que a ti castigo sea,
 Y otros tiemblen en miralla.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

17.

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
 Dezid de mi parte al Rey,
 Al Rey Moro de Granada,
 Como no le devo nada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

12.

“He who holds no laws in awe,
 He must perish by the law;
 And Granada must be won,
 And thyself with her undone.”

Woe is me, Alhama!

13.

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
 The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
 Because he answer'd, and because
 He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama!

14.

“There is no law to say such things
 As may disgust the ear of kings:” —
 Thus, snorting with his choler, said
 The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

15.

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
 Though thy beard so hoary be,
 The King hath sent to have thee seized,
 For Alhama's loss displeas'd.

Woe is me, Alhama!

16.

And to fix thy head upon
 High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
 That this for thee should be the law,
 And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

17.

“Cavalier, and man of worth!
 Let these words of mine go forth;
 Let the Moorish Monarch know,
 That to him I nothing owe.

Woe is me, Alhama!

18.

De averse Alhama perdido
 A mi me pesa en el alma.
 Que si el Rey perdió su tierra,
 Otro mucho mas perdiera.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

19.

Perdieran hijos padres,
 Y casados las casadas:
 Las cosas que mas amara
 Perdiò l' un y el otro fama.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

20.

Perdi una hija donzella
 Que era la flor d' esta tierra,
 Cien doblas dava por ella,
 No me las estimo en nada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

21.

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
 Le cortaron la cabeca,
 Y la elevan al Alhambra,
 Assi come el Rey lo manda.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

22.

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
 Lloran tan grande perdida.
 Lloravan todas las damas
 Quantas en Granada avia.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

23.

Por las calles y ventanas
 Mucho luto parecia;
 Llora el Rey como fembra,
 Qu' es mucho lo que perdía.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

18.

“But on my soul Alhama weighs,
 And on my inmost spirit preys;
 And if the King his land hath lost,
 Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama!

19.

“Sires have lost their children, wives
 Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
 One what best his love might claim
 Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.

Woe is me, Alhama!

20.

“I lost a damsel in that hour,
 Of all the land the loveliest flower;
 Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
 And think her ransom cheap that day.”

Woe is me, Alhama!

21.

And as these things the old Moor said,
 They sever'd from the trunk his head;
 And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
 'T was carried, as the King decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama!

22.

And men and infants therein weep
 Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
 Granada's ladies, all she rears
 Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama!

23.

And from the windows o'er the walls
 The sable web of mourning falls;
 The King weeps as a woman o'er
 His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

SONETTO DI VITTORELLI.

PER MONACA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un genitore, a cui era morta poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata; è diretto al genitore della sacra sposa.

DI due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte
 Lieti e miseri padri il ciel ne feo,
 Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte
 L' una e l' altra veggendo, ambo chiedo.
 La mia fu tolta da veloce morte
 A le fumanti tede d' imeneo:
 La tua, Francesco, in sugellate porte
 Eterna prigioniera or si rendeo.
 Ma tu almeno potrai de la gelosa
 Irremeabil soglia, ove s' asconde,
 La sua tenera udir voce pietosa.
 Io verso un fiume d' amarissim' onde,
 Corro a quel marmo, in cui la figlia or posa,
 Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

OF two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
 Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
 Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
 And gazing upon *either*, *both* required.
 Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
 Becomes extinguish'd, soon — too soon — expires;
 But thine, within the closing grate retired,
 Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
 But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
 Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
 May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
 I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
 Rush, — the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
 And knock, and knock, and knock — but none replies.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[“BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL!”]

1.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
 On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

2.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
 May its verdure like emeralds be!
 There should not be the shadow of gloom,
 In aught that reminds us of thee.
 Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest:
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
 For why should we mourn for the blest?

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[“THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS.”]

1.

THEY say that Hope is happiness;
 But genuine Love must prize the past,
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
 They rose the first — they set the last;

2.

And all that Memory loves the most
 Was once our only Hope to be,
 And all that Hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into Memory.

3.

Alas! it is delusion all:
 The future cheats us from afar,
 Nor can we be what we recall,
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

1.

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee!

2.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

3.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

4.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasp'd upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'T is to thee that I would drink.

5.

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be — peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.

1.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
 Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
 So we, boys, we
 Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
 And down with all kings but King Ludd!

2.

When the web that we weave is complete,
 And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
 We will fling the winding sheet
 O'er the despot at our feet,
 And die it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

3.

Though black as his heart its hue,
 Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
 Yet this is the dew
 Which the tree shall renew
 Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

SO, WE 'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

1.

So, we 'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.

2.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

3.

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we 'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.

IN this beloved marble view,
 Above the works and thoughts of man,
 What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
 And Beauty and Canova *can!*
 Beyond imagination's power,
 Beyond the Bard's defeated art,
 With immortality her dower,
 Behold the *Helen* of the *heart!*

VERSICLES.

I READ the "Christabel;
 Very well:
 I read the "Missionary;"
 Pretty — very:
 I tried at "Ildérim;"
 Ahem!
 I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of *Anjou*;"
Can you?
 I turn'd a page of Scott's "Waterloo;"
 Pooh! pooh!
 I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone Doe;"
 Hillo!
 &c. &c. &c.

TO MR. MURRAY.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,
 Have publish'd "*Anjou's Margaret*,"
 Which won't be sold off in a hurry
 (At least, it has not been as yet);
 And then, still further to bewilder 'em,
 Without remorse you set up "*Ilderim*;"
 So mind you don't get into debt,
 Because as how, if you should fail,
 These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape
 These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
 Which would be *very* treacherous — *very*,
 And get me into such a scrape!
 For, firstly, I should have to sally,
 All in my little boat; against a *Galley*;
 And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
 Have next to combat with the female knight.

March 25. 1817.

EPISTLE FROM. MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI.

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,
 Which is a good one in its way, —
 Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
 And drenches handkerchiefs like towels.
 With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
 Afford hysterical relief
 To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
 Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
 Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery;
 Your dialogue is apt and smart;
 The play's concoction full of art;
 Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
 All stab, and every body dies.
 In short, your tragedy would be
 The very thing to hear and see:
 And for a piece of publication,
 If I decline on this occasion,
 It is not that I am not sensible
 To merits in themselves ostensible,
 But — and I grieve to speak it — plays
 Are drugs — mere drugs, Sir — now-a-days.
 I had a heavy loss by "Manuel," —
 Too lucky if it prove not annual, —

And Sotheby, with his "Orestes,"
 (Which, by the by, the author's best is,)
 Has lain so very long on hand
 That I despair of all demand.
 I've advertised, but see my books,
 Or only watch my shopman's looks; —
 Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
 My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There's Byron too, who once did better,
 Has sent me, folded in a letter,
 A sort of — it's no more a drama
 Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama;
 So alter'd since last year his pen is,
 I think he's lost his wits at Venice.
 In short, Sir, what with one and t' other,
 I dare not venture on another.
 I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
 The coaches through the street so thunder!
 My room's so full — we've Gifford here
 Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
 Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
 Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly — Ah, Sir, if you
 Had but the genius to review! —
 A smart critique upon St. Helena,
 Or if you only would but tell in a
 Short compass what — but, to resume:
 As I was saying, Sir, the room —
 The room's so full of wits and bards,
 Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards,
 And others, neither bards nor wits: —
 My humble tenement admits
 All persons in the dress of gent.,
 From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
 All clever men, who make their way;

Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,
 Are all partakers of my pantry.
 They're at this moment in discussion
 On poor De Stael's late dissolution.
 Her book, they say, was in advance —
 Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!
 Thus run our time and tongues away. —
 But, to return, Sir, to your play:
 Sorry, Sir, but I can not deal,
 Unless 't were acted by O'Neill.
 My hands so full, my head so busy,
 I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
 And so, with endless truth and hurry,
 Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

My dear Mr. Murray,
 You're in a damn'd hurry
 To set up this ultimate Canto;
 But (if they don't rob us)
 You'll see Mr. Hobhouse
 Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.
 For the Journal you hint of,
 As ready to print off,
 No doubt you do right to commend it;
 But as yet I have writ off
 The devil a bit of
 Our "Beppo:" — when copied, I'll send it.
 Then you've ***'s Tour, —
 No great things, to be sure, —
 You could hardly begin with a less work;
 For the pompous rascallion,
 Who don't speak Italian
 Nor French, must have scribbled by guesswork.

You can make any loss up
 With "Spence" and his gossip,
 A work which must surely succeed;
 Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
 With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
 Must make people purchase and read.
 Then you 've General Gordon,
 Who girded his sword on,
 To serve with a Muscovite master,
 And help him to polish
 A nation so owlsh,
 They thought shaving their beards a disaster.
 For the man, "poor and shrewd,"
 With whom you 'd conclude
 A compact without more delay,
 Perhaps some such pen is
 Still extant in Venice;
 But please, Sir, to mention *your pay*.

Venice, January 8. 1818.

TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
 Patron and publisher of rhymes,
 For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
 My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
 The unfledged MS. authors come;
 Thou printest all — and sellest some —
 My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
 The last new Quarterly is seen, —
 But where is thy new Magazine,
 My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
 The works thou deemest most divine —

The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
 My Murray.
 Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
 And Sermons to thy mill bring grist;
 And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
 My Murray.
 And Heaven forbid I should conclude
 Without "the Board of Longitude,"
 Although this narrow paper would,
 My Murray!

Venice, March 25 1818.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 Sighing or suing now,
 Rhyming or wooing now,
 Billing or cooing now,
 Which, Thomas Moore?
 But the Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 The Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 Masking and humming,
 Filing and drumming,
 Guitarring and strumming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

WITH death doom'd to grapple,
 Beneath this cold slab, he
 Who lied in the Chapel
 Now lies in the Abbey.

SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH,

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,
 To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
 To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less, —
This is to be a monarch, and repress
 Envy into unutterable praise.

Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
 For who would lift a hand, except to bless?

Were it not easy, Sir, and is't not sweet
 To make thyself beloved? and to be
 Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
 Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,
 A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
 And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Bologna, August 12. 1819.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.

IF, for silver or for gold,
 You could melt ten thousand pimples
 Into half a dozen dimples,
 Then your face we might behold,
 Looking, doubtless, much more snugly;
 Yet even *then* 'twould be d—d ugly.

ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

HERE 's a happy new year! but with reason
 I beg you 'll permit me to say —
 Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
 But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

EPIGRAM.

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
 Will. Cobbett has done well:
 You visit him on earth again,
 He 'll visit you in hell.

STANZAS.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
 Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
 Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
 And get knock'd on the head for his labours.
 To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
 And is always as nobly requited;
 Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
 And, if not shot or hang'd, you 'll get knighted.

EPIGRAM.

THE world is a bundle of hay,
 Mankind are the asses who pull;
 Each tugs it a different way,
 And the greatest of all is John Bull.

THE IRISH AVATAR.

1.

ERE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
 And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
 Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
 To the long-cherish'd isle which he loved like his — bride.

2.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
 The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
 For the few little years, out of centuries won,
 Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not her cause.

3.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
 The castle still stands, and the senate's no more,
 And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
 Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

4.

To her desolate shore — where the emigrant stands
 For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
 Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
 For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

5.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
 Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the waves!
 Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
 With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

6.

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
 To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part —
 But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er!
 Could the green in his *hat* be transferr'd to his *heart*!

7.

Could that long-wither'd spot but be verdant again,
 And a new spring of noble affections arise —
 Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
 And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

8.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
 Were he God — as he is but the commonest clay,
 With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow —
 Such servile devotion might shame him away.

9.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
 Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride —
 Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
 His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

10.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
 So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
 With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
 And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

11.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
 Though unequall'd, preceded, the task was begun —
 But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
 Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the *one!*

12.

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute:
 With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
 Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
 And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from the glance of his mind.

13.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!
 Feasts furnish'd by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
 True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,
 When a week's saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

14.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford
 (As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
 Gild over the palace, Lo! Erin, thy lord!
 Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied!

15.

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,
 If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
 Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd
 With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

16.

Each brute hath its nature, a king's is to *reign*, —
 To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised
 The cause of the curses all annals contain,
 From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

17.

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
 His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince
 Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
 And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young* prince!"

18.

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
 The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
 Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
 The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

19.

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
 Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen!
 Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite —
 And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

20.

Spread — spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
 Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to the gorge!
 And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
 The Fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd "George!"

21.

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
 Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!
 Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
 Like their blood which has flow'd, and which yet has to flow.

22.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone —
 On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!
 Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!
 A wretch, never named but with curses and jeers!

23.

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
 Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
 Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd from her earth,
 And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

24.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
 The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race —
 The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt,
 If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

25.

If she did — let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
 Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring —
 See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,
 Still warming its folds in the breast of a king!

26.

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh! Erin, how low
 Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
 Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
 The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still.

27.

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
 My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
 This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
 And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for *thee!*

28.

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,
 I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,
 And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
 Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

29.

For happy are they now reposing afar, —
 Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
 Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
 And redeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

30.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
 Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day —
 Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
 Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

31.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
 Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;
 There was something so warm and sublime in the core
 Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy — thy *dead*.

32.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
 My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
 Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon power,
 'T is the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.

His father's sense, his mother's grace,
 In him, I hope, will always fit so;
 With — still to keep him in good case —
 The health and appetite of Rizzo.

STANZAS.

[“COULD LOVE FOR EVER.”]

1.

COULD Love for ever
 Run like a river,
 And Time's endeavour
 Be tried in vain —
 No other pleasure
 With this could measure;
 And like a treasure
 We'd hug the chain.
 But since our sighing
 Ends not in dying,
 And, form'd for flying,
 Love plumes his wing;
 Then for this reason
 Let's love a season;
 But let that season be only Spring.

2.

When lovers parted
 Feel broken-hearted,
 And, all hopes thwarted,
 Expect to die;
 A few years older,
 Ah! how much colder
 They might behold her
 For whom they sigh!
 When link'd together,
 In every weather,
 They pluck Love's feather
 From out his wing —
 He 'll stay for ever,
 But sadly shiver
 Without his plumage, when past the Spring.

3.

Like Chiefs of Faction,
 His life is action —
 A formal paction
 That curbs his reign,
 Obscures his glory,
 Despot no more, he
 Such territory
 Quits with disdain.
 Still, still advancing,
 With banners glancing,
 His power enhancing,
 He must move on —
 Repose but cloy him,
 Retreat destroys him,
 Love brooks not a degraded throne.

4.

Wait not, fond lover!
 Till years are over,
 And then recover,
 As from a dream.

While each bewailing
 The other's failing,
 With wrath and railing,
 All hideous seem —
 While first decreasing,
 Yet not quite ceasing,
 Wait not till teasing
 All passion blight:
 If once diminish'd
 Love's reign is finish'd —
 Then part in friendship, — and bid good-night.

5.

So shall Affection
 To recollection
 The dear connection
 Bring back with joy:
 You had not waited
 Till, tired or hated,
 Your passions sated
 Began to cloy.
 Your last embraces
 Leave no cold traces —
 The same fond faces
 As through the past;
 And eyes, the mirrors
 Of your sweet errors
 Reflect but rapture — not least though last.

6.

True, separations
 Ask more than patience;
 What desperations
 From such have risen!
 But yet remaining,
 What is 't but chaining
 Hearts which, once waning,
 Beat 'gainst their prison?

Time can but cloy love,
 And use destroy love:
 The winged boy, Love,
 Is but for boys —
 You 'll find it torture
 Though sharper, shorter,
 To wean, and not wear out your joys.

THE CHARITY BALL.

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and father,
 If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
 So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
 And the saint patronizes her "charity ball!"
 What matters — a heart which, though faulty, was feeling,
 Be driven to excesses which once could appal —
 That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
 As the saint keeps her charity back for "the ball!"

EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

TO PENELOPE.

THIS day, of all our days, has done
 The worst for me and you: —
 'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,
 And *five* since we were *two*.

January 2. 1821.

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

JANUARY 22. 1821.

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragg'd to three and thirty.
 What have these years left to me?
 Nothing — except thirty-three.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BRASIERS' COMPANY HAVING RESOLVED TO PRESENT AN
ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE brasiers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass; —
A superfluous pageant — for, by the Lord Harry!
They 'll find where they 're going much more than they carry.

TO MR. MURRAY.

FOR Orford and for Waldegrave
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 't is said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose —
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
So, if *you will*, I shan't be shamm'd,
And if you *won't*, you may be damn'd,
My Murray.

STANZAS TO THE PO.

1.

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

2.

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read

The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

3.

What do I say — a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art were my passions long.

4.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, — not for ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away.

5.

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
And I — to loving *one* I should not love.

6.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

7.

She will look on thee, — I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought; and, from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

8.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream, —
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

9.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more;
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep? —
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

10.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
 Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
 But the distraction of a various lot,
 As various as the climates of our birth.

11.

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
 Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
 Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
 By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

12.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
 I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
 In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot,
 A slave again of love, — at least of thee.

13.

'T is vain to struggle — let me perish young —
 Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
 To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
 And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE
AND PISA.

1.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

2.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
 'T is but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.
 Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
 What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

3.

Oh FAME! — if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'T was less for the sake of thy high sounding phrases,

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

4.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

STANZAS:

TO A HINDOO AIR.

[These verses were written by Lord Byron a little before he left Italy for Greece. They were meant to suit the Hindostanee air — "Alla Malla Punca," which the Countess Guiccioli was fond of singing.]

Oh! — my lonely — lonely — lonely — Pillow!

Where is my lover? where is my lover?

Is it his bark which my dreary dreams discover?

Far — far away! and alone along the billow?

Oh! my lonely — lonely — lonely — Pillow!

Why must my head ache where his gentle brow lay?

How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly,

And my head droops over thee like the willow. —

Oh! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow!

Send me kind dreams to keep my heart from breaking,

In return for the tears I shed upon thee waking;

Let me not die till he comes back o'er the billow. —

Then if thou wilt — no more my *lonely* Pillow,

In one embrace let these arms again enfold him,

And then expire of the joy — but to behold him!

Oh! my lone bosom! — oh! my lonely Pillow!

L I N E S,

INSCRIBED: "ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR."

Missolonghi, Jan. 22. 1824.

1.

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move:

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

2.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

3.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile!

4.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

5.

But 't is not *thus* — and 't is not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

6.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

7.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

8.

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

9.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
 The land of honourable death
 Is here: — up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

10.

Seek out — less often sought than found —
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!
 Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat!
 Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd!
 Adieu, ye mansions where — I've ventured!
 Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs!
 (How surely he who mounts you swears!)
 Adieu, ye merchants often failing!
 Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!
 Adieu, ye packets — without letters!
 Adieu, ye fools — who ape your betters!
 Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,
 That gave me fever, and the spleen!
 Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs,
 Adieu his Excellency's dancers!
 Adieu to Peter — whom no fault's in,
 But could not teach a colonel waltzing;
 Adieu, ye females fraught with graces!
 Adieu red coats, and redder faces!
 Adieu the supercilious air
 Of all that strut “en militaire!”
 I go — but God knows when, or why,
 To smoky towns and cloudy sky,
 To things (the honest truth to say)
 As bad — but in a different way. —

Farewell to these, but not adieu,
Triumphant sons of truest blue!
While either Adriatic shore,
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,
Proclaim you war and women's winners.
Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,
And take my rhyme — because 't is "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her —
And were I vain enough to think
My praise was worth this drop of ink,
A line — or two — were no hard matter,
As here, indeed, I need not flatter:
But she must be content to shine
In better praises than in mine,
With lively air, and open heart,
And fashion's ease, without its art;
Her hours can gaily glide along,
Nor ask the aid of idle song. —

And now, O Malta! since thou 'st got us,
Thou little military hothouse!
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask, for what is such a place meant?
Then, in my solitary nook,
Return to scribbling, or a book,
Or take my physic while I'm able
(Two spoonfuls hourly by the label),
Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
And bless the gods — I've got a fever!

May 26th, 1811.

T O D I V E S.

A FRAGMENT.

UNHAPPY DIVES! in an evil hour
 'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst!
 Once Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power;
 Wrath's viol on thy lofty head hath burst.
 In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
 How wond'rous bright thy blooming morn arose!
 But thou wert smitten with th' unhallow'd thirst
 Of Crime un-named, and thy sad noon must close
 In scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst of woes.

1811.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
 She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS

BY DR. PLAGIARY,

Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation — thus “—”.

“WHEN energizing objects men pursue,”
 Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
 “A modest monologue you here survey,”
 Hiss'd from the theatre the “other day,”
 As if Sir Fretful wrote “the slumberous” verse,
 And gave his son “the rubbish,” to rehearse.
 “Yet at the thing you 'd never be amazed,”
 Knew you the rumpus which the author raised;
 “Nor even here your smiles would be repress,”
 Knew you these lines — the badness of the best.
 “Flame! fire! and flame!!” (words borrow'd from Lucretius,)
 “Dread metaphors which open wounds” like issues!
 “And sleeping pangs awake — and — but away”
 (Confound me if I know what next to say).

"Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,"
 And Master G— recites what Doctor Busby sings! —
 "If mighty things with small we may compare,"
 (Translated from the grammar for the fair!)
 Dramatic "spirit drives a conquering car,"
 And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of "tar."
 "This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,"
 To furnish melodrames for Drury Lane.
 "Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,"
 And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

"In arts and sciences our isle hath shone"
 (This deep discovery is mine alone).
 "Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire"
 My verse — or I'm a fool — and Fame's a liar,
 "Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore"
 With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much more.
 These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too! "inseparable train!"
 "Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"
 (You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid);
 "Harmonious throng" that I have kept in petto,
 Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!
 "While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,
 "Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
 "Thus lifted gloriously, you'll soar along,"
 Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song;
 "Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
 (For this last line George had a holiday).
 "Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"
 So says the manager, and so says I.
 "But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;"
 Is this the poem which the public lost?
 "True — true — that lowers at once our mounting pride;
 But lo! — the papers print what you deride.
 "'T is ours to look on you — you hold the prize,"
 'T is *twenty guineas*, as they advertize!

"A double blessing your rewards impart" —
 I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
 "Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"
 Why son and I both beg for your applause.
 "When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
 My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

October, 1812.

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN.

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"
 His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought,"
 This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
 Supplied, and amply too by innocence;
 Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
 In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
 Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
 These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
 Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
 When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
 Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,
 The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EPIG. I.

Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
Tota notus in orbe Martialis, &c.

HE unto whom thou art so partial,
 Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
 The Epigrammatist: while living,
 Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
 So shall he hear, and feel, and know it —
 Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

NEW DUET.

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jade?"

WHY, how now, saucy Tom?
 If you thus must ramble,
 I will publish some
 Remarks on Mister Campbell.

ANSWER.

Why, how now, Parson Bowles?
 Sure the priest is maudlin!
 (*To the public*) How can you, d—n your souls,
 Listen to his twaddling?

EPIGRAMS.

OH, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;
 Cato died for his country, so didst thou:
 He perish'd rather than see Rome enslaved,
 Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may be saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat! — The worst
 Of this is, — that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last! — *He!* Who?
 The man who cut his country's long ago.

EPITAPH.

POSTERITY will ne'er survey
 A nobler grave than this:
 Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:
 Stop, traveller —

THE CONQUEST.

[This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers, after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

March 8--9, 1823.

1.

THE Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;
Him who bade England bow to Normandy,
And left the name of conqueror more than king
To his unconquerable dynasty.
Not fann'd alone by Victory's fleeting wing,
He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne on high:
The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

MANFRED,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MANFRED.
 CHAMOIS HUNTER.
 ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.
 MANUEL.
 HERMAN.
 WITCH OF THE ALPS.
 ARIMANES.
 NEMESIS.
 THE DESTINIES.
 SPIRITS, &c.

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps — partly in
the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone.* — *Scene, a Gothic Gallery.* — *Time, Midnight.*

Man. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
 It will not burn so long as I must watch:
 My slumbers — if I slumber — are not sleep,
 But a continuance of enduring thought,
 Which then I can resist not: in my heart
 There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
 To look within; and yet I live, and bear
 The aspect and the form of breathing men.
 But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
 Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
 Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
 The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
 Philosophy and science, and the springs
 Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
 I have essay'd, and in my mind there is
 A power to make these subject to itself —
 But they avail not: I have done men good,
 And I have met with good even among men —
 But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,
 And none have baffled, many fallen before me —
 But this avail'd not: — Good, or evil, life,
 Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
 Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
 Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
 And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
 Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
 Or lurking love of something on the earth. —
 Now to my task. —

Mysterious Agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!

Whom I have sought in darkness and in light —

Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
 In subtler essence — ye, to whom the tops
 Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
 And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things —
 I call upon ye by the written charm
 Which gives me power upon you — Rise! appear!
 They come not yet. — Now by the voice of him
 Who is the first among you — by this sign,
 Which makes you tremble — by the claims of him
 Who is undying, — Rise! appear! — Appear!
 If it be so. — Spirits of earth and air,
 Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
 Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
 Which had its birthplace in a star condemn'd,
 The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
 A wandering hell in the eternal space;
 By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
 The thought which is within me and around me,
 I do compel ye to my will. — Appear!

[*A pause.*

[*A pause.*

[*A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery: it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.*

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,
 From my mansion in the cloud,
 Which the breath of twilight builds,
 And the summer's sunset gilds
 With the azure and vermilion,
 Which is mix'd for my pavilion;
 Though thy quest may be forbidden,
 On a star-beam I have ridden;
 To thine adjuration bow'd,
 Mortal — be thy wish avow'd!

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
 They crown'd him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,

With a diadem of snow.
 Around his waist are forests braced,
 The Avalanche in his hand;
 But ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.
 The Glacier's cold and restless mass
 Moves onward day by day;
 But I am he who bids it pass,
 Or with its ice delay.
 I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the mountain bow
 And quiver to his cavern'd base —
 And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
 Where the wave hath no strife,
 Where the wind is a stranger,
 And the sea-snake hath life,
 Where the Mermaid is decking
 Her green hair with shells;
 Like the storm on the surface
 Came the sound of thy spells;
 O'er my calm Hall of Coral
 The deep echo roll'd —
 To the Spirit of Ocean
 Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
 Lies pillow'd on fire,
 And the lakes of bitumen
 Rise boilingly higher;
 Where the roots of the Andes
 Strike deep in the earth,
 As their summits to heaven
 Shoot soaringly forth;

I have quitted my birthplace,
 Thy bidding to bide —
 Thy spell hath subdued me,
 Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,
 The Stirrer of the storm;
 The hurricane I left behind
 Is yet with lightning warm;
 To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
 I swept upon the blast:
 The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet
 'T will sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
 Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny
 Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:
 It was a world as fresh and fair
 As e'er revolved round sun in air;
 Its course was free and regular,
 Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
 The hour arrived — and it became
 A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
 A pathless comet, and a curse,
 The menace of the universe;
 Still rolling on with innate force,
 Without a sphere, without a course,
 A bright deformity on high,
 The monster of the upper sky!
 And thou! beneath its influence born —
 Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn —
 Forced by a power (which is not thine,
 And lent thee but to make thee mine)
 For this brief moment to descend,

Where these weak spirits round thee bend
 And parley with a thing like thee —
 What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with me?

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
 Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
 Before thee at thy quest their spirits are —
 What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals — say?

Man. Forgetfulness —

First Spirit. Of what — of whom — and why?

Man. Of that which is within me; read it there —
 Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

Spirit. We can but give thee that which we possess:
 Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
 O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
 Which shall control the elements, whereof
 We are the dominators, each and all,
 Those shall be thine.

Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion —
 Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
 Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
 But — thou mayst die.

Man. Will death bestow it on me?

Spirit. We are immortal, and do not forget;
 We are eternal; and to us the past
 Is, as the future, present. Art thou answer'd?

Man. Ye mock me — but the power which brought ye here
 Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
 The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
 The lightning of my being, is as bright,
 Pervading, and far darting as your own,
 And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay!
 Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

Spirit. We answer as we answer'd; our reply
 Is even in thine own words.

Man. Why say ye so?

Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

Man. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

Spirit. Say;

What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again —
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days —

Man. Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already. — Hence — begone!

Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee service:
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

Man. No, none: yet stay — one moment, ere we part —
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

Spirit. We have no forms, beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form — in that we will appear.

Man. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting — Come!

Seventh Spirit. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female
figure.*) Behold!

Man. Oh God! if it be thus, and thou
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be —

[*The figure vanishes.*

My heart is crush'd!

[*MANFRED falls senseless.*

(A Voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.)

When the moon is on the wave,
 And the glow-worm in the grass,
 And the meteor on the grave,
 And the wisp on the morass;
 When the falling stars are shooting,
 And the answer'd owls are hooting,
 And the silent leaves are still
 In the shadow of the hill,
 Shall my soul be upon thine,
 With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
 Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
 There are shades which will not vanish,
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
 By a power to thee unknown,
 Thou canst never be alone;
 Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
 Thou art gather'd in a cloud;
 And for ever shalt thou dwell
 In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
 Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
 As a thing that, though unseen,
 Must be near thee, and hath been;
 And when in that secret dread
 Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
 Thou shalt marvel I am not
 As thy shadow on the spot,
 And the power which thou dost feel
 Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
 Hath baptized thee with a curse;
 And a spirit of the air
 Hath begirt thee with a snare;

In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd — now wither!

SCENE II.

The Mountain of the Jungfrau. — Time, Morning. —

MANFRED *alone upon the Cliffs.*

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me —
 The spells which I have studied baffle me —
 The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
 I lean no more on super-human aid,
 It hath no power upon the past, and for
 The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
 It is not of my search. — My mother Earth!
 And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
 Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
 And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
 That openest over all, and unto all
 Art a delight — thou shin'st not on my heart.
 And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
 I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
 Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
 In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
 My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
 To rest for ever — wherefore do I pause?
 I feel the impulse — yet I do not plunge;
 I see the peril — yet do not recede;
 And my brain reels — and yet my foot is firm:
 There is a power upon me which withholds,
 And makes it my fatality to live;
 If it be life to wear within myself
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
 To justify my deeds unto myself —
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
 Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me — I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
 Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine

[*An eagle passes.*]

Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
 With a pervading vision. — Beautiful!
 How beautiful is all this visible world!
 How glorious in its action and itself!
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will,
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are — what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,
 [*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain reed —
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable — pipes in the liberal air,
 Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
 My soul would drink those echoes. — Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment — born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Chamois Hunter.

Even so

This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet
 Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce
 Repay my break-neck travail. — What is here?
 Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd
 A height which none even of our mountaineers,
 Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
 Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
 Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance —
 I will approach him nearer.

Man. (not perceiving the other.) To be thus —
 Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,

A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay —
 And to be thus, eternally but thus,
 Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
 With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years
 And hours — all tortured into ages — hours
 Which I outlive! — Ye toppling crags of ice!
 Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
 In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
 I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
 Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
 And only fall on things that still would live;
 On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
 And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from up the valley;
 I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
 To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
 Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
 Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
 Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
 Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles. — I am giddy.

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously; if near,
 A sudden step will startle him, and he
 Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
 Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
 Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
 The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;
 Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
 Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
 Their fountains find another channel — thus,
 Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg —
 Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care,
 Your next step may be fatal! — for the love
 Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

Man. (not hearing him.) Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime — as thus — thus they shall be —
In this one plunge. — Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully —
Ye were not meant for me — Earth! take these atoms!

[*As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.*

C. Hun. Hold, madman! — though weary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood —
Away with me — I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart — nay, grasp me not —
I am all feebleness — the mountains whirl
Spinning around me — I grow blind — What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon. — Away with me —
The clouds grow thicker — there — now lean on me —
Place your foot here — here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub — now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle — softly — well —
The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour —
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter. — Come, 't is bravely done —
You should have been a hunter. — Follow me.

[*As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. Hun. No, no — yet pause — thou must not yet go forth:
Thy mind and body are alike unfit

To trust each other, for some hours, at least;
 When thou art better, I will be thy guide —
 But whither?

Man. It imports not: I do know
 My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. Hun. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage —
 One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
 Look o'er the lower valleys — which of these
 May call thee lord? I only know their portals;
 My way of life leads me but rarely down
 To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
 Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,
 Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
 I know from childhood — which of these is thine?

Man. No matter.

C. Hun. Well, Sir, pardon me the question,
 And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;
 'T is of an ancient vintage; many a day
 'T has thawed my veins among our glaciers, now
 Let it do thus for thine — Come, pledge me fairly.

Man. Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!
 Will it then never — never sink in the earth?

C. Hun. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

Man. I say 't is blood — my blood! the pure warm stream
 Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
 When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
 And loved each other as we should not love,
 And this was shed: but still it rises up,
 Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
 Where thou art not — and I shall never be.

C. Hun. Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin,
 Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
 Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet —
 The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience —

Man. Patience and patience! Hence — that word was made
 For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;

Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine, —
I am not of thine order.

C. Hun. Thanks to heaven!

I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

Man. Do I not bear it? — Look on me — I live.

C. Hun. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

Man. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number: ages — ages —
Space and eternity — and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death — and still unslaked!

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

Man. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. Hun. Alas! he's mad — but yet I must not leave him.

Man. I would I were — for then the things I see
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

C. Hun. What is it

That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon? *

Man. Myself, and thee — a peasant of the Alps —
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;

Lord Byron. IV.

This do I see — and then I look within —
It matters not — my soul was scorch'd already!

C. Hun. And would'st thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

Man. No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange
My lot with living being: I can bear —
However wretchedly, 't is still to bear —
In life what others could not brook to dream,
But perish in their slumber.

C. Hun. And with this —
This cautious feeling for another's pain,
Canst thou be black with evil? — say not so.
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
Upon his enemies?

Man. Oh! no, no, no!
My injuries came down on those who loved me —
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
An enemy, save in my just defence —
But my embrace was fatal.

C. Hun. Heaven give thee rest!
And penitence restore thee to thyself;
My prayers shall be for thee.

Man. I need them not,
But can endure thy pity. I depart —
'T is time — farewell! — Here 's gold, and thanks for thee —
No words — it is thy due. — Follow me not —
I know my path — the mountain peril 's past:
And once again, I charge thee, follow not! [Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps. — A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon — the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,

And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
 The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
 As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
 But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
 I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
 And with the Spirit of the place divide
 The homage of these waters. — I will call her.

[MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it into the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
 And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
 The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow
 To an unearthly stature, in an essence
 Of purer elements; while the hues of youth, —
 Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
 Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
 Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
 Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
 The blush of earth embracing with her heaven, —
 Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
 The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
 Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
 Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
 Which of itself shows immortality,
 I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
 Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
 At times to commune with them — if that he
 Avail him of his spells — to call thee thus,
 And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch.

Son of Earth!

I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
 I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
 And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
 Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
 I have expected this — what would'st thou with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty — nothing further.
 The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
 Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
 To the abodes of those who govern her —
 But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
 From them what they could not bestow, and now
 I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest
 Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
 The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;
 But why should I repeat it? 't were in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 't is but the same;
 My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
 My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
 Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
 The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
 The aim of their existence was not mine;
 My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
 Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
 I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
 Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
 Was there but one who — but of her anon.
 I said with men, and with the thoughts of men,
 I held but slight communion; but instead,
 My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
 The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
 Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
 Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
 Into the torrent, and to roll along
 On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
 Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
 In these my early strength exulted; or
 To follow through the night the moving moon,
 The stars and their development; or catch
 The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;

Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
 While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
 These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
 For if the beings, of whom I was one, —
 Hating to be so, — cross'd me in my path,
 I felt myself degraded back to them,
 And was all clay again. And then I dived,
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
 Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,
 Save in the old time; and with time and toil,
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance
 As in itself hath power upon the air,
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,
 Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
 Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
 Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
 He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
 Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
 As I do thee; — and with my knowledge grew
 The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
 Of this most bright intelligence, until —

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd my words,
 Boasting these idle attributes, because
 As I approach the core of my heart's grief —
 But to my task. I have not named to thee
 Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
 With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
 If I had such, they seem'd not such to me —
 Yet there was one —

Witch. Spare not thyself — proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments — her eyes,
 Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
 Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;

But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;
 She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
 The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
 To comprehend the universe: nor these
 Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
 Pity, and smiles, and tears — which I had not;
 And tenderness — but that I had for her;
 Humility — and that I never had.
 Her faults were mine — her virtues were her own —
 I loved her, and destroy'd her!

Witch.

With thy hand?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart — which broke her heart —
 It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
 Blood, but not hers — and yet her blood was shed —
 I saw — and could not stanch it.

Witch.

And for this —

A being of the race thou dost despise,
 The order which thine own would rise above,
 Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
 The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
 To recreant mortality — Away!

Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour —
 But words are breath — look on me in my sleep,
 Or watch my watchings — Come and sit by me!
 My solitude is solitude no more,
 But peopled with the Furies; — I have gnash'd
 My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
 Then cursed myself till sunset; — I have pray'd
 For madness as a blessing — 't is denied me.
 I have affronted death — but in the war
 Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
 And fatal things pass'd harmless — the cold hand
 Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
 Back by a single hair, which would not break.
 In fantasy, imagination, all
 The affluence of my soul — which one day was
 A Cresus in creation — I plunged deep,

Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
 As from a stream in winter, though the chill
 Be but a moment's. I have one resource
 Still in my science — I can call the dead,
 And ask them what it is we dread to be:
 The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
 And that is nothing — if they answer not —
 The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
 Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
 From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
 An answer and his destiny — he slew
 That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
 And died unpardon'd — though he call'd in aid
 The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
 The Arcadian Evocators to compel
 The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
 Or fix her term of vengeance — she replied
 In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.
 If I had never lived, that which I love
 Had still been living; had I never loved,
 That which I love would still be beautiful —
 Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
 What is she now? — a sufferer for my sins —
 A thing I dare not think upon — or nothing.
 Within few hours I shall not call in vain —
 Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
 Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
 On spirit, good or evil — now I tremble,
 And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart.
 But I can act even what I most abhor,
 And champion human fears. — The night approaches.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
 And here on snows, where never human foot

Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
 And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
 The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
 We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
 The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
 Frozen in a moment — a dead whirlpool's image:
 And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
 The fretwork of some earthquake — where the clouds
 Pause to repose themselves in passing by —
 Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
 Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
 To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
 Is our great festival — 't is strange they come not.

A Voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
 Hurl'd down from the throne,
 Lay buried in torpor,
 Forgotten and lone;
 I broke through his slumbers,
 I shiver'd his chain,
 I leagu'd him with numbers —
 He's Tyrant again!

With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
 With a nation's destruction — his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
 But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
 There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
 And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
 Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
 And he was a subject well worthy my care;
 A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea —
 But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, answering.

The city lies sleeping;
 The morn, to deplore it,

May dawn on it weeping:
 Sullenly, slowly,
 The black plague flew o'er it —
 Thousands lie lowly;
 Tens of thousands shall perish —
 The living shall fly from
 The sick they should cherish;
 But nothing can vanquish
 The touch that they die from.
 Sorrow and anguish,
 And evil and dread,
 Envelope a nation —
 The blest are the dead,
 Who see not the sight
 Of their own desolation —
 This work of a night —
 This wreck of a realm — this deed of my doing —
 For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
 Our footsteps are their graves;
 We only give to take again
 The spirits of our slaves!

First Des. Welcome! — Where's Nemesis?

Second Des. At some great work;

But what I know not, for my hands were full.

Third Des. Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

First Des. Say, where hast thou been?

My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

Nem. I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones,
 Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
 Avenging men upon their enemies,
 And making them repent their own revenge;
 Goading the wise to madness; from the dull

Shaping out oracles to rule the world
 Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
 And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
 To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
 Of freedom, the forbidden fruit. — Away!
 We have outstay'd the hour — mount we our clouds! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Hall of Arimanes — Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.

Hymn of the SPIRITS.

Hail to our Master! — Prince of Earth and Air!
 Who walks the clouds and waters — in his hand
 The sceptre of the elements, which tear
 Themselves to chaos at his high command!
 He breatheth — and a tempest shakes the sea;
 He speaketh — and the clouds reply in thunder;
 He gazeth — from his glance the sunbeams flee;
 He moveth — earthquakes rend the world asunder.
 Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
 His shadow is the Pestilence; his path
 The comets herald through the crackling skies;
 And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
 To him War offers daily sacrifice;
 To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,
 With all its infinite of agonies —
 And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

First Des. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
 His power increaseth — both my sisters did
 His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

Second Des. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
 The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

Third Des. Glory to Arimanes! we await
 His nod!

Nem. Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,
 And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,

And most things wholly so; still to increase
 Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,
 And we are vigilant — Thy late commands
 Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A Spirit.

What is here?

A mortal! — Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
 Bow down and worship!

Second Spirit.

I do know the man —

A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

Third Spirit. Bow down and worship, slave! — What, know'st
 thou not

Thine and our Sovereign? — Tremble, and obey!

All the Spirits. Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned clay,
 Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

Man.

I know it;

And yet ye see I kneel not.

Fourth Spirit.

'T will be taught thee.

Man. 'T is taught already; — many a night on the earth,
 On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
 And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
 The fulness of humiliation, for
 I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
 To my own desolation.

Fifth Spirit.

Dost thou dare

Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
 What the whole earth accords, beholding not
 The terror of his Glory? — Crouch! I say.

Man. Bid *him* bow down to that which is above him,
 The overruling Infinite — the Maker
 Who made him not for worship — let him kneel,
 And we will kneel together.

The Spirits.

Crush the worm!

Tear him in pieces! —

First Des.

Hence! Avaunt! — he's mine.

Prince of the Powers invisible! This man

Is of no common order, as his port
 And presence here denote; his sufferings
 Have been of an immortal nature, like
 Our own; his knowledge, and his powers and will,
 As far as is compatible with clay,
 Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such
 As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations
 Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
 And they have only taught him what we know —
 That knowledge is not happiness, and science
 But an exchange of ignorance for that
 Which is another kind of ignorance.
 This is not all — the passions, attributes
 Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being,
 Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,
 Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence
 Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
 Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
 And thine, it may be — be it so, or not,
 No other Spirit in this region hath
 A soul like his — or power upon his soul.

Nem. What doth he here then?

First Des.

Let him answer that.

Man. Ye know what I have known; and without power
 I could not be amongst ye: but there are
 Powers deeper still beyond — I come in quest
 Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

Nem. What would'st thou?

Man.

Thou canst not reply to me.

Call up the dead — my question is for them.

Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
 The wishes of this mortal?

Ari.

Yea.

Nem.

Whom would'st thou

Uncharnel?

Man.

One without a tomb — call up

Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow! or Spirit!
 Whatever thou art,
 Which still doth inherit
 The whole or a part
 Of the form of thy birth,
 Of the mould of thy clay,
 Which return'd to the earth,
 Re-appear to the day!
 Bear what thou borest,
 The heart and the form,
 And the aspect thou worst
 Redeem from the worm.

Appear! — Appear! — Appear!
 Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[*The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands in the midst.*

Man. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;
 But now I see it is no living hue
 But a strange hectic — like the unnatural red
 Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
 It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
 To look upon the same — Astarte! — No,
 I cannot speak to her — but bid her speak —
 Forgive me or condemn me.

NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken
 The grave which enthrall'd thee,
 Speak to him who hath spoken,
 Or those who have call'd thee!

Man. She is silent,
 And in that silence I am more than answer'd.

Nem. My power extends no further. Prince of air!
 It rests with thee alone — command her voice.

Ari. Spirit — obey this sceptre!

Nem. Silent still!
 She is not of our order, but belongs

To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also.

Man. Hear me, hear me —
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured — so much endure —
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loath'st me not — that I do bear
This punishment for both — that thou wilt be
One of the blessed — and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence — in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality —
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art — and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music — Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answer'd me — many things answer'd me —
Spirits and men — but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness — Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around — they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone —
Speak to me! though it be in wrath; — but say —
I reckon not what — but let me hear thee once —
This once — once more!

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!

Man. Say on, say on —
I live but in the sound — it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
Farewell!

Man. Yet one word more — am I forgiven?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

Phan. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*

Nem. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A Spirit. He is convulsed — This is to be a mortal
And seek the things beyond mortality.

Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.

Nem. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

Man. None.

Nem. Then for a time farewell.

Man. We meet then! Where? On the earth? —
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit MANFRED.*

(*Scene closes.*)

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Man. What is the hour?

Her. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

Man. Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed?

Her. All, my lord, are ready :
Here is the key and casket.

Man. It is well :
Thou may'st retire. [*Exit HERMAN.*]

Man. (alone). There is a calm upon me —
Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.
If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once :
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred.

Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls;
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

Abbot. Would it were so, Count! —
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

Man. Herman, retire. — What would my reverend guest?

Abbot. Thus, without prelude: — Age and zeal, my office,
And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,

And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries: may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd!

Man. Proceed, — I listen.

Abbot. 'T is said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren — the scared peasantry —
Even thy own vassals — who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy —
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself. — I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

Abbot. My son! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon; — with thyself
The choice of such remains — and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin
To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
I leave to heaven, — "Vengeance is mine alone!"
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

Man. Old man! there is no power in holy men,
 Nor charm in prayer — nor purifying form
 Of penitence — nor outward look — nor fast —
 Nor agony — nor, greater than all these,
 The innate tortures of that deep despair,
 Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
 But all in all sufficient to itself
 Would make a hell of heaven — can exorcise
 From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
 Upon itself; there is no future pang
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
 He deals on his own soul.

Abbot. All this is well;
 For this will pass away, and be succeeded
 By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
 With calm assurance to that blessed place,
 Which all who seek may win, whatever be
 Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:
 And the commencement of atonement is
 The sense of its necessity. — Say on —
 And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;
 And all we can absolve thee shall be pardon'd.

Man. When Rome's sixth emperor was near his last,
 The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
 To shun the torments of a public death
 From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
 With show of loyal pity, would have stanch'd
 The gushing throat with his officious robe;
 The dying Roman thrust him back, and said —
 Some empire still in his expiring glance,
 "It is too late — is this fidelity?"

Abbot. And what of this?

Man. I answer with the Roman —
 "It is too late!"

Abbot. It never can be so,
 To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,

And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?
 'T is strange — even those who do despair above,
 Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth,
 To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

Man. Ay — father! I have had those earthly visions
 And noble aspirations in my youth,
 To make my own the mind of other men,
 The enlightener of nations; and to rise
 I knew not whither — it might be to fall;
 But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
 Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
 Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,
 (Which casts up misty columns that become
 Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)
 Lies low but mighty still. — But this is past,
 My thoughts mistook themselves.

Abbot. And wherefore so?

Man. I could not tame my nature down; for he
 Must serve who fain would sway — and soothe — and sue —
 And watch all time — and pry into all place —
 And be a living lie — who would become
 A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
 The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with
 A herd, though to be leader — and of wolves.
 The lion is alone, and so am I.

Abbot. And why not live and act with other men?

Man. Because my nature was averse from life;
 And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
 But find a desolation: — like the wind,
 The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
 Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
 The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,
 And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
 And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
 But being met is deadly; such hath been
 The course of my existence; but there came
 Things in my path which are no more.

Abbot.

Alas!

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would —

Man.

Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure — some of study —
Some worn with toil — some of mere weariness —
Some of disease — and some insanity —
And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me! for even of all these things
Have I partaken; and of all these things,
One were enough; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

Abbot. Yet, hear me still —*Man.*

Old man! I do respect

Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,
Far more than me, in shunning at this time
All further colloquy — and so — farewell.

[Exit MANFRED.]

Abbot. This should have been a noble creature:

Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos — light and darkness —
And mind and dust — and passions and pure thoughts
Mix'd, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
And yet he must not; I will try once more,

For such are worth redemption; and my duty
Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
I'll follow him — but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:
He sinks behind the mountain.

Man. Doth he so?
I will look on him.

[MANFRED *advances to the Window of the Hall.*

Glorious Orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can ne'er return. —
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown —
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee
Even as our outward aspects; — thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take

My latest look . thou wilt not beam on one
 To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
 Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
 I follow.

[Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE III.

*The Mountains — The Castle of Manfred at some distance —
 A Terrace before a Tower. — Time, Twilight.*

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

Her. 'T is strange enough; night after night, for years,
 He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
 Without a witness. I have been within it, —
 So have we all been oft-times; but from it,
 Or its contents, it were impossible
 To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
 His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
 One chamber where none enter: I would give
 The fee of what I have to come these three years,
 To pore upon its mysteries.

Manuel. 'T were dangerous;
 Content thyself with what thou know'st already.

Her. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
 And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt within the castle —
 How many years is 't?

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
 I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

Her. There be more sons in like predicament.
 But wherein do they differ?

Manuel. I speak not
 Of features or of form, but mind and habits;
 Count Sigismund was proud, — but gay and free, —
 A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
 With books and solitude, nor made the night
 A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
 Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks
 And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
 From men and their delights.

Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot — Where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
 As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old! —
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns. —

'T was such a night!

'T is strange that I recall it at this time;
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
 Even at the moment when they should array
 Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot.

My good lord!

I crave a second grace for this approach;
 But yet let not my humble zeal offend
 By its abruptness — all it hath of ill
 Recoils on me; its good in the effect
 May light upon your head — could I say *heart* —
 Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
 Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd;
 But is not yet all lost.

Man.

Thou know'st me not;

My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded :
Retire, or 't will be dangerous — Away!

Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace me?

Man. Not I;

I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost thou mean?

Man. Look there!

What dost thou see?

Abbot. Nothing.

Man. Look there, I say,
And steadfastly; — now tell me what thou seest?

Abbot. That which should shake me, — but I fear it not —
I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds: he stands between
Thyself and me — but I do fear him not.

Man. Thou hast no cause — he shall not harm thee — but
His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
I say to thee — Retire!

Abbot. And I reply —
Never — till I have battled with this fiend: —
What doth he here?

Man. Why — ay — what doth he here? —
I did not send for him, — he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas! lost mortal! what with guests like these
Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?
Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell —
Avaunt! —

Man. Pronounce — what is thy mission?

Spirit. Come!

Abbot. What art thou, unknown being? answer! — speak!

Spirit. The genius of this mortal. — Come! 't is time.

Man. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?

Spirit. Thou 'lt know anon — Come! come!

Man.

I have commanded

Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come — Away! I say.

Man. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I 'll die as I have lived — alone.

Spirit. Then I must summon up my brethren. — Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.*]

Abbot. Avaunt! ye evil ones! — Avaunt! I say, —
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name —

Spirit.

Old man!

We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.

Once more I summon him — Away! away!

Man. I do defy ye, — though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye — earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit.

Reluctant mortal!

Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal? — Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!

Man.

Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour, — *that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past power

Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
 But by superior science — penance — daring —
 And length of watching — strength of mind — and skill
 In knowledge of our fathers — when the earth
 Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
 And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
 Upon my strength — I do defy — deny —
 Spurn back, and scorn ye! —

Spirit. But thy many crimes
 Have made thee —

Man. What are they to such as thee?
 Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
 And greater criminals? — Back to thy hell!
 Thou hast no power upon me, *that I feel*;
 Thou never shalt possess me, *that I know*:
 What I have done is done; I bear within
 A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
 The mind which is immortal makes itself
 Requit for its good or evil thoughts —
 Is its own origin of ill and end —
 And its own place and time — its innate sense,
 When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
 No colour from the fleeting things without;
 But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
 Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
 I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey —
 But was my own destroyer, and will be
 My own hereafter. — Back, ye baffled fiends!
 The hand of death is on me — but not yours!

[*The Demons disappear.*]

Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art — thy lips are white —
 And thy breast heaves — and in thy gasping throat
 The accents rattle — Give thy prayers to Heaven —
 Pray — albeit but in thought, — but die not thus.

Man. 'T is over — my dull eyes can fix thee not;
 But all things swim around me, and the earth

Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well —
Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold — cold — even to the heart —

But yet one prayer — Alas! how fares it with thee?

Man. Old man! 't is not so difficult to die.

[MANFRED expires.]

Abbot. He's gone — his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight —
Whither? I dread to think — but he is gone.

C A I N,
A MYSTERY.

“Now the Serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made.”

Gen. ch. iii. ver. 1.

TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THIS MYSTERY OF GAIN

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE following scenes are entitled “A Mystery,” in conformity with the ancient title annexed to dramas upon similar subjects, which were styled “Mysteries, or Moralities.” The author has by no means taken the same liberties with his subject which were common formerly, as may be seen by any reader curious enough to refer to those very profane productions, whether in English, French, Italian, or Spanish. The author has endeavoured to preserve the language adapted to his characters; and where it is (and this is but rarely) taken from actual *Scripture*, he has made as little alteration, even of words, as the rhythm would permit.

The reader will recollect that the book of Genesis does not state that Eve was tempted by a demon, but by "the Serpent;" and that only because he was "the most subtil of all the beasts of the field." Whatever interpretation the Rabbins and the Fathers may have put upon this, I take the words as I find them, and reply, with Bishop Watson upon similar occasions, when the Fathers were quoted to him, as Moderator in the schools of Cambridge, "Behold the Book!" — holding up the Scripture. It is to be recollected, that my present subject has nothing to do with the *New Testament*, to which no reference can be here made without anachronism. With the poems upon similar topics I have not been recently familiar. Since I was twenty, I have never read Milton; but I had read him so frequently before, that this may make little difference. Gesner's "Death of Abel" I have never read since I was eight years of age, at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza: in the following pages I have called them "Adah" and "Zillah," the earliest female names which occur in Genesis; they were those of Lamech's wives: those of Cain and Abel are not called by their names. Whether, then, a coincidence of subject may have caused the same in expression, I know nothing, and care as little.

The reader will please to bear in mind (what few choose to recollect), that there is no allusion to a future state in any of the books of Moses, nor indeed in the Old Testament. For a reason for this extraordinary omission he may consult Warburton's "Divine Legation;" whether satisfactory or not, no better has yet been assigned. I have therefore supposed it new to Cain, without, I hope, any perversion of Holy Writ.

With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness. If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to any thing of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine capacity.

Note. — The reader will perceive that the author has partly adopted in this poem the notion of Cuvier, that the world had been destroyed several times before the creation of man. This speculation, derived from the different strata and the bones of enormous and unknown animals found in them, is not contrary to the Mosaic account, but rather confirms it; as no human bones have yet been discovered in those strata, although those of many known animals are found near the remains of the unknown. The assertion of Lucifer, that the pre-Adamite world was also peopled by rational beings much more intelligent than man, and proportionably powerful to the mammoth, &c. &c. is, of course, a poetical fiction to help him to make out his case.

I ought to add, that there is a “tramelogedia” of Alfieri, called “Abele.” — I have never read that, nor any other of the posthumous works of the writer, except his Life.

Ravenna, Sept. 20. 1821.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Men. — ADAM.

CAIN.

ABEL.

Spirits. — ANGEL OF THE LORD.

LUCIFER.

Women. — EVE.

ADAH.

ZILLAH.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Land without Paradise. — Time, Sunrise.

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAH, ZILLAH, *offering a Sacrifice.*

Adam. GOD, the Eternal! Infinite! All-wise! —
Who out of darkness on the deep didst make,
Light on the waters with a word — all hail!
Jehovah, with returning light, all hail!

Eve. God! who didst name the day, and separate
Morning from night, till then divided never —
Who didst divide the wave from wave, and call
Part of thy work the firmament — all hail!

Abel. God! who didst call the elements into
Earth — ocean — air — and fire, and with the day
And night, and worlds which these illuminate,
Or shadow, madest beings to enjoy them,
And love both them and thee — all hail! all hail!

Adah. God, the Eternal! Parent of all things!
Who didst create these best and beauteous beings,
To be beloved, more than all, save thee —
Let me love thee and them: — All hail! all hail!

Zillah. Oh, God! who loving, making, blessing all,
Yet didst permit the Serpent to creep in,
And drive my father forth from Paradise,
Keep us from further evil: — Hail! all hail!

Adam. Son Cain, my first-born, wherefore art thou silent?

Cain. Why should I speak?

Adam.

To pray.

Cain.

Have ye not pray'd?

Adam. We have, most fervently.

Cain.

And loudly: I

Have heard you:

Adam. So will God, I trust.

Abel.

Amen!

Adam. But thou, my eldest born, art silent still.

Cain. 'T is better I should be so.

Adam. Wherefore so?

Cain. I have nought to ask.

Adam. Nor aught to thank for?

Cain. No.

Adam. Dost thou not live?

Cain. Must I not die?

Eve. Alas!

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins
To fall.

Adam. And we must gather it again.

Oh, God! why didst thou plant the tree of knowledge?

Cain. And wherefore pluck'd ye not the tree of life?

Ye might have then defied him.

Adam. Oh! my son,

BlaspHEME NOT: these are serpent's words.

Cain. Why not?

The snake spoke *truth*: it *was* the tree of knowledge;

It *was* the tree of life: knowledge is good,

And life is good; and how can both be evil?

Eve. My boy! thou speakest as I spoke, in sin,

Before thy birth: let me not see renew'd

My misery in thine. I have repented.

Let me not see my offspring fall into

The snares beyond the walls of Paradise,

Which e'en in Paradise destroy'd his parents.

Content thee with what *is*. Had we been so,

Thou now hadst been contented. — Oh, my son!

Adam. Our orisons completed, let us hence,

Each to his task of toil — not heavy, though

Needful: the earth is young, and yields us kindly

Her fruits with little labour.

Eve. Cain, my son,

Behold thy father cheerful and resign'd,

And do as he doth.

[*Exeunt ADAM and EVE.*

Zillah. Wilt thou not, my brother?

Abel. Why wilt thou wear this gloom upon thy brow,

Which can avail thee nothing, save to rouse
The Eternal anger?

Adah. My beloved Cain,
Wilt thou frown even on me?

Cain. No, Adah! no;
I fain would be alone a little while.

Abel, I'm sick at heart; but it will pass.
Precede me, brother — I will follow shortly.

And you, too, sisters, tarry not behind;
Your gentleness must not be harshly met:

I'll follow you anon.

Adah. If not, I will
Return to seek you here.

Abel. The peace of God
Be on your spirit, brother!

[*Exeunt ABEL, ZILLAH, and ADAH.*

Cain (solus). And this is

Life! — Toil! and wherefore should I toil? — because
My father could not keep his place in Eden.

What had I done in this? — I was unborn:

I sought not to be born; nor love the state

To which that birth has brought me. Why did he

Yield to the serpent and the woman? or,
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?

The tree was planted, and why not for him?

If not, why place him near it, where it grew,

The fairest in the centre? They have but

One answer to all questions, "'T was *his* will,

And *he* is good." How know I that? Because
He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow?

I judge but by the fruits — and they are bitter —

Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.

Whom have we here? — A shape like to the angels,

Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect

Of spiritual essence: why do I quake?

Why should I fear him more than other spirits,

Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords

Before the gates round which I linger oft,
 In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those
 Gardens which are my just inheritance,
 Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls
 And the immortal trees which overtop
 The cherubim-defended battlements?
 If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels,
 Why should I quail from him who now approaches?
 Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
 Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
 As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems
 Half of his immortality. And is it
 So? and can aught grieve save humanity?
 He cometh.

Enter LUCIFER.

Lucifer. Mortal!

Cain. Spirit, who art thou?

Lucifer. Master of spirits.

Cain. And being so, canst thou
 Leave them, and walk with dust?

Lucifer. I know the thoughts
 Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.

Cain. How!
 You know my thoughts?

Lucifer. They are the thoughts of all
 Worthy of thought; — 't is your immortal part
 Which speaks within you.

Cain. What immortal part?

This has not been reveal'd: the tree of life
 Was withheld from us by my father's folly,
 While that of knowledge, by my mother's haste,
 Was pluck'd too-soon; and all the fruit is death!

Lucifer. They have deceived thee; thou shalt live.

Cain. *I live,*
 But live to die: and, living, see nothing
 To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
 A loathsome, and yet all invincible

Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
 Despise myself, yet cannot overcome —
 And so I live. Would I had never lived!

Lucifer. Thou livest, and must live for ever: think not
 The earth, which is thine outward cov'ring, is
 Existence — it will cease, and thou wilt be
 No less than thou art now.

Cain. No *less!* and why
 No more?

Lucifer. It may be thou shalt be as we.

Cain. And ye?

Lucifer. Are everlasting.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. We are mighty.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. No: art thou?

Cain. How should I be so? Look on me!

Lucifer. Poor clay!

And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

Cain. I am: — and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?

Lucifer. One who aspired to be what made thee, and
 Would not have made thee what thou art.

Cain. Ah!

Thou look'st almost a god; and —

Lucifer. I am none:

And having fail'd to be one, would be nought
 Save what I am. He conquer'd; let him reign!

Cain. Who?

Lucifer. Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

Cain. And heaven's,

And all that in them is. So I have heard
 His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

Lucifer. They say — what they must sing and say, on pain
 Of being that which I am — and thou art —
 Of spirits and of men.

Cain. And what is that?

Lucifer. Souls who dare use their immortality —

Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
 His everlasting face, and tell him that
 His evil is not good! If he has made,
 As he saith — which I know not, nor believe —
 But, if he made us — he cannot unmake:
 We are immortal! — nay, he 'd *have* us so,
 That he may torture: — let him! He is great —
 But, in his greatness, is no happier than
 We in our conflict! Goodness would not make
 Evil; and what else hath he made? But let him
 Sit on his vast and solitary throne,
 Creating worlds, to make eternity
 Less burthensome to his immense existence
 And unparticipated solitude;
 Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone
 Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant;
 Could he but crush himself, 't were the best boon
 He ever granted: but let him reign on,
 And multiply himself in misery!
 Spirits and Men, at least we sympathize —
 And, suffering in concert, make our pangs
 Innumerable, more endurable,
 By the unbounded sympathy of all
 With all! But *He!* so wretched in his height,
 So restless in his wretchedness, must still
 Create, and re-create —

Cain. Thou speak'st to me of things which long have swum
 In visions through my thought: I never could
 Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.
 My father and my mother talk to me
 Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see
 The gates of what they call their Paradise
 Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,
 Which shut them out, and me: I feel the weight
 Of daily toil, and constant thought: I look
 Around a world where I seem nothing, with
 Thoughts which arise within me, as if they

Could master all things — but I thought alone
 This misery was *mine*. — My father is
 Tamed down; my mother has forgot the mind
 Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk
 Of an eternal curse; my brother is
 A watching shepherd boy, who offers up
 The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
 The earth yield nothing to us without sweat;
 My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn
 Than the birds' matins; and my Adah, my
 Own and beloved, she, too, understands not
 The mind which overwhelms me: never till
 Now met I aught to sympathize with me.
 'T is well — I rather would consort with spirits.

Lucifer. And hadst thou not been fit by thine own soul
 For such companionship, I would not now
 Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent
 Had been enough to charm ye, as before.

Cain. Ah! didst *thou* tempt my mother?

Lucifer.

I tempt none,

Save with the truth: was not the tree, the tree
 Of knowledge? and was not the tree of life
 Still fruitful? Did I bid her pluck them not?
 Did I plant things prohibited within
 The reach of beings innocent, and curious
 By their own innocence? I would have made ye
 Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye
 Because "ye should not eat the fruits of life,
 And become gods as we." Were those his words?

Cain. They were, as I have heard from those who heard them,
 In thunder.

Lucifer. Then who was the demon? He
 Who would not let ye live, or he who would
 Have made ye live for ever in the joy
 And power of knowledge?

Cain. Would they had snatch'd both
 The fruits, or neither!

Lucifer. One is yours already;
The other may be still.

Cain. How so?

Lucifer. By being
Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can
Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
And centre of surrounding things — 't is made
To sway.

Cain. But didst thou tempt my parents?

Lucifer. I?
Poor clay! what should I tempt them for, or how?

Cain. They say the serpent was a spirit.

Lucifer. Who
Saith that? It is not written so on high:
The proud One will not so far falsify,
Though man's vast fears and little vanity
Would make him cast upon the spiritual nature
His own low failing. The snake *was* the snake —
No more; and yet not less than those he tempted,
In nature being earth also — *more* in *wisdom*,
Since he could overcome them, and foreknew
The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys.
Think'st thou I'd take the shape of things that die?

Cain. But the thing had a demon?

Lucifer. He but woke one
In those he spake to with his forky tongue.
I tell thee that the serpent was no more
Than a mere serpent: ask the cherubim
Who guard the tempting tree. When thousand ages
Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes, and your seed's,
The seed of the then world may thus array
Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute
To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all
That bows to him, who made things but to bend
Before his sullen, sole eternity;
But we, who see the truth, must speak it. Thy
Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing,

And fell. For what should spirits tempt them? What
 Was there to envy in the narrow bounds
 Of Paradise, that spirits who pervade
 Space — but I speak to thee of what thou know'st not,
 With all thy tree of knowledge.

Cain. But thou canst not
 Speak aught of knowledge which I would not know,
 And do not thirst to know, and bear a mind
 To know.

Lucifer. And heart to look on?

Cain.

Be it proved.

Lucifer. Darest thou to look on Death?

Cain.

He has not yet

Been seen.

Lucifer. But must be undergone.

Cain.

My father

Says he is something dreadful, and my mother
 Weeps when he's named; and Abel lifts his eyes
 To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
 And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on me,
 And speaks not.

Lucifer.

And thou?

Cain.

Thoughts unspeakable

Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
 Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems,
 Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him?

I wrestled with the lion, when a boy,
 In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe.

Lucifer. It has no shape; but will absorb all things
 That bear the form of earth-born being.

Cain.

Ah!

I thought it was a being: who could do
 Such evil things to beings save a being?

Lucifer. Ask the Destroyer.

Cain.

Who?

Lucifer.

The Maker — call him

Which name thou wilt: he makes but to destroy.

Cain. I knew not that, yet thought it, since I heard
Of death: although I know not what it is,
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out
In the vast desolate night in search of him;
And when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd
By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords,
I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for
With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What 't was which shook us all -- but nothing came.
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

Lucifer. Perhaps — but long outlive both thine and thee.

Cain. I'm glad of that: I would not have them die —
They are so lovely. What is death? I fear,
I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what,
I cannot compass: 't is denounced against us,
Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as an ill —
What ill?

Lucifer. To be resolved into the earth.

Cain. But shall I know it?

Lucifer. As I know not death,
I cannot answer.

Cain. Were I quiet earth
That were no evil: would I ne'er had been
Aught else but dust!

Lucifer. That is a groveling wish,
Less than thy father's, for he wish'd to know.

Cain. But not to live, or wherefore pluck'd he not
The life-tree?

Lucifer. He was hinder'd.

Cain. Deadly error!
Not to snatch first that fruit: — but ere he pluck'd
The knowledge, he was ignorant of death.

Alas! I scarcely now know what it is,
And yet I fear it — fear I know not what!

Lucifer. And I, who know all things, fear nothing: see
What is true knowledge.

Cain. Wilt thou teach me all?

Lucifer. Ay, upon one condition.

Cain. Name it.

Lucifer. That

Thou dost fall down and worship me — thy Lord.

Cain. Thou art not the Lord my father worships.

Lucifer. No.

Cain. His equal?

Lucifer. No; — I have nought in common with him!

Nor would: I would be aught above — beneath —
Aught save a sharer or a servant of

His power. I dwell apart; but I am great: —

Many there are who worship me, and more

Who shall — be thou amongst the first.

Cain. I never

As yet have bow'd unto my father's God,

Although my brother Abel oft implores

That I would join with him in sacrifice: —

Why should I bow to thee?

Lucifer. Hast thou ne'er bow'd
To him?

Cain. Have I not said it? — need I say it?

Could not thy mighty knowledge teach thee that?

Lucifer. He who bows not to him has bow'd to me!

Cain. But I will bend to neither.

Lucifer. Ne'er the less,

Thou art my worshipper: not worshipping

Him makes thee mine the same.

Cain. And what is that?

Lucifer. Thou 'lt know here — and hereafter.

Cain. Let me but

Be taught the mystery of my being.

Lucifer.

Follow

Where I will lead thee.

Cain.

But I must retire

To till the earth — for I had promised —

Lucifer.

What?

Cain. To cull some first-fruits.*Lucifer.*

Why?

Cain.

To offer up.

With Abel on an altar.

Lucifer.

Saidst thou not

Thou ne'er hadst bent to him who made thee?

Cain.

Yes —

But Abel's earnest prayer has wrought upon me;

The offering is more his than mine — and Adah —

Lucifer. Why dost thou hesitate?*Cain.*

She is my sister,

Born on the same day, of the same womb; and

She wrung from me, with tears, this promise; and

Rather than see her weep, I would, methinks,

Bear all — and worship aught.

Lucifer.

Then follow me!

Cain. I will.*Enter ADAH.**Adah.*

My brother, I have come for thee;

It is our hour of rest and joy — and we

Have less without thee. Thou hast labour'd not

This morn; but I have done thy task: the fruits

Are ripe, and glowing as the light which ripens:

Come away.

Cain.

See'st thou not?

Adah.

I see an angel;

We have seen many: will he share our hour

Of rest? he is welcome.

Cain.

But he is not like

The angels we have seen.

Adah.

Are there, then, others?

But he is welcome, as they were; they deign'd
To be our guests — will he?

Cain (to *Lucifer*.)

Wilt thou?

Lucifer.

I ask

Thee to be mine.

Cain.

I must away with him.

Adah. And leave us?

Cain.

Ay.

Adah.

And me?

Cain.

Beloved *Adah*!

Adah. Let me go with thee.

Lucifer.

No, she must not.

Adah.

Who

Art thou that steppest between heart and heart?

Cain. He is a god.

Adah.

How know'st thou?

Cain.

He speaks like

A god.

Adah. So did the serpent, and it lied.

Lucifer. Thou errest, *Adah*! — was not the tree that
Of knowledge?

Adah.

Ay — to our eternal sorrow.

Lucifer. And yet that grief is knowledge — so he lied not:
And if he did betray you, 't was with truth;
And truth in its own essence cannot be
But good.

Adah. But all we know of it has gather'd.
Evil on ill: expulsion from our home,
And dread, and toil, and sweat, and heaviness;
Remorse of that which was — and hope of that
Which cometh not. *Cain*! walk not with this spirit.
Bear with what we have borne, and love me — I
Love thee.

Lucifer. More than thy mother, and thy sire?

Adah. I do. Is that a sin, too?

Lucifer.

No, not yet:

It one day will be in your children.

Adah. What!

Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch?

Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.

Adah. Oh, my God!

Shall they not love and bring forth things that love

Out of their love? have they not drawn their milk

Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,

Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour

With me? did we not love each other? and

In multiplying our being multiply

Things which will love each other as we love

Them? — And as I love thee, my Cain! go not

Forth with this spirit; he is not of ours.

Lucifer. The sin I speak of is not of my making,

And cannot be a sin in you — whate'er

It seem in those who will replace ye in

Mortality.

Adah. What is the sin which is not

Sin in itself? Can circumstance make sin

Or virtue? — if it doth, we are the slaves

Of —

Lucifer. Higher things than ye are slaves: and higher

Than them or ye would be so, did they not

Prefer an independency of torture

To the smooth agonies of adulation,

In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking prayers,

To that which is omnipotent, because

It is omnipotent, and not from love,

But terror and self-hope.

Adah. Omnipotence

Must be all goodness.

Lucifer. Was it so in Eden?

Adah. Fiend! tempt me not with beauty; thou art fairer

Than was the serpent, and as false.

Lucifer. As true.

Ask Eve, your mother: bears she not the knowledge

Of good and evil?

Adah. Oh, my mother! thou
 Hast pluck'd a fruit more fatal to thine offspring
 Than to thyself; thou at the least hast pass'd
 Thy youth in Paradise, in innocent
 And happy intercourse with happy spirits:
 But we, thy children, ignorant of Eden,
 Are girt about by demons, who assume
 The words of God, and tempt us with our own
 Dissatisfied and curious thoughts — as thou
 Wert work'd on by the snake, in thy most flush'd
 And heedless, harmless wantonness of bliss.
 I cannot answer this immortal thing
 Which stands before me; I cannot abhor him;
 I look upon him with a pleasing fear,
 And yet I fly not from him: in his eye
 There is a fastening attraction which
 Fixes my fluttering eyes on his; my heart
 Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws me near,
 Nearer and nearer; — Cain — Cain — save me from him!

Cain. What dreads my *Adah*? This is no ill spirit.

Adah. He is not God — nor God's: I have beheld
 The cherubs and the seraphs; he looks not
 Like them.

Cain. But there are spirits loftier still —
 The archangels.

Lucifer. And still loftier than the archangels.

Adah. Ay — but not blessed.

Lucifer. If the blessedness
 Consists in slavery — no.

Adah. I have heard it said,
 The seraphs *love most* — cherubim *know most* —
 And this should be a cherub — since he loves not.

Lucifer. And if the higher knowledge quenches love,
 What must *he be* you cannot love when known?
 Since the all-knowing cherubim love least,
 The seraphs' love can be but ignorance:
 That they are not compatible, the doom

Of thy fond parents, for their daring, proves.
 Choose betwixt love and knowledge — since there is
 No other choice: your sire hath chosen already;
 His worship is but fear.

Adah. Oh, Cain! choose love.

Cain. For thee, my Adah, I choose not — it was
 Born with me — but I love nought else.

Adah. Our parents?

Cain. Did they love us when they snatch'd from the tree
 That which hath driven us all from Paradise?

Adah. We were not born then — and if we had been,
 Should we not love them and our children, Cain?

Cain. My little Enoch! and his lisping sister!
 Could I but deem them happy, I would half
 Forget — but it can never be forgotten
 Through thrice a thousand generations! never
 Shall men love the remembrance of the man
 Who sow'd the seed of evil and mankind
 In the same hour! They pluck'd the tree of science
 And sin — and, not content with their own sorrow,
 Begot *me* — *thee* — and all the few that are,
 And all the unnumber'd and innumerable
 Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may be,
 To inherit agonies accumulated
 By ages! — and *I* must be sire of such things!
 Thy beauty and thy love — my love and joy,
 The rapturous moment and the placid hour,
 All we love in our children and each other,
 But lead them and ourselves through many years
 Of sin and pain — or few, but still of sorrow,
 Intercheck'd with an instant of brief pleasure,
 To Death — the unknown! Methinks the tree of knowledge
 Hath not fulfill'd its promise: — if they sinn'd,
 At least they ought to have known all things that are
 Of knowledge — and the mystery of death.
 What do they know? — that they are miserable.
 What need of snakes and fruits to teach us that?

Adah. I am not wretched, Cain, and if thou
Wert happy —

Cain. Be thou happy, then, alone —
I will have nought to do with happiness,
Which humbles me and mine.

Adah. Alone I could not,
Nor *would* be happy: but with those around us
I think I could be so, despite of death,
Which, as I know it not, I dread not, though
It seems an awful shadow — if I may
Judge from what I have heard.

Lucifer. And thou couldst not
Alone, thou say'st, be happy?

Adah. Alone! Oh, my God!
Who could be happy and alone, or good?
To me my solitude seems sin; unless
When I think how soon I shall see my brother,
His brother, and our children, and our parents.

Lucifer. Yet thy God is alone; and is he happy,
Lonely, and good?

Adah. He is not so; he hath
The angels and the mortals to make happy,
And thus becomes so in diffusing joy?
What else can joy be, but the spreading joy?

Lucifer. Ask of your sire, the exile fresh from Eden;
Or of his first-born son: ask your own heart;
It is not tranquil.

Adah. Alas! no! and you —
Are you of heaven?

Lucifer. If I am not, enquire
The cause of this all-spreading happiness
(Which you proclaim) of the all-great and good
Maker of life and living things; it is
His secret, and he keeps it. *We* must bear,
And some of us resist, and both in vain,
His seraphs say: but it is worth the trial,
Since better may not be without: there is

A wisdom in the spirit, which directs
To right, as in the dim blue air the eye
Of you, young mortals, lights at once upon
The star which watches, welcoming the morn.

Adah. It is a beautiful star; I love it for
Its beauty.

Lucifer. And why not adore?

Adah. Our father
Adores the Invisible only.

Lucifer. But the symbols
Of the Invisible are the loveliest
Of what is visible; and yon bright star
Is leader of the host of heaven.

Adah. Our father
Saith that he has beheld the God himself
Who made him and our mother.

Lucifer. Hast thou seen him?

Adah. Yes — in his works.

Lucifer. But in his being?

Adah. No —

Save in my father, who is God's own image;
Or in his angels, who are like to thee —
And brighter, yet less beautiful and powerful
In seeming: as the silent sunny noon,
All light, they look upon us; but thou seem'st
Like an ethereal night, where long white clouds
Streak the deep purple, and unnumber'd stars
Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault
With things that look as if they would be suns;
So beautiful, unnumber'd, and endearing,
Not dazzling, and yet drawing us to them,
They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost thou.
Thou seem'st unhappy: do not make us so,
And I will weep for thee.

Lucifer. Alas! those tears!

Could'st thou but know what oceans will be shed —

Adah. By me?

Lucifer. By all.

Adah. What all?

Lucifer. The million millions —

The myriad myriads — the all-peopled earth —
The unpeopled earth — and the o'er-peopled Hell,
Of which thy bosom is the germ.

Adah. O Cain!

This spirit curseth us.

Cain. Let him say on;

Him will I follow.

Adah. Whither?

Lucifer. To a place

Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour;
But in that hour see things of many days.

Adah. How can that be?

Lucifer. Did not your Maker make

Out of old worlds this new one in few days?

And cannot I, who aided in this work,

Show in an hour what he hath made in many,

Or hath destroy'd in few?

Cain. Lead on.

Adah. Will he,

In sooth, return within an hour?

Lucifer. He shall.

With us acts are exempt from time, and we

Can crowd eternity into an hour,

Or stretch an hour into eternity:

We breathe not by a mortal measurement —

But that's a mystery. Cain, come on with me.

Adah. Will he return?

Lucifer. Ay, woman! he alone

Of mortals from that place (the first and last

Who shall return, save ONE), shall come back to thee.

To make that silent and expectant world

As populous as this: at present there

Are few inhabitants.

Adah. Where dwellest thou?

Lucifer. Throughout all space. Where should I dwell?
Where are

Thy God or Gods — there am I: all things are
Divided with me; life and death — and time —
Eternity — and heaven and earth — and that
Which is not heaven nor earth, but peopled with
Those who once peopled or shall people both —
These are my realms! So that I do divide
His, and possess a kingdom which is not
His. If I were not that which I have said,
Could I stand here? His angels are within
Your vision.

Adah. So they were when the fair serpent
Spoke with our mother first.

Lucifer. Cain! thou hast heard.
If thou dost long for knowledge, I can satiate
That thirst; nor ask thee to partake of fruits
Which shall deprive thee of a single good
The conqueror has left thee. Follow me.

Cain. Spirit, I have said it. [*Exeunt LUCIFER and CAIN.*

Adah (*follows, exclaiming*). Cain! my brother! Cain!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Abyss of Space.

Cain. I tread on air, and sink not; yet I fear
To sink.

Lucifer. Have faith in me, and thou shalt be
Borne on the air, of which I am the prince.

Cain. Can I do so without impiety?

Lucifer. Believe — and sink not! doubt — and perish! thus
Would run the edict of the other God,
Who names me demon to his angels; they
Echo the sound to miserable things,
Which, knowing nought beyond their shallow senses,
Worship the word which strikes their ear, and deem

Evil or good what is proclaim'd to them
 In their abasement. I will have none such:
 Worship or worship not, thou shalt behold
 The worlds beyond thy little world, nor be
 Amerced for doubts beyond thy little life,
 With torture of *my* dooming. There will come
 An hour, when, toss'd upon some water-drops,
 A man shall say to a man, "Believe in me,
 And walk the waters;" and the man shall walk
 The billows and be safe. I will not say,
 Believe in *me*, as a conditional creed
 To save thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf
 Of space an equal flight, and I will show
 What thou dar'st not deny, — the history
 Of past, and present, and of future worlds.

Cain. Oh, god, or demon, or whate'er thou art,
 Is yon our earth?

Lucifer. Dost thou not recognise
 The dust which form'd your father?

Cain. Can it be?

Yon small blue circle, swinging in far ether,
 With an inferior circlet near it still,
 Which looks like that which lit our earthly night?
 Is this our Paradise? Where are its walls,
 And they who guard them?

Lucifer. Point me out the site
 Of Paradise.

Cain. How should I? As we move
 Like sunbeams onward, it grows small and smaller,
 And as it waxes little, and then less,
 Gathers a halo round it, like the light
 Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I
 Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:
 Methinks they both, as we recede from them,
 Appear to join the innumerable stars
 Which are around us; and, as we move on,
 Increase their myriads.

Lucifer. And if there should be
 Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited
 By greater things, and they themselves far more
 In number than the dust of thy dull earth,
 Though multiplied to animated atoms,
 All living, and all doom'd to death, and wretched,
 What wouldst thou think?

Cain. I should be proud of thought
 Which knew such things.

Lucifer. But if that high thought were
 Link'd to a servile mass of matter, and,
 Knowing such things, aspiring to such things,
 And science still beyond them, were chain'd down
 To the most gross and petty paltry wants,
 All foul and fulsome, and the very best
 Of thine enjoyments a sweet degradation,
 A most enervating and filthy cheat
 To lure thee on to the renewal of
 Fresh souls and bodies, all foredoom'd to be
 As frail, and few so happy —

Cain. Spirit! I
 Know nought of death, save as a dreadful thing
 Of which I have heard my parents speak, as of
 A hideous heritage I owe to them
 No less than life; a heritage not happy,
 If I may judge, till now. But, spirit! if
 It be as thou hast said (and I within
 Feel the prophetic torture of its truth),
 Here let me die: for to give birth to those
 Who can but suffer many years, and die,
 Methinks is merely propagating death,
 And multiplying murder.

Lucifer. Thou canst not
 All die — there is what must survive.

Cain. The Other
 Spake not of this unto my father, when

He shut him forth from Paradise, with death
 Written upon his forehead. But at least
 Let what is mortal of me perish, that
 I may be in the rest as angels are.

Lucifer. I am angelic: wouldst thou be as I am?

Cain. I know not what thou art: I see thy power,
 And see thou show'st me things beyond *my* power,
 Beyond all power of my born faculties,
 Although inferior still to my desires
 And my conceptions.

Lucifer. What are they which dwell
 So humbly in their pride, as to sojourn
 With worms in clay?

Cain. And what art thou who dwellest
 So haughtily in spirit, and canst range
 Nature and immortality — and yet
 Seem'st sorrowful?

Lucifer. I seem that which I am;
 And therefore do I ask of thee, if thou
 Wouldst be immortal?

Cain. Thou hast said, I must be
 Immortal in despite of me. I knew not
 This until lately — but since it must be,
 Let me, or happy or unhappy, learn
 To anticipate my immortality.

Lucifer. Thou didst before I came upon thee.

Cain.

Lucifer. By suffering.

Cain.

And must torture be immortal?

Lucifer. We and thy sons will try. But now, behold!
 Is it not glorious?

Cain. Oh, thou beautiful
 And unimaginable ether! and
 Ye multiplying masses of increased
 And still increasing lights! what are ye? what
 Is this blue wilderness of interminable
 Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen

How?

The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
 Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
 Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
 Through an ærial universe of endless
 Expansion — at which my soul aches to think —
 Intoxicated with eternity?
 Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ye are!
 How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
 Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er
 They may be! Let me die, as atoms die,
 (If that they die) or know ye in your might
 And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour
 Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;
 Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

Lucifer. Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth!

Cain. Where is it? I see nothing save a mass
 Of most innumerable lights.

Lucifer. Look there!

Cain. I cannot see it.

Lucifer. Yet it sparkles still.

Cain. That! — yonder!

Lucifer. Yea.

Cain. And wilt thou tell me so?

Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
 Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
 In the dim twilight, brighter than yon world
 Which bears them.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen both worms and worlds,
 Each bright and sparkling — what dost think of them?

Cain. That they are beautiful in their own sphere
 And that the night, which makes both beautiful,
 The little shining fire-fly in its flight,
 And the immortal star in its great course,
 Must both be guided.

Lucifer. But by whom or what?

Cain. Show me.

Lucifer. Dar'st thou behold?

Cain. How know I what

I dare behold? As yet, thou hast shown nought
I dare not gaze on further.

Lucifer. On, then, with me.
Wouldst thou behold things mortal or immortal?

Cain. Why, what are things?

Lucifer. Both partly: but what doth
Sit next thy heart?

Cain. The things I see.

Lucifer. But what
Sate nearest it?

Cain. The things I have not seen,
Nor ever shall — the mysteries of death.

Lucifer. What, if I show to thee things which have died,
As I have shown thee much which cannot die?

Cain. Do so.

Lucifer. Away, then! on our mighty wings.

Cain. Oh! how we cleave the blue! The stars fade from us!
The earth! where is my earth? Let me look on it,
For I was made of it.

Lucifer. 'T is now beyond thee,
Less, in the universe, than thou in it;
Yet deem not that thou canst escape it; thou
Shalt soon return to earth, and all its dust;
'T is part of thy eternity, and mine.

Cain. Where dost thou lead me?

Lucifer. To what was before thee!
The phantasm of the world; of which thy world
Is but the wreck.

Cain. What! is it not then new?

Lucifer. No more than life is; and that was ere thou
Or I were, or the things which seem to us
Greater than either: many things will have
No end; and some, which would pretend to have
Had no beginning, have had one as mean
As thou; and mightier things have been extinct

To make way for much meaner than we can
 Surmise; for *moments* only and the *space*
 Have been and must be all *unchangeable*.
 But changes make not death, except to clay;
 But thou art clay — and canst but comprehend
 That which was clay, and such thou shalt behold.

Cain. Clay, spirit! what thou wilt, I can survey.

Lucifer. Away, then!

Cain. But the lights fade from me fast,
 And some till now grew larger as we approach'd,
 And wore the look of worlds.

Lucifer. And such they are.

Cain. And Edens in them?

Lucifer. It may be.

Cain. And men?

Lucifer. Yea, or things higher.

Cain. Ay? and serpents too?

Lucifer. Wouldst thou have men without them? must no
 reptiles

Breathe, save the erect ones?

Cain. How the lights recede!

Where fly we?

Lucifer. To the world of phantoms, which
 Are beings past, and shadows still to come.

Cain. But it grows dark, and dark — the stars are gone!

Lucifer. And yet thou seest.

Cain. 'T is a fearful light!

No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.
 The very blue of the empurpled night
 Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see
 Huge dusky masses; but unlike the worlds
 We were approaching, which, begirt with light,
 Seem'd full of life even when their atmosphere
 Of light gave way, and show'd them taking shapes
 Unequal, of deep valleys and vast mountains;
 And some emitting sparks, and some displaying
 Enormous liquid plains, and some begirt

With luminous belts, and floating moons, which took,
Like them, the features of fair earth: — instead,
All here seems dark and dreadful.

Lucifer. But distinct,
Thou seekest to behold death, and dead things?

Cain. I seek it not; but as I know there are
Such, and that my sire's sin makes him and me,
And all that we inherit, liable
To such, I would behold at once, what I
Must one day see perforce.

Lucifer. Behold!

Cain. 'T is darkness.

Lucifer. And so it shall be ever; but we will
Unfold its gates!

Cain. Enormous vapours roll
Apart — what's this?

Lucifer. Enter!

Cain. Can I return!

Lucifer. Return! be sure: how else should death be peopled?
Its present realm is thin to what it will be,
Through thee and thine.

Cain. The clouds still open wide
And wider, and make widening circles round us.

Lucifer. Advance!

Cain. And thou!

Lucifer. Fear not — without me thou
Couldst not have gone beyond thy world. On! on!

[*They disappear through the clouds.*]

SCENE II.

Hades.

Enter LUCIFER and CAIN.

Cain. How silent and how vast are these dim worlds!
For they seem more than one, and yet more peopled
Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs which swung
So thickly in the upper air, that I
Had deem'd them rather the bright populace

Of some all unimaginable Heaven,
 Than things to be inhabited themselves,
 But that on drawing near them I beheld
 Their swelling into palpable immensity
 Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell on,
 Rather than life itself. But here, all is
 So shadowy and so full of twilight, that
 It speaks of a day past.

Lucifer. It is the realm
 Of death. — Wouldst have it present?

Cain. Till I know
 That which it really is, I cannot answer.
 But if it be as I have heard my father
 Deal out in his long homilies, 't is a thing —
 Oh God! I dare not think on't! Cursed be
 He who invented life that leads to death!
 Or the dull mass of life, that, being life,
 Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it —
 Even for the innocent!

Lucifer. Dost thou curse thy father?

Cain. Cursed be not me in giving me my birth?
 Cursed he not me before my birth, in daring
 To pluck the fruit forbidden?

Lucifer. Thou say'st well:
 The curse is mutual 'twixt thy sire and thee —
 But for thy sons and brother?

Cain. Let them share it
 With me, their sire and brother! What else is
 Bequeath'd to me? I leave them my inheritance.
 Oh, ye interminable gloomy realms
 Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,
 Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all
 Mighty and melancholy — what are ye?
 Live ye, or have ye lived?

Lucifer. Somewhat of both.

Cain. Then what is death?

Lucifer. What? Hath not he who made ye
Said 't is another life?

Cain. Till now he hath
Said nothing, save that all shall die.

Lucifer. Perhaps
He one day will unfold that further secret.

Cain. Happy the day!

Lucifer. Yes; happy! when unfolded,
Through agonies unspeakable, and clogg'd
With agonies eternal, to innumerable
Yet unborn myriads of unconscious atoms,
All to be animated for this only!

Cain. What are these mighty phantoms which I see
Floating around me? — They wear not the form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it
In Adam's and in Abel's, and in mine,
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my children's:
And yet they have an aspect, which, though not
Of men nor angels, looks like something, which
If not the last, rose higher than the first,
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear not
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is
Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful
As the most beautiful and mighty which
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce
Can call them living.

Lucifer. Yet they lived.

Cain. Where?

Lucifer. Where
Thou livest.

Cain. When?

Lucifer. On what thou callest earth
They did inhabit.

Cain. Adam is the first.

Lucifer. Of thine, I grant thee — but too mean to be
The last of these.

Cain. And what are they?

Lucifer. That which
Thou shalt be.

Cain. But what *were* they?

Lucifer. Living, high,
Intelligent, good, great, and glorious things,
As much superior unto all thy sire,
Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as
The sixty-thousandth generation shall be,
In its dull damp degeneracy, to
Thee and thy son; — and how weak they are, judge
By thy own flesh.

Cain. Ah me! and did *they* perish?

Lucifer. Yes, from their earth, as thou wilt fade from thine.

Cain. But was *mine* theirs?

Lucifer. It was.

Cain. But not as now.

It is too little and too lowly to
Sustain such creatures.

Lucifer. True, it was more glorious.

Cain. And wherefore did it fall?

Lucifer. Ask him who fells.

Cain. But how?

Lucifer. By a most crushing and inexorable
Destruction and disorder of the elements,
Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos
Subsiding has struck out a world: such things,
Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity. —
Pass on, and gaze upon the past.

Cain. 'T is awful!

Lucifer. And true. Behold these phantoms! they were once
Material as thou art.

But do not think to dwell here till thine hour
Is come.

Cain. And these, too; can they ne'er repass
To earth again?

Lucifer. Their earth is gone for ever —
So changed by its convulsion, they would not
Be conscious to a single present spot
Of its new scarcely harden'd surface — 't was —
Oh, what a beautiful world it was!

Cain. And is.
It is not with the earth, though I must till it,
I feel at war, but that I may not profit
By what it bears of beautiful, untoiling,
Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts
With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears
Of death and life.

Lucifer. What thy world is, thou see'st,
But canst not comprehend the shadow of
That which it was.

Cain. And those enormous creatures,
Phantoms inferior in intelligence
(At least so seeming) to the things we have pass'd,
Resembling somewhat the wild habitants
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which
Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold
In magnitude and terror; taller than
The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with
Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which fence them,
And tusks projecting like the trees stripp'd of
Their bark and branches — what were they?

Lucifer. That which
The Mammoth is in thy world; — but these lie
By myriads underneath its surface.

Cain. But
None on it?

Lucifer. No: for thy frail race to war
Lord Byron. IV.

With them would render the curse on it useless —
 'T would be destroy'd so early.

Cain.

But why war?

Lucifer. You have forgotten the denunciation
 Which drove your race from Eden — war with all things,
 And death to all things, and disease to most things,
 And pangs, and bitterness; these were the fruits
 Of the forbidden tree.

Cain.

But animals —

Did they, too, eat of it, that they must die?

Lucifer. Your Maker told ye, *they* were made for you
 As you for him. — You would not have their doom
 Superior to your own? Had Adam not
 Fallen, all had stood.

Cain.

Alas! the hopeless wretches!

They too must share my sire's fate, like his sons;
 Like them, too, without having shared the apple;
 Like them, too, without the so dear-bought *knowledge!*
 It was a lying tree — for we *know* nothing.
 At least it *promised knowledge* at the *price*
 Of death — but *knowledge* still: but what *knows* man?

Lucifer. It may be death leads to the *highest* knowledge;
 And being of all things the sole thing certain,
 At least leads to the *surest* science; therefore
 The tree was true, though deadly.

Cain.

These dim realms!

I see them, but I know them not.

Lucifer.

Because

Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot
 Comprehend spirit wholly — but 't is something
 To know there are such realms.

Cain.

We knew already

That there was death.

Lucifer.

But not what was beyond it.

Cain. Nor know I now.

Lucifer.

Thou knowest that there is

A state, and many states beyond thine own —
And this thou knewest not this morn.

Cain. But all
Seems dim and shadowy.

Lucifer. Be content; it will
Seem clearer to thine immortality.

Cain. And yon immeasurable liquid space
Of glorious azure which floats on beyond us,
Which looks like water, and which I should deem
The river which flows out of Paradise
Past my own dwelling, but that it is bankless
And boundless, and of an ethereal hue —
What is it?

Lucifer. There is still some such on earth,
Although inferior, and thy children shall
Dwell near it — 't is the phantasm of an ocean.

Cain. 'T is like another world; a liquid sun —
And those inordinate creatures sporting o'er
Its shining surface?

Lucifer. Are its habitants,
The past leviathans.

Cain. And yon immense
Serpent, which rears his dripping mane and vasty
Head ten times higher than the haughtiest cedar
Forth from the abyss, looking as he could coil
Himself around the orbs we lately look'd on —
Is he not of the kind which bask'd beneath
The tree in Eden?

Lucifer. Eve, thy mother, best
Can tell what shape of serpent tempted her.

Cain. This seems too terrible. No doubt the other
Had more of beauty.

Lucifer. Hast thou ne'er beheld him?

Cain. Many of the same kind (at least so call'd),
But never that precisely which persuaded
The fatal fruit, nor even of the same aspect.

Lucifer. Your father saw him not?

Cain.

Who tempted him — she tempted by the serpent.

Lucifer. Good man! whene'er thy wife, or thy sons' wives,
Tempt thee or them to aught that 's new or strange,
Be sure thou see'st first who had tempted *them*.

Cain. Thy precept comes too late: there is no more
For serpents to tempt woman to.

Lucifer.

But there
Are some things still which woman may tempt man to,
And man tempt woman: — let thy sons look to it!
My counsel is a kind one; for 't is even
Given chiefly at my own expense; 't is true,
'T will not be follow'd, so there 's little lost.

Cain. I understand not this.

Lucifer.

The happier thou! —
Thy world and thou are still too young! Thou thinkest
Thyself most wicked and unhappy: is it
Not so?

Cain. For crime, I know not; but for pain,
I have felt much.

Lucifer.

First-born of the first man!
Thy present state of sin — and thou art evil,
Of sorrow — and thou sufferest, are both Eden
In all its innocence compared to what
Thou shortly may'st be; and that state again,
In its redoubled wretchedness, a Paradise
To what thy sons' sons' sons, accumulating
In generations like to dust (which they
In fact but add to), shall endure and do. —
Now let us back to earth!

Cain.

And wherefore didst thou
Lead me here only to inform me this?

Lucifer. Was not thy quest for knowledge?

Cain.

The road to happiness.

Yes: as being

Lucifer.

Thou hast it.

If truth be so,

Cain. Then my father's God did well
When he prohibited the fatal tree.

Lucifer. But had done better in not planting it.
But ignorance of evil doth not save
From evil; it must still roll on the same,
A part of all things.

Cain. Not of all things. No:
I'll not believe it — for I thirst for good.

Lucifer. And who and what doth not? *Who* covets evil
For its own bitter sake? — *None* — nothing! 't is
The leaven of all life, and lifelessness.

Cain. Within those glorious orbs which we behold,
Distant and dazzling, and innumerable,
Ere we came down into this phantom realm,
Ill cannot come: they are too beautiful.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen them from afar —

Cain. And what of that?

Distance can but diminish glory — they,
When nearer, must be more ineffable.

Lucifer. Approach the things of earth most beautiful,
And judge their beauty near.

Cain. I have done this —
The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

Lucifer. Then there must be delusion. — What is that,
Which being nearest to thine eyes is still
More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

Cain. My sister Adah. — All the stars of heaven,
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world —
The hues of twilight — the sun's gorgeous coming —
His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him
Along that western paradise of clouds —
The forest shade — the green bough — the bird's voice —
The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
And mingles with the song of cherubim,

As the day closes over Eden's walls; —
 All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,
 Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven
 To gaze on it.

Lucifer. 'T is fair as frail mortality,
 In the first dawn and bloom of young creation
 And earliest embraces of earth's parents,
 Can make its offspring; still it is delusion.

Cain. You think so, being not her brother.

Lucifer.

Mortal!

My brotherhood's with those who have no children.

Cain. Then thou canst have no fellowship with us.

Lucifer. It may be that thine own shall be for me.
 But if thou dost possess a beautiful
 Being beyond all beauty in thine eyes,
 Why art thou wretched?

Cain.

Why do I exist?

Why art *thou* wretched? why are all things so?
 Ev'n he who made us must be, as the maker
 Of things unhappy! To produce destruction
 Can surely never be the task of joy,
 And yet my sire says he 's omnipotent:
 Then why is evil — he being good? I ask'd
 This question of my father; and he said,
 Because this evil only was the path
 To good. Strange good, that must arise from out
 Its deadly opposite. I lately saw
 A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor suckling
 Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the vain
 And piteous bleating of its restless dam;
 My father pluck'd some herbs, and laid them to
 The wound; and by degrees the helpless wretch
 Resumed its careless life, and rose to drain
 The mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous
 Stood licking its reviving limbs with joy.
 Behold, my son! said Adam, how from evil
 Springs good!

Lucifer. What didst thou answer?

Cain. Nothing; for

He is my father: but I thought, that 't were
A better portion for the animal
Never to have been *stung at all*, than to
Purchase renewal of its little life
With agonies unutterable, though
Dispell'd by antidotes.

Lucifer. But as thou saidst
Of all beloved things thou lovest her
Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers
Unto thy children —

Cain. Most assuredly:
What should I be without her?

Lucifer. What am I?

Cain. Dost thou love nothing?

Lucifer. What does thy God love?

Cain. All things, my father says; but I confess
I see it not in their allotment here.

Lucifer. And, therefore, thou canst not see if I love
Or no, except some vast and general purpose,
To which particular things must melt like snows.

Cain. Snows! what are they?

Lucifer. Be happier in not knowing
What thy remoter offspring must encounter;
But bask beneath the clime which knows no winter.

Cain. But dost thou not love something like thyself?

Lucifer. And dost thou love *thyself*?

Cain. Yes, but love more
What makes my feelings more endurable,
And is more than myself, because I love it.

Lucifer. Thou lovest it, because 't is beautiful,
As was the apple in thy mother's eye;
And when it ceases to be so, thy love
Will cease, like any other appetite.

Cain. Cease to be beautiful! how can that be?

Lucifer. With time.

Cain. But time has past, and hitherto
Even Adam and my mother both are fair :
Not fair like Adah and the seraphim —
But very fair.

Lucifer. All that must pass away
In them and her.

Cain. I'm sorry for it; but
Cannot conceive my love for her the less.
And when her beauty disappears, methinks
He who creates all beauty will lose more
Than me in seeing perish such a work.

Lucifer. I pity thee who lovest what must perish.

Cain. And I thee who lov'st nothing.

Lucifer. And thy brother —
Sits he not near thy heart?

Cain. Why should he not?

Lucifer. Thy father loves him well — so does thy God.

Cain. And so do I.

Lucifer. 'T is well and meekly done.

Cain. Meekly!

Lucifer. He is the second born of flesh,
And is his mother's favourite.

Cain. Let him keep
Her favour, since the serpent was the first
To win it.

Lucifer. And his father's?

Cain. What is that
To me? should I not love that which all love?

Lucifer. And the Jehovah — the indulgent Lord,
And bounteous planter of barr'd Paradise —
He, too, looks smilingly on Abel.

Cain. I
Ne'er saw him, and I know not if he smiles.

Lucifer. But you have seen his angels.

Cain.

Rarely.

Lucifer.

But

Sufficiently to see they love your brother :

His sacrifices are acceptable.

Cain. So be they! wherefore speak to me of this?

Lucifer. Because thou hast thought of this ere now.

Cain.

And if

I have thought, why recall a thought that — (*he pauses, as agitated*) — Spirit!

Here we are in thy world; speak not of mine.

Thou hast shown me wonders; thou hast shown me those

Mighty pre-Adamites who walk'd the earth

Of which ours is the wreck; thou hast pointed out

Myriads of starry worlds, of which our own

Is the dim and remote companion, in

Infinity of life: thou hast shown me shadows

Of that existence with the dreaded name

Which my sire brought us — Death; thou hast shown me much —

But not all: show me where Jehovah dwells,

In his especial Paradise — or *thine*:

Where is it?

Lucifer. Here, and o'er all space.

Cain.

But ye

Have some allotted dwelling — as all things;

Clay has its earth, and other worlds their tenants;

All temporary breathing creatures their

Peculiar element; and things which have

Long ceased to breathe *our* breath, have theirs, thou say'st;

And the Jehovah and thyself have *thine* —

Ye do not dwell together?

Lucifer.

No, we reign

Together; but our dwellings are asunder.

Cain. Would there were only one of ye! perchance

An unity of purpose might make union

In elements which seem now jarr'd in storms.

How came ye, being spirits, wise and infinite,

To separate? Are ye not as brethren in

Your essence, and your nature, and your glory?

Lucifer. Art thou not Abel's brother?

Cain.

We are brethren,

And so we shall remain; but were it not so,
Is spirit like to flesh? can it fall out?
Infinity with Immortality?
Jarring and turning space to misery —
For what?

Lucifer. To reign.

Cain. Did ye not tell me that
Ye are both eternal?

Lucifer. Yea!

Cain. And what I have seen,
Yon blue immensity, is boundless?

Lucifer. Ay.

Cain. And cannot ye both *reign* then? — is there not
Enough? — why should ye differ?

Lucifer. We both reign.

Cain. But one of you makes evil.

Lucifer. Which?

Cain. Thou! for

If thou canst do man good, why dost thou not?

Lucifer. And why not he who made? *I* made ye not;
Ye are *his* creatures, and not mine.

Cain. Then leave us

His creatures, as thou say'st we are, or show me
Thy dwelling, or *his* dwelling.

Lucifer. I could show thee

Both; but the time will come thou shalt see one
Of them for evermore.

Cain. And why not now?

Lucifer. Thy human mind hath scarcely grasp to gather
The little I have shown thee into calm
And clear thought; and *thou* wouldst go on aspiring
To the great double Mysteries! the *two Principles!*
And gaze upon them on their secret thrones!
Dust! limit thy ambition; for to see
Either of these, would be for thee to perish.

Cain. And let me perish, so I see them!

Lucifer.

There

The son of her who snatch'd the apple spake!
 But thou wouldst only perish, and not see them;
 That sight is for the other state.

Cain.

Of death?

Lucifer. That is the prelude.*Cain.*

Then I dread it less,

Now that I know it leads to something definite.

Lucifer. And now I will convey thee to thy world,
 Where thou shalt multiply the race of Adam,
 Eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep, and die.

Cain. And to what end have I beheld these things
 Which thou hast shown me?

Lucifer.

Didst thou not require

Knowledge? And have I not, in what I show'd,
 Taught thee to know thyself?

Cain.

Alas! I seem

Nothing.

Lucifer. And this should be the human sum
 Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's nothingness;
 Bequeath that science to thy children, and
 'T will spare them many tortures.

Cain.

Haughty spirit!

Thou speak'st it proudly; but thyself, though proud,
 Hast a superior.

Lucifer.

No! By heaven, which He

Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity
 Of worlds and life, which I hold with him — No!
 I have a victor — true; but no superior.
 Homage he has from all — but none from me:
 I battle it against him, as I battled
 In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
 And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
 And the interminable realms of space,
 And the infinity of endless ages,
 All, all, will I dispute! And world by world,
 And star by star, and universe by universe,

Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
 Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,
 Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quenç'd!
 And what can quench our immortality,
 Or mutual and irrevocable hate?
 He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd
Evil; but what will be the *good* he gives?
 Were I the victor, *his* works would be deem'd
 The only evil ones. And you, ye new
 And scarce-born mortals, what have been his gifts
 To you already, in your little world?

Cain. But few; and some of those but bitter.

Lucifer.

Back

With me, then, to thine earth, and try the rest
 Of his celestial boons to you and yours.
 Evil and good are things in their own essence,
 And not made good or evil by the giver;
 But if he gives you good — so call him; if
 Evil springs from *him*, do not name it *mine*,
 Till ye know better its true fount; and judge
 Not by words, though of spirits, but the fruits
 Of your existence, such as it must be.
 One good gift has the fatal apple given —
 Your *reason*: — let it not be over-sway'd
 By tyrannous threats to force you into faith
 'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling:
 Think and endure, — and form an inner world
 In your own bosom — where the outward fails;
 So shall you nearer be the spiritual
 Nature, and war triumphant with your own.

[*They disappear.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Earth, near Eden, as in Act I.

Enter CAIN and ADAH.

Adah. Hush! tread softly, Cain.

Cain. I will; but wherefore?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress.

Cain. Cypress! 't is
A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd
O'er what it shadows; wherefore didst thou choose it
For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seem'd
Fitting to shadow slumber.

Cain. Ay, the last —
And longest; but no matter — lead me to him.

[They go up to the child.]

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted! No; you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now: he will awake soon —
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over;
But it were pity to disturb him till
'T is closed.

Cain. You have said well; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps! — Sleep on
And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit —
Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must the time
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,

Which were not thine nor mine? But now sleep on!
 His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
 And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
 Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;
 Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
 Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream —
 Of what? Of Paradise! — Ay! dream of it,
 My disinherited boy! 'T is but a dream;
 For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
 Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

Adah. Dear Cain! Nay, do not whisper o'er our son
 Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past:
 Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?
 Can we not make another?

Cain.

Where?

Adah.

Here, or

Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art, I feel not
 The want of this so much regretted Eden.
 Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother,
 And Zillah — our sweet sister, and our Eve,
 To whom we owe so much besides our birth?

Cain. Yes — death, too, is amongst the debts we owe her.

Adah. Cain! that proud spirit, who withdrew thee hence,
 Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hoped
 The promised wonders which thou hast beheld,
 Visions, thou say'st, of past and present worlds,
 Would have composed thy mind into the calm
 Of a contented knowledge; but I see
 Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank him,
 And can forgive him all, that he so soon
 Hath given thee back to us.

Cain.

So soon?

Adah.

'T is scarcely

Two hours since ye departed: two *long* hours
 To me, but only *hours* upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approach'd that sun, and seen
 Worlds which he once shone on, and never more

Shall light; and worlds he never lit: methought
Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Adah. Hardly hours.

Cain. The mind then hath capacity of time,
And measures it by that which it beholds,
Pleasing or painful; little or almighty.
I had beheld the immemorial works
Of endless beings; skirr'd extinguish'd worlds;
And, gazing on eternity, methought
I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages
From its immensity: but now I feel
My littleness again. Well said the spirit,
That I was nothing!

Adah. Wherefore said he so?
Jehovah said not that.

Cain. No: he contents him
With making us the *nothing* which we are;
And after flattering dust with glimpses of
Eden and Immortality, resolves
It back to dust again — for what?

Adah. Thou know'st —
Even for our parents' error.

Cain. What is that
To us? they sinn'd, then *let them die!*

Adah. Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that thought
Thy own, but of the spirit who was with thee.
Would I could die for them, so *they* might live!

Cain. Why, so say I — provided that one victim
Might satiate the insatiable of life,
And that our little rosy sleeper there
Might never taste of death nor human sorrow,
Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

Adah. How know we that some such atonement one day
May not redeem our race?

Cain. By sacrificing
The harmless for the guilty? what atonement
Were there? why, *we* are innocent: what have we

Done, that we must be victims for a deed
 Before our birth, or need have victims to
 Atone for this mysterious, nameless sin —
 If it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

Adah. Alas! thou sinnest now, my Cain: thy words
 Sound impious in mine ears.

Cain.

Then leave me!

Adah.

Never,

Though thy God left thee.

Cain.

Say, what have we here?

Adah. Two altars, which our brother Abel made
 During thine absence, whereupon to offer
 A sacrifice to God on thy return.

Cain. And how knew *he*, that *I* would be so ready
 With the burnt offerings, which he daily brings
 With a meek brow, whose base humility
 Shows more of fear than worship, as a bribe
 To the Creator?

Adah. Surely, 't is well done.

Cain. One altar may suffice; *I* have no offering.

Adah. The fruits of the earth, the early, beautiful
 Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers, and fruits,
 These are a goodly offering to the Lord,
 Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

Cain. I have toil'd, and till'd, and sweaten in the sun
 According to the curse: — must I do more?
 For what should I be gentle? for a war
 With all the elements ere they will yield
 The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful?
 For being dust, and groveling in the dust,
 Till I return to dust? If I am nothing —
 For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,
 And seem well-pleas'd with pain? For what should I
 Be contrite? for my father's sin, already
 Expiate with what we all have undergone,
 And to be more than expiated by
 The ages prophesied, upon our seed.

Little deems our young blooming sleeper, there,
 The germs of an eternal misery
 To myriads is within him! better 't were
 I snatch'd him in his sleep, and dash'd him 'gainst
 The rocks, than let him live to —

Adah. Oh, my God!
 Touch not the child — my child! *thy* child! Oh Cain!

Cain. Fear not! for all the stars, and all the power
 Which sways them, I would not accost yon infant
 With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

Adah. Then, why so awful in thy speech?

Cain. I said,
 'T were better that he ceased to live, than give
 Life to so much of sorrow as he must
 Endure, and, harder still, bequeath; but since
 That saying jars you, let us only say —
 'T were better that he never had been born.

Adah. Oh, do not say so! Where were then the joys,
 The mother's joys of watching, nourishing,
 And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet Enoch!

[*She goes to the child.*]

Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,
 Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,
 How like to me — how like to thee, when gentle,
 For *then* we are *all* alike; is't not so, Cain?
 Mother, and sire, and son, our features are
 Reflected in each other; as they are
 In the clear waters, when *they* are *gentle*, and
 When *thou* art *gentle*. Love us, then, my Cain!
 And love thyself for our sakes, for we love thee.
 Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
 And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
 To hail his father; while his little form
 Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
 The childless cherubs well might envy thee
 The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain!

Lord Byron. IV.

As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
His heart will, and thine own too.

Cain.

Bless thee, boy!

If that a mortal blessing may avail thee,
To save thee from the serpent's curse!

Adah.

It shall.

Surely a father's blessing may avert
A reptile's subtlety.

Cain.

Of that I doubt;

But bless him ne'er the less.

Adah.

Our brother comes.

Cain. Thy brother Abel.

Enter ABEL.

Abel.

Welcome, Cain! My brother,

The peace of God be on thee!

Cain.

Abel, hail!

Abel. Our sister tells me that thou hast been wandering,
In high communion with a spirit, far
Beyond our wonted range. Was he of those
We have seen and spoken with, like to our father?

Cain. No.

Abel. Why then commune with him? he may be
A foe to the Most High.

Cain.

And friend to man.

Has the Most High been so — if so you term him?

Abel. Term him! your words are strange to-day, my brother.
My sister Adah, leave us for awhile —
We mean to sacrifice.

Adah.

Farewell, my Cain;

But first embrace thy son. May his soft spirit,
And Abel's pious ministry, recall thee
To peace and holiness!

[*Exit ADAH, with her child.*

Abel.

Where hast thou been?

Cain. I know not.

Abel.

Nor what thou hast seen?

Cain. The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,
The overpowering mysteries of space —
The innumerable worlds that were and are —
A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,
Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud-voiced spheres
Singing in thunder round me, as have made me
Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.

Abel. Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural light —
Thy cheek is flush'd with an unnatural hue —
Thy words are fraught with an unnatural sound —
What may this mean?

Cain. It means — I pray thee, leave me.

Abel. Not till we have pray'd and sacrificed together.

Cain. Abel, I pray thee, sacrifice alone —
Jehovah loves thee well.

Abel. Both well, I hope.

Cain. But thee the better: I care not for that;
Thou art fitter for his worship than I am;
Revere him, then — but let it be alone —
At least, without me.

Abel. Brother, I should ill
Deserve the name of our great father's son,
If, as my elder, I revered thee not,
And in the worship of our God call'd not
On thee to join me, and precede me in
Our priesthood — 'tis thy place.

Cain. But I have ne'er
Asserted it.

Abel. The more my grief; I pray thee
To do so now: thy soul seems labouring in
Some strong delusion; it will calm thee.

Cain. No;
Nothing can calm me more. *Calm!* say I? Never
Knew I what calm was in the soul, although
I have seen the elements still'd. My Abel, leave me!
Or let me leave thee to thy pious purpose.

Abel. Neither; we must perform our task together.
Spurn me not.

Cain. If it must be so — well, then,
What shall I do?

Abel. Choose one of those two altars.

Cain. Choose for me: they to me are so much turf
And stone:

Abel. Choose thou!

Cain. I have chosen.

Abel. 'T is the highest,

And suits thee, as the elder. Now prepare
Thine offerings.

Cain. Where are thine?

Abel. Behold them here —

The firstlings of the flock, and fat thereof —
A shepherd's humble offering.

Cain. I have no flocks;

I am a tiller of the ground, and must
Yield what it yieldeth to my toil — its fruit: [*He gathers fruits.*
Behold them in their various bloom and ripeness.

[*They dress their altars, and kindle a flame upon them.*

Abel. My brother, as the elder, offer first
Thy prayer and thanksgiving with sacrifice.

Cain. No — I am new to this; lead thou the way,
And I will follow — as I may.

Abel (kneeling). Oh God!

Who made us, and who breathed the breath of life
Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us,
And spared, despite our father's sin, to make
His children all lost, as they might have been,
Had not thy justice been so temper'd with
The mercy which is thy delight, as to
Accord a pardon like a Paradise,
Compared with our great crimes: — Sole Lord of light!
Of good, and glory, and eternity;
Without whom all were evil, and with whom
Nothing can err, except to some good end

Of thine omnipotent benevolence —
 Inscrutable, but still to be fulfill'd —
 Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's
 First of the first-born flocks — an offering,
 In itself nothing — as what offering can be
 Aught unto thee? — but yet accept it for
 The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in
 The face of thy high heaven, bowing his own
 Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour
 Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore!

Cain (standing erect during this speech). Spirit! whate'er or
 whosoe'er thou art,

Omnipotent, it may be — and, if good,
 Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil;
 Jehovah upon earth! and God in heaven!
 And it may be with other names, because
 Thine attributes seem many, as thy works: —
 If thou must be propitiated with prayers,
 Take them! If thou must be induced with altars,
 And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them!
 Two beings here erect them unto thee.
 If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes
 On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service
 In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek
 In sanguinary incense to thy skies;
 Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,
 And milder seasons, which the unstain'd turf
 I spread them on now offers in the face
 Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem
 Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not
 Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form
 A sample of thy works, than supplication
 To look on ours! If a shrine without victim,
 And altar without gore, may win thy favour,
 Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,
 He is — such as thou mad'st him; and seeks nothing
 Which must be won by kneeling: if he's evil,

Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and may'st —
 For what can he oppose? If he be good,
 Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt! since all
 Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem
 To have no power themselves, save in thy will;
 And whether that be good or ill I know not,
 Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge
 Omnipotence, but merely to endure
 Its mandate; which thus far I have endured.

[The fire upon the altar of ABEL kindles into a column of the brightest flame, and ascends to heaven; while a whirlwind throws down the altar of CAIN, and scatters the fruits abroad upon the earth.]

Abel (kneeling). Oh, brother, pray! Jehovah's wrath with thee.

Cain. Why so?

Abel. Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

Cain. From earth they came, to earth let them return;

Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere the summer:

Thy burnt flesh-off'ring prospers better; see

How heav'n licks up the flames, when thick with blood!

Abel. Think not upon my offering's acceptance,

But make another of thine own before

It is too late.

Cain. I will build no more altars,

Nor suffer any. —

Abel (rising). Cain! what meanest thou?

Cain. To cast down yon vile flatt'rer of the clouds,

The smoky harbinger of thy dull pray'rs —

Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and kids,

Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in blood.

Abel (opposing him). Thou shalt not: — add not impious
 works to impious

Words! let that altar stand — 't is hallow'd now

By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah,

In his acceptance of the victims.

Cain.

His!

His pleasure! what was his high pleasure in

The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking blood,
To the pain of the bleating mothers, which
Still yearn for their dead offspring? or the pangs
Of the sad ignorant victims underneath
Thy pious knife? Give way! this bloody record
Shall not stand in the sun, to shame creation!

Abel. Brother, give back! thou shalt not touch my altar
With violence: if that thou wilt adopt it,
To try another sacrifice, 'tis thine.

Cain. Another sacrifice! Give way, or else
That sacrifice may be —

Abel. What mean'st thou?

Cain. Give —
Give way! — thy God loves blood! — then look to it: —
Give way, ere he hath *more!*

Abel. In his great name,
I stand between thee and the shrine which hath
Had his acceptance.

Cain. If thou lov'st thyself,
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along
Its native soil: — else —

Abel (opposing him). I love God far more
Than life.

*Cain (striking him with a brand, on the temples, which he
snatches from the altar).* Then take thy life unto thy God,
Since he loves lives.

Abel (falls). What hast thou done, my brother?

Cain. Brother!

Abel. Oh, God! receive thy servant, and
Forgive his slayer, for he knew not what
He did — Cain, give me — give me thy hand; and tell
Poor Zillah —

Cain (after a moment's stupefaction). My hand! 'tis all red,
and with —

What?

[A long pause. — Looking slowly round.
Where am I? alone! Where 's Abel? where

Cain? Can it be that I am he? My brother,
 Awake! — why liest thou so on the green earth?
 'T is not the hour of slumber: — why so pale?
 What hast thou? — thou wert full of life this morn!
 Abel! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote
 Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why
 Wouldst thou oppose me? This is mockery;
 And only done to daunt me: — 't was a blow —
 And but a blow. Stir — stir — nay, only stir!
 Why, so — that's well! — thou breath'st! breathe upon me!
 Oh, God! Oh, God!

Abel (very faintly). What's he who speaks of God?

Cain. Thy murderer.

Abel. Then may God forgive him! Cain,
 Comfort poor Zillah: — she has but one brother

Now.

[*ABEL dies.*

Cain. And I none! — Who makes me brotherless?
 His eyes are open! then he is not dead!
 Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids.
 His lips, too, are apart; why then he breathes;
 And yet I feel it not. — His heart! — his heart! —
 Let me see, doth it beat? methinks — No! — no!
 This is a vision, else I am become
 The native of another and worse world.
 The earth swims round me: — what is this? — 't is wet;
 [*Puts his hand to his brow, and then looks at it.*
 And yet there are no dews! 'T is blood — my blood —
 My brother's and my own; and shed by me!
 Then what have I further to do with life,
 Since I have taken life from my own flesh?
 But he can not be dead! — Is silence death?
 No; he will wake; then let me watch by him.
 Life cannot be so slight, as to be quench'd
 Thus quickly! he hath spoken to me since —
 What shall I say to him? — My brother! — No:
 He will not answer to that name; for brethren
 Smite not each other. Yet — yet — speak to me.

Adam. Who,
Or what hath done this deed? — speak, Cain, since thou
Wert present; was it some more hostile angel,
Who walks not with Jehovah? or some wild
Brute of the forest?

Eve. Ah! a livid light
Breaks through, as from a thunder-cloud! yon brand,
Massy and bloody! snatch'd from off the altar,
And black with smoke, and red with —

Adam. Speak, my son!
Speak, and assure us, wretched as we are,
That we are not more miserable still.

Adah. Speak, Cain! and say it was not *thou!*

Eve. It was.
I see it now — he hangs his guilty head,
And covers his ferocious eye with hands
Incarnadine.

Adah. Mother, thou dost him wrong —
Cain! clear thee from this horrible accusal,
Which grief wrings from our parent.

Eve. Hear, Jehovah!
May the eternal serpent's curse be on him!
For he was fitter for his seed than ours.
May all his days be desolate! May —

Adah. Hold!
Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son —
Curse him not, mother, for he is my brother,
And my betrothed.

Eve. He hath left thee no brother —
Zillah no husband — me *no son!* — for thus
I curse him from my sight for evermore!
All bonds I break between us, as he broke
That of his nature, in yon — Oh death! death!
Why didst thou not take *me*, who first incurr'd thee?
Why dost thou not so now?

Adam. Eve! let not this,
Thy natural grief, lead to impiety!

A heavy doom was long forespoken to us;
 And now that it begins, let it be borne
 In such sort as may show our God, that we
 Are faithful servants to his holy will.

*Eve (pointing to Cain). His will!! the will of yon incarnate
 spirit*

Of death, whom I have brought upon the earth
 To strew it with the dead. May all the curses
 Of life be on him! and his agonies
 Drive him forth o'er the wilderness, like us
 From Eden, till his children do by him
 As he did by his brother! May the swords
 And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him
 By day and night — snakes spring up in his path —
 Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth — the leaves
 On which he lays his head to sleep be strew'd
 With scorpions! May his dreams be of his victim!
 His waking a continual dread of death!
 May the clear rivers turn to blood as he
 Stoops down to stain them with his raging lip!
 May every element shun or change to him!
 May he live in the pangs which others die with!
 And death itself wax something worse than death
 To him who first acquainted him with man!
 Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is *Cain*,
 Through all the coming myriads of mankind,
 Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert their sire!
 May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods
 Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
 A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God! [Exit EVE.]

Adam. Cain! get thee forth: we dwell no more together.
 Depart! and leave the dead to me — I am
 Henceforth alone — we never must meet more.

Adah. Oh, part not with him thus, my father: do not
 Add thy deep curse to Eve's upon his head!

Adam. I curse him not: his spirit be his curse.
 Come, Zillah!

Zillah. I must watch my husband's corse.

Adam. We will return again, when he is gone
Who hath provided for us this dread office.
Come, *Zillah!*

Zillah. Yet one kiss on yon pale clay,
And those lips once so warm — my heart! my heart!

[*Exeunt ADAM and ZILLAH, weeping.*]

Adah. Cain! thou hast heard, we must go forth. I am ready,
So shall our children be. I will bear Enoch,
And you his sister. Ere the sun declines
Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness
Under the cloud of night. — Nay, speak to me.
To me — thine own.

Cain. Leave me!

Adah. Why, all have left thee.

Cain. And wherefore lingerest thou? Dost thou not fear
To dwell with one who hath done this!

Adah. I fear

Nothing except to leave thee, much as I
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brotherless.
I must not speak of this — it is between thee
And the great God.

A Voice from within exclaims, Cain! Cain!

Adah. Hear'st thou that voice?

The Voice within. Cain! Cain!

Adah. It soundeth like an angel's tone.

Enter the ANGEL of the Lord.

Angel. Where is thy brother Abel?

Cain. Am I then

My brother's keeper?

Angel. Cain! what hast thou done?

The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries out,
Even from the ground, unto the Lord! — Now art thou
Cursed from the earth, which opened late her mouth
To drink thy brother's blood from thy rash hand.
Henceforth, when thou shalt till the ground, it shall not

Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt thou
Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

Adah. This punishment is more than he can bear.
Behold, thou drivest him from the face of earth,
And from the face of God shall he be hid.
A fugitive and vagabond on earth,
'T will come to pass, that whoso findeth him
Shall slay him.

Cain. Would they could! but who are they
Shall slay me? Where are these on the lone earth
As yet unpeopled?

Angel. Thou hast slain thy brother,
And who shall warrant thee against thy son?

Adah. Angel of Light! be merciful, nor say
That this poor aching breast now nourishes
A murderer in my boy, and of his father.

Angel. Then he would but be what his father is.
Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment
To him thou now see'st so besmear'd with blood?
The fratricide might well engender parricides. —
But it shall not be so — the Lord thy God
And mine commandeth me to set his seal
On Cain, so that he may go forth in safety.
Who slayeth Cain, a sevenfold vengeance shall
Be taken on his head. Come hither!

Cain. What
Wouldst thou with me?

Angel. To mark upon thy brow
Exemption from such deeds as thou hast done.

Cain. No, let me die!

Angel. It must not be.

[*The ANGEL sets the mark on CAIN's brow.*

Cain. It burns
My brow, but nought to that which is within it.
Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

Angel. Stern hast thou been and stubborn from the womb,

As the ground thou must henceforth till; but he
Thou slew'st was gentle as the flocks he tended.

Cain. After the fall too soon was I begotten;
Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from
The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for Eden.
That which I am, I am; I did not seek
For life, nor did I make myself; but could I
With my own death redeem him from the dust —
And why not so? let him return to day,
And I lie ghastly! so shall be restored
By God the life to him he loved; and taken
From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

Angel. Who shall heal murder? what is done is done;
Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds
Unlike the last!

[*The ANGEL disappears.*]

Adah. He's gone, let us go forth;
I hear our little Enoch cry within
Our bower.

Cain. Ah! little knows he what he weeps for!
And I who have shed blood cannot shed tears!
But the four rivers would not cleanse my soul.
Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on me?

Adah. If I thought that he would not, I would —

Cain (interrupting her).

No,

No more of threats: we have had too many of them:
Go to our children; I will follow thee.

Adah. I will not leave thee lonely with the dead;
Let us depart together.

Cain. Oh! thou dead
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou *now* art
I know not! but if *thou* see'st what *I* am,
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul. — Farewell!
I must not, dare not touch what I have made thee.
I, who sprung from the same womb with thee, drain'd
The same breast, clasp'd thee often to my own,

In fondness brotherly and boyish, I
 Can never meet thee more, nor even dare
 To do that for thee, which thou shouldst have done
 For me — compose thy limbs into their grave —
 The first grave yet dug for mortality.
 But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth! Oh, earth!
 For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me, I
 Give thee back this. — Now for the wilderness.

[*ADAH stoops down and kisses the body of ABEL.*

Adah. A dreary, and an early doom, my brother,
 Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee,
 I alone must not weep. My office is
 Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed them;
 But yet of all who mourn, none mourn like me,
 Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee.
 Now, Cain! I will divide thy burden with thee.

Cain. Eastward from Eden will we take our way;
 'T is the most desolate, and suits my steps.

Adah. Lead! thou shalt be my guide, and may our God
 Be thine! Now let us carry forth our children.

Cain. And he who lieth there was childless. I
 Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,
 Which might have graced his recent marriage couch,
 And might have temper'd this stern blood of mine,
 Uniting with our children Abel's offspring!
 O Abel!

Adah. Peace be with him!

Cain.

But with me! —

[*Exeunt.*

THE
DEFORMED TRANSFORMED;
 A DRAMA.

THIS production is founded partly on the story of a novel called "The Three Brothers," published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken — and partly on the "Faust" of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the two first Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

STRANGER, *afterwards* CAESAR.

ARNOLD.

BOURBON.

PHILIBERT.

CELLINI.

BERTHA.

OLIMPIA.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests, Peasants, &c.

P A R T I.

SCENE I.

A Forest.

Enter ARNOLD *and his mother* BERTHA.

Bert. OUT, hunchback!

Arn.

I was born so, mother!

Bert.

Out,

Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven sons,
The sole abortion!

Arn.

Would that I had been so.

And never seen the light!

Bert.

I would so too!

But as thou *hast* — hence, hence — and do thy best!

That back of thine may bear its burthen; 't is

More high; if not so broad as that of others.

Arn. It bears its burthen; — but, my heart! Will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?

I love, or, at the least, I loved you: nothing

Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.

You nursed me — do not kill me!

Bert.

Yes — I nursed thee,

Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not

If there would be another unlike thee,

That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,

And gather wood!

Arn.

I will: but when I bring it,

Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are

So beautiful and lusty, and as free

As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:

Our milk has been the same.

Bert.

As is the hedgehog's,

Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam

Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds

The nipple next day sore and udder dry.

Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not

Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was

As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by

Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

[Exit BERTHA.]

Arn. (solus). Oh mother! — She is gone, and I must do

Her bidding; — wearily but willingly

I would fulfil it, could I only hope

A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[ARNOLD *begins to cut wood: in doing this he wounds one of his hands.*

My labour for the day is over now.

Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;

For double curses will be my meed now

At home — What home? I have no home, no kin,

No kind — not made like other creatures, or

To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too

Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth

Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!

Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,

Would aid his likeness! If I must partake

His form, why not his power? Is it because

I have not his will too? For one kind word

From her who bore me would still reconcile me

Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash

The wound.

[ARNOLD *goes to a spring, and stoops to wash his hand: he starts back.*

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me,

What she hath made me. I will not look on it

Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch

That I am! The very waters mock me with

My horrid shadow — like a demon placed

Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle

From drinking therein.

[*He pauses.*

And shall I live on,

A burden to the earth, myself, and shame

Unto what brought me into life! Thou blood,

Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me

Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream

Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself

On earth, to which I will restore at once

This hateful compound of her atoms, and

Resolve back to her elements, and take

The shape of any reptile save myself,

And make a world for myriads of new worms!

This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
 This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade — my
 Vile form — from the creation, as it hath
 The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD places the knife in the ground, with the point upwards.

Now 't is set,

And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
 On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
 Myself, and the sweet sun which warm'd me, but
 In vain. The birds — how joyously they sing!
 So let them, for I would not be lamented:
 But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
 The fallen leaves my monument; the murmur
 Of the near fountain my sole elegy.

Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife, his eye is suddenly caught by the fountain, which seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
 The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
 No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
 Not as with air, but by some subterrane
 And rocking power of the internal world.
 What's here? A mist! No more? —

[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands gazing upon it; it is dispelled, and a tall black man comes towards him.

Arn.

What would you? Speak!

Spirit or man?

Stran.

As man is both, why not

Say both in one?

Arn.

Your form is man's, and yet

You may be devil.

Stran.

So many men are that

Which is so call'd or thought, that you may add me

To which you please, without much wrong to either.

But come: you wish to kill yourself; — pursue
Your purpose.

Arn. You have interrupted me.

Stran. What is that resolution which can e'er
Be interrupted? If I be the devil
You deem, a single moment would have made you
Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;
And yet my coming saves you.

Arn. I said not
You *were* the demon, but that your approach
Was like one.

Stran. Unless you keep company
With him (and you seem scarce used to such high
Society) you can't tell how he approaches;
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Look likest what the boors believe to be
Their cloven-footed terror.

Arn. Do you — dare you
To taunt me with my born deformity?

Stran. Were I to taunt a buffalo with this
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
With thy sublime of humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. And yet
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty
In action and endurance than thyself,
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind
With thee. Thy form is natural: 't was only
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
The gifts which are of others upon man.

Arn. Give me the strength then of the buffalo's foot,
When he spurs high the dust, beholding his
Near enemy; or let me have the long
And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,
The helmless dromedary! — and I'll bear
Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

Stran. I will.

Arn. (*with surprise*). Thou canst?

Stran. Perhaps. Would you aught else?

Arn. Thou mockest me.

Stran. Not I. Why should I mock

What all are mocking? That's poor sport, methinks.

To talk to thee in human language (for
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester

Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar

Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game

To petty burghers, who leave once a year

Their walls, to fill their household caldrons with

Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee, —

Now I can mock the mightiest.

Arn. Then waste not

Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

Stran. Your thoughts

Are not far from me. Do not send me back:

I am not so easily recall'd to do

Good service.

Arn. What wilt thou do for me?

Stran. Change

Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so irks you;

Or form you to your wish in any shape.

Arn. Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for

Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

Stran. I'll show thee

The brightest which the world e'er bore, and give thee

Thy choice.

Arn. On what condition?

Stran. There's a question!

An hour ago you would have given your soul

To look like other men, and now you pause

To wear the form of heroes.

Arn. No; I will not.

I must not compromise my soul.

Stran. What soul,

Worth naming so, would dwell in such a carcass?

Arn. 'T is an aspiring one, whate'er the tenement
In which it is mislodged. But name your compact:
Must it be sign'd in blood?

Stran. Not in your own.

Arn. Whose blood then?

Stran. We will talk of that hereafter.

But I'll be moderate with you, for I see
Great things within you. You shall have no bond
But your own will, no contract save your deeds.
Are you content?

Arn. I take thee at thy word.

Stran. Now then! —

[*The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to*
ARNOLD.

A little of your blood.

Arn. For what?

Stran. To mingle with the magic of the waters,
And make the charm effective.

Arn. (*holding out his wounded arm.*) Take it all.

Stran. Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[*The Stranger takes some of ARNOLD's blood in his hand,*
and casts it into the fountain.

Stran. Shadows of beauty!

Shadows of power!

Rise to your duty —

This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant

From the depth of this fountain,

As the cloud-shapen giant

Bestrides the Hartz Mountain.

Come as ye were,

That our eyes may behold

The model in air

Of the form I will mould,

Bright as the Iris

When ether is spann'd; —

Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to ARNOLD*
 Such my command!
 Demons heroic —
 Demons who wore
 The form of the stoic
 Or sophist of yore —
 Or the shape of each victor,
 From Macedon's boy
 To each high Roman's picture,
 Who breathed to destroy —
 Shadows of beauty!
 Shadows of power!
 Up to your duty —
 This is the hour!

[Various Phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the Stranger and ARNOLD.]

Arn. What do I see?

Stran. The black-eyed Roman, with
 The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er
 Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along
 The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became
 His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name.

Arn. The phantom's bald; my quest is beauty. Could I
 Inherit but his fame with his defects!

Stran. His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.
 You see his aspect — choose it, or reject.
 I can but promise you his form; his fame
 Must be long sought and fought for.

Arn. I will fight too,
 But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass;
 His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stran. Then you are far more difficult to please
 Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,
 Or Cleopatra at sixteen — an age
 When love is not less in the eye than heart.
 But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[The phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.]

Arn. And can it
Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone,
And left no footstep?

Stran. There you err. His substance
Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame
More than enough to track his memory;
But for his shadow, 't is no more than yours,
Except a little longer and less crook'd
I' the sun. Behold another! [*A second phantom passes.*]

Arn. Who is he?

Stran. He was the fairest and the bravest of
Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arn. He is
More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

Stran. Such was the curled son of Clinias; — wouldst thou
Invest thee with his form?

Arn. Would that I had
Been born with it! But since I may choose further,
I will look further. [*The shade of Alcibiades disappears.*]

Stran. Lo! behold again!

Arn. What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed
satyr,
With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,
The splay feet and low stature! I had better
Remain that which I am.

Stran. And yet he was
The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue.
But you reject him?

Arn. If his form could bring me
That which redeem'd it — no.

Stran. I have no power
To promise that; but you may try, and find it
Easier in such a form, or in your own.

Arn. No. I was not born for philosophy,
Though I have that about me which has need on 't
Let him fleet on.

Stran. Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!

[*The shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.*]

Arn. What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly beard
And manly aspect look like Hercules,
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus
Than the sad purger of the infernal world,
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,
As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

Stran. It was the man who lost
The ancient world for love.

Arn. I cannot blame him,
Since I have risk'd my soul because I find not
That which he exchanged the earth for.

Stran. Since so far
You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

Arn. No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,
If but to see the heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore
Whence they float back before us.

Stran. Hence, triumvir!
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The shade of Anthony disappears: another rises.*]

Arn. Who is this?
Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
Which he wears as the sun his rays — a something
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing
Emanation of a thing more glorious still.
Was he e'er human only?

Stran. Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that form'd his urn.

Arn. Who was this glory of mankind?

Stran. The shame

Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war —
Demetrius the Macedonian, and
Taker of cities.

Arn. Yet one shadow more.

Stran. (*addressing the shadow*). Get thee to Lamia's lap!
[*The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes: another rises.*
I'll fit you still,

Fear not, my hunchback: if the shadows of
That which existed please not your nice taste,
I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arn. Content! I will fix here.

Stran. I must commend

Your choice. The godlike son of the sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus, roll'd o'er sands of gold,
Soften'd by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vow'd to Sperchius as they were — behold them!
And *him* — as he stood by Polixena,
With sanction'd and with soften'd love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as
Greece look'd her last upon her best, the instant
Ere Paris' arrow flew.

Arn. I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Envelope mine.

Stran. You have done well. The greatest
Deformity should only barter with
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

Arn.

Come! Be quick!

I am impatient.

Stran.

As a youthful beauty

Before her glass. *You both* see what is not,

But dream it is what must be.

Arn.

Must I wait?

Stran. No; that were a pity. But a word or two:

His stature is twelve cubits; would you so far

Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or

(To talk canonically) wax a son

Of Anak?

Arn. Why not?*Stran.*

Glorious ambition!

I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of

Philistine stature would have gladly pared

His own Goliath down to a slight David:

But thou, my manikin, wouldst soar a show

Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,

If such be thy desire; and yet, by being

A little less removed from present men

In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all

Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt

A new-found mammoth; and their cursed engines,

Their culverins, and so forth, would find way

Through our friend's armour there, with greater ease

Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel,

Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize

In Styx.

Arn. Then let it be as thou deem'st best.*Stran.* Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou seest,

And strong as what it was, and —

Arn.

I ask not

For valour, since deformity is daring.

It is its essence to o'ertake mankind

By heart and soul, and make itself the equal —

Ay, the superior of the rest. There is

A spur in its halt movements, to become

All that the others cannot, in such things
 As still are free to both, to compensate
 For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.
 They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,
 And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win them.

Stran. Well spoken! And thou doubtless wilt remain
 Form'd as thou art. I may dismiss the mould
 Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to incase
 This daring soul, which could achieve no less
 Without it.

Arn. Had no power presented me
 The possibility of change, I would
 Have done the best which spirit may to make
 Its way with all deformity's dull, deadly,
 Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
 In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders —
 An hateful and unsightly molehill to
 The eyes of happier man. I would have look'd
 On beauty in that sex which is the type
 Of all we know or dream of beautiful
 Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh —
 Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,
 Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
 In turn, because of this vile crooked clog,
 Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne
 It all, had not my mother spurn'd me from her.
 The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
 Of shape; — my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.
 Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
 I knew the passionate part of life, I had
 Been a clod of the valley, — happier nothing
 Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,
 Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
 And perseverance could have done, perchance
 Had made me something — as it has made heroes
 Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw me
 Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;

And he who is so is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

Stran. Decide between
What you have been, or will be.

Arn. I have done so.
You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes,
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,
I might be fear'd, admired, respected, loved
Of all save those next to me, of whom I
Would be beloved. As thou showest me
A choice of forms, I take the one I view.
Haste! haste!

Stran. And what shall I wear?

Arn. Surely he
Who can command all forms will choose the highest,
Something superior even to that which was
Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*
Who slew him, that of Paris: or — still higher —
The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are
Themselves a poetry.

Stran. Less will content me;
For I, too, love a change.

Arn. Your aspect is
Dusky, but not uncomely.

Stran. If I chose,
I might be whiter; but I have a penchant
For black — it is so honest, and besides
Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear;
But I have worn it long enough of late,
And now I'll take your figure.

Arn. Mine!

Stran. Yes. You
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha,
Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;
You have yours — I mine.

Arn. Despatch! despatch!

Stran.

Even so.

[The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf, and then addresses the phantom of Achilles.]

Beautiful shadow
 Of Thetis's boy!
 Who sleeps in the meadow
 Whose grass grows o'er Troy;
 From the red earth, like Adam,
 Thy likeness I shape,
 As the being who made him,
 Whose actions I ape.
 Thou clay, be all glowing,
 Till the rose in his cheek
 Be as fair as, when blowing,
 It wears its first streak!
 Ye violets, I scatter,
 Now turn into eyes!
 And thou, sunshiny water,
 Of blood take the guise!
 Let these hyacinth boughs
 Be his long flowing hair,
 And wave o'er his brows,
 As thou waviest in air!
 Let his heart be this marble
 I tear from the rock!
 But his voice as the warble
 Of birds on yon oak!
 Let his flesh be the purest
 Of mould, in which grew
 The lily-root surest,
 And drank the best dew!
 Let his limbs be the lightest
 Which clay can compound,
 And his aspect the brightest
 On earth to be found!
 Elements, near me,
 Be mingled and stirr'd,

Know me, and hear me,
 And leap to my word!
 Sunbeams, awaken
 This earth's animation!
 'T is done! He hath taken
 His stand in creation!

[ARNOLD falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.

Arn. (*in his new form*). I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh life!

At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

Stran. Stop!

What shall become of your abandon'd garment,
 Yon hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
 Which late you wore, or were?

Arn. Who cares? Let wolves

And vultures take it, if they will.

Stran. And if

They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say
 It must be peace-time, and no better fare
 Abroad i' the fields.

Arn. Let us but leave it there;

No matter what becomes on't.

Stran. That's ungracious,

If not ungrateful. Whatso'er it be,
 It hath sustain'd your soul full many a day.

Arn. Ay, as the dunghill may conceal a gem
 Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

Stran. But if I give another form, it must be
 By fair exchange, not robbery. For they
 Who make men without women's aid have long
 Had patents for the same, and do not love
 Your interlopers. The devil may take men,
 Not make them, — though he reap the benefit
 Of the original workmanship: — and therefore

Some one must be found to assume the shape
You have quitted.

Arn. Who would do so?

Stran. That I know not,

And therefore I must.

Arn. You!

Stran. I said it ere

You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

Arn. True. I forget all things in the new joy
Of this immortal change.

Stran. In a few moments

I will be as you were, and you shall see
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

Arn. I would be spared this.

Stran. But it cannot be.

What! shrink already, being what you are,
From seeing what you were?

Arn. Do as thou wilt.

Stran. (to the late form of ARNOLD, extended on the earth.)

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,

An immortal no less

Deigns not to refuse thee.

Clay thou art; and unto spirit

All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;

Fire! but *in* which nought can live,

Save the fabled salamander,

Or immortal souls, which wander,

Praying what doth not forgive,

Howling for a drop of water,

Burning in a quenchless lot:

Fire! the only element

Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,

Save the worm which dieth not,

Can preserve a moment's form,

But must with thysself be blent:

Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:

Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,

And Destruction's threaten'd son,

When heaven with the world hath done:

Fire! assist me to renew

Life in what lies in my view

Stiff and cold!

His resurrection rests with me and you!

One little, marshy spark of flame —

And he again shall seem the same;

But I his spirit's place shall hold!

[*An ignis-fatuus flits through the wood and rests on the brow of the body. The Stranger disappears: the body rises.*]

Arn. (*in his new form*). Oh! horrible!

Stran. (*in ARNOLD'S late shape*). What! tremblest thou?

Arn. Not so —

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape

Thou lately worst?

Stran. To the world of shadows.

But let us thread the present. Whither wilt thou?

Arn. Must thou be my companion?

Stran. Wherefore not?

Your betters keep worse company.

Arn. My betters!

Stran. Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form:

I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;

You improve apace; — two changes in an instant,

And you are old in the world's ways already.

But bear with me: indeed you'll find me useful

Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce

Where shall we now be errant?

Arn. Where the world

Is thickest, that I may behold it in

Its workings.

Stran. That's to say, where there is war

And woman in activity. Let's see!

Lord Byron. IV.

Spain — Italy — the new Atlantic world —
 Afric, with all its Moors. In very truth,
 There is small choice: the whole race are just now
 Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

Arn. I have heard great things of Rome.

Stran. A goodly choice —

And scarce a better to be found on earth,
 Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;
 For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion
 Of the old Vandals, are at play along
 The sunny shores of the world's garden.

Arn. How

Shall we proceed?

Stran. Like gallants, on good coursers.

What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,
 Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.
 Our pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black horses.

Arn. A noble sight!

Stran. And of

A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,
 Or your Kochlini race of Araby,
 With these!

Arn. The mighty steam, which volumes high
 From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;
 And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, wheel
 Around their manes, as common insects swarm
 Round common steeds towards sunset.

Stran. Mount, my lord:

They and I are your servitors.

Arn. And these

Our dark-eyed pages — what may be their names?

Stran. You shall baptize them.

Arn. What! in holy water?

Stran. Why not? The deeper sinner, better saint.

Arn. They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons.

Stran. True; the devil's always ugly; and your beauty
Is never diabolical.

Arn. I'll call him
Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright
And blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,
And never found till now. And for the other
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,
But looks as serious though serene as night,
He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.
And you?

Stran. I have ten thousand names, and twice
As many attributes; but as I wear
A human shape, will take a human name.

Arn. More human than the shape (though it was mine once)
I trust.

Stran. Then call me Cæsar.

Arn. Why, that name
Belongs to empires, and has been but borne
By the world's lords.

Stran. And therefore fittest for
The devil in disguise — since so you deem me,
Unless you call me pope instead.

Arn. Well, then,
Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name
Shall be plain Arnold still.

Cæs. We'll add a title —
"Count Arnold:" it hath no ungracious sound,
And will look well upon a billet-doux.

Arn. Or in an order for a battle-field.

Cæs. (*sings.*) To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed
Paws the ground and snuffs the air!
There's not a foal of Arab's breed
More knows whom he must bear;
On the hill he will not tire,
Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,
 On the plain be overtaken ;
 In the wave he will not sink,
 Nor pause at the brook's side to drink ;
 In the race he will not pant,
 In the combat he 'll not faint ;
 On the stones he will not stumble,
 Time nor toil shall make him humble ;
 In the stall he will not stiffen,
 But be winged as a griffin,
 Only flying with his feet :
 And will not such a voyage be sweet ?
 Merrily ! merrily ! never unsound,
 Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground !
 From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly !
 For we 'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.

[They mount their horses, and disappear.]

SCENE II.

A Camp before the Walls of Rome.

ARNOLD and CÆSAR.

Cæs. You are well entered now.

Arn. Ay ; but my path

Has been o'er carcasses : mine eyes are full
Of blood.

Cæs. Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why !
Thou art a conqueror ; the chosen knight
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,
Late constable of France : and now to be
Lord of the city which hath been earth's lord
Under its emperors, and — changing sex,
Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire —
Lady of the old world.

Arn. How *old* ? What ! are there
New worlds ?

Cæs. To *you*. You 'll find there are such shortly,
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold ;

From one *half* of the world named a *whole* new one,
Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

Arn. I'll trust them.

Cæs. Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth.

Arn. Dog!

Cæs. Man!

Arn. Devil!

Cæs. Your obedient humble servant.

Arn. Say *master* rather. Thou hast lured me on,
Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am here.

Cæs. And where wouldst *thou* be?

Arn. Oh, at peace — in peace.

Cæs. And where is that which is so? From the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion; and
In life *commotion* is the extremest point
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes
A comet, and destroying as it sweeps
The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its way,
Living upon the death of other things,
But still, like them, must live and die, the subject
Of something which has made it live and die.
You must obey what all obey, the rule
Of fix'd necessity: against her edict
Rebellion prospers not.

Arn. And when it prospers —

Cæs. 'T is no rebellion.

Arn. Will it prosper now?

Cæs. The Bourbon hath given orders for the assault
And by the dawn there will be work.

Arn. Alas!

And shall the city yield? I see the giant
Abode of the true God, and his true saint,
Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into
That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,
Which his blood made a badge of glory and

Of joy (as once of torture unto him,
God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

Cæs. 'T is there, and shall be.

Arn.

What?

Cæs.

The crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below.
Also some culverins upon the walls,
And harquebusses, and what not; besides
The men who are to kindle them to death
Of other men.

Arn.

And those scarce mortal arches,
Pile above pile of everlasting wall,
The theatre where emperors and their subjects
(Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon
The battles of the monarchs of the wild
And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels
Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust
In the arena (as right well they might,
When they had left no human foe unconquer'd);
Made even the forest pay its tribute of
Life to their amphitheatre, as well
As Dacia men to die the eternal death
For a sole instant's pastime, and "Pass on
To a new gladiator!" — Must it fall?

Cæs. The city, or the amphitheatre?
The church, or one, or all? for you confound
Both them and me.

Arn.

To-morrow sounds the assault
With the first cock-crow.

Cæs.

Which, if it end with
The evening's first nightingale, will be
Something new in the annals of great sieges;
For men must have their prey after long toil.

Arn. The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps
More beautifully, than he did on Rome
On the day Remus leapt her wall.

Cæs.

I saw him.

Arn. You!

Cæs. Yes, Sir. You forget I am or was Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head, And loved his laurels better as a wig (So history says) than as a glory. Thus The world runs on, but we'll be merry still. I saw your Romulus (simple as I am) Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb, Because he leapt a ditch ('t was then no wall, Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest cement Was brother's blood; and if its native blood Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red As e'er 't was yellow, it will never wear The deep hue of the ocean and the earth, Which the great robber sons of fratricide Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter For ages.

Arn. But what have these done, their far Remote descendants, who have lived in peace, The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of Piety?

Cæs. And what had *they* done, whom the old Romans o'erswept? — Hark!

Arn. They are soldiers singing A reckless roundelay, upon the eve Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

Cæs. And why should they not sing as well as swans? They are black ones, to be sure.

Arn. So, you are learn'd, I see, too?

Cæs. In my grammar, certes. I Was educated for a monk of all times, And once I was well versed in the forgotten Etruscan letters, and — were I so minded —

Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than
Your alphabet.

Arn. And wherefore do you not?

Cæs. It answers better to resolve the alphabet
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,
And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchemist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built
More Babels, without new dispersion, than
The stammering young ones of the flood's dull ooze,
Who fail'd and fled each other. Why? why, marry,
Because no man could understand his neighbour.
They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,
Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their
Cabala; their best brick-work, wherewithal
They build more —

Arn. (*interrupting him*). Oh, thou everlasting sneerer!
Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems
Softened by distance to a hymn-like cadence!
Listen!

Cæs. Yes. I have heard the angels sing.

Arn. And demons howl.

Cæs. And man too. Let us listen:
I love all music.

Song of the Soldiers within.

The black bands came over
The Alps and their snow;
With Bourbon, the rover,
They pass'd the broad Po.
We have beaten all foemen,
We have captured a king,
We have turn'd back on no men,
And so let us sing!
Here 's the Bourbon for ever!
Though penniless all,
We 'll have one more endeavour
At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we 'll gather
At day-dawn before
The gates, and together
Or break or climb o'er
The wall; on the ladder
As mounts each firm foot,
Our shout shall grow gladder,
And death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we 'll mount o'er
The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Up! up with the lily!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,
We 'll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
The Bourbon for aye!
Of our song bear the burden!
And fire, fire away!
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes;
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
Are couch'd at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
Who warr'd with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
Sans country or home,
We 'll follow the Bourbon,
To plunder old Rome.

Cæs. An indifferent song
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

Arn. Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here comes
The general with his chiefs and men of trust.
A goodly rebel!

Enter the Constable BOURBON "cum suis," &c. &c.

Phil. How now, noble prince,
You are not cheerful?

Bourb. Why should I be so?

Phil. Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,
Most men would be so.

Bourb. If I were secure!

Phil. Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

Bourb. That they will falter is my least of fears.
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites
To marshal them on — were those hoary walls
Mountains, and those who guard them like the gods
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans; —
But now —

Phil. They are but men who war with mortals.

Bourb. True: but those walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

Phil. So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

Bourb. They do not menace me. I could have faced,
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp,
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fix'd eyes
Fascinate mine. Look there!

Phil. I look upon
A lofty battlement.

Bourb. And there!

Phil. Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Shelter'd by the gray parapet from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

Bourb. You are blind.

Phil. If seeing nothing more than may be seen
Be so.

Bourb. A thousand years have mann'd the walls
With all their heroes, — the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave.
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
From battlement to battlement.

Phil. Then conquer
The walls for which he conquer'd, and be greater!

Bourb. True: so I will, or perish.

Phil. You can *not*.
In such an enterprise to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

[*Count ARNOLD and CÆSAR advance,*

Cæs. And the mere men — do they too sweat beneath
The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

Bourb. Ah!
Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his master,
The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,
And generous as lovely. We shall find
Work for you both ere morning.

Cæs. You will find,
So please your highness, no less for yourself.

Bourb. And if I do, there will not be a labourer
More forward, hunchback!

Cæs. You may well say so,
For *you* have seen that back — as general,

Placed in the rear in action — but your foes
Have never seen it.

Bourb. That 's a fair retort,
For I provoked it: — but the Bourbon's breast
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced
In danger's face as yours, were you the *devil*.

Cæs. And if I were, I might have saved myself
The toil of coming here.

Phil. Why so?

Cæs. One half
Of your brave bands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.

Bourb. Arnold, your
Slight crooked friend 's as snake-like in his words
As his deeds.

Cæs. Your highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer — I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

Bourb. You are brave, and that 's enough for me; and quick
In speech as sharp in action — and that 's more.
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'
Comrade.

Cæs. They are but bad company, your highness:
And worse even for their friends than foes, as being
More permanent acquaintance.

Phil. How now, fellow!
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
Of a buffoon.

Cæs. You mean I speak the truth.
I 'll lie — it is as easy: then you 'll praise me
For calling you a hero.

Bourb. Philibert!
Let him alone; he 's brave, and ever has
Been first, with that swart face and mountain shoulder
In field or storm, and patient in starvation;
And for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,

And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue
 Is, to my mind, far preferable to
 The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration
 Of a mere famish'd, sullen, grumbling slave,
 Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,
 And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,
 With which he deems him rich.

Cæs. It would be well

If the earth's princes ask'd no more.

Bourb. Be silent!

Cæs. Ay, but not idle. Work yourself with words!
 You have few to speak.

Phil. What means the audacious prater?

Cæs. To prate, like other prophets.

Bourb. Philibert!

Why will you vex him? Have we not enough
 To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack
 To-morrow.

Arn. I have heard as much, my lord.

Bourb. And you will follow?

Arn. Since I must not lead.

Bourb. 'T is necessary for the further daring
 Of our too needy army, that their chief
 Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's
 First step.

Cæs. Upon its topmost, let us hope:
 So shall he have his full deserts.

Bourb. The world's

Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.
 Through every change the seven-hill'd city hath
 Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars,
 But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
 Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest,
 Still the world's masters! Civilized, barbarian,
 Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus
 Have been the circus of an empire. Well!

'T was *their* turn — now 't is ours; and let us hope
That we will fight as well, and rule much better.

Cæs. No doubt, the camp's the school of civic rights.
What would you make of Rome?

Bourb. That which it was.

Cæs. In Alaric's time?

Bourb. No, slave! in the first Cæsar's,
Whose name you bear like other curs —

Cæs. And kings!

'T is a great name for blood-hounds.

Bourb. There's a demon
In that fierce rattlesnake thy tongue. Wilt never
Be serious?

Cæs. On the eve of battle, no; —
That were not soldier-like. 'T is for the general
To be more pensive: we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think?
Our tutelary deity, in a leader's shape,
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
If the knaves take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

Bourb. You may sneer, since
'T is lucky for you that you fight no worse for't.

Cæs. I thank you for the freedom; 't is the only
Pay I have taken in your highness' service.

Bourb. Well, Sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury:
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,
We would request your presence.

Arn. Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.

Bourb. In both we prize it,
And yours will be a post of trust at daybreak.

Cæs. And mine?

Bourb. To follow glory with the Bourbon!
Good night!

Arn. (to CÆSAR). Prepare our armour for the assault,
And wait within my tent.

[*Exeunt* BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT, &c.]

Cæs. (solus). Within thy tent!

Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which contain'd

Thy principle of life, is aught to me

Except a mask? And these are men, forsooth!

Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!

This is the consequence of giving matter

The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,

Ever relapsing into its first elements.

Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 't is

The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.

When I grow weary of it, I have business

Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem

Were made for them to look at. 'T were a jest now

To bring one down amongst them, and set fire

Unto their anthill: how the pismires then

Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing

From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth

One universal orison! Ha! ha!

[*Exit* CÆSAR.]

PART II.

SCENE I.

*Before the walls of Rome. — The assault: the army in motion,
with ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON, with a white
scarf over his armour, foremost.*

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

1.

'T is the morn, but dim and dark.

Whither flies the silent lark?

Whither shrinks the clouded sun?

Is the day indeed begun?

Nature's eye is melancholy
 O'er the city high and holy:
 But without there is a din
 Should arouse the saints within,
 And revive the heroic ashes
 Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
 Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
 Ere your very base be shaken!

2.

Hearken to the steady stamp!
 Mars is in their every tramp!
 Not a step is out of tune,
 As the tides obey the moon!
 On they march, though to self-slaughter,
 Regular as rolling water,
 Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
 Of huge moles, but keep their order,
 Breaking only rank by rank.
 Hearken to the armour's clank!
 Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
 How he glares upon the barrier:
 Look on each step of each ladder,
 As the stripes that streak an adder.

3.

Look upon the bristling wall,
 Mann'd without an interval!
 Round and round, and tier on tier,
 Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
 Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,
 Gaping to be murderous soon
 All the warlike gear of old,
 Mix'd with what we now behold,
 In this strife 'twixt old and new,
 Gather like a locusts' crew,
 Shade of Remus! 't is a time
 Awful as thy brother's crime!

Christians war against Christ's shrine : —
Must its lot be like to thine ?

4.

Near — and near — and nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder, —
Onward sweeps the rolling host!
Heroes of the immortal boast!
Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels?
Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not — *strike!* for Rome is mourning!

5.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity?
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal city;
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thy own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

6.-

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!
Ilion's children find no Hector;

Priam's offspring loved their brother;
 Rome's great sire forgot his mother,
 When he slew his gallant twin,
 With inexpiable sin.

See the giant shadow stride
 O'er the ramparts high and wide!
 When the first o'erleapt thy wall,
 Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.
 Now, though towering like a Babel,
 Who to stop his steps are able?
 Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
 Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

7.

Now they reach thee in their anger:
 Fire and smoke and hellish clangour
 Are around thee, thou world's wonder!
 Death is in thy walls and under.
 Now the meeting steel first clashes,
 Downward then the ladder crashes,
 With its iron load all gleaming,
 Lying at its foot blaspheming!
 Up again! for every warrior
 Slain, another climbs the barrier.
 Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
 Europe's mingling gore enriches.
 Rome! although thy wall may perish,
 Such manure thy fields will cherish,
 Making gay the harvest-home;
 But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome! —
 Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
 Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
 Let not your quench'd hearths be Até's!
 Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
 Yield not to these stranger Neros!
 Though the son who slew his mother

Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
 'T was the Roman curb'd the Roman; —
 Brennus was a baffled foeman.
 Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
 Rise! for yours are holier charters!
 Mighty gods of temples falling,
 Yet in ruin still appalling!
 Mightier founders of those altars,
 True and Christian, — strike the assaulters!
 Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
 Show even nature's self abhorrent.
 Let each breathing heart dilated
 Turn, as doth the lion baited!
 Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb.
 But be still the Roman's Rome!

BOURBON, ARNOLD, CÆSAR, and others, arrive at the foot of
 the wall. ARNOLD is about to plant his ladder.

Bourb. Hold, Arnold! I am first.

Arn.

Not so, my lord.

Bourb. Hold, Sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud
 Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

[BOURBON plants his ladder, and begins to mount.

Now, boys! On! on!

[A shot strikes him, and BOURBON falls.

Cæs.

And off!

Arn.

Eternal powers!

The host will be appall'd, — but vengeance! vengeance!

Bourb. 'T is nothing — lend me your hand.

[BOURBON takes ARNOLD by the hand, and rises; but as
 he puts his foot on the step, falls again.

Arnold! I am sped.

Conceal my fall — all will go well — conceal it!

Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;

Let not the soldiers see it.

Arn.

You must be

Removed; the aid of —

Bourb. No, my gallant boy;
 Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?
 The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.
 Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,
 Till they are conquerors — then do as you may.

Cæs. Would not your highness choose to kiss the cross?
 We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
 May serve instead: — it did the same for Bayard.

Bourb. Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this time!
 But I deserve it.

Arn. (to CÆSAR). Villain, hold your peace!

Cæs. What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer
 A Christian "Vade in pace?"

Arn. Silence! Oh!
 Those eyes are glazing which o'erlook'd the world,
 And saw no equal.

Bourb. Arnold, should'st thou see
 France — But hark! hark! the assault grows warmer — Oh!
 For but an hour, a minute more of life
 To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!
 You lose time — they will conquer Rome without thee.

Arn. And without *thee*!

Bourb. Not so; I'll lead them still
 In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
 That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
 Victorious!

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourb. You must — farewell — Up! up! the world is
 winning. [BOURBON *dies*.

Cæs. (to ARNOLD). Come, count, to business.

Arn. True. I'll weep hereafter.

[ARNOLD covers BOURBON's body with a mantle, and
 mounts the ladder, crying
 The Bourbon! Bourbon! On, boys! Rome is ours!

Cæs. Good night, lord constable! thou wert a man.

[*CÆSAR follows ARNOLD; they reach the battlement; ARNOLD and CÆSAR are struck down.*

Cæs. A precious somerset! Is your countship injured?

Arn. No.

[*Remounts the ladder.*

Cæs. A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!

And 't is no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!

His hand is on the battlement — he grasps it

As though it were an altar; now his foot

Is on it, and — What have we here? — a Roman? [*A man falls.*

The first bird of the covey! he has fallen

On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow?

Wounded Man. A drop of water!

Cæs.

Blood 's the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man. I have died for Rome. [*Dies.*

Cæs. And so did Bourbon, in another sense.

Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!

But I must after my young charge. He is

By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

[*CÆSAR mounts the ladder; the scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The City. — Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæs. I cannot find my hero; he is mix'd

With the heroic crowd that now pursue

The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.

What have we here? A cardinal or two

That do not seem in love with martyrdom.

How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they doff

Their hose as they have doff'd their hats, 't would be

A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.

But let them fly; the crimson kennels now

Not so, my musqueteer; 't was he who slew
The Bourbon from the wall.

Arn. Ay, did he so?
Then he hath carved his monument.

Rom. I yet
May live to carve your betters.

Cæs. Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he
Who slays Cellini will have work'd as hard
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

[*ARNOLD disarms and wounds CELLINI, but slightly:
the latter draws a pistol, and fires; then retires, and
disappears through the portico.*]

Cæs. How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks,
Of red Bellona's banquet.

Arn. (*staggers*). 'T is a scratch.
Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.

Cæs. Where is it?

Arn. In the shoulder, not the sword arm —
And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had
A helm of water!

Cæs. That's a liquid now
In requisition, but by no means easiest
To come at.

Arn. And my thirst increases; — but
I'll find a way to quench it.

Cæs. Or be quench'd
Thyself?

Arn. The chance is even; we will throw
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;
Prithee be quick.

[*CÆSAR binds on the scarf.*]

And what dost thou so idly?

Why dost not strike?

Cæs. Your old philosophers
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of
The Olympic games. When I behold a prize
Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

Arn. Ay, 'gainst an oak.

Cæs. A forest, when it suits me
I combat with a mass, or not at all.
Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;
Which is just now to gaze, since all these labourers
Will reap my harvest gratis.

Arn. Thou art still
A fiend!

Cæs. And thou — a man.

Arn. Why, such I fain would show me.

Cæs. True — as men are.

Arn. And what is that?

Cæs. Thou feelest and thou see'st.

[*Exit ARNOLD, joining in the combat which still continues between detached parties. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

St. Peter's — The Interior of the Church — The Pope at the Altar — Priests, &c. crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.

Enter CÆSAR.

A Spanish Soldier. Down with them, comrades! seize upon
those lamps!

Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!
His rosary's of gold!

Lutheran Soldier. Revenge! revenge!
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now —
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cæs. (interposing). How now, schismatic?
What would'st thou?

Luth. Sold. In the holy name of Christ,
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

Cæs. Yea, a disciple that would make the founder
Of your belief renounce it, could he see
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

Luth. Sold. I say he is the devil.

Cæs. Hush! keep that secret,
Lest he should recognise you for his own.

Luth. Sold. Why would you save him? I repeat he is
The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

Cæs. And that's the reason; would you make a quarrel
With your best friends? You had far best be quiet;
His hour is not yet come.

Luth. Sold. That shall be seen!

*[The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward; a shot strikes
him from one of the Pope's Guards, and he falls at the
foot of the Altar.]*

Cæs. (to the Lutheran). I told you so.

Luth. Sold. And will you not avenge me?

Cæs. Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the Lord's:"
You see he loves no interlopers.

Luth. Sold. (dying). Oh!
Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,
Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive
My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'T is
A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's
No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth
And ashes! *[The Lutheran dies.]*

Cæs. Yes, thine own amidst the rest.
Well done, old Babel!

*[The Guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pon-
tiff escapes, by a private passage, to the Vatican
and the Castle of St. Angelo.]*

Cæs. Ha! right nobly battled!
Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great professions,
Together by the ears and hearts! I have not
Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;
Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers. He hath escaped!
Follow!

Another Sold. They have barr'd the narrow passage up,
And it is clogg'd with dead even to the door.

Cæs. I am glad he hath escap'd: he may thank me for't
In part. I would not have his bulls abolish'd —
'T were worth one half our empire: his indulgences
Demand some in return; — no, no, he must not
Fall; — and besides, his now escape may furnish
A future miracle, in future proof
Of his infallibility.

[*To the Spanish Soldierj.*

Well, cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste,
There will not be a link of pious gold left.
And *you*, too, catholics! Would ye return
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?
The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
See how they strip the shrines!

Soldiers.

By holy Peter!

He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear
The best away.

Cæs. And that were shame! Go to!
Assist in their conversion.

[*The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church, others enter.*

Cæs.

They are gone,

And others come: so flows the wave on wave
Of what these creatures call eternity,
Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
That foam is their foundation. So, another!

*Enter OLIMPIA, flying from the pursuit — She springs upon the
Altar.*

Sold. She's mine!

Another Sold. (opposing the former). You lie, I track'd her
first; and were she

The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her.

[*They fight.*

3d Sold. (advancing towards OLIMPIA). You may settle
Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimp.

Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

3d Sold.

Alive or dead!

Olimp. (*embracing a massive crucifix*). Respect your God!*3d Sold.*

Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

*[As he advances, OLIMPIA, with a strong and sudden effort, casts down the crucifix: it strikes the Soldier, who falls.]**3d Sold.*

Oh, great God!

Olimp. Ah! now you recognise him.*3d Sold.*

My brain's crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness!

*[He dies.]**Other Soldiers* (*coming up*). Slay her, although she had a thousand lives:

She hath kill'd our comrade.

Olimp.

Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst slave

Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming Son,

And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as

I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and thee!

*Enter ARNOLD.**Arn.* What do I see? Accursed jackals!

Forbear!

Cæs. (*aside, and laughing*). Ha! ha! here's equity! The dogs

Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers. Count, she hath slain our comrade!*Arn.*

With what weapon?

Sold. The cross, beneath which he is crush'd; behold him lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it upon his head.*Arn.*Even so; there is a woman
Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,
Ye would have honour'd her. But get ye hence,
And thank your meanness, other God you have none

For your existence. Had you touch'd a hair
Of those dishevell'd locks, I would have thinn'd
Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!
Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves
But not even these till he permits.

A Sold. (murmuring). The lion
Might conquer for himself then.

Arn. (cuts him down). Mutineer!
Rebel in hell — you shall obey on earth!

[*The Soldiers assault ARNOLD.*

Arn. Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you, slaves,
How you should be commanded, and who led you
First o'er the wall you were so shy to scale,
Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

[*ARNOLD mows down the foremost; the rest throw down
their arms.*

Soldiers. Mercy! mercy!

Arn. Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you *who*
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

Soldiers. We saw it, and we know it; yet forgive
A moment's error in the heat of conquest —
The conquest which you led to.

Arn. Get you hence!
Hence to your quarters! you will find them fix'd
In the Colonna palace.

Olimp. (aside). In my father's
House!

Arn. (to the Soldiers). Leave your arms; ye have no further
need
Of such: the city's render'd. And mark well
You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream
As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

Soldiers (deposing their arms and departing). We obey!

Arn. (to OLIMPIA). Lady, you are safe.

Olimp. I should be so,
Had I a knife even; but it matters not —

Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
 Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
 Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,
 Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

Arn. I wish to merit his forgiveness, and
 Thine own, although I have not injured thee,

Olimp. No! Thou hast only sack'd my native land, —
 No injury! — and made my father's house
 A den of thieves! No injury! — this temple —
 Slippery with Roman and holy gore.
 No injury! And now thou would preserve me,
 To be — but that shall never be!

*[She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds her robe round her,
 and prepares to dash herself down on the side of the Altar
 opposite to that where ARNOLD stands.]*

Arn. Hold! hold!

I swear.

Olimp. Spare thine already forfeit soul
 A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee.
 I know thee.

Arn. No, thou know'st me not; I am not
 Of these men, though —

Olimp. I judge thee by thy mates;
 It is for God to judge thee as thou art.

I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
 Take mine, 't is all thou e'er shalt have of me,
 And here, upon the marble of this temple,
 Where the baptismal font baptized me God's,
 I offer him a blood less holy
 But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
 A redeem'd infant) than the holy water
 The saints have sanctified!

*[OLIMPIA waves her hand to ARNOLD with disdain, and
 dashes herself on the pavement from the Altar.]*

Arn. Eternal God!

I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

Cæs. (approaches.)

I am here.

Arn. Thou! but oh, save her!

Cæs. (*assisting him to raise OLIMPIA*). She hath done it well!
The leap was serious.

Arn. Oh! she is lifeless!

Cæs. If

She be so, I have nought to do with that:
The resurrection is beyond me.

Arn. Slave!

Cæs. Ay, slave or master, 't is all one: methinks
Good words, however, are as well at times.

Arn. Words! — Canst thou aid her?

Cæs. I will try. A sprinkling
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*]

Arn. 'T is mix'd with blood.

Cæs. There is no cleaner now

In Rome.

Arn. How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,
I love but thee!

Cæs. Even so Achilles loved
Penthesilea: with his form it seems
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

Arn. She breathes! But no, 't was nothing or the last
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

Cæs. She breathes.

Arn. Thou say'st it? Then 't is truth.

Cæs. You do me right —

The devil speaks truth much oftener than he 's deem'd:
He hath an ignorant audience.

Arn. (*without attending to him.*) Yes! her heart beats.
Alas! that the first beat of the only heart
I ever wish'd to beat with mine should vibrate
To an assassin's pulse.

Cæs. A sage reflection,
But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall we bear her?
I say she lives.

Arn. And will she live?

Cæs. As much

As dust can.

Arn. Then she is dead!

Cæs. Bah! bah! You are so,

And do not know it. She will come to life —

Such as you think so, such as you now are;

But we must work by human means.

Arn. We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,

Where I have pitch'd my banner.

Cæs. Come then! raise her up!

Arn. Softly!

Cæs. As softly as they bear the dead.

Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

Arn. But doth she live indeed?

Cæs. Nay, never fear!

But, if you rue it after, blame not me.

Arn. Let her but live!

Cæs. The spirit of her life

Is yet within her breast, and may revive.

Count! count! I am your servant in all things,

And this is a new office: — 't is not oft

I am employ'd in such; but you perceive

How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.

On earth you have often only fiends for friends;

Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence.

The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!

I am almost enamour'd of her, as

Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

Arn. Thou!

Cæs. I! But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

Arn. Rival!

Cæs. I could be one right formidable;

But since I slew the seven husbands of

Tobias' future bride (and after all

'T was suck'd out by some incense), I have laid

Aside intrigue: 't is rarely worth the trouble
Of gaining, or — what is more difficult —
Getting rid of your prize again; for there 's
The rub! at least to mortals.

Arn. Prithee, peace!

Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

Cæs. Like stars, no doubt; for that 's a metaphor
For Lucifer and Venus.

Arn. To the palace

Colonna, as I told you!

Cæs. Oh! I know

My way through Rome.

Arn. Now onward, onward! Gently!

[*Exeunt, bearing OLIMPIA. The scene closes.*]

P A R T III.

SCENE I.

*A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling
country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.*

CHORUS.

1.

The wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

2.

The spring is come; the violet 's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun:
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

3.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

4.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dim December —
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours;
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæs. (singing). The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle.
The casque 's on the wall.
There 's rest for the rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.
He drinks — but what 's drinking?
A mere pause from thinking!
No bugle awakes him with life-and-death call.

CHORUS.

But the hound bayeth loudly,
The boar 's in the wood,
And the falcon longs proudly
To spring from her hood:
On the wrist of the noble
She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
With birds from their nest.

Cæs. Oh! shadow of glory!
Dim image of war!

But the chase hath no story,
 Her hero no star,
 Since Nimrod, the founder
 Of empire and chase,
 Who made the woods wonder
 And quake for their race.
 When the lion was young,
 In the pride of his might,
 Then 't was sport for the strong
 To embrace him in fight;
 To go forth, with a pine
 For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth,
 Or strike through the ravine
 At the foaming behemoth;
 While man was in stature
 As towers in our time,
 The first-born of Nature,
 And, like her, sublime!

CHORUS.

But the wars are over,
 The spring is come;
 The bride and her lover
 Have sought their home:
 They are happy, and we rejoice;
 Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!
[Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.]

HEAVEN AND EARTH;

A MYSTERY

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

“And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.”

“And woman wailing for her demon lover.”

COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- Angels.* — SAMIASA.
 AZAZIEL.
 RAPHAEL the Archangel.
- Men.* — NOAH and his Sons.
 IRAD.
 JAPHET.
- Women.* — ANAH.
 AHOLIBAMAH.

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth. — *Chorus of Mortals.*

PART I.

SCENE I.

A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat. — Time, midnight.

Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. OUR father sleeps: it is the hour when they
 Who love us are accustom'd to descend

Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat: —
How my heart beats!

Aho. Let us proceed upon
Our invocation.

Anah. But the stars are hidden.
I tremble.

Aho. So do I, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.

Anah. My sister, though
I love Azazel more than — oh, too much!
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.

Aho. And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures?

Anah. But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.

Aho. Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There 's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long:
Marry, and bring forth dust!

Anah. I should have loved
Azazel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him:
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the seraph,
And he the perishable.

Aho. Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.

Anah. And if it should be so, and she loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me.

Aho. If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation! — 'T is the hour.

Anah. Seraph!

From thy sphere!

Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"
Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!

And though she nothing is to thee,

Yet think that thou art all to her.

Thou canst not tell, — and never be

Such pangs decreed to aught save me, —

The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thine years,

Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;

With me thou canst not sympathize,

Except in love, and there thou must

Acknowledge that more loving dust

Ne'er wept beneath the skies.

Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st

The face of him who made thee great,

As he hath made me of the least

Of those cast out from Eden's gate:

Yet, Seraph dear!

Oh hear!

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die

Until I know what I must die in knowing,

That thou forget'st in thine eternity

Her whose heart death could not keep from o'erflowing

For thee, immortal essence as thou art!

Great is their love who love in sin and fear;

And such, I feel, are waging in my heart
 A war unworthy: to an Adamite
 Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear,
 For sorrow is our element;

Delight

An Eden kept afar from sight,
 Though sometimes with our visions blent.

The hour is near

Which tells me we are not abandon'd quite. —

Appear! Appear!

Seraph!

My own Azazel! be but here,
 And leave the stars to their own light.

Aho.

Samiasa!

Wheresoe'er

Thou rulest in the upper air —

Or warring with the spirits who may dare

Dispute with Him

Who made all empires, empire; or recalling
 Some wandering star, which shoots through the abyss
 Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling,
 Share the dim destiny of clay in this;
 Or joining with the inferior cherubim,
 Thou deignest to partake their hymn —

Samiasa!

I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.

Many may worship thee, that will I not:

If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,

Descend and share my lot!

Though I be form'd of clay,

And thou of beams

More bright than those of day

On Eden's streams,

Thine immortality can not repay

With love more warm than mine

My love. There is a ray

In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,

I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.
 It may be hidden long: death and decay
 Our mother Eve bequeath'd us — but my heart
 Defies it: though this life must pass away
 Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?
 Thou art immortal — so am I: I feel —
 I feel my immortality o'ersweep
 All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,
 Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
 Into my ears this truth — “Thou liv'st for ever!”
 But if it be in joy
 I know not, nor would know;
 That secret rests with the Almighty giver
 Who folds in clouds the founts of bliss and woe.
 But thee and me he never can destroy;
 Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
 Of as eternal essence, and must war
 With him if he will war with us: with *thee*
 I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
 For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,
 And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?
 No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me thorough,
 And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
 Around me still! and I will smile,
 And curse thee not; but hold
 Thee in as warm a fold
 As — but descend; and prove
 A mortal's love
 For an immortal. If the skies contain
 More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!
Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging
 Their bright way through the parted night.
Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging,
 As though they bore to-morrow's light.
Anah. But if our father see the sight!
Aho. He would but deem it was the moon

Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon.

Anah. They come! *he* comes! — Azaziel!

Aho.

Haste

To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
My spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa's breast!

Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset; — lo!

On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Return'd to night, as rippling foam,

Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

Aho. They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!

Anah.

My Azaziel!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter IRAD and JAPHET.

Irak. Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus
To add thy silence to the silent night,
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?
They cannot aid thee.

Japh. But they soothe me — now
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.
Methinks a being that is beautiful
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
The eternal beauty of undying things.
Oh, *Anah!*

Irak. But she loves thee not.

Japh.

Alas!

Irads. And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

Japh. I feel for thee too.

Irads. Let her keep her pride,

Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn:

It may be, time too will avenge it.

Japh. Canst thou

Find joy in such a thought?

Irads. Nor joy nor sorrow.

I loved her well; I would have loved her better,

Had love been met with love: as 't is, I leave her

To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

Japh. What destinies?

Irads. I have some cause to think

She loves another.

Japh. Anah!

Irads. No; her sister.

Japh. What other?

Irads. That I know not; but her air,

If not her words, tells me she loves another.

Japh. Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.

Irads. Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,

What can it profit thee?

Japh. True, nothing; but

I love.

Irads. And so did I.

Japh. And now thou lov'st not,

Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?

Irads. Yes.

Japh. I pity thee.

Irads. Me! why?

Japh. For being happy,

Deprived of that which makes my misery.

Irads. I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,

And would not feel as thou dost for more shekels

Than all our father's herds would bring if weigh'd

Against the metal of the sons of Cain —

The yellow dust they try to barter with us,

As if such useless and discolour'd trash,
 The refuse of the earth, could be received
 For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all
 Our flocks and wilderness afford. — Go, Japhet,
 Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the moon —
 I must back to my rest.

Japh. And so would I
 If I could rest.

Irada. Thou wilt not to our tents then?

Japh. No, Irad; I will to the cavern, whose
 Mouth they say opens from the internal world
 To let the inner spirits of the earth
 Forth when they walk its surface.

Irada. Wherefore so?
 What wouldst thou there?

Japh. Soothe further my sad spirit
 With glooms as sad: it is a hopeless spot,
 And I am hopeless.

Irada. But 't is dangerous;
 Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors.
 I must go with thee.

Japh. Irad, no; believe me
 I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

Irada. But evil things will be thy foe the more
 As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,
 Or let mine be with thine.

Japh. No, neither, Irad;
 I must proceed alone.

Irada. Then peace be with thee! [*Exit IRADA.*]

Japh. (solus). Peace! I have sought it where it should be
 found,

In love — with love, too, which perhaps deserved it;
 And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart —
 A weakness of the spirit — listless days,
 And nights inexorable to sweet sleep —
 Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm
 Of desolation, and the stillness of

The untrodden forest, only broken by
 The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs;
 Such is the sullen or the fitful state
 Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,
 And many signs and portents have proclaim'd
 A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom
 To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
 When the dread hour denounced shall open wide
 The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou
 Have lain within this bosom, folded from
 The elements; this bosom, which in vain
 Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,
 While thine — Oh, God! at least remit to her
 Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing
 As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,
 Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
 How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not;
 And still would I redeem thee — see thee live
 When ocean is earth's grave, and, unopposed
 By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
 Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
 Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[Exit JAPHET.]

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet?

Shem.

He went forth,

According to his wont, to meet with Irad,
 He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps
 Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly,
 Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest;
 Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern
 Which opens to the heart of Ararat.

Noah. What doth he there? It is an evil spot
 Upon an earth all evil; for things worse
 Than even wicked men resort there: he
 Still loves this daughter of a fated race,
 Although he could not wed her if she loved him,

And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts
 Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
 The destiny and evil of these days,
 And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
 In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way
 He must be sought for!

Shem. Go not forward, father:
 I will seek Japhet.

Noah. Do not fear for me:
 All evil things are powerless on the man
 Selected by Jehovah. — Let us on.

Shem. To the tents of the father of the sisters?

Noah. No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

[Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.]

SCENE III.

The mountains. — A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.

Japh. (solus). Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
 Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
 So varied and so terrible in beauty;
 Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
 And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
 In perpendicular places, where the foot
 Of man would tremble, could he reach them — yes,
 Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
 Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurl'd
 Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
 Which seems to lead into a lower world,
 Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
 And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
 And man — Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who
 Shall weep above your universal grave,
 Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
 Alas! what am I better than ye are,
 That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
 The pleasant places where I thought of Anah

While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
 Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
 And can it be! — Shall yon exulting peak,
 Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
 Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
 No more to have the morning sun break forth,
 And scatter back the mists in floating folds
 From its tremendous brow? no more to have
 Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
 Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
 No more to be the beacon of the world,
 For angels to alight on, as the spot
 Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"
 Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
 And the predestined creeping things reserved
 By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power
 To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
 A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
 Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
 To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
 Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
 Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until
 The salt morass subside into a sphere
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
 The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
 Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
 Breath will be still'd at once! All beauteous world
 So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
 And night by night, thy number'd days and nights:
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
 Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
 A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
 Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
 Such as — Oh God! and canst thou —

[*He pauses.*]

A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and shouts of laughter — afterwards a Spirit passes.

Japh.

In the name

Of the Most High, what art thou?

Spirit (laughs).

Ha! ha! ha!

Japh. By all that earth holds holiest, speak!

Spirit (laughs).

Ha! ha!

Japh. By the approaching deluge! by the earth
Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
The deep which will lay open all her fountains!
The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,
And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?

Spirit.

Why weep'st thou?

Japh. For earth and all her children.

Spirit.

Ha! ha! ha!

[*Spirit vanishes.*]

Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,
The coming desolation of an orb,
On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!
How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is
Sleep too upon the very eve of death!
Why should they wake to meet it? What is here,
Which look like death in life, and speak like things
Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!

[*Various Spirits pass from the cavern.*]

Spirit. Rejoice!

- The abhorred race

Which could not keep in Eden their high place,

But listen'd to the voice

Of knowledge without power,

Are nigh the hour

Of death!

Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,

Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping motion,
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!

Earth shall be ocean!

And no breath,

Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!

Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:

Not even a rock from out the liquid grave

Shall lift its point to save,

Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,

After long looking o'er the ocean wide

For the expected ebb which cometh not:

All shall be void,

Destroy'd!

Another element shall be the lord

Of life, and the abhorr'd

Children of dust be quench'd; and of each hue

Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;

And of the variegated mountain

Shall nought remain

Unchanged, or of the level plain;

Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:

All merged within the universal fountain,

Man, earth, and fire, shall die,

And sea and sky

Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.

Upon the foam

Who shall erect a home?

Japh. (coming forward). My sire!

Earth's seed shall not expire;

Only the evil shall be put away

From day.

Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste.

Who howl your hideous joy

When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;

Hence! haste!

Back to your inner caves!

Until the waves

Shall search you in your secret place,
 And drive your sullen race
 Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds
 In restless wretchedness along all space!
Spirit. Son of the saved!
 When thou and thine have braved
 The wide and warring element;
 When the great barrier of the deep is rent,
 Shall thou and thine be good or happy? — No!
 Thy new world and new race shall be of woe —
 Less goodly in their aspect, in their years
 Less than the glorious giants, who
 Yet walk the world in pride,
 The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.
 Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.
 And art thou not ashamed
 Thus to survive,
 And eat, and drink, and wive?
 With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
 As even to hear this wide destruction named,
 Without such grief and courage, as should rather
 Bid thee await the world - dissolving wave,
 Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
 And build thy city o'er the drown'd earth's grave?
 Who would outlive their kind,
 Except the base and blind?
 Mine
 Hateth thine
 As of a different order in the sphere,
 But not our own.
 There is not one who hath not left a throne
 Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,
 Rather than see his mates endure alone.
 Go, wretch! and give
 A life like thine to other wretches — live!
 And when the annihilating waters roar
 Above what they have done,

Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,
 And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
 Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.

Rejoice!

No more the human voice
 Shall vex our joys in middle air
 With prayer;

No more
 Shall they adore;
 And we, who ne'er for ages have adored
 The prayer-exacting Lord,
 To whom the omission of a sacrifice
 Is vice;

We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd
 Until one element shall do the work
 Of all in chaos; until they,

The creatures proud of their poor clay,
 Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk
 In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where
 The deep shall follow to their latest lair;

Where even the brutes, in their despair,
 Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,
 And the striped tiger shall lie down to die
 Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;

Till all things shall be as they were,
 Silent and uncreated, save the sky:

While a brief truce

Is made with Death, who shall forbear
 The little remnant of the past creation,
 To generate new nations for his use;

This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
 Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,
 When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
 Into a world, shall give again to Time

New beings — years — diseases — sorrow — crime —

With all companionship of hate and toil,
 Until —

Japh. (*interrupting them*). The eternal will
 Shall deign to expound this dream
 Of good and evil; and redeem
 Unto himself all times, all things,
 And, gather'd under his almighty wings,
 Abolish hell!

And to the expiated Earth
 Restore the beauty of her birth,
 Her Eden in an endless paradise,
 Where man no more can fall as once he fell,
 And even the very demons shall do well!

Spirits. And when shall take effect this wondrous spell?

Japh. When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,
 And then in glory.

Spirit. Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,
 Till earth wax hoary;

War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain,
 Until the clouds look gory

With the blood reeking from each battle plain;
 New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but still,
 The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,
 Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
 But the same moral storms

Shall oversweep the future, as the waves
 In a few hours the glorious giants' graves.

Chorus of Spirits.

Brethren, rejoice!

Mortal, farewell!

Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice
 Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;

The winds, too, plume their piercing wings;

The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs;

The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,

And heaven set wide her windows; while mankind

View unacknowledged, each tremendous token —
 Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
 We hear the sound they cannot hear,
 The mustering thunders of the threatening sphere;
 Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd —
 Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
 Yet undisplay'd,
 Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.
 Howl! howl! oh Earth!
 Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:
 Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
 The ocean's overflow!
 The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,
 The little shells, of ocean's least things be
 Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells —
 How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!
 And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
 Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching swell; —
 While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
 The wings which could not save: —
 Where could he rest them, while the whole space brings
 Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?
 Bethren, rejoice!
 And loudly lift each superhuman voice —
 All die,
 Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed —
 The seed of Seth,
 Exempt for future sorrow's sake from death.
 But of the sons of Cain
 None shall remain;
 And all his goodly daughters
 Must lie beneath the desolating waters —
 Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid
 Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,
 Which would not spare
 Beings even in death so fair.
 It is decreed,

All die!

And to the universal human cry
The universal silence shall succeed!

Fly, brethren, fly!

But still rejoice!

We fell!

They fall!

So perish all!

These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from hell!

[The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.]

Japh. (solus). God hath proclaim'd the destiny of earth;

My father's ark of safety hath announced it;
The very demons shriek it from their caves;
The scroll of Enoch prophesied it long
In silent books, which, in their silence, say
More to the mind than thunder to the ear:
And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but
Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh,
Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,
Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,
Or deaf obedient ocean, which fulfils it.
No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;
The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture,
The sun will rise upon the earth's last day
As on the fourth day of creation, when
God said unto him, "Shine!" and he broke forth
Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
Unform'd forefather of mankind — but roused
Before the human orison the earlier
Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
Which in the open firmament of heaven
Have wings like angels, and like them salute
Heaven first each day before the Adamites:
Their matins now draw nigh — the east is kindling —
And they will sing! and day will break! Both near,
So near the awful close! For these must drop
Their outworn pinions on the deep; and day,

After the bright course of a few brief morrows, —
 Ay, day will rise; but upon what? — a chaos,
 Which was ere day; and which, renew'd, makes time
 Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
 No more to dust than is eternity
 Unto Jehovah, who created both.
 Without him, even eternity would be
 A void: without man, time, as made for man,
 Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that deep
 Which has no fountain; as his race will be
 Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world. —
 What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?
 No — *all* of heaven, they are so beautiful.
 I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
 How lovelily they move along the side
 Of the grey mountain, scattering its mist!
 And after the swart savage spirits, whose
 Infernal immortality pour'd forth
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
 Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
 To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
 For which I have so often pray'd — They come!
 Anah! oh, God! and with her —

Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBANAH.

Anah.

Japhet!

Sam.

Lo!

A son of Adam!

Aza. What doth the earth-born here,

While all his race are slumbering?

Japh.

Angel! what

Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on high?

Aza. Know'st thou not, or forget'st thou, that a part
 Of our great function is to guard thine earth?

Japh. But all good angels have forsaken earth,
 Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly
 The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my

In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!
 Why walk'st thou with this spirit, in those hours
 When no good spirit longer lights below?

Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
 Forgive me —

Japh. May the Heaven, which soon no more
 Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.

Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
 We know thee not.

Japh. The hour may come when thou
 May'st know me better; and thy sister know
 Me still the same which I have ever been.

Sam. Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been
 Upright before his God, whate'er thy gifts,
 And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,
 How have Azazel, or myself, brought on thee
 Wrong?

Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
 Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not,
 Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
 That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
 To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er
 Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
 To save this beautiful — *these* beautiful
 Children of Cain?

Aza. From what?

Japh. And is it so,
 That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
 Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must
 Partake his punishment; or, at the least,
 My sorrow.

Sam. Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
 To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

Japh. And hath not the Most High expounded them?
 Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

Aho.

So be it!

If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
 More to be mortal, than I would to dare
 An immortality of agonies
 With Samiasa!

Anah. Sister! sister! speak not

Thus.

Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah?*Anah.*

Yes, for thee:

I would resign the greater remnant of
 This little life of mine, before one hour
 Of thine eternity should know a pang.

Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the seraph thou
 Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
 Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
 Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot
 Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent
 Upon the earth to toil and die; and they
 Are made to minister on high unto
 The Highest: but if he can *save* thee, soon
 The hour will come in which celestial aid
 Alone can do so.

Anah. Ah! he speaks of death.

Sam. Of death to *us!* and those who are with us!
 But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
 Could smile.

Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
 I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
 Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
 Righteous enough to save his children. Would
 His power was greater of redemption! or
 That by exchanging my own life for hers,
 Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
 The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share
 The ark which shall receive a remnant of
 The seed of Seth!

Aho. And dost thou think that we,
 With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood
 Warm in our veins, — strong Cain! who was begotten
 In Paradise, — would mingle with Seth's children?
 Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
 No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
 Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine
 From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
 Too much of the forefather whom thou vauntest
 Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
 From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
 But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
 Albeit thou art not; 't is a word I cannot
 Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
 Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
 Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
 Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
 The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
 For all of them are fairest in their favour —

Aho. (*interrupting him*). And wouldst thou have her like
 our father's foe
 In mind, in soul? If I partook thy thought,
 And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her*! —
 Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou makest strife.

Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!

Aho. But
 He slew not Seth: and what hast thou to do
 With other deeds between his God and him?

Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath judged him, and
 I had not named his deed, but that thyself
 Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
 From what he had done.

Aho. He was our fathers' father;
 The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
 And most enduring: — Shall I blush for him

From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days—

Japh. They are number'd.

Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers.

Japh. My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou?—

Anah. Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey.
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or all
The brightest future, without the sweet past —
Thy love — my father's — all the life, and all
The things which sprang up with me, like the stars,
Making my dim existence radiant with
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
Oh! if there should be mercy — seek it, find it:
I abhor death, because that thou must die.

Aho. What, hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,
The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved
Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
Rather than thus — But the enthusiast dreams
The worst of dreams, the fantasies engender'd
By hopeless love and heated vigils: Who
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,
And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
Distinct from that which we and all our sires
Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
Who shall do this?

Japh. He whose one word produced them.

Aho. Who heard that word?

Japh. The universe, which leap'd
To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in scorn?
Turn to thy seraphs: if they attest it not,
They are none.

Sam. Aholibamah, own thy God!

Aho. I have ever hail'd our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.

Japh. Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.

Aho. 'T is said so.

Japh. It is even so.

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Japhet! What
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?

Japh. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of angels.

Noah. These are they, then,
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives
From out the race of Cain; the sons of heaven,
Who seek earth's daughters for their beauty?

Aza. Patriarch!
Thou hast said it.

Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between earth
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

Sam. Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?
Did God not love what he had made? And what
Do we but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?

Noah.

I am

But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
 Far less the sons of God; but as our God
 Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
 Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
 Unto a perishable and perishing,
 Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
 Cannot be good.

Aza.

What! though it were to save?

Noah. Not ye in all your glory can redeem
 What he who made you glorious hath condemn'd.
 Were your immortal mission safety, 't would
 Be general, not for two, though beautiful;
 And beautiful they are, but not the less
 Condemn'd.

Japh.

Oh, father! say it not.

Noah.

Son! son!

If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget
 That they exist: they soon shall cease to be;
 While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
 And better.

Japh. Let me die with *this*, and *them*!

Noah. Thou *shouldst* for such a thought, but shalt not; he
 Who *can* redeems thee.

Sam.

And why him and thee,
 More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?

Noah. Ask him who made thee greater than myself
 And mine, but not less subject to his own
 Almightyness. And lo! his mildest and
 Least to be tempted messenger appears!

Enter RAPHAEL *the Archangel.*

Raph.

Spirits!

Whose seat is near the throne,
 What do ye here?

Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown,
 Now that the hour is near
 When earth must be alone?
 Return!
 Adore and burn
 In glorious homage with the elected "seven."
 Your place is heaven.

Sam. Raphael!
 The first and fairest of the sons of God,
 How long hath this been law,
 That earth by angels must be left untrod?
 Earth! which oft saw
 Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!
 The world he loved, and made
 For love; and oft have we obey'd
 His frequent mission with delighted pinions:
 Adoring him in his least works display'd;
 Watching this youngest star of his dominions;
 And, as the latest birth of his great word,
 Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.
 Why is thy brow severe?
 And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

Raph. Had Samiassa and Azaziel been
 In their true place, with the angelic choir,
 Written in fire
 They would have seen
 Jehovah's late decree,
 And not enquired their Maker's breath of me:
 But ignorance must ever be
 A part of sin;
 And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
 As they wax proud within;
 For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.
 When all good angels left the world, ye stay'd
 Stung with strange passions, and debased
 By mortal feelings for a mortal maid:

But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals. Hence! away! away!

Or stay,

And lose eternity by that delay.

Asa. And thou! if earth be thus forbidden
In the decree

To us until this moment hidden,

Dost thou not err as we

In being here?

Raph. I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God.

Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear

That which I came to do: till now we trod

Together the eternal space; together

Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die!

Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,

And much which she inherits: but oh! why

Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,

Without involving ever some vast void

In the immortal ranks? immortal still

In their immeasurable forfeiture.

Our brother Satan fell; his burning will

Rather than longer worship dared endure!

But ye who still are pure!

Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,

Think how he was undone!

And think if tempting man can compensate

For heaven desired too late?

Long have I warr'd,

Long must I war

With him who deem'd it hard

To be created, and to acknowledge him

Who midst the cherubim

Made him as suns to a dependent star,

Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.

I loved him — beautiful he was: oh heaven!

Save *his* who made, what beauty and what power

Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour
 In which he fell could ever be forgiven!

The wish is impious: but, oh ye!

Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd! Eternity

With him, or with his God, is in your choice:

He hath not tempted you; he cannot tempt

The angels, from his further snares exempt:

But man hath listen'd to his voice,

And ye to woman's — beautiful she is,

The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.

The snake but vanquish'd dust; but she will draw

A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law.

Yet, yet, oh fly!

Ye cannot die;

But they

Shall pass away,

While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky

For perishable clay,

Whose memory in your immortality

Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.

Think how your essence differeth from theirs

In all but suffering! why partake

The agony to which they must be heirs —

Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,

And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil?

Even had their days been left to toil their path

Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,

Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.

Aho. Let them fly!

I hear the voice which says that all must die

Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs died;

And that on high

An ocean is prepared,

While from below

The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.

Few shall be spared,

It seems; and, 'of that few, the race of Cain

Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.

Sister! since it is so,

And the eternal Lord

In vain would be implored

For the remission of one hour of woe,

Let us resign even what we have adored,

And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,

If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,

And wailing less for us than those who shall

Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,

And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,

Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.

Fly, seraphs! to your own eternal shore,

Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.

Our portion is to die,

And yours to live for ever:

But which is best, a dead eternity,

Or living, is but known to the great Giver.

Obeys him, as we shall obey;

I would not keep this life of mine in clay

An hour beyond his will;

Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,

For all the mercy which Seth's race

Find still.

Fly!

And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,

Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,

Samiasa!

And if I look up with a tearless eye,

'T is that an angel's bride disdains to weep, —

Farewell! Now rise, inexorable deep!

Anah. And must we die?

And must I lose thee too,

Azazel?

Oh, my heart! my heart!

Thy prophecies were true!

And yet thou wert so happy too!

The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new:

But yet depart!

Ah! why?

Yet let me not retain thee — fly!

My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be
Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.

Too much already hast thou deign'd

To one of Adam's race!

Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,

But to the spirits who have not disdain'd

To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.

The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd

From his once archangelic throne

Into some unknown world:

And thou, Azazel! No —

Thou shalt not suffer woe

For me. Away! nor weep!

Thou canst not weep; but yet

May'st suffer more, not weeping: then forget

Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling deep

Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!

Being gone, 't will be less difficult to die.

Japh. Oh say not so!

Father! and thou, archangel, thou!

Surely celestial mercy lurks below

That pure severe serenity of brow:

Let them not meet this sea without a shore,

Save in our ark, or let me be no more!

Noah. Peace, child of passion, peace!

If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue

Do God no wrong!

Live as he wills it — die, when he ordains,

A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.

Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease

To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.

Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?

Such would it be

To alter his intent

For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

Japh. Ay, father! but when they are gone,
And we are all alone,
Floating upon the azure desert, and
The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
Buried in its immeasurable breast,
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?
Can we in desolation's peace have rest?
Oh God! be thou a God, and spare
Yet while 't is time!

Renew not Adam's fall:

Mankind were then but twain,
But they are numerous now as are the waves
And the tremendous rain,
Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,
Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.

Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine 's a crime.
Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion: Ye!
Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.

Sam. It may not be:
We have chosen, and will endure.

Raph. Say'st thou?

Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

Raph. Again!
Then from this hour,
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,
And aliens from your God,
Farewell!

Japh. Alas! where shall they dwell?
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:

There 's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
 Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
 Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry!
 In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,
 And hover round the mountain, where before
 Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
 Yet dared to soar,
 Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
 Soon it shall be their only shore,
 And then, no more!

Japh. The sun! the sun!
 He riseth, but his better light is gone,
 And a black circle, bound
 His glaring disk around,
 Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone!
 The clouds return into the hues of night,
 Save where their brazen-colour'd edges streak
 The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.

Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
 The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!
 It cometh! hence, away!
 Leave to the elements their evil prey!
 Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark uprears
 Its safe and wreckless sides!

Japh. Oh, father, stay!
 Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!

Noah. Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!

Japh. Not I.

Noah. Then die

With them!

How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,
 And seek to save what all things now condemn,
 In overwhelming unison
 With just Jehovah's wrath!

Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path?

Noah. Blasphemer! darest thou murmur even now?

Raph. Patriarch, be still a father! smooth thy brow:
Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink:

He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink

With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;

But be, when passion passeth, good as thou,

Nor perish like heaven's children with man's daughters.

Aho. The tempest cometh; heaven and earth unite
For the annihilation of all life.

Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal Might!

Sam. But ours is with thee; we will bear ye far

To some untroubled star,

Where thou and Anah shalt partake our lot:

And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth

Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.

Anah. Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of birth,
And mountains, land, and woods! when ye are not,
Who shall dry up my tears?

Aza.

Thy spirit-lord.

Fear not; though we are shut from heaven,

Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.

Raph. Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

Aza. It cannot slay us: threaten dust with death,
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds.
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?

Raph. The moment cometh to approve thy strength;
And learn at length
How vain to war with what thy God commands:
Thy former force was in thy faith.

Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling — God! oh God!
 What have we done? Yet spare!
 Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their prayer!
 The dragon crawls from out his den,
 To herd, in terror, innocent with men;
 And the birds scream their agony through air
 Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod
 Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair!
 Hear not man only but all nature plead!

Raph. Farewell, thou earth! ye wretched sons of clay,
 I cannot, must not, aid you. 'T is decreed! [*Exit RAPHAEL.*]

Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their prey,
 While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
 At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.
 No azure more shall robe the firmament,
 Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death hath risen:
 In the sun's place a pale and ghastly glare
 Hath wound itself around the dying air.

Aza. Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded prison,
 To which the elements again repair,
 To turn it into what it was: beneath
 The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,
 As was the eagle's nestling once within
 Its mother's. — Let the coming chaos chafe
 With all its elements! Heed not their din!
 A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe
 Ethereal life, will we explore:
 These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.

[*AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear with ANAH
 and AHOLIBAMAH.*]

Japh. They are gone! They have disappear'd amidst the roar
 Of the forsaken world; and never more,
 Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,

Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What! wilt thou leave us all — all — *all* behind?
While safe amidst the elemental strife,
Thou sitt'st within thy guarded ark?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET). Oh let this
child embark!

I brought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?
What hath he done —
My unwean'd son —

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?
What is there in this milk of mine, that death
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy

My boy,
And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?
Save him, thou seed of Seth!

Or cursed be — with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd!

Japh. Peace! 't is no hour for curses, but for prayer.

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!
And where
Shall prayer ascend,
When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,

And gushing oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very deserts know no thirst?

Accursed
Be he who made thee and thy sire!
We deem our curses vain; we must expire;
But as we know the worst,

Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent
 Before the implacable Omnipotent,
 Since we must fall the same?

If he hath made earth, let it be his shame,
 To make a world for torture. — Lo! they come,
 The loathsome waters, in their rage!
 And with their roar make wholesome nature dumb!

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour
 When Paradise upsprung,
 Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,
 Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),

So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,
 Are overtopp'd,
 Their summer blossoms by the surges lopp'd,
 Which rise, and rise, and rise.

Vainly we look up to the lowering skies —

They meet the seas,
 And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.

Fly, son of Noah, fly! and take thine ease
 In thine allotted ocean-tent;

And view, all floating o'er the element,
 The corpses of the world of thy young days:

Then to Jehovah raise

Thy song of praise!

A Mortal. Blessed are the dead

Who die in the Lord!

And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,

Yet, as *his* word,

Be the decree adored!

He gave me life — he taketh but

The breath which is his own:

And though these eyes should be for ever shut,

Nor longer this weak voice before his throne

Be heard in supplicating tone,

Still blessed be the Lord,

For what is past,

For that which is:

For all are his,
 From first to last —
 Time — space — eternity — life — death —
 The vast known and immeasurable unknown.
 He made, and can unmake;
 And shall I, for a little gasp of breath,
 Blaspheme and groan?
 No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
 Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.

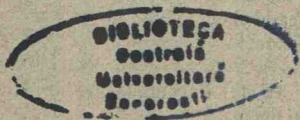
Where shall we fly?
 Not to the mountains high;
 For now their torrents rush, with double roar,
 To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
 Already grasps each drowning hill,
 Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

Enter a Woman.

Woman. Oh, save me, save!
 Our valley is no more:
 My father and my father's tent,
 My brethren and my brethren's herds,
 The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent
 And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,
 The little rivulet which freshen'd all
 Our pastures green,
 No more are to be seen.
 When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
 I turn'd to bless the spot,
 And not a leaf appear'd about to fall; —
 And now they are not! —
 Why was I born?
Japh. To die! in youth to die;
 And happier in that doom,
 Than to behold the universal tomb
 Which I

Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain.
Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

[The waters rise: Men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains: Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.]



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