

# BYRON

## POETICAL WORKS



# BYRON

## POETICAL WORKS

EDITED BY FREDERICK PAGE  
A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED BY JOHN JUMP

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GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

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Died Missolonghi, Greece, 19 April 1824

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**BYRON**  
**POETICAL WORKS**

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GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON  
CAPE TOWN IBADAN NAIROBI DAR ES SALAAM LUSAKA ADDIS ABABA  
DELHI BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS KARACHI LAHORE DACCA  
KUALA LUMPUR SINGAPORE HONG KONG TOKYO

## A NOTE ON THE THIRD EDITION

In revising the text of the Oxford Standard Authors *Byron* for reprinting and publication in the present format, I have respected the previous editor's preferences with regard to such accidental features as spelling, punctuation, italicization, and the use of initial capitals. He italicizes and capitalizes, and occasionally punctuates, rather more lightly than does E. H. Coleridge in what is still the standard edition (*The Works of Lord Byron: Poetry*, 7 vols., London, 1898-1904); and he adopts a small number of more modern spellings, such as 'control' for 'controul'. Many of these minor differences merely reflect divergent editorial tastes on matters to which the poet himself was relatively indifferent.

My chief aim in the time available to me as reviser has been to remove substantive errors by reference to the edition of *Don Juan* by T. G. Steffan and W. W. Pratt (4 vols., Austin, Texas, and Edinburgh, 1957) and to the texts of the other poems as edited by E. H. Coleridge. In addition, I have corrected a few minor misprints and have taken the opportunity of adding to the present text of *Don Juan* the fragment of a seventeenth canto which was evidently not available to my predecessor. But it has not been practicable to insert in *Cain* the three-and-a-half lines following l.i.163 in which Lucifer foretells the Atonement:

perhaps he'll make  
One day a Son unto himself—as he  
Gave you a father—and if he so doth,  
Mark me! that Son will be a sacrifice!

All the early editions omitted these, but E. H. Coleridge restored them to the text from the manuscript.

Coleridge also prints some shorter pieces—mostly juvenile verses and *jeux d'esprit*—which do not appear in the Oxford Standard Authors *Byron*, and he provides fuller versions of a few of the *jeux d'esprit* which do appear there. None of this material is of major importance, and it has not been added in the present edition.

*University of Manchester, 1969*

JOHN D. JUMP

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# HOURS OF IDLENESS

A SERIES OF POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

[First published in 1807]

'*Virginibus puerisque canto.*'—HORACE, lib. iii, Ode 1.

'*Μῆν' ἄρ' με μὴδ' αἰνέει, μήτε τι νείκει.*'—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.

'*He whistled as he went, for want of thought.*'—DRYDEN.

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

IN submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits: under the former influence, '*CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS*,' in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet 'to do greatly' we must 'dare greatly'; and I have hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. I have 'passed the Rubicon,' and must stand or fall by the 'cast of the die.' In the latter event I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, 'it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biased in our favour, and another to write what may please everybody; because they who have no connexion, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can.' To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe; on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed; their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation; some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce anything entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me 'to this sin': little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others '*virum volitare per ora.*' I look to the few who will bear with patience, '*dulce est desipere in loco.*' To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst 'the mob of gentlemen who write';—my readers must determine whether I dare say 'with ease,' or the honour of a posthumous page in 'The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,'—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement; I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the poems of a noble relation of mine\*, 'That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed,' can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical, censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

\* The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC., ETC.,

THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY

Cousin to the Author, and very dear to him.

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,

Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,

Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,

And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,  
That clay, where once such animation beam'd;

The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,

Not worth nor beauty have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,  
Or Heaven reverse the dread decree of fate,

Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,

Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars

Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;

And weeping angels lead her to those bowers

Where endless pleasures virtuous deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,

And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?

Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—

I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,  
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;

Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,

Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.

TO E—

LET Folly smile, to view the names  
Of thee and me in friendship twined;  
Yet Virtue will have greater claims  
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,  
Since title deck'd my higher birth!

Yet envy not this gaudy state;  
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,  
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;

Our intercourse is not less sweet,  
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November 1802.

TO D—

IN thee I fondly hoped to clasp  
A friend whom death alone could sever;  
Till envy, with malignant grasp,  
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my breast,

Yet in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;

There, there thine image still must rest,

Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And when the grave restores her dead,  
When life again to dust is given,

On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—

Without thee where would be my heaven?

February 1803.

## EPITAPH ON A BELOVED FRIEND

*Ἀσκήθῃ πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπες ἐπὶ ζῶσσι τὸν ἔπος.*  
LAERT.

OH, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!  
What fruitless tears have bathed thy  
honour'd bier!

What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,  
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs  
of death!

Could tears retard the tyrant in his  
course;

Could sighs avert his dart's relentless  
force;

Could youth and virtue claim a short  
delay,

Or beauty charm the spectre from his  
prey;

Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching  
sight,

Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's  
delight.

If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh  
The spot where now thy mouldering  
ashes lie,

Here wilt thou read, recorded on my  
heart,

A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.  
No marble marks thy couch of lowly  
sleep,

But living statues there are seen to weep;  
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy  
tomb,

Affliction's self deplores thy youthful  
doom.

What though thy sire lament his failing  
line,

A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!  
Though none, like thee, his dying hour  
will cheer,

Yet other offspring soothe his anguish  
here:

But who with me shall hold thy former  
place?

Thine image what new friendship can  
efface?

Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to  
flow,

Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;  
To all, save one, is consolation known,  
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

## A FRAGMENT

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice  
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;

When, poised upon the gale, my form  
shall ride,

Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's  
side;

Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured  
urns,

To mark the spot where earth to earth  
returns!

No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encum-  
ber'd stone;

My epitaph shall be my name alone:  
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,

Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!  
*That*, only *that*, shall single out the spot;

By that remember'd, or with that forgot.  
1803.

## ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged  
days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet  
a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it  
howls in thy empty court."—OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead,  
the hollow winds whistle;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone  
to decay;

In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock  
and thistle

Have choked up the rose which late  
bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly  
to battle

Led their vassals from Europe to  
Palestine's plain,

The escutcheon and shield, which with  
every blast rattle,

Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-  
stringing numbers,

Raise a flame in the breast for the war-  
laurell'd wreath;

Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan  
slumbers,

Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by  
death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley  
of Cressy;

For the safety of Edward and England  
they fell:

My fathers! the tears of your country re-  
dress ye;

How you fought, how you died, still her  
annals can tell.

On Marston, with Rupert, 'gainst traitors  
contending,

Four brothers enrich'd with their blood  
the bleak field;

For the rights of a monarch their country  
defending,

Till death their attachment to royalty  
seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descen-  
dant, departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you  
adieu!

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance  
imparting  
New courage, he'll think upon glory  
and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad  
separation,<sup>25</sup>  
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his  
regret;  
Far distant he goes, with the same emula-  
tion,  
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can  
forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he  
cherish;  
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace  
your renown:<sup>30</sup>  
Like you will he live, or like you will he  
perish;  
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust  
with your own!

1803.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN 'LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN  
AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J.  
ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS.'

'AWAY, away, your flattering arts  
May now betray some simpler hearts;  
And you will smile at their believing,  
And they shall weep at your deceiving.'

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO  
MISS —.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,  
From which thou'dst guard frail female  
hearts,

Exist but in imagination,—  
Mere phantoms of thine own creation;  
For he who views that witching grace,<sup>5</sup>  
That perfect form, that lovely face,  
With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,  
He never wishes to deceive thee:  
Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,  
Thou'lt there descry that elegance<sup>10</sup>  
Which from our sex demands such praises,  
But envy in the other raises:  
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,  
Believe me, only does his duty:  
Ah! fly not from the candid youth;<sup>15</sup>  
It is not flattery,—'tis truth.

July 1804.

## ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,  
Friend and associate of this clay!  
To what unknown region borne,

Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?  
No more with wonted humour gay,<sup>5</sup>  
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

AD LESBIAM

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—  
Greater than Jove he seems to me—  
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,  
Securely views thy matchless charms.  
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,<sup>5</sup>  
That mouth, from whence such music  
flows,

To him, alike, are always known,  
Reserved for him, and him alone.  
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,  
I cannot choose but look on thee;<sup>10</sup>  
But, at the sight, my senses fly;  
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;  
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,  
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,  
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves<sup>15</sup>  
short,

My limbs deny their slight support,  
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,  
With deadly languor droops my head,  
My ears with tingling echoes ring,  
And life itself is on the wing;<sup>20</sup>  
My eyes refuse the cheering light,  
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night:  
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,  
And feels a temporary death.

## TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS

BY DOMITTIUS MARSUS

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,  
And he who struck the softer lyre of  
love,  
By Death's unequal hand alike controll'd,  
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

## IMITATION OF TIBULLUS

'Sulpicia ad Cerinthum.'—*Lib. iv.*

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease  
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom  
please?

Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,  
That I might live for love and you again;  
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate:  
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

[Lugete, Venereis, Cupidinesque, &c.]

YE Cupids, droop each little head,  
Nor let your wings with joy be spread;  
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,  
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

### FROM ANACREON

[Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδης, κ. τ. λ.]

For he was gentle, and so true, 5  
Obedient to her call he flew,  
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,  
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there, 10  
He never sought to cleave the air,  
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,  
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.  
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne  
From whence he never can return,  
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn, 15  
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!  
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,  
From whom no earthly power can save,  
For thou hast ta'en the bird away: 20  
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,  
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;  
Thou art the cause of all her woe,  
Receptacle of life's decay.

### IMITATED FROM CATULLUS

TO ELLEN

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,  
A million scarce would quench desire:  
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,  
And dwell an age on every kiss;  
Nor then my soul should sated be; 5  
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:  
Nought should my kiss from thine dis-

sever;  
Still would we kiss and kiss for ever;  
E'en though the numbers did exceed  
The yellow harvest's countless seed. 10  
To part would be a vain endeavour:  
Could I desist?—ah! never—never!

### TRANSLATION FROM HORACE

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

The man of firm and noble soul  
No factious clamours can control;  
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow  
Can swerve him from his just intent:  
Gales the warring waves which plough,  
By Auster on the billows spent, 6  
To curb the Adriatic main,  
Would awe his fix'd, determined mind in  
vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,  
Hurling his lightnings from above, 10  
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,  
He would unmoved, unawed, behold.  
The flames of an expiring world,  
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,  
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd, 15  
Might light his glorious funeral pile:  
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth  
he'd smile.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre  
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;  
To echo, from its rising swell,  
How heroes fought and nations fell,  
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,  
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar; 6  
But still, to martial strains unknown,  
My lyre recurs to love alone.  
Fired with the hope of future fame,  
I seek some nobler hero's name; 10  
The dying chords are strung anew,  
To war, to war, my harp is due:  
With glowing strings, the epic strain  
To Jove's great son I raise again;  
Alcides and his glorious deeds, 15  
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.  
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre  
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.  
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms!  
Adieu the clang of war's alarms! 20  
To other deeds my soul is strung,  
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;  
My harp shall all its powers reveal,  
To tell the tale my heart must feel;  
Love, love alone, my lyre shall claim,  
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame. 26

### FROM ANACREON

[Μεσονυκτίους ποθ' ὥπαις, κ. τ. λ.]

'Twas now the hour when Night had  
driven  
Her car half round yon sable heaven;  
Boötes, only, seem'd to roll  
His arctic charge around the pole;  
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep, 5  
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep:  
At this lone hour the Paphian boy,  
Descending from the realms of joy,  
Quick to my gate directs his course,  
And knocks with all his little force. 10  
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—  
'What stranger breaks my blest repose?'  
'Alas!' replies the wily child,  
In faltering accents sweetly mild,  
'A hapless infant here I roam, 15  
Far from my dear maternal home.  
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!  
The nightly storm is pouring fast.  
No prowling robber lingers here.  
A wandering baby who can fear?' 20  
I heard his seeming artless tale,  
I heard his sighs upon the gale:  
My breast was never pity's foe,  
But felt for all the baby's woe.  
I drew the bar, and by the light 25  
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;  
His bow across his shoulders flung,  
And thence his fatal quiver hung  
(Ah! little did I think the dart  
Would rankle soon within my heart). 30



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

With care I tend my weary guest,  
His little fingers chill my breast;  
His glossy curls, his azure wing,  
Which droop with nightly showers,  
I wring;  
His shivering limbs the embers warm;  
And now reviving from the storm,  
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,  
Than swift he seized his slender bow:—  
'I fain would know, my gentle host,'  
He cried, 'if this its strength has lost;  
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,  
The strings their former aid refuse.'  
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,  
Deep in my tortured heart it lies;  
Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd:—  
'My bow can still impel the shaft:  
'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it;  
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel  
it?'

## FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS

[Μηδού' δ' πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT JOVE, to whose almighty throne  
Both gods and mortals homage pay,  
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,  
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.  
Oft shall the sacred victim fall  
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;  
My voice shall raise no impious strain  
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure  
main.

How different now thy joyless fate,  
Since first Hesione thy bride,  
When placed aloft in godlike state,  
The blushing beauty by thy side,  
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean  
smiled,  
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled;  
The Nymphs and Tritons danced  
around,  
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove  
relentless frown'd.

HARROW, Dec. 1, 1804.

## TO EMMA

SINCE now the hour is come at last,  
When you must quit your anxious  
lover;  
Since now our dream of bliss is past,  
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe,  
Which bids us part to meet no more;  
Which tears me far from one so dear,  
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,  
And joy will mingle with our tears;  
When thinking on these ancient towers,  
The shelter of our infant years;

Where from this Gothic casement's  
height,  
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,  
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,  
We lingering look a last farewell,

O'er fields through which we used to run,  
And spend the hours in childish play;  
O'er shades where, when our race was  
done,

Reposing on my breast you lay;  
Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,  
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,  
Yet envied every fly the kiss  
It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark,  
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;  
See there, high waving o'er the park,  
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past—our joys are gone,  
You leave me, leave this happy vale;  
These scenes I must retrace alone:  
Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,  
The anguish of a last embrace?  
When, torn from all you fondly loved,  
You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,  
For this these tears our cheeks bedew;  
This is of love the final close,  
Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu!

## TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,  
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;  
Yet I forego that bliss divine,  
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,  
How could I dwell upon its snows!  
Yet is the daring wish repress'd,  
For that—would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye  
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;  
Yet I conceal my love,—and why?  
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou  
Hast seen my ardent flame too well;  
And shall I plead my passion now,  
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,  
United by the priest's decree:  
By any ties but those divine,  
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,  
Let it consume, thou shalt not know:  
With joy I court a certain doom,  
Rather than spread its guilty glow.