

**GEORGE  
GORDON  
BYRON**

THE WORKS OF LORD  
BYRON, VOL. 7. POETRY

**George Gordon Byron**  
**The Works of Lord**  
**Byron, Vol. 7. Poetry**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=24170660](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=24170660)*

*The Works of Lord Byron, Vol. 7. Poetry:*

*ISBN <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/27577>*

# Содержание

PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME	7
JEUX D'ESPRIT AND MINOR POEMS, 1798-1824	14
EPIGRAM ON AN OLD LADY WHO HAD SOME CURIOUS NOTIONS RESPECTING THE SOUL	14
EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL, A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS	15
A VERSION OF OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN. FROM THE POEM "CARTHON." LINES TO MR. HODGSON.	16
[TO DIVES.7 A FRAGMENT.]	19
FAREWELL PETITION TO R. C. H., ESQRE	24
TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES	25
MY EPITAPH.16	29
SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH	30
EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKET, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.17	31
ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.18	32
[R. C. DALLAS.]20	33
	34

AN ODE21 TO THE FRAMERS OF THE FRAME BILL.22	35
TO THE HONBLE MRS GEORGE LAMB.25	38
[LA REVANCHE.]	40
TO THOMAS MOORE.	42
ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.31	44
TO LORD THURLOW.33	47
THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.3536	49
WINDSOR POETICS	69
ON A ROYAL VISIT TO THE VAULTS.56	71
ICH DIEN	72
CONDOLATORY ADDRESS	73
FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE	76
ANSWER TO 'S PROFESSIONS OF AFFECTION	78
ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.65	79
ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION, IN THE APRIL OF 1816	80
[TO GEORGE ANSON BYRON(?)66]	81
SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.67	83
TO THOMAS MOORE	85
TO MR. MURRAY	86
VERSICLES	87
QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE PRIUS DEMENTAT.75	88

TO THOMAS MOORE	89
EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI.77	91
EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY	96
ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.97	102
[E NIHILO NIHIL; OR AN EPIGRAM BEWITCHED.]	103
TO MR. MURRAY	105
BALLAD.	108
ANOTHER SIMPLE BALLAT	113
EPIGRAM.	116
EPILOGUE.111	117
ON MY WEDDING-DAY	120
EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT	121
EPIGRAM	122
EPITAPH	123
EPIGRAM	124
MY BOY HOBBIIE O.115	126
LINES ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO MR. HOBHOUSE ON HIS ELECTION FOR WESTMINSTER.116	130
A VOLUME OF NONSENSE	131
STANZAS.118	132
TO PENELOPE.119	133
THE CHARITY BALL.120	134

EPIGRAM ON THE BRAZIER'S' ADDRESS TO BE PRESENTED IN ARMOUR BY THE COMPANY TO QUEEN CAROLINE.121	135
ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.	137
MARTIAL, Lib. I. Epig. I	138
BOWLES AND CAMPBELL	139
ELEGY	141
JOHN KEATS.124	142
FROM THE FRENCH	143
TO MR. MURRAY	144
[NAPOLEON'S SNUFF-BOX.]128	146
THE NEW VICAR OF BRAY	147
LUCIETTA. A FRAGMENT	152
EPIGRAMS	153
THE CONQUEST.131	154
IMPROMPTU.132	155
JOURNAL IN CEPHALONIA	156
SONG TO THE SULIOTES	157
[LOVE AND DEATH.]	159
LAST WORDS ON GREECE	162
ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY- SIXTH YEAR.135	163

# The Works of Lord Byron, Vol. 7. Poetry

## PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME

Of the seventy-three "Epigrams and Jeux d'Esprit," which are printed at the commencement of this volume, forty-five were included in Murray's one-volume edition of 1837, eighteen have been collected from various publications, and ten are printed and published for the first time.

The "Devil's Drive," which appears in Moore's *Letters and Journals*, and in the sixth volume of the Collected Edition of 1831 as an "Unfinished Fragment" of ninety-seven lines, is now printed and published for the first time in its entirety (248 lines), from a MS. in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester. "A Farewell Petition to J. C. H. Esq.;" "My Boy Hobbie O;" "[Love and Death];" and "Last Words on Greece," are reprinted from the first volume of *Murray's Magazine* (1887).

A few imperfect and worthless poems remain in MS.; but with these and one or two other unimportant exceptions, the present

edition of the Poetical Works may be regarded as complete.

In compiling a "Bibliography of the successive Editions and Translations of Lord Byron's Poetical Works," I have endeavoured, in the first instance, to give a full and particular account of the collected editions and separate issues of the poems and dramas which were open to my inspection; and, secondly, to extract from general bibliographies, catalogues of public and private libraries, and other sources bibliographical records of editions which I have been unable to examine, and were known to me only at second-hand. It will be observed that the *title-pages* of editions which have passed through my hands are aligned; the *titles* of all other editions are italicized.

I cannot pretend that this assortment of bibliographical entries is even approximately exhaustive; but as "a sample" of a bibliography it will, I trust, with all its imperfections, be of service to the student of literature, if not to the amateur or bibliophile. With regard to nomenclature and other technicalities, my aim has been to put the necessary information as clearly and as concisely as possible, rather than to comply with the requirements of this or that formula. But the path of the bibliographer is beset with difficulties. "Al Sirat's arch" – "the bridge of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword" (see *The Giaour*, line 483, note 1) – affords an easier and a safer foothold.

To the general reader a bibliography says little or nothing; but, in one respect, a bibliography of Byron is of popular import. It



affords scientific proof of an almost unexampled fame, of a far-reaching and still potent influence. Teuton and Latin and Slav have taken Byron to themselves, and have made him their own. No other English poet except Shakespeare has been so widely read and so frequently translated. Of *Manfred* I reckon one Bohemian translation, two Danish, two Dutch, three French, nine German, three Hungarian, three Italian, two Polish, one Romaic, one Roumanian, four Russian, and three Spanish translations, and, in all probability, there are others which have escaped my net. The question, the inevitable question, arises – What was, what is, the secret of Byron's Continental vogue? and why has his fame gone out into all lands? Why did Goethe enshrine him, in the second part of *Faust*, "as the representative of the modern era ... undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century?" (*Conversations of Goethe*, 1874, p. 265).

It is said, and with truth, that Byron's revolutionary politics commended him to oppressed nationalities and their sympathizers; that he was against "the trampers" – Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington, and the Holy Alliance; that he stood for liberty. Another point in his favour was his freedom from cant, his indifference to the pieties and proprieties of the Britannic Muse; that he had the courage of his opinions. Doubtless in a time of trouble he was welcomed as the champion of revolt, but deeper reasons must be sought for an almost exclusive preference for the works of one poet and a comparative indifference to the works of his rivals and contemporaries. He

fulfilled another, perhaps a greater ideal. An Englishman turns to poetry for the expression in beautiful words of his happier and better feelings, and he is not contented unless poetry tends to make him happier or better – happier because better than he would be otherwise. His favourite poems are psalms, or at least metrical paraphrases, of life. Men of other nations are less concerned about their feelings and their souls. They regard the poet as the creator, the inventor, the maker *par excellence*, and he who can imagine or make the greatest *eidolon* is the greatest poet. *Childe Harold* and *The Corsair*, *Mazeppa* and *Manfred*, *Cain* and *Sardanapalus* were new creations, new types, forms more real than living man, which appealed to their artistic sense, and led their imaginations captive. "It is a mark," says Goethe (*Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit*, 1876, iii. 125), "of true poetry, that, as a secular gospel, it knows how to free us from the earthly burdens which press upon us, by inward serenity, by outward charm... The most lively, as well as the gravest works have the same end – to moderate both pleasure and pain through a happy mental representation." It is passion translated into action, the pageantry of history, the transfiguration into visible lineaments of living moods and breathing thoughts which are the notes of this "secular gospel," and for one class of minds work out a secular redemption.

It was not only the questionable belief that he was on the side of the people, or his ethical and theological audacities, or his prolonged Continental exile, which won for Byron a

greater name abroad than he has retained at home; but the character of his poetry. "The English may think of Byron as they please" (*Conversations of Goethe*, 1874, p. 171), "but this is certain, that they can show no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from all the others, and, for the most part, greater." The English may think of him as they please! and for them, or some of them, there is "a better oenomele," a *vinum Dæmonum*, which Byron has not in his gift. The evidence of a world-wide fame will not endear a poet to a people and a generation who care less for the matter than the manner of verse, or who *believe* in poetry as the symbol or "*credo*" of the imagination or the spirit; but it should arrest attention and invite inquiry. A bibliography is a dull epilogue to a poet's works, but it speaks with authority, and it speaks last. *Finis coronat opus!*

I must be permitted to renew my thanks to Mr. G. F. Barwick, *Superintendent of the Reading Room*, Mr. Cyril Davenport, and other officials of the British Museum, of all grades and classes, for their generous and courteous assistance in the preparation and completion of the Bibliography. The consultation of many hundreds of volumes of one author, and the permission to retain a vast number in daily use, have entailed exceptional labour on a section of the staff. I have every reason to be grateful.

I am indebted to Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum, for advice and direction with regard to bibliographical formulas; to Mr. G. L. Calderon, late of the staff, for the collection and transcription of the title-pages of Polish, Russian, and Servian

translations; and to Mr. R. Nisbet Bain for the supervision and correction of the proofs of Slavonic titles.

To Mr. W. P. Courtney, the author of *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*, I owe many valuable hints and suggestions, and the opportunity of consulting some important works of reference.

I have elsewhere acknowledged the valuable information with regard to certain rare editions and pamphlets which I have received from Mr. H. Buxton Forman, C.B.

My especial thanks for laborious researches undertaken on my behalf, and for information not otherwise attainable, are due to M. J. E. Aynard, of Lyons; Signor F. Bianco; Professor Max von Förster, of Wurtzburg; Professor Lajos Gurnesovitz, of Buda Pest; Dr. Holzhausen, of Bonn; Mr. Leonard Mackall, of Berlin; Miss Peacock; Miss K. Schlesinger; M. Voynich, of Soho Square; Mr. Theodore Bartholomew, of the University Library of Cambridge; Mr. T. D. Stewart, of the Croydon Public Library; and the Librarians of Trinity College, Cambridge, and University College, St. Andrews.

I have also to thank, for special and generous assistance, Mr. J. P. Anderson, late of the British Museum, the author of the "Bibliography of Byron's Works" attached to the Life of Lord Byron by the Hon. Roden Noel (1890); Miss Grace Reed, of Philadelphia, for bibliographical entries of early American editions; and Professor Vladimir Hrabar, of the University of Dorpat, for the collection and transcription of numerous Russian translations of Byron's Works.

To Messrs. Clowes, the printers of these volumes, and to their reader, Mr. F. T. Peachey, I am greatly indebted for the transcription of Slavonic titles included in the Summary of the Bibliography, and for interesting and useful information during the progress of the work.

In conclusion, I must once more express my acknowledgment of the industry and literary ability of my friend Mr. F. E. Taylor, of Chertsey, who has read the proofs of this and the six preceding volumes.

The Index is the work of Mr. C. Eastlake Smith.

**ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE**

*November, 1903.*

# JEUX D'ESPRIT AND MINOR POEMS, 1798-1824

## EPIGRAM ON AN OLD LADY WHO HAD SOME CURIOUS NOTIONS RESPECTING THE SOUL

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green,<sup>1</sup>  
As curst an old Lady as ever was seen;  
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,  
She firmly believes she will go to the Moon!

1798.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, i. 28.]

---

<sup>1</sup> "Swan Green" should be "Swine Green." It lay about a quarter of a mile to the east of St. James's Lane, where Byron lodged in 1799, at the house of a Mr. Gill. The name appears in a directory of 1799, but by 1815 it had been expunged or changed *euphoniae gratiâ*. (See *A New Plan of the Town of Nottingham*, ... 1744.) Moore took down "these rhymes" from the lips of Byron's nurse, May Gray, who regarded them as a first essay in the direction of poetry. He questioned their originality.

# 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.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 106.]*

# A VERSION OF OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN. FROM THE POEM "CARTHON."

O thou! who rollest in yon azure field,  
Round as the orb of my forefather's shield,  
Whence are thy beams? From what eternal store  
Dost thou, O Sun! thy vast effulgence pour?  
In awful grandeur, when thou movest on high,  
The stars start back and hide them in the sky;  
The pale Moon sickens in thy brightening blaze,  
And in the western wave avoids thy gaze.  
Alone thou shinest forth – for who can rise  
Companion of thy splendour in the skies!  
The mountain oaks are seen to fall away —  
Mountains themselves by length of years decay —  
With ebbs and flows is the rough Ocean tost;  
In heaven the Moon is for a season lost,  
But thou, amidst the fullness of thy joy,  
The same art ever, blazing in the sky!  
When tempests wrap the world from pole to pole,  
When vivid lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
Thou far above their utmost fury borne,  
Look'st forth in beauty, laughing them to scorn.  
But vainly now on me thy beauties blaze —



Ossian no longer can enraptured gaze!  
Whether at morn, in lucid lustre gay,  
On eastern clouds thy yellow tresses play,  
Or else at eve, in radiant glory drest,  
Thou tremblest at the portals of the west,  
I see no more! But thou mayest fail at length,  
Like Ossian lose thy beauty and thy strength,  
Like him – but for a season – in thy sphere  
To shine with splendour, then to disappear!  
Thy years shall have an end, and thou no more  
Bright through the world enlivening radiance pour,  
But sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,  
Heedless when Morning calls thee to the skies!  
Then now exult, O Sun! and gaily shine,  
While Youth and Strength and Beauty all are thine.  
For Age is dark, unlovely, as the light  
Shed by the Moon when clouds deform the night,  
Glimmering uncertain as they hurry past.  
Loud o'er the plain is heard the northern blast,  
Mists shroud the hills, and 'neath the growing gloom,  
The weary traveller shrinks and sighs for home.

1806.

[First published, *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1898. <sup>2</sup>]

---

<sup>2</sup> [I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Pierre De La Rose for sending me a copy of the foregoing *Version of Ossian's Address to the Sun*, which was "Privately printed at the Press of Oliver B. Graves, Cambridge, Massachusetts, June the Tenth, MDCCCXCVIII.," and was reprinted in the *Atlantic Monthly* in December, 1898. A prefatory note entitled, "From Lord Byron's Notes," is prefixed to the Version: "In

---

Lord Byron's copy of *The Poems of Ossian* (printed by Dewick and Clarke, London, 1806), which, since 1874, has been in the possession of the Library of Harvard University as part of the Sumner Bequest. The notes which follow appear in Byron's hand." (For the *Notes*, see the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1898, vol. lxxxii. pp. 810-814.) It is strange that Byron should have made two versions (for another "version" from the Newstead MSS., see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 229-231) of the "Address to the Sun," which forms the conclusion of "Carthon;" but the Harvard version appears to be genuine. It is to be noted that Byron appended to the earlier version eighteen lines of his own composition, by way of moral or application.]

# LINES TO MR. HODGSON. WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET

## 1

Huzza! Hodgson<sup>3</sup>, we are going,  
Our embargo's off at last;  
Favourable breezes blowing  
Bend the canvas 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 unsearched amid the racket,  
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

---

<sup>3</sup> [For Francis Hodgson (1781-1852), see *Letters*, 1898, i. 195, note 1.]

## 2

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.

## 3

Now we've reached her, lo! the Captain,

Gallant Kidd,<sup>4</sup> commands the crew;  
Passengers their berths 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."

## 4

Fletcher! Murray! Bob!<sup>5</sup> where are you?  
Stretched along the deck like logs —  
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!

---

<sup>4</sup> [Compare Peter Pindar's *Ode to a Margate Hoy*—"Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety ev'ry inch! That storm should wreck thee, gracious Heav'n forbid! Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd."]

<sup>5</sup> [Murray was "Joe" Murray, an ancient retainer of the "Wicked Lord." Bob was Robert Rushton, the "little page" of "Childe Harold's Good Night." (See *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 26, note 1.)]

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<sup>6</sup>

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."

## 5

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,

---

<sup>6</sup> [For "the stanza," addressed to the "Princely offspring of Braganza," published in the *Morning Post*, December 30, 1807, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 142, note 1, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 308, 309.]

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.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 230-232.]*

## [TO DIVES.<sup>7</sup> 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 vial on thy lofty head hath burst.  
In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,  
How wondrous bright thy blooming morn arose!  
But thou wert smitten with th' unhallowed thirst  
Of Crime unnamed, and thy sad noon must close  
In scorn and solitude unsought the worst of woes.

1809.

[First published, *Lord Byron's Works*, 1833, xvii. 241.]

---

<sup>7</sup> [Dives was William Beckford. See *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xxii. line 6, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 37, note 1.]



# FAREWELL PETITION TO R. C. H., ESQRE

O thou yclep'd by vulgar sons of Men  
Cam Hobhouse!<sup>8</sup> but by wags Byzantian Ben!  
Twin sacred titles, which combined appear  
To grace thy volume's front, and gild its rear,  
Since now thou put'st thyself and work to Sea  
And leav'st all Greece to *Fletcher*<sup>9</sup> and to me,  
Oh, hear my single muse our sorrows tell,  
*One* song for *self* and Fletcher quite as well —

First to the *Castle* of that man of woes  
Dispatch the letter which *I must* enclose,  
And when his lone Penelope shall say  
*Why, where, and wherefore* doth my William stay?  
Spare not to move her pity, or her pride —  
By all that Hero suffered, or defied;  
The *chicken's toughness*, and the *lack of ale*  
The *stoney mountain* and the *miry vale*  
The *Garlick* steams, which *half* his meals enrich,

---

<sup>8</sup> [For John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), afterwards Lord Broughton de Gyfford, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 163, note i.]

<sup>9</sup> [Fletcher was an indifferent traveller, and sighed for "a' the comforts of the saut-market." See Byron's letters to his mother, November 12, 1809, June 28, 1810. —*Letters*, 1898, i. 256, 281.]

The *impending vermin*, and the threatened *Itch*,  
That *ever breaking* Bed, beyond repair!  
The hat too *old*, the coat too *cold* to wear,  
The Hunger, *which repulsed from Sally's door*  
Pursues her grumbling half from shore to shore,  
Be these the themes to greet his faithful Rib  
So may thy pen be smooth, thy tongue be glib!

This duty done, let me in turn demand  
Some friendly office in my native land,  
Yet let me ponder well, before I ask,  
And set thee swearing at the tedious task.

First the Miscellany!<sup>10</sup>— to Southwell town  
*Per coach* for Mrs. *Pigot* frank it down,  
So may'st them prosper in the paths of Sale,<sup>11</sup>  
And Longman smirk and critics cease to rail.

All hail to Matthews!<sup>12</sup> wash his reverend feet,  
And in my name the man of Method greet, —

---

<sup>10</sup> [Hobhouse's Miscellany (otherwise known as the *Miss-sell-any*) was published in 1809, under the title of *Imitations and Translations from The Ancient and Modern Classics*. Byron contributed nine original poems. The volume was not a success. "It foundered ... in the Gulph of Lethe." — Letter to H. Drury, July 17, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, i. 319.]

<sup>11</sup> [The word "Sale" may have a double meaning. There may be an allusion to George Sale, the Orientalist, and translator of the Koran.]

<sup>12</sup> ["In Matthews I have lost my 'guide, philosopher, and friend.'" — Letter to R. C. Dallas, September 7, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 25. (For Charles Skinner Matthews, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 150, note 3.)]

Tell him, my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,  
Who cannot love me, and who will not mend,  
Tell him, that not in vain I shall assay  
To tread and trace our "old Horatian way,"<sup>13</sup>  
And be (with prose supply my dearth of rhymes)  
What better men have been in better times.

Here let me cease, for why should I prolong  
My notes, and vex a *Singer* with a *Song*?  
Oh thou with pen perpetual in thy fist!  
Dubbed for thy sins a stark Miscellanist,  
So pleased the printer's orders to perform  
For Messrs. *Longman, Hurst and Rees and Orme*.  
Go – Get thee hence to Paternoster Row,  
Thy patrons wave a duodecimo!  
(Best form for *letters* from a distant land,  
It fits the pocket, nor fatigues the hand.)  
Then go, once more the joyous work commence<sup>14</sup>  
With stores of anecdote, and grains of sense,  
Oh may Mammas relent, and Sires forgive!  
And scribbling Sons grow dutiful and live!

---

<sup>13</sup> [Compare — "In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is Horatian, 'Medio tutissimus ibis.'" *Don Juan*, Canto V. stanza xvii. lines 8, 9. The "doctrine" is Horatian, but the words occur in Ovid, *Metam.*, lib. ii. line 137. — *Poetical Works*, 1902, vi. 273, note 2.]

<sup>14</sup> [Hobhouse's *Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey*, 4to, was published by James Cawthorn, in 1813.]

*Constantinople, June 7th, 1810.*

*[First published, Murray's Magazine, 1887, vol. i. pp. 290, 291.]*

# TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE *MEDEA* OF EURIPIDES

Oh how I wish that an embargo  
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!  
Who, still unlaunched from Grecian docks,  
Had never passed the Azure rocks;  
But now I fear her trip will be a  
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, etc., etc.<sup>15</sup>

*June, 1810.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 227.]*

---

<sup>15</sup> ["I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the *Medea* [lines 1-7], of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit; – [A 'damned business'] it very nearly was to me; for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcass in honour of the ancients." – Letter to Henry Drury, June 17, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i. 276. Euripides, *Medea*, lines 1-7 — Εἴθ' ὄφελ' Ἀργοῦς μὴ διαπτᾶσθαι σκάφος κ.τ.λ. ]

## MY EPITAPH.<sup>16</sup>

Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,  
To keep my lamp in strongly strove;  
But Romanelli was so stout,  
He beat all three – and *blew it out*.

*October, 1810.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 240.]*

---

<sup>16</sup> ["The English Consul ... forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph – take it." – Letter to Hodgson, October 3, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i. 298.]

# 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, 1810.*

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1832, ix. 4.]*

# EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKET, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.<sup>17</sup>

Stranger! behold, interred 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 stitched, 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 Phoebus 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, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

*Malta, May 16, 1811.*

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1832, ix. 10.]*

---

<sup>17</sup> [For Joseph Blacket (1786-1810), see *Letters*, 1898, i. 314, note 2; see, too, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 359, note 1, and 441-443, note 2. The *Epitaph* is of doubtful authenticity.]



# ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.<sup>18</sup>

Good plays are scarce,  
So Moore writes *farce*:

The poet's fame grows brittle<sup>19</sup>—  
We knew before  
That *Little's* Moore,  
But now't is Moore that's *little*.

*September 14, 1811.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 295 (note).]*

---

<sup>18</sup> ["On a leaf of one of his paper books I find an epigram, written at this time, which, though not perhaps particularly good, I consider myself bound to insert." — Moore, *Life*, p. 137, note 1. The reference is to Moore's *M.P.; or, The Blue Stocking*, which was played for the first time at the Lyceum Theatre, September 9, 1811. For Moore's *nom de plume*, "The late Thomas Little, Esq.," compare Praed's *The Belle of the Ball-Room*—"If those bright lips had quoted Locke, I might have thought they murmured Little."]

<sup>19</sup> *Is fame like his so brittle?* — [MS.]

## [R. C. DALLAS.]<sup>20</sup>

Yes! wisdom shines in all his mien,  
Which would so captivate, I ween,  
Wisdom's own goddess Pallas;  
That she'd discard her fav'rite owl,  
And take for pet a brother fowl,  
Sagacious R. C. Dallas.

*[First published, Life, Writings, Opinions, etc., 1825, ii. 192.]*

---

<sup>20</sup> ["A person observing that Mr. Dallas looked very wise on a certain occasion, his Lordship is said to have broke out into the following impromptu." —*Life, Writings, Times, and Opinions of Lord Byron*, 1825, ii. 191.]

# AN ODE<sup>21</sup> TO THE FRAMERS OF THE FRAME BILL.<sup>22</sup>

## 1

Oh well done Lord E – n! and better done R – r!<sup>23</sup>  
Britannia must prosper with councils like yours;  
Hawkesbury, Harrowby, help you to guide her,  
Whose remedy only must *kill* ere it cures:  
Those villains; the Weavers, are all grown refractory,  
Asking some succour for Charity's sake —  
So hang them in clusters round each Manufactory,  
That will at once put an end to *mistake*.<sup>24</sup>

---

<sup>21</sup> ["Lord Byron to Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Sir, – I take the liberty of sending an alteration of the two last lines of stanza 2d, which I wish to run as follows: —'Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery, Shewing how commerce, how liberty thrives.' I wish you could insert it tomorrow for a particular reason; but I feel much obliged by your inserting it at all. Of course do *not* put my name to the thing – believe me, Your obliged and very obedient servant, BYRON. 8, St. James's Street, Sunday, March 1, 1812."]

<sup>22</sup> [For Byron's maiden speech in the House of Lords, February 27, 1812, see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 424-430.]

<sup>23</sup> [Richard Ryder (1766-1832), second son of the first Baron Harrowby, was Home Secretary, 1809-12.]

<sup>24</sup> Lord E., on Thursday night, said the riots at Nottingham arose from a "*mistake*."

## 2

The rascals, perhaps, may betake them to robbing,  
The dogs to be sure have got nothing to eat —  
So if we can hang them for breaking a bobbin,  
'T will save all the Government's money and meat:  
Men are more easily made than machinery —  
Stockings fetch better prices than lives —  
Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery,  
Shewing how Commerce, how Liberty thrives!

## 3

Justice is now in pursuit of the wretches,  
Grenadiers, Volunteers, Bow-street Police,  
Twenty-two Regiments, a score of Jack Ketches,  
Three of the Quorum and two of the Peace;  
Some Lords, to be sure, would have summoned the Judges,  
To take their opinion, but that they ne'er shall,  
For Liverpool such a concession begrudges,  
So now they're condemned by *no Judges* at all.

Some folks for certain have thought it was shocking,  
When Famine appeals and when Poverty groans,  
That Life should be valued at less than a stocking,  
And breaking of frames lead to breaking of bones.  
If it should prove so, I trust, by this token,  
(And who will refuse to partake in the hope?)  
That the frames of the fools may be first to be *broken*,  
Who, when asked for a *remedy*, sent down a *rope*.

*[First published, Morning Chronicle, Monday, March 2, 1812.]*

*[See a Political Ode by Lord Byron, hitherto unknown as his production, London, John Pearson, 46, Pall Mall, 1880, 8<sup>e</sup>. See, too, Mr. Pearson's prefatory Note, pp. 5, etc.]*

TO THE HON<sup>BLE</sup> M<sup>RS</sup>  
GEORGE LAMB.<sup>25</sup>

1

The sacred song that on mine ear  
Yet vibrates from that voice of thine,  
I heard, before, from one so dear —  
'T is strange it still appears divine.

2

But, oh! so sweet that *look* and *tone*  
To her and thee alike is given;  
It seemed as if for me alone  
That *both* had been recalled from Heaven!

---

<sup>25</sup> [Caroline Rosalie Adelaide St. Jules (1786-1862) married, in 1809, the Hon. George Lamb (see *English Bards, etc.*, line 55, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 300, note 1), fourth son of the first Viscount Melbourne.]

### 3

And though I never can redeem  
The vision thus endeared to me;  
I scarcely can regret my dream,  
When realised again by thee.

1812.

*[First published in The Two Duchesses, by Vere Foster, 1898, p. 374.]*

# [LA REVANCHE.]

## 1

There is no more for me to hope,  
There is no more for thee to fear;  
And, if I give my Sorrow scope,  
That Sorrow thou shalt never hear.  
Why did I hold thy love so dear?  
Why shed for such a heart one tear?  
Let deep and dreary silence be  
My only memory of thee!

## 2

When all are fled who flatter now,  
Save thoughts which will not flatter then;  
And thou recall'st the broken vow  
To him who must not love again —  
Each hour of now forgotten years  
Thou, then, shalt number with thy tears;  
And every drop of grief shall be



A vain remembrancer of me!

*Undated, ?1812.*

*[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed.]*

**TO THOMAS MOORE.  
WRITTEN THE EVENING  
BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR.  
LEIGH HUNT IN HORSEMONGER  
LANE GAOL, MAY 19, 1813**

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,  
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown, —<sup>26</sup>  
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* 'tis an answer —  
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,  
All ready and dressed for proceeding to sponge on  
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon —<sup>27</sup>  
Pray Phoebus 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,

---

<sup>26</sup> [Moore's "*Intercepted Letters; or, The Twopenny Post-Bag*, By Thomas Brown, the Younger," was published in 1813.]

<sup>27</sup> [James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was imprisoned February, 1813, to February, 1815, for a libel on the Prince Regent, published in the *Examiner*, March 12, 1812. —*Letters*, 1898, ii. 205-208, note 1.]

And for Sotheby's Blues<sup>28</sup> 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;<sup>29</sup>  
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,  
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.<sup>30</sup>

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 401.]*

---

<sup>28</sup> [For "Sotheby's Blues," see Introduction to *The Blues, Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 570, *et ibid.*, 579, 580.]

<sup>29</sup> [Katherine Sophia Manners was married in 1793 to Sir Gilbert Heathcote. See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 402, 406.]

<sup>30</sup> [See *Catullus*, xxix. 1-4 — "Quis hoc potest videre? quis potest pati, Nisi impudicus et vorax et aleo, Mamurram habere, quod Comata Gallia Habebat uncti et ultima Britannia?" etc.]

# ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.<sup>31</sup>

## 1

---

<sup>31</sup> [One evening, in the late spring or early summer of 1813, Byron and Moore supped on bread and cheese with Rogers. Their host had just received from Lord Thurlow [Edward Hovell Thurlow, 1781-1829] a copy of his *Poems on Several Occasions* (1813), and Byron lighted upon some lines to Rogers, "On the Poem of Mr. Rogers, entitled 'An Epistle to a Friend.'" The first stanza ran thus — "When Rogers o'er this labour bent, Their purest fire the Muses lent, T' illustrate this sweet argument." "Byron," says Moore, "undertook to read it aloud; — but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh, — till even Mr. Rogers himself . . . found it impossible not to join us. A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following: — 'My dear Moore, "When Rogers" must not see the enclosed, which I send for your perusal.'" — *Life*, p. 181; *Letters*, 1898, ii. 211-213, note 1.] Thurlow's poems are by no means contemptible. A sonnet, "To a Bird, that haunted the Water of Lacken, in the Winter," which Charles Lamb transcribed in one of Coleridge's note-books, should be set over against the absurd lines, "On the Poems of Mr. Rogers." "O melancholy bird, a winter's day Thou standest by the margin of the pool; And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school To Patience, which all evil can allay: God has appointed thee the fish thy prey; And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule, And his unthinking course by thee to weigh. There need not schools nor the professor's chair, Though these be good, true wisdom to impart; He, who has not enough for these to spare Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart, And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair, Nature is always wise in every part." *Select Poems*, 1821, p. 90. [See "Fragments of Criticism," *Works of Charles Lamb*, 1903, iii. 284.]

When Thurlow this damned nonsense sent,  
(I hope I am not violent)  
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

**2**

And since not even our Rogers' praise  
To common sense his thoughts could raise —  
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

**3**

**4**

**5**

To me, divine Apollo, grant – O!  
Hermilda's<sup>32</sup> first and second canto,

---

<sup>32</sup> [*Hermilda in Palestine* was published in 1812, in quarto, and twice reissued in 1813, as part of *Poems on Various Occasions* (8vo). The Lines upon Rogers' *Epistle to*

I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6

And thus to furnish decent lining,  
My own and others' bays I'm twining, —  
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

*June 2, 1813.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 396.]*

---

*a Friend* appeared first in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1813, vol. 83, p. 357, and were reprinted in the second edition of *Poems, etc.*, 1813, pp. 162, 163. The lines in italics, which precede each stanza, are taken from the last stanza of Lord Thurlow's poem.]

# TO LORD THURLOW.<sup>33</sup>

## 1

*"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 withered bough,

Or send it back to Doctor Donne:<sup>34</sup>

Were justice done to both, I trow,

He'd have but little, and thou – none.

---

<sup>33</sup> ["On the same day I received from him the following additional scraps ['To Lord Thurlow']. The lines in Italics are from the eulogy that provoked his waggish comments." —*Life*, p. 181. The last stanza of Thurlow's poem supplied the text —"Then, thus, to form Apollo's crown,(Let ev'ry other bring his own,)I lay my branch of laurel down."]

<sup>34</sup> [Lord Thurlow affected an archaic style in his Sonnets and other verses. In the Preface to the second edition of *Poems, etc.*, he writes, "I think that our Poetry has been continually declining since the days of Milton and Cowley ... and that the golden age of our language is in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."]

## 2

*"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 Phoebus gave his crown,  
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

## 3

*"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.

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 397.]*



# THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.<sup>3536</sup>

## 1

The Devil returned to Hell by two,  
And he stayed at home till five;  
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,  
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 walked in the morning, I'll ride to-night;  
In darkness my children take most delight,<sup>10</sup>  
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

---

<sup>35</sup> The Devil's Drive. *A Sequel to Porson's Devil's Walk*. – [MS. H.]

<sup>36</sup> ["I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive,' the notion of which I took from Porson's *Devil's Walk*." —*Journal*, December 17, 18, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 378. "Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is," says Moore, "for the most part rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Coleridge and Southey, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Porson." The *Devil's Walk* was published in the *Morning Post*, September 6, 1799. It has been published under Porson's name (1830, ed. H. Montague, illustrated by Cruikshank). (See *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 30, note 1.)]

## 2

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer, then —  
"If I followed 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 poached away.

## 3

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,20  
A chariot in Seymour-place;<sup>37</sup>  
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 the race.

---

<sup>37</sup> [Lord Yarmouth, nicknamed "Red Herrings," the eldest son of the Regent's elderly favourite, the Marchioness of Hertford (the "Marchesa" of the *Twopenny Post-Bag*), lived at No. 7, Seamore Place, Mayfair. Compare Moore's "Epigram: " "I want the Court Guide,' said my lady, 'to look If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20,'" etc. —*Poetical Works*, 1850, p. 165.]

## 4

"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 stepped across the sea,  
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,<sup>30</sup>  
No very great way from a Bishop's abode.<sup>38</sup>

## 5

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,  
That he hovered 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,

---

<sup>38</sup> [The allusion may be to a case which was before the courts, the Attorney-General v. William Carver and Brownlow Bishop of Winchester (see *Morning Chronicle*, November 17, 1813). Carver held certain premises under the Bishop of Winchester, at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour, which obstructed the efflux and reflux of the tide. "The fact," said Mr. Serjeant Lens, in opening the case for the Crown, "was of great magnitude to the entire nation, since it effected the security, and even the existence of one of the principal harbours of Great Britain."]

That he perched 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:40  
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,  
That it blushed like the waves of Hell!  
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laughed he:  
"Methinks they have little need here of *me!*"

## 6

Long he looked down on the hosts of each clime,  
While the warriors hand to hand were —  
Gaul – Austrian and Muscovite heroes sublime,  
And – (Muse of Fitzgerald arise with a rhyme!)  
A quantity of *Landwehr!*<sup>39</sup>  
Gladness was there,50  
For the men of all might and the monarchs of earth,  
There met for the wolf and the worm to make mirth,  
And a feast for the fowls of the Air!

---

<sup>39</sup> [The Russian and Austrian troops at the battle of Leipsic, October 16, 1813, were, for the most part, veterans, while the Prussian contingent included a large body of militia.]

But he turned aside and looked from the ridge  
 Of hills along the river,  
 And the best thing he saw was a broken bridge,<sup>40</sup>  
 Which a Corporal chose to shiver;  
 Though an Emperor's taste was displeased with his haste,  
 The Devil he thought it clever;  
 And he laughed again in a lighter strain,<sup>60</sup>

---

<sup>40</sup> [For the incident of the "broken bridge" Byron was indebted to the pages of the *Morning Chronicle* of November 8, 1813, "Paris Papers, October 30" — "The Emperor had ordered the engineers to form fougades under the grand bridge which is between Leipsic and Lindenau, in order to blow it up at the latest moment, and thus to retard the march of the enemy and give time to our baggage to file off. General Dulauloy had entrusted the operation to Colonel Montford. The Colonel, instead of remaining on the spot to direct it, and to give the signal, ordered a corporal and four sappers to blow up the bridge the instant the enemy should appear. The corporal, an ignorant fellow, and ill comprehending the nature of the duty with which he was charged, upon hearing the first shot discharged from the ramparts of the city, set fire to the fougades and blew up the bridge. A part of the army was still on the other side, with a park of 80 pieces of artillery and some hundreds of waggons. The advance of this part of the army, who were approaching the bridge, seeing it blow up, conceived it was in the power of the enemy. A cry of dismay spread from rank to rank. 'The enemy are close upon our rear, and the bridges are destroyed!' The unfortunate soldiers dispersed, and endeavoured to effect their escape as well as they could. The Duke of Tarentum swam across the river. Prince Poniatowsky, mounted on a spirited horse, darted into the water and appeared no more. The Emperor was not informed of this disaster until it was too late to remedy it... Colonel Montford and the corporal of the sappers have been handed over to a court- martial."]

O'er the torrent swoln and rainy,  
When he saw "on a fiery steed" Prince Pon,  
In taking care of Number *One*—  
Get drowned with a great *many*!

## 8

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,<sup>70</sup>  
And she looked to Heaven with that frenzied air  
Which seemed to ask if a God were there!  
And stretched by the wall of a ruined 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!

## 9

Then he gazed on a town by besiegers taken,

Nor cared he who were winning;  
But he saw an old maid, for years forsaken,<sup>80</sup>  
Get up and leave her spinning;  
And she looked in her glass, and to one that did pass,  
She said – "pray are the rapes beginning?"<sup>41</sup>

## 10

But the Devil has reached 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*,<sup>90</sup>  
Who bid pretty well – but they *cheated* him, though!

---

<sup>41</sup> [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto VIII. stanza cxxxii. line 4. Sir Walter Scott (*Journal*, October 30, 1826 [1890, i. 288]), tells the same story of "an old woman who, when Carlisle was taken by the Highlanders in 1745, chose to be particularly apprehensive of personal violence, and shut herself up in a closet, in order that she might escape ravishment. But no one came to disturb her solitude, and ... by and by she popped her head out of her place of refuge with the pretty question, 'Good folks, can you tell me when the ravishing is going to begin?'" In 1813 Byron did not know Scott, and must have stolen the jest from some older writer. It is, probably, of untold antiquity.]

## 11

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,  
Its coachman and his coat;  
So instead of a pistol he cocked his tail,  
And seized him by the throat;  
"Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?  
'T is a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"<sup>42</sup>

## 12

So he sat him on his box again,  
And bade him have no fear,  
But be true to his club, and staunch to his rein,<sup>100</sup>

---

<sup>42</sup> [The "Four-Horse" Club, founded in 1808, was incorrectly styled the Four-in-Hand Club, and the Barouche Club. According to the Club rules, the barouches were "yellow-bodied, with 'dickies,' the horses bay, with rosettes at their heads, and the harness silver-mounted. The members wore a drab coat reaching to the ankles, with three tiers of pockets, and mother-o'-pearl buttons as large as five-shilling pieces. The waistcoat was blue, with yellow stripes an inch wide; breeches of plush, with strings and rosettes to each knee; and it was *de rigueur* that the hat should be 3-1/2 inches deep in the crown." (See *Driving*, by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., 1894, pp. 251-258.) The "ancient peer" may possibly be intended for the President of the Club, Philip Henry, fifth Earl of Chesterfield (1755-1815), who was a member of the Privy Council, and had been Postmaster-General and Master of the Horse.]



His brothel and his beer;  
"Next to seeing a Lord at the Council board,  
I would rather see him here."

## 13

Satan hired a horse and gig  
With promises to pay;  
And he pawned his horns for a spruce new wig,  
To redeem as he came away:  
And he whistled some tune, a waltz or a jig,  
And drove off at the close of day.

## 14

The first place he stopped at – he heard the Psalm 110  
That rung from a Methodist Chapel:  
"T is the best sound I've heard," quoth he, "since my palm  
Presented Eve her apple!  
When *Faith* is all, 't is an excellent sign,  
That the *Works* and Workmen both are mine."

He passed Tommy Tyrwhitt,<sup>43</sup> that standing jest,  
 To princely wit a Martyr:  
 But the last joke of all was by far the best,  
 When he sailed away with "the Garter"  
 "And" – quoth Satan – "this Embassy's worthy my sight,120  
 Should I see nothing else to amuse me to night.  
 With no one to bear it, but Thomas à Tyrwhitt,  
 This ribband belongs to an 'Order of Merit'!"

---

<sup>43</sup> [Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt (*circ.* 1762-1833) was the son of the Rev. Edmund Tyrwhitt, Rector of Wickham Bishops, etc., and nephew of Thomas Tyrwhitt, the editor of the *Canterbury Tales*. He was Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall (1796), and Lord Warden of the Stannaries (1805). He was knighted May 8, 1812. He was sent in the following year in charge of the Garter mission to the Czar, and on that occasion was made a Knight of the Imperial Order of St. Anne, First Class. He held the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, 1812-1832. "Tommy Tyrwhitt" was an important personage at Carlton House, and shared with Colonel McMahon the doubtful privilege of being a confidential servant of the Prince Regent. Compare Letter III. of Moore's *Twopenny Post-Bag*, 1813, p. 12. "From G. R. to the E. of Y – th." "I write this in bed while my whiskers are airing, And M – c has a sly dose of jalap preparing For poor T – mm – y T – rr – t at breakfast to quaff —As I feel I want something to give me a laugh, And there's nothing so good as old T – mm – y kept close To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!" See *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1833, vol. 103, pt. i. pp. 275, 276.]

## 16

He stopped at an Inn and stepped within  
The Bar and read the "Times;"  
And never such a treat, as – the epistle of one "Vetus,"<sup>44</sup>  
Had he found save in downright crimes:  
"Though I doubt if this drivelling encomiast of War  
Ever saw a field fought, or felt a scar,  
Yet his fame shall go farther than he can guess,<sup>130</sup>  
For I'll keep him a place in my *hottest Press*;  
And his works shall be bound in Morocco *d'Enfer*,  
And lettered behind with his *Nom de Guerre*."

## 17

---

<sup>44</sup> ["Vetus" [Edward Sterling] contributed a series of letters to the *Times*, 1812, 1813. They were afterwards republished. Vetus was not a Little Englander, and his political sentiments recall the *obiter dicta* of contemporary patriots; e. g. "the only legitimate basis for a treaty, if not on the part of the Continental Allies, at least for England herself [is] that she should conquer all she can, and keep all she conquers. This is not by way of retaliation, however just, upon so obdurate and rapacious an enemy – but as an indispensable condition of her own safety and existence." The letters were reviewed under the heading of "Illustrations of Vetus," in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 2, 10, 16, 18; 1813. The reviewer and Byron did not take the patriotic view of the situation.]

The Devil gat next to Westminster,  
And he turned 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 walked up the House so like one of his own,<sup>140</sup>  
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

## 18

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,  
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,  
And Jockey of Norfolk – a man of some size —  
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;<sup>45</sup>  
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,  
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,

---

<sup>45</sup> [Robert Banks Jenkinson (1770-1828), second Earl of Liverpool, on the assassination of Perceval, became Prime Minister, June 7, 1812; John Fane (1759-1841), tenth Earl of Westmoreland, was Lord Privy Seal, 1798-1827; Charles Howard (1746-1815), eleventh Duke of Norfolk, known as "Jockey of Norfolk," was a Protestant and a Liberal, and at one time a friend of the Prince of Wales. Wraxall, *Posthumous Memoirs*, 1836, i. 29, says that "he might have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher by his dress and appearance." He figures *largely* in Gillray, see *e. g.* "Meeting of the Moneyed Interest," December, 1798. John Pitt (1756-1835), second Earl of Chatham, the hero of the abortive Walcheren expedition, had been made a general in the army January 1, 1812. He "inherited," says Wraxall, *ibid.*, iii. 129, "his illustrious father's form and figure; but not his mind."]

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*.<sup>46</sup>  
And the Devil was shocked – and quoth he, "I must go, 151  
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."

## 19

Then the Devil went down to the humbler House,  
Where he readily found his way  
As natural to him as its hole to a Mouse,  
He had been there many a day;  
And many a vote and soul and job he  
Had bid for and carried away from the Lobby:  
But there now was a "call" and accomplished debaters 161  
Appeared in the glory of hats, boots and gaiters —  
*Some* paid rather more – but *all* worse dressed than Waiters!

---

<sup>46</sup> [Edward Law (1750-1818), first Baron Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1802-18, was given to the use of strong language. His temper (see Moore's "Sale of the Tools") was "none of the best." On one occasion, speaking in the House of Lords (March 22, 1813) with regard to the "delicate investigation," he asserted that the accusation ["that the persons intrusted had thought fit to fabricate an unauthorized document"] "was as false as hell;" and by way of protest against the tedious harangues of old Lord Darnley, "I am answerable to God for my time, and what account can I give at the day of judgment if I stay here longer?"]

## 20

There was Canning for War, and Whitbread for peace,  
And others as suited their fancies;  
But all were agreed that our debts should increase  
Excepting the Demagogue Francis.  
That rogue! how could Westminster chuse him again  
To leaven the virtue of these honest men!  
But the Devil remained till the Break of Day<sup>170</sup>  
Blushed upon Sleep and Lord Castlereagh:<sup>47</sup>  
Then up half the house got, and Satan got up  
With the drowsy to snore – or the hungry to sup: —  
But so torpid the power of some speakers, 't is said,  
That they sent even him to his brimstone bed.

## 21

He had seen George Rose – but George was grown dumb,  
And only lied in thought!<sup>48</sup>

---

<sup>47</sup> [Compare Moore's "Insurrection of the Papers" — "Last night I toss'd and turn'd  
in bed, But could not sleep – at length I said, I'll think of Viscount C – stl – r – gh, And  
of his speeches – that's the way."]

<sup>48</sup> [George Rose (1744-1818) was at this time Treasurer of the Navy. Wraxall, who

And the Devil has all the pleasure to come  
Of hearing him talk as he ought.  
With the falsest of tongues, the sincerest of men – 180  
His veracity were but deceit —  
And Nature must first have unmade him again,  
Ere his breast or his face, or his tongue, or his pen,  
Conceived – uttered – looked – or wrote down letters ten,  
Which Truth would acknowledge complete.

## 22

Satan next took the army list in hand,  
Where he found a new "Field Marshal;"  
And when he saw this high command  
Conferred on his Highness of Cumberland,<sup>49</sup>

---

quotes the "Probationary Odes" with regard to his alleged duplicity, testifies that he "knew him well in his official capacity, during at least twelve years, and never found him deficient in honour or sincerity" (*Posthumous Memoirs*, 1836, i. 148). Moore ("Parody of a Celebrated Letter") makes the Regent conceive how shocked the king would be to wake up sane and find "that R – se was grown honest, or W – stm – rel – nd wiser."]

<sup>49</sup> [Ernest Augustus (1771-1851), Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, fifth son of George III., was gazetted as Field-Marshal November 27, 1813. His "wounds," which, according to the Duke's sworn testimony, were seventeen in number, were inflicted during an encounter with his valet, Joseph Sellis (? Sélis), a Piedmontese, who had attempted to assassinate the Prince (June 1, 1810), and, shortly afterwards, was found with his throat cut. A jury of Westminster tradesmen brought in a verdict of *felo de se* against Sellis. The event itself and the trial before the coroner

"Oh! were I prone to cavil – or were I not the Devil,190  
I should say this was somewhat partial;  
Since the only wounds that this Warrior gat,  
Were from God knows whom – and the Devil knows what!"

## 23

He then popped his head in a royal Ball,  
And saw all the Haram so hoary;  
And who there besides but Corinna de Staël!<sup>50</sup>  
Turned Methodist and Tory!  
"Aye – Aye" – quoth he – "'t is the way with them all,  
When Wits grow tired of Glory:  
But thanks to the weakness, that thus could pervert her,200  
Since the dearest of prizes to me's a deserter:  
*Mem*– whenever a sudden conversion I want,

---

provoked controversy and the grossest scandal. The question is discussed and the Duke exonerated of the charges brought against him, by J. H. Jesse, *Memoirs, etc., of George III.*, 1864, iii. 545, 546, and by George Rose, *Diaries, etc.*, 1860, ii. 437-446. The scandal was revived in 1832 by the publication of a work entitled *The Authentic Memoirs of the Court of England for the last Seventy Years*. The printer and publisher of the work was found guilty. (See *The Trial of Josiah Phillips for a Libel on the Duke of Cumberland*, 1833.)]

<sup>50</sup> ["At half-past nine [Wednesday, December 8, 1813] there was a grand dress party at Carlton House, at which her Majesty and the Prince Regent most graciously received the following distinguished characters from the Russian Court, viz. the Count and Countess Leiven, Mad. La Barrone (*sic*) de Staël, Monsieur de Staël," etc. —*Morning Chronicle*, December 10, 1813.]



To send to the school of Philosopher Kant;  
And whenever I need a critic who can gloss over  
All faults – to send for Mackintosh to write up the  
Philosopher."<sup>51</sup>

## 24

The Devil waxed faint at the sight of this Saint,  
And he thought himself of eating;  
And began to cram from a plate of ham  
Wherewith a Page was retreating —  
Having nothing else to do (for "the friends" each so near  
Had sold all their souls long before),  
As he swallowed down the bacon he wished himself a Jew  
For the sake of another crime more:  
For Sinning itself is but half a recreation,  
Unless it ensures most infallible Damnation.

---

<sup>51</sup> [In the review of Madame de Staël's *De L'Allemagne* (*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1813, vol. 22, pp. 198-238), Sir James Mackintosh enlarged upon and upheld the "opinions of Kant" as creative and seminal in the world of thought. In the same article he passes in review the systems of Hobbes, Paley, Bentham, Reid, etc., and finds words of praise and admiration for each in turn. See, too, a passage (p. 226) in which he alludes to Coleridge as a living writer, whose "singular character and unintelligible style" might, in any other country but England, have won for him attention if not approval. His own "conversion" from the extreme liberalism of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* of 1791 to the philosophic conservatism of the *Introductory Discourse* (1798) to his lecture on *The Law of Nature and Nations*, was regarded with suspicion by Wordsworth and Coleridge, who, afterwards, were still more effectually "converted" themselves.]

## 25

But he turned him about, for he heard a sound  
Which even his ear found faults in;  
For whirling above – underneath – and around —  
Were his fairest Disciples Waltzing!<sup>52</sup>  
And quoth he – "though this be – the *premier pas* to me,<sup>220</sup>  
Against it I would warn all —  
Should I introduce these revels among my younger devils,  
They would all turn perfectly carnal:  
And though fond of the flesh – yet I never could bear it  
Should quite in my kingdom get the upper hand of Spirit."

## 26

The Devil (but 't was over) had been vastly glad  
To see the new Drury Lane,  
And yet he might have been rather mad  
To see it rebuilt in vain;  
And had he beheld their "Nourjahad,"<sup>53</sup>230

---

<sup>52</sup> [See Introduction to *The Waltz, Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 475.]

<sup>53</sup> [*Illusion, or the Trances of Nourjahad*, a melodrama founded on *The History*

Would never have gone again:  
And Satan had taken it much amiss,  
They should fasten such a piece on a friend of his —  
Though he knew that his works were somewhat sad,  
He never had found them *quite* so bad:  
For this was "the book" which, of yore, Job, sorely smitten,  
Said, "Oh that *mine* enemy, *mine* enemy had written"!

## 27

Then he found sixty scribblers in separate cells,<sup>54</sup>  
And marvelled what they were doing,  
For they looked like little fiends in their own little hells,<sup>240</sup>  
Damnation for others brewing —  
Though their paper seemed to shrink, from the heat of their  
ink,  
They were only *coolly* reviewing!

---

*of Nourjahad*, By the Editor of Sidney Bidulph (Mrs. Frances Sheridan, *née* Chamberlaine, 1724-1766), was played for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre, November 25, 1813. Byron was exceedingly indignant at being credited with the authorship or adaptation. (See Letter to Murray, November 27, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 288, note 1.) Miss Sophia Lee, who wrote some of the *Canterbury Tales*, "made a very elegant musical drama of it" (*Memoirs of Mrs. F. Sheridan*, by Alicia Lefanu, 1824, p. 296); but this was not the *Nourjahad* of Drury Lane.]

<sup>54</sup> [Millbank Penitentiary, which was built in the form of a pentagon, was finally taken in hand in the spring of 1813. Solitary confinement in the "cells" was, at first, reserved as a punishment for misconduct. —*Memorials of Millbank*, by Arthur Griffiths, 1875, i. 57.]

And as one of them wrote down the pronoun "We,"  
"That Plural" – says Satan – "means *him* and *me*,  
With the Editor added to make up the three  
Of an Athanasian Trinity,  
And render the believers in our 'Articles' sensible,  
How many must combine to form *one* Incomprehensible"!

*December 9, 1813.*

*[Stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12, 17, 18, first published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 471-474: stanzas 6, 7, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19-27, now published for the first time from an autograph MS. in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester.]*

# 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 mixed 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.<sup>55</sup>

---

<sup>55</sup> ["I cannot conceive how the *Vault* has got about; but so it is. It is too *farouche*; but truth to say, my satires are not very playful." – Letter to Moore, March 12, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 57-58. Moore had written to him, "Your lines about the bodies of Charles and Henry are, I find, circulated with wonderful avidity; even some clods in this neighbourhood have had a copy sent to them by some 'young ladies in town.'" ]

[First published, *Poetical Works, Paris, 1819, vi. 125.*]

## [Another Version.]

---

—*Ibid.*, p. 57, note 3. The discovery "that King Charles I. was buried in the vault of King Henry VIII.," was made on completing the mausoleum which George III. caused to be built in the tomb-house. The Prince Regent was informed of the circumstance, and on April 1, 1813, the day after the funeral of his mother-in-law, the Duchess of Brunswick, he superintended in person the opening of the leaden coffin, which bore the inscription, "King Charles, 1648" (*sic*). See *An Account of what appeared on Opening the Coffin of King Charles the First*, by Sir H. Halford, Bart., 1813, pp. 6, 7. Cornelia Knight, in her *Autobiography* (1861, i. 227), notes that the frolic prince, the "Adonis of fifty," who was in a good humour, and "had given to Princess Charlotte the centre sapphire of Charles's crown," acted "the manner of decapitation on my shoulders." He had "forgotten" Cromwell, who, as Lord Auchinleck reminded Dr. Johnson, had "gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck!"]

# ON A ROYAL VISIT TO THE VAULTS.<sup>56</sup>

[or Cæsar's Discovery of C. I.  
AND H. 8. in ye same Vault.]

Famed for their civil and domestic quarrels  
See heartless Henry lies by headless Charles;  
Between them stands another sceptred thing,  
It lives, it reigns – "aye, every inch a king."  
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
In him the double tyrant starts to life:  
Justice and Death have mixed their dust in vain.  
The royal Vampires join and rise again.  
What now can tombs avail, since these disgorge  
The blood and dirt<sup>57</sup> of both to mould a George!

---

<sup>56</sup> [From an autograph MS. in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Norbury. The first wrapper has written upon it, "The original Impromptu within is in the handwriting of the noble author Lord Byron, given to Mr. Norbury [private secretary to Lord Granville] by Mr. Dallas, his Lordship's valued relative." Second wrapper, "Autograph of Lord Byron – tres précieux." Third (outside) wrapper, "Autographe célèbre de Lord Byron."]

<sup>57</sup> Πηλὸν αἷματι πεφυραμένον"Clay kneaded with blood." Suetonius, in *Tiberium*, cap. 57.

# ICH DIEN

From this emblem what variance your motto evinces,  
For the *Man* is his country's – the Arms are the Prince's!

?1814.

*[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, now for the first time printed.]*



# CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

## TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE.<sup>58</sup>

When the vain triumph of the imperial lord,  
Whom servile Rome obeyed, and yet abhorred,  
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,  
That left a likeness of the brave, or just;  
What most admired each scrutinising eye  
Of all that decked that passing pageantry?  
What spread from face to face that wondering air?  
The thought of Brutus<sup>59</sup>— for his was not there!

---

<sup>58</sup> ["The gentlemen of the *Champion*, and Perry, have got hold (I know not how) of the condolatory Address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by our Regent, and have published them – with my name, too, smack – without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! Damn their impudence, and damn every thing. It has put me out of patience, and so, I shall say no more about it." – Letter to Moore, August 3, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 118. For Byron's letter to Lady Jersey, of May 29, 1814, and a note from her with reference to a lost(?) copy of the verses, *vide ibid.*, p. 85. Mrs. Anne Mee (1775? -1851) was a miniature-painter, who was employed by the Prince Regent to take the portraits of fashionable beauties.]

<sup>59</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza lix. line 3, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 374, note 2.]

That absence proved his worth, – that absence fixed<sup>10</sup>  
His memory on the longing mind, unmixed;  
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 rendered 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 withered heart,<sup>20</sup>  
Could with thy gentle image bear to part;  
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,<sup>30</sup>  
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;  
And more on that recalled 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,<sup>60</sup>  
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!  
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws<sup>40</sup>  
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 lessened, 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 passed thy portrait by;  
Who racked his little spirit to combine<sup>50</sup>  
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

*May 29, 1814.*

*[First published in The Champion, July 31, 1814.]*

---

<sup>60</sup> [See *Conversations ... with the Countess of Blessington*, 1834, p. 50.]

# 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 smothered, at least, in respectable mud,  
Where the divers of Bathos lie drowned in a heap,  
And Southey's last Pæan has pillowed his sleep;  
That *Felo de se* who, half drunk with his Malmsey,  
Walked out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,<sup>10</sup>  
Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span stanza,  
The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never man saw.<sup>61</sup>

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,  
The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes,<sup>62</sup>—

---

<sup>61</sup> [The two first stanzas of Southey's "*Carmen Triumphale*, for the Commencement of the Year 1814," end with the line —"Glory to God – Deliverance for Mankind!"]

<sup>62</sup> ["The newspapers will tell you all that is to be told of emperors, etc. They have dined, and supped, and shown their flat faces in all thoroughfares and several saloons." – Letter to Moore, June 14, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 93, 94. From June 6 to June 27, 1814, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia were in England. Huge crowds watched all day and night outside the Pulteney Hotel (105, Piccadilly), where the Emperor of Russia stayed. Among the foreigners in London were Nesselrode, Metternich, Blücher, and Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks. The two latter were the

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,<sup>21</sup>  
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;  
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-  
mere breeches whisked round, in a waltz with the Jersey,<sup>63</sup>  
Who, lovely as ever, seemed just as delighted  
With Majesty's presence as those she invited.

*June, 1814.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 561, 562 (note).]*

---

heroes of the mob. *Ibid.*, p. 93, note 1.]

<sup>63</sup> ["The Emperor," says Lady Vernon (*Journal of Mary Frampton*, pp. 225, 226), "is fond of dancing... He waltzed with Lady Jersey, whom he admires, to the great discomposure of the Regent, who has quarrelled with her."]

# ANSWER TO 'S PROFESSIONS OF AFFECTION

In hearts like thine ne'er may I hold a place  
Till I renounce all sense, all shame, all grace —  
That seat, — like seats, the bane of Freedom's realm,  
But dear to those presiding at the helm —  
Is basely purchased, not with gold alone;  
Add Conscience, too, this bargain is your own —  
'T is thine to offer with corrupting art  
The *rotten borough*<sup>64</sup> of the human heart.

?1814.

[*From an autograph MS., now for the first time printed.*]

---

<sup>64</sup> [The phrase, "rotten borough," was used by Sir F. Burdett, *Examiner*, October 12, 1812.]

# ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.<sup>65</sup>

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.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, i. 611.]*

---

<sup>65</sup> [It may be taken for granted that the "source" of this epigram was a paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 27, 1815: "In the *Moniteur* of Thursday we find the Emperor's own account of his *jaunt* from the Island of Elba to the palace of the Thuilleries. It seems certainly more like a *jaunt* of pleasure than the progress of an invader through a country to be gained."]

# 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.

*[First published, Poetical Works, 1831, vi. 454.]*



# [TO GEORGE ANSON BYRON(?)<sup>66</sup>]

## 1

And, dost thou ask the reason of my sadness?  
Well, I will tell it thee, unfeeling boy!  
'Twas ill report that urged my brain to madness,  
'Twas thy tongue's venom poisoned all my joy.

## 2

The sadness which thou seest is not sorrow;  
My wounds are far too deep for simple grief;  
The heart thus withered, seeks in vain to borrow  
From calm reflection, comfort or relief.

---

<sup>66</sup> ["A short time before Lord Byron quitted England, in 1816, he addressed these lines to an individual by whom he deemed himself injured; they are but little known." —*Nicnac*, March 25, 1823.]

### 3

The arrow's flown, and dearly shalt thou rue it;  
No mortal hand can rid me of my pain:  
My heart is pierced, but thou canst not subdue it —  
Revenge is left, and is not left in vain.

?1816.

*[First published, Nicnac, March 25, 1823.]*

# SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.<sup>67</sup>

## 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,

---

<sup>67</sup> [The term "Luddites" dates from 1811, and was applied first to frame-breakers, and then to the disaffected in general. It was derived from a half-witted lad named Ned Lud, who entered a house in a fit of passion, and destroyed a couple of stocking-frames. The song was an impromptu, enclosed in a letter to Moore of December 24, 1816. "I have written it principally," he says, "to shock your neighbour [Hodgson?] who is all clergy and loyalty – mirth and innocence – milk and water." See *Letters*, 1900, iv. 30; and for General Lud and "Luddites," see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 97, note 1.]

And dye it deep in the gore he has poured.

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!

*December 24, 1816.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 58.]*

# 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,  
Fifing and drumming,  
Guitarring and strumming,  
Oh Thomas Moore!

*December 24, 1816.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 58, 59.]*

## TO MR. MURRAY

To hook the Reader, you, John Murray,  
Have published "Anjou's Margaret,"<sup>68</sup>  
Which won't be sold off in a hurry  
(At least, it has not been as yet);  
And then, still further to bewilder him,  
Without remorse, you set up "Ilderim;"<sup>69</sup>  
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:  
And pricked to death expire upon her needle,  
A sort of end which I should take indeed ill!

March 25, 1817.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, ii. 91.]

---

<sup>68</sup> [Margaret of Anjou, by Margaret Holford, 1816.]

<sup>69</sup> [Ilderim, a Syrian Tale, by H. Gaily Knight, 1816.]

# VERSICLES

I read the "Christabel;"<sup>70</sup>

Very well:

I read the "Missionary;"<sup>71</sup>

Pretty – very:

I tried at "Ilderim;"

Ahem!

I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of *Anjou*;"

*Can you?*

I turned a page of Webster's "Waterloo;"<sup>72</sup>

Pooh! pooh!

I looked at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone Doe;"<sup>73</sup>

Hillo!

I read "Glenarvon," too, by Caro Lamb;<sup>74</sup>

God damn!

*March 25, 1817.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 87.]*

---

<sup>70</sup> [*Christabel, etc.*, by S. T. Coleridge, 1816.]

<sup>71</sup> [*The Missionary of the Andes, a Poem*, by W. L. Bowles, 1815.]

<sup>72</sup> [*Waterloo and other Poems*, by J. Wedderburn Webster, 1816.]

<sup>73</sup> [*The White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons, a Poem*, by W. Wordsworth, 1815.]

<sup>74</sup> [*Glenarvon, a Novel* [by Lady Caroline Lamb], 1816.]

# QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE PRIUS DEMENTAT.<sup>75</sup>

God maddens him whom't is his will to lose,  
And gives the choice of death or phrenzy – choose.

*[First published, Letters, 1900, iv. 93.]*

---

<sup>75</sup> [*À propos* of Maturin's tragedy, *Manuel* (*vide post*, p. 48, note 1), Byron "does into English" the Latin proverb by way of contrast to the text, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth; blessed be the Name of the Lord" (Letter to Murray, April 2, 1817).]



# 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 shall surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

4

Were't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasped 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.<sup>76</sup>

*July, 1817.*

*[First published, Waltz, London, W. Benbow, 1821, p. 29.]*

---

<sup>76</sup> ["This should have been written fifteen months ago; the first stanza was." – Letter to Moore, July 10, 1817.]

# EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI.<sup>77</sup>

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 shattered nerves and quickened pulses,  
Which your catastrophe convulses.  
I like your moral and machinery;<sup>10</sup>  
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

---

<sup>77</sup> ["By the way," writes Murray, Aug. 5, 1817 (*Memoir, etc.*, i. 386), "Polidori has sent me his tragedy! Do me the kindness to send by return of post a *delicate* declension of it, which I engage faithfully to copy." "I never," said Byron, "was much more disgusted with any human production than with the eternal nonsense, and *tracasseries*, and emptiness, and ill-humour, and vanity of this young person; but he has some talent, and is a man of honour, and has dispositions of amendment. Therefore use your interest for him, for he is improved and improvable;" and, in a letter to Murray, Aug. 21, 1817, "You want a 'civil and delicate declension' for the medical tragedy? Take it." — For J. W. Polidori (1795-1821), see *Letters*, 1899, iii, 284 note I.]

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<sup>20</sup>  
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*—<sup>78</sup>  
Too lucky if it prove not annual, —  
And Sotheby, with his *Orestes*,<sup>79</sup>  
(Which, by the way, the old Bore's best is),  
Has lain so very long on hand,  
That I despair of all demand;  
I've advertised, but see my books,<sup>30</sup>  
Or only watch my Shopman's looks; —  
Still *Ivan, Ina*,<sup>80</sup> 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

---

<sup>78</sup> [Maturin's second tragedy, *Manuel*, produced at Drury Lane, March 8, 1817, with Kean as "Manuel Count Valdis, failed, and after five nights was withdrawn." It was published in 1817. "It is," says Byron (letter to Murray, June 14, 1817), "the absurd work of a clever man." —*Letters*, 1900, iv. 134, and note I.]

<sup>79</sup> [Sotheby published, in 1814, *Five Tragedies*, viz. "The Confession," "Orestes," "Ivan," "The Death of Darnley," and "Zamorin and Zama."]

<sup>80</sup> [*Ina, A Tragedy*, by Mrs. Wilmot [Barberina Ogle (1768-1854), daughter of Sir Chaloner Ogle], afterwards Lady Dacre, was produced at Drury Lane, April 22, 1815. Her "tragedy," writes Byron to Moore, April 23, 1815, "was last night damned." See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 332, note 3, etc.; *ibid.*, 1899, iii. 195, note I.]

Than *Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama*;  
So altered since last year his pen is,  
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.

In short, Sir, what with one and t' other,<sup>40</sup>  
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,<sup>50</sup>  
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.<sup>81</sup>

---

<sup>81</sup> [George Hammond (1763-1853) was a distinguished diplomatist, who twice (1795-1806 and 1807-1809) held the office of Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He is associated with the foundation of the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Quarterly Review*. In the drawing-room of Albemarle Street, he was Murray's "chief 4-o'clock man," until his official duties compelled him to settle at Paris. —*Letters*, 1900, iv.

A party dines with me to-day,<sup>60</sup>  
All clever men, who make their way:  
Crabbe, Malcolm,<sup>82</sup> Hamilton,<sup>83</sup> and Chantrey,  
Are all partakers of my pantry.  
They're at this moment in discussion  
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.  
Her book,<sup>84</sup> they say, was in advance —  
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!  
'T is said she certainly was married  
To Rocca, and had twice miscarried,  
No – not miscarried, I opine, – 70  
But brought to bed at forty-nine.  
Some say she died a Papist; some  
Are of opinion that's a Hum;  
I don't know that – the fellows Schlegel,<sup>85</sup>

---

160, note 1. John Dent, M.P., a banker, was nicknamed "Dog Dent" because he was concerned in the introduction of the Dog-tax Bill in 1796. In 1802 he introduced a Bill to abolish bull-baiting. —*Ibid*]

<sup>82</sup> [Sir John Malcolm (1769-1833), soldier, administrator, and diplomatist, published (January, 1815) his *History of Persia*. – *Letters*, 1899, iii. 113, note 1.]

<sup>83</sup> [For "Dark Hamilton," W. R. Hamilton (1777-1859), see *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xiii. *var.* I, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 108, note 1. Lines 61, 62 were added October 12, 1817.]

<sup>84</sup> [Madame de Staël's *Considérations sur la Révolution Française* was offered to Murray in June, 1816 (*Memoir, etc.*, 1891, i. 316), and the sum of £4000 asked for the work. During the negotiations, Madame de Staël died (July 14, 1817), and the book was eventually published by Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock. —*Letters*, 1900, iv. 94, note.]

<sup>85</sup> [Byron and the elder Schlegel met at Copet, in 1816, but they did not take to each other. Byron "would not flatter him," perhaps because he did not appreciate or

Are very likely to inveigle  
A dying person in compunction  
To try th' extremity of Unction.  
But peace be with her! for a woman  
Her talents surely were uncommon,  
Her Publisher (and Public too)<sup>80</sup>  
The hour of her demise may rue —  
For never more within his shop he —  
Pray – was not she interred at Coppet?  
Thus run our time and tongues away; —  
But, to return, Sir, to your play:  
Sorry, Sir, but I cannot deal,  
Unless 't were acted by O'Neill.  
My hands are full – my head so busy,  
I'm almost dead – and always dizzy;  
And so, with endless truth and hurry,<sup>90</sup>  
Dear Doctor, I am yours,  
JOHN MURRAY.

*August 21, 1817.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 139-141.*

*Lines 67-82 first published, Letters, 1900, iv. 161.]*

# EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY

## 1

My dear Mr. Murray,  
You're in a damned hurry  
To set up this ultimate Canto;<sup>86</sup>  
But (if they don't rob us)  
You'll see Mr. Hobhouse  
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

## 2

For the Journal you hint of,<sup>87</sup>  
As ready to print off,  
No doubt you do right to commend it;  
But as yet I have writ off

---

<sup>86</sup> [The Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*.]

<sup>87</sup> [Murray bought a half-share in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* in August, 1818, and remained its joint proprietor till December, 1819, when it became the property of William Blackwood. But perhaps the reference is to Byron's *Swiss Journal* of September, 1816.]



The devil a bit of  
Our "Beppo: " – when copied, I'll send it.

### 3

In the mean time you've "Galley"<sup>88</sup>  
Whose verses all tally,  
Perhaps you may say he's a Ninny,  
But if you abashed are  
Because of *Alashtar*,  
He'll piddle another *Phrosine*.<sup>89</sup>

### 4

Then you've Sotheby's Tour, —<sup>90</sup>

---

<sup>88</sup> [Henry Gaily Knight (1786-1846), who was a contemporary of Byron at Trinity College, Cambridge, was a poetaster, and, afterwards, a writer of works on architecture. His Oriental verses supplied Byron with a subject for more than one indifferent *jeu d'esprit*.]

<sup>89</sup> [*Phrosyne*, a Grecian tale, and *Alashtar*, an Arabian tale, were published in 1817. In a letter to Murray, September 4, 1817, Byron writes, "I have received safely, though tardily, the magnesia and tooth-powder, *Phrosine* and *Alashtar*. I shall clean my teeth with one, and wipe my shoes with the other." —*Letters*, 1901, iv.]

<sup>90</sup> [Sotheby's *Farewell to Italy* and *Occasional Poems* were published in 1818, as the

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 guess-work.

## 5

No doubt he's a rare man  
Without knowing German  
Translating his way up Parnassus,  
And now still absurder  
He meditates Murder  
As you'll see in the trash he calls *Tasso's*.

## 6

But you've others his betters  
The real men of letters  
Your Orators – Critics – and Wits —  
And I'll bet that your Journal

---

record of a tour which he had taken in 1816-17 with his family, Professor Elmsley, and Dr. Playfair. For Byron's unfinished skit on Sotheby's Tour, see *Letters*, 1900, iv. Appendix V. pp. 452, 453.]

(Pray is it diurnal?)

Will pay with your luckiest hits.

## 7

You can make any loss up

With "Spence"<sup>91</sup> and his gossip,

A work which must surely succeed;

Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,<sup>92</sup>

With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"

Must make people purchase and read.

## 8

Then you've General Gordon,<sup>93</sup>

Who girded his sword on,

---

<sup>91</sup> [*Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, arranged, with notes, by the late Edmund Malone, Esq., 1 vol. 8vo, 1820.]

<sup>92</sup> [*The Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, by George Chalmers, 2 vols. 4to, 1819.]

<sup>93</sup> [Thomas Gordon (1788-1841) entered the Scots Greys in 1808. Two years later he visited Ali Pasha (see *Letters*, 1898, i. 246, note 1) in Albania, and travelled in Persia and Turkey in the East. From 1813 to 1815 he served in the Russian Army. He wrote a *History of the Greek Revolution*, 1832, 2 vols., but it does not appear that he was negotiating with Murray for the publication of any work at this period.]

To serve with a Muscovite Master,  
And help him to polish  
A nation so owlsh,  
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

## 9

For the man, "*poor and shrewd*,"<sup>94</sup>  
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*.

## 10

Now tell me some news  
Of your friends and the Muse,  
Of the Bar, or the Gown, or the House,  
From Canning, the tall wit,  
To Wilmot,<sup>95</sup> the small wit,

---

<sup>94</sup> *Vide* your letter.

<sup>95</sup> [Probably Sir Robert John Wilmot (1784-1841) (afterwards Wilmot Horton),

11

Who's so damnably bit  
With fashion and Wit,  
That he crawls on the surface like Vermin,  
But an Insect in both, —  
By his Intellect's growth,  
Of what size you may quickly determine.<sup>96</sup>

*Venice, January 8, 1818.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 156, 157;  
stanzas 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, first published, Letters, 1900, iv. 191-193.]*

---

Byron's first cousin, who took a prominent part in the destruction of the "Memoirs," May 17, 1824. (For Lady Wilmot Horton, the original of "She walks in beauty," see *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 381, note 1.)]

<sup>96</sup> [Stanzas 12, 13, 14 cannot be published.]

# ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.<sup>97</sup>

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.

*February 20, 1818.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 134.]*

---

<sup>97</sup> [Richard Belgrave Hoppner (1786-1872), second son of John Hoppner, R.A., was appointed English Consul at Venice, October, 1814. (See *Letters*, 1900, iv. 83, note 1.) The quatrain was translated (see the following poem) into eleven different languages – Greek, Latin, Italian (also the Venetian dialect), German, French, Spanish, Illyrian, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan, and printed "in a small neat volume in the seminary of Padua." For nine of these translations see *Works*, 1832, xi. pp. 324-326, and 1891, p. 571. Rizzo was a Venetian surname. See W. Stewart Rose's verses to Byron, "Grinanis, Mocenijas, Baltis, Rizzi, Compassionate our cruel case," etc., *Letters*, iv. 212.]

# [E NIHILO NIHIL; OR AN EPIGRAM BEWITCHED.]

Of rhymes I printed seven volumes —<sup>98</sup>  
The list concludes John Murray's columns:  
Of these there have been few translations<sup>99</sup>  
For Gallic or Italian nations;  
And one or two perhaps in German —  
But in this last I can't determine.  
But then I only sung of passions  
That do not suit with modern fashions;  
Of Incest and such like diversions  
Permitted only to the Persians,  
Or Greeks to bring upon their stages —  
But that was in the earlier ages  
Besides my style is the romantic,  
Which some call fine, and some call frantic;  
While others are or would seem *as* sick

---

<sup>98</sup> [Byron must have added the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* to the complete edition of the *Poetical Works* in six volumes. See Murray's list, dated "Albemarle Street, London, January, 1818." The seventh volume of the Collected Works was not issued till 1819.]

<sup>99</sup> [A French translation of the *Bride of Abydos* appeared in 1816, an Italian translation of the *Lament of Tasso* in 1817. Goethe (see *Letters*, 1901, v. 503-521) translated fragments of *Manfred* in 1817, 1818, but the earliest German translation of the entire text of *Manfred* was issued in 1819.]

Of repetitions nicknamed Classic.  
For my part all men must allow  
Whatever I was, I'm classic now.  
I saw and left my fault in time,  
And chose a topic all sublime —  
Wondrous as antient war or hero —  
Then played and sung away like Nero,  
Who sang of Rome, and I of Rizzo:  
The subject has improved my wit so,  
The first four lines the poet sees  
Start forth in fourteen languages!  
Though of seven volumes none before  
Could ever reach the fame of four,  
Henceforth I sacrifice all Glory  
To the Rinaldo of my Story:  
I've sung his health and appetite  
(The last word's not translated right —  
He's turned it, God knows how, to *vigour*)<sup>100</sup>  
I'll sing them in a book that's bigger.  
Oh! Muse prepare for thy Ascension!  
And generous Rizzo! thou my pension.

*February, 1818.*

*[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray,  
now for the first time printed.]*

---

<sup>100</sup> [See the last line of the Italian translation of the quatrain.]



# TO MR. MURRAY

## 1

Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times,<sup>101</sup>  
Patron and publisher of rhymes,  
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,  
My Murray.

## 2

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

---

<sup>101</sup> [William Strahan (1715-1785) published Johnson's *Dictionary*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Cook's *Voyages*, etc. He was great-grandfather of the mathematician William Spottiswoode (1825-1883). Jacob Tonson (1656? -1736) published for Otway, Dryden, Addison, etc. He was secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, 1700. He was the publisher (1712, etc.) of the *Spectator*. Barnaby Bernard Lintot (1675-1736) was at one time (1718) in partnership with Tonson. He published Pope's *Iliad* in 1715, and the *Odyssey*, 1725-26.]

### 3

Upon thy table's baize so green  
The last new Quarterly is seen, —  
But where is thy new Magazine,<sup>102</sup>  
My Murray?

### 4

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine  
The works thou deemest most divine —  
The Art of Cookery,<sup>103</sup> and mine,  
My Murray.

### 5

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,

---

<sup>102</sup> [See note 2, [p. 51](#).]

<sup>103</sup> [Mrs. Rundell's *Domestic Cookery*, published in 1806, was one of Murray's most successful books. In 1822 he purchased the copyright from Mrs. Rundell for £2000 (see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 375; and *Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, ii. 124).]

And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist;  
And then thou hast the *Navy List*,  
My Murray.

## 6

And Heaven forbid I should conclude,  
Without "the Board of Longitude,"<sup>104</sup>  
Although this narrow paper would,  
My Murray.

*Venice, April 11, 1818.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 171.]*

---

<sup>104</sup> [The sixth edition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1813) was "printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars, for John Murray, Bookseller to the Admiralty, and the Board of Longitude." Medwin (*Conversations*, 1824, p. 259) attributes to Byron a statement that Murray had to choose between continuing to be his publisher and printing the "Navy Lists," and "that there was no hesitation which way he should decide: the Admiralty carried the day." In his "Notes" to the *Conversations* (November 2, 1824) Murray characterized "the passage about the Admiralty" as "unfounded in fact, and no otherwise deserving of notice than to mark its absurdity."]

**BALLAD.  
TO THE TUNE OF  
"SALLEY IN OUR ALLEY."**

**1**

Of all the twice ten thousand bards  
That ever penned a canto,  
Whom Pudding or whom Praise rewards  
For lining a portmanteau;  
Of all the poets ever known,  
From Grub-street to Fop's Alley,<sup>105</sup>  
The Muse may boast – the World must own  
There's none like pretty Gally!<sup>106</sup>

**2**

He writes as well as any Miss,  
Has published many a poem;

---

<sup>105</sup> [For Fop's Alley, see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 410, note 2.]

<sup>106</sup> [H. Gally Knight (1786-1846) was at Cambridge with Byron.]

The shame is yours, the gain is his,  
In case you should not know 'em:  
He has ten thousand pounds a year —  
I do not mean to vally —  
His songs at sixpence would be dear,  
So give them gratis, Gaily!

### 3

And if this statement should seem queer,  
Or set down in a hurry,  
Go, ask (if he will be sincere)  
His bookseller – John Murray.  
Come, say, how many have been sold,  
And don't stand shilly-shally,  
Of bound and lettered, red and gold,  
Well printed works of Gally.

### 4

For Astley's circus Upton<sup>107</sup> writes,

---

<sup>107</sup> [William Upton was the author of *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1788, and of the *Words of the most Favourite Songs, Duets, etc.*, sung at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, etc. In the dedication to Mrs. Astley he speaks of himself as

And also for the Surry; (*sic*)  
Fitzgerald weekly still recites,  
Though grinning Critics worry:  
Miss Holford's Peg, and Sotheby's Saul,  
In fame exactly tally;  
From Stationer's Hall to Grocer's Stall  
They go – and so does Gally.

## 5

He rode upon a Camel's hump<sup>108</sup>  
Through Araby the sandy,  
Which surely must have hurt the rump  
Of this poetic dandy.  
His rhymes are of the costive kind,  
And barren as each valley  
In deserts which he left behind  
Has been the Muse of Gally.

---

the author of the *Black Cattle*, *Fair Rosamond*, etc. He has also been credited with the words of James Hook's famous song, *A Lass of Richmond Hill*, but this has been disputed. (See *Notes and Queries*, 1878, Series V. vol. ix. p. 495.)]

<sup>108</sup> [Compare — "Th' unloaded camel, pacing slow. Crops the rough herbage or the tamarisk spray." *Alashtar* (by H. G. Knight), 1817, Canto I, stanza viii, lines 5, 6.]

## 6

He has a Seat in Parliament,  
Is fat and passing wealthy;  
And surely he should be content  
With these and being healthy:  
But Great Ambition will misrule  
Men at all risks to sally, —  
Now makes a poet – now a fool,  
And *we* know *which*– of Gally.

## 7

Some in the playhouse like to row,  
Some with the Watch to battle,  
Exchanging many a midnight blow  
To Music of the Rattle.  
Some folks like rowing on the Thames,  
Some rowing in an Alley,  
But all the Row my fancy claims  
Is *rowing*– of my *Gally*.

*April 11, 1818.*<sup>109</sup>

---

<sup>109</sup> [From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed. For stanzas 3, 4, 6, see *Letters*, 1900, iv. 219, 220. For stanzas 1, 2, 3 of "Another Simple Ballad. To the tune of Tally i.o. the Grinder" (probably a variant of Dibdin's song, "The Grinders, or more Grist to the Mill"), *vide ibid.*, pp. 220, 221.]



# ANOTHER SIMPLE BALLAD

## 1

Mrs. Wilmot sate scribbling a play,  
Mr. Sotheby sate sweating behind her;  
But what are all these to the Lay  
Of Gally i.o. the Grinder?  
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

## 2

I bought me some books tother day,  
And sent them down stairs to the binder;  
But the Pastry Cook carried away  
My Gally i.o. the Grinder.  
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

## 3

I wanted to kindle my taper,  
And called to the Maid to remind her;  
And what should she bring me for paper  
But Gally i.o. the Grinder.  
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

## 4

Among my researches for Ease  
I went where one's certain to find her:  
The first thing by her throne that one sees  
Is Gally i.o. the Grinder.  
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

## 5

Away with old Homer the blind —  
I'll show you a poet that's blinder:  
You may see him whene'er you've a mind  
In Gally i.o. the Grinder.  
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

## 6

Blindfold he runs groping for fame,  
And hardly knows where he will find her:  
She don't seem to take to the name  
Of Gally i.o. the Grinder.  
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

## 7

Yet the Critics have been very kind,  
And Mamma and his friends have been kinder;  
But the greatest of Glory's behind  
For Gally i.o. the Grinder.  
Gally i.o. i.o., etc.

*April 11, 1818.*

*[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray,  
now for the first time printed.]*

**EPIGRAM.  
FROM THE FRENCH  
OF RULHIÈRES.<sup>110</sup>**

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 damned ugly.

*August 12, 1819.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 235.]*

---

<sup>110</sup> ["Would you like an epigram – a translation? It was written on some Frenchwoman, by Rulhières, I believe." – Letter to Murray, August 12, 1819, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 346. Claude Carloman de Rulhière (1718-1791), historian, poet, and epigrammatist, was the author of *Anecdotes sur la revolution de Russie en l'anneé 1762*, *Histoire de l'anarchie de Pologne* (1807), etc. His epigrams are included in "Poésies Diverses," which are appended to *Les jeux de Mains*, a poem in three cantos, published in 1808, and were collected in his *Oeuvres Posthumes*, 1819; but there is no trace of the original of Byron's translation. Perhaps it is *after* de Rulhière, who more than once epigrammatizes "Une Vieille Femme."]

# EPILOGUE.<sup>111</sup>

## 1

There's something in a stupid ass,  
And something in a heavy dunce;  
But never since I went to school  
I heard or saw so damned a fool  
As William Wordsworth is for once.

## 2

---

<sup>111</sup> [The MS. of the "Epilogue" is inscribed on the margin of a copy of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, inserted in a set of Byron's *Works* presented by George W. Childs to the Drexel Institute. (From information kindly supplied by Mr. John H. Bewley, of Buffalo, New York.) The first edition of *Peter Bell* appeared early in 1819, and a second edition followed in May, 1819. In Byron's Dedication of *Marino Faliero*, "To Baron Goethe," dated October 20, 1820 (*Poetical Works*, 1891, iv. 341), the same allusions to Sir George Beaumont, to Wordsworth's "place in the Excise," and to his admission that *Peter Bell* had been withheld "for one and twenty years," occur in an omitted paragraph first published, *Letters*, 1891, v. 101. So close a correspondence of an unpublished fragment with a genuine document leaves little doubt as to the composition of the "Epilogue."]

And now I've seen so great a fool  
As William Wordsworth is for once;  
I really wish that Peter Bell  
And he who wrote it were in hell,  
For writing nonsense for the nonce.

### 3

It saw the "light in ninety-eight,"  
Sweet babe of one and twenty years!<sup>112</sup>  
And then he gives it to the nation  
And deems himself of Shakespeare's peers!

### 4

He gives the perfect work to light!  
Will Wordsworth, if I might advise,  
Content you with the praise you get  
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,  
And with your place in the Excise!

---

<sup>112</sup> [The missing line may be, "To *permanently* fill a station," see Preface to *Peter Bell*.]

1819.

*[First published, Philadelphia Record, December 28, 1891.]*

# 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*.<sup>113</sup>

*January 2, 1820.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 294.]*

---

<sup>113</sup> [Medwin (*Conversations*, 1824, p. 156) prints an alternative — "You may wish me returns of the season, Let us, prithee, have none of the day!"]



# EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT

With Death doomed to grapple,  
Beneath this cold slab, he  
Who lied in the Chapel  
Now lies in the Abbey.

*January 2, 1820.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 295.]*

# EPIGRAM

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,  
Will. Cobbett<sup>114</sup> has done well:  
You visit him on Earth again,  
He'll visit you in Hell.

OR —

You come to him on Earth again  
He'll go with you to Hell!

*January 2, 1820.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 295.]*

---

<sup>114</sup> [Cobbett, by way of atonement for youthful vituperation (he called him "a ragamuffin deist") of Tom Paine, exhumed his bones from their first resting-place at New Rochelle, and brought them to Liverpool on his return to England in 1819. They were preserved by Cobbett at Normanby, Farnham, till his death in 1835, but were sold in consequence of his son's bankruptcy in 1836, and passed into the keeping of a Mr. Tilly, who was known to be their fortunate possessor as late as 1844. (See *Notes and Queries*, 1868, Series IV. vol. i. pp. 201-203.)]

# EPITAPH

Posterity will ne'er survey  
A nobler grave than this;  
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:  
Stop traveller,     \*     \*

*January 2, 1820.*

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1833, xvii. 246.]*

# 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!

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 494.]*

committed to Newgate in December, 1819, for certain passages in a pamphlet entitled, *A Trifling Mistake in Thomas Lord Erskine's recent Preface*, which were voted (December 10) a breach of privilege. He remained in prison till the dissolution on the king's death, February 20, 1820, when he stood and was returned for Westminster. Byron's Liberalism was intermittent, and he felt, or, as Hobhouse thought, pretended to feel, as a Whig and an aristocrat with regard to the free lances of the Radical party. The sole charge in this "filthy ballad," which annoyed Hobhouse, was that he had founded a Whig Club when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge. He assured Murray (see his letter, November, 1820, *Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix XI. pp. 498-500) that he was not the founder of the club, and that Byron himself was a member. "As for his Lordship's vulgar notions about the *mob*" he adds, "they are very fit for the Poet of the *Morning Post*, and for nobody else." There is no reason to suppose that Byron was in any way responsible for the version as sent to the *Morning Post*.] "MY BOY HOBBY O [Another Version.] To the Editor of the Morning Post Sir, – A copy of verses, to the tune of 'My boy Tammy,' are repeated in literary circles, and said to be written by a Noble Lord of the highest poetical fame, upon his quondam friend and annotator. My memory does not enable me to repeat more than the first two verses quite accurately, but the humourous spirit of the Song may be gathered from these: — 1 Why were you put in Lob's pond, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) For telling folks to pull the House By the ears into the Lobby O! 2 Who are your grand Reformers now, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) There's me and Burdett, – gentlemen, And Blackguards Hunt and Cobby O! 3 Have you no other friends but these, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) Yes, Southwark's Knight, 143 the County Byng, And in the City, Bobby O! 4 "How do you recreate yourselves, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) We spout with tavern Radicals, And drink with them hob-nobby O! 5 "What purpose can such folly work, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) It gives our partisans a chance Watches to twitch from fob-by O! 6 "Have they no higher game in view, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) Oh yes; to stir the people up, And then to head the mob-by O. 7 "But sure they'll at their ruin pause, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) No! they'd see King and Parliament Both d – d without a sob-by O! 8 But, if they fail, they'll be hanged up, My boy, Hobby O? (bis) Why, then, they'll swing, like better men, And that will end the job-by O! Philo-Radicl. "April 15, 1820."

<sup>143</sup> "Southwark's Knight" was General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson (1777-1849), who was returned for Southwark in 1818, and again in 1820; "County Byng" was George Byng, M.P. for Middlesex; and "Bobby" was Sir Robert Waithman (1764-1833), who represented the City of London in 1818, but lost his seat to Sir William Curtis in 1820. All these were advanced Liberals, and, as such, Parliamentary friends of Hobhouse.

# MY BOY HOBBIE O.<sup>115143</sup>

New Song to the tune of

"Whare hae ye been a' day,  
My boy Tammy O!  
Courting o' a young thing  
Just come frae her Mammie O."

## 1

How came you in Hob's pound to cool,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
Because I bade the people pull  
The House into the Lobby O.

## 2

What did the House upon this call,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
They voted me to Newgate all,  
Which is an awkward Jobby O.

### 3

Who are now the people's men,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
There's I and Burdett – Gentlemen  
And blackguard Hunt and Cobby O.

### 4

You hate the house —*why* canvass, then?  
My boy Hobbie O?  
Because I would reform the den  
As member for the Mobby O.

### 5

Wherefore do you hate the Whigs,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
Because they want to run their rigs,  
As under Walpole Bobby O.

## 6

But when we at Cambridge were  
My boy Hobbie O,  
If my memory don't err  
You founded a Whig Clubbie O.

## 7

When to the mob you make a speech,  
My boy Hobbie O,  
How do you keep without their reach  
The watch within your fobby O?

## 8

But never mind such petty things,  
My boy Hobbie O;  
God save the people – damn all Kings,  
So let us Crown the Mobby O!



Yours truly,  
(Signed) *Infidus Scurra*

*March 23d, 1820.*

*[First published Murray's Magazine, March, 1887, vol. i. pp. 292,  
293.]*

# LINES ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO MR. HOBHOUSE ON HIS ELECTION FOR WESTMINSTER.<sup>116</sup>

Would you go to the house by the true gate,  
Much faster than ever Whig Charley went;  
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,  
And Newgate will send you to Parliament.

*April 9, 1820.*

*[First published, Miscellaneous Poems, printed for J. Bumpus, 1824.]*

---

<sup>116</sup> ["I send you 'a Song of Triumph,' by W. Botherby, Esqre price sixpence, on the election of J. C. H., Esqre., for Westminster (*not* for publication)."] – Letter to Murray, April 9, 1820, *Letters*, 1901, v. 6.]

# A VOLUME OF NONSENSE

Dear Murray, —

You ask for a "*Volume of Nonsense*,"

Have all of your authors exhausted their store?

I thought you had published a good deal not long since.

And doubtless the Squadron are ready with more.

But on looking again, I perceive that the Species

Of "Nonsense" you want must be purely "*facetious*;"

And, as that is the case, you had best put to press

Mr. Sotheby's tragedies now in M.S.,

Some Syrian Sally

From common-place Gally,

Or, if you prefer the bookmaking of women,

Take a spick and span "Sketch" of your feminine *He-Man*.<sup>117</sup>

Sept. 28, 1820.

[First published, *Letters*, 1900, v. 83.]

---

<sup>117</sup> [For Felicia Dorothea Browne (1793-1835), married in 1812 to Captain Hemans, see *Letters*, iii. 368, note 2. In the letter which contains these verses he writes, "I do not despise Mrs. Heman; but if she knit blue stockings instead of wearing them it would be better." Elsewhere he does despise her: "No more *modern* poesy, I pray, neither Mrs. Hewoman's nor any female or male Tadpole of poet Wordsworth's." —*Ibid.*, v. 64.]

## STANZAS.<sup>118</sup>

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 knocked 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 hanged, you'll get knighted.

*November 5, 1820.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 377.]*

---

<sup>118</sup> [The lines were sent in a letter to Moore (November 5, 1820) by way of *Autoepitaphium*, "if 'honour should come unlooked for' to any of your acquaintance;" i.e. if Byron should fall in the cause of Italian revolution, and Moore should not think him worthy of commemoration, here was a threnody "ready at hand."]

**TO PENELOPE.<sup>119</sup>**  
**January 2, 1821**

This day, of all our days, has done  
The worst for me and you: —  
'T is just *six* years since we were *one*,  
And *five* since we were *two*.

*November 5, 1820.*

*[First published, Medwin's Conversations, 1824, p. 106.]*

---

<sup>119</sup> ["For the anniversary of January 2, 1821, I have a small grateful anticipation, which, in case of accident, I add." – Letter to Moore, November 5, 1820, *Letters*, 1891, v. 112.]

## THE CHARITY BALL.<sup>120</sup>

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 patronises 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!"

*December 10, 1820.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 540.]*

---

<sup>120</sup> [Written on seeing the following paragraph in a newspaper: "Lady Byron is this year the lady patroness at the annual Charity Ball, given at the Town Hall, at Hinckley, Leicestershire..." —*Life*, p. 535. Moore adds that "these verses [of which he only prints two stanzas] are full of strong and indignant feeling, – every stanza concluding pointedly with the words 'Charity Ball.'"]

# EPIGRAM ON THE BRAZIERS' ADDRESS TO BE PRESENTED IN *ARMOUR* BY THE COMPANY TO QUEEN CAROLINE.<sup>121</sup>

It seems that the Braziers propose soon to pass

---

<sup>121</sup> [The allusion is explained in Rivington's *Annual Register*, October 30, 1820 (vol. lxii. pp. 114, 115) — "ADDRESSES TO THE QUEEN." ... The most splendid exhibition of the day was that of the brass-founders and braziers. The procession was headed by a man dressed in a suit of burnished plate armour of brass, and mounted on a handsome black horse, the reins being held by pages ... wearing brass helmets... A man in a complete suite of brass armour ... was followed by two persons, bearing on a cushion a most magnificent imitation of the imperial Crown of England. A small number of the deputation of brass-founders were admitted to the presence of her Majesty, and one of the persons in armour advanced to the throne, and bending on one knee, presented the address, which was enclosed in a brass case of excellent workmanship." — See *Letters*, 1901, v. 219, 220, note 2. In a postscript to a letter to Murray, dated January 19, 1821, he writes, "I sent you a line or two on the Braziers' Company last week, *not* for publication. The lines were even worthy 'Of — dsworth the great metaquizzical poet, A man of great merit amongst those who know it, Of whose works, as I told Moore last autumn at Mestri I owe all I know to my passion for Pastry.'" He adds, in a footnote, "*Mestri* and *Fusina* are the ferry trajects to Venice: I believe, however, that it was at Fusina that Moore and I embarked in 1819, when Thomas came to Venice, like Coleridge's Spring, 'slowly up this way.'" Again, in a letter to Moore, dated January 22, 1821, he encloses slightly different versions of both epigrams, and it is worth noting that the first line of the pendant epigram has been bowdlerized, and runs thus — "Of Wordsworth the grand metaquizzical poet." — *Letters*, 1901, v. 226, 230.]

An Address and to bear 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.

Or —

The Braziers, it seems, are determined to pass  
An Address, and present it themselves all in brass: —  
A superfluous {pageant/trouble} for, by the Lord Harry!  
They'll find, where they're going, much more than they carry.

*January 6, 1821.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 442.]*



# ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY. JANUARY 22, 1821.<sup>122</sup>

Through Life's dull road, so dim and dirty,  
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.  
What have these years left to me?  
Nothing – except thirty-three.

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 414.]*

---

<sup>122</sup> ["To-morrow is my birthday – that is to say, at twelve o' the clock, midnight; *i. e.* in twelve minutes I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!! and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose. \* \* \* It is three minutes past twelve – 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,' and I am now thirty-three! —'Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, Labuntur anni;' —but I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I might have done." — Extracts from a Diary, January 21, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 182. In a letter to Moore, dated January 22, 1821, he gives another version — "Through Life's road, so dim and dirty, I have dragged to three-and-thirty. What have these years left to me? Nothing – except thirty-three." *Ibid.*, p. 229.]

# MARTIAL, Lib. I. Epig. I

*"Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,  
Toto notus in orbe Martialis," etc.*

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

*[N.D.? 1821.]*

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1833, xvii. 245]*

# BOWLES AND CAMPBELL

*To the air of "How now, Madam Flirt," in the  
Beggar's Opera.*<sup>123</sup>

## BOWLES

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

---

<sup>123</sup> [Compare the Beggar's Opera, act ii. sc. 2 —Air, "Good morrow, Gossip Joan." "Polly. Why, how now, Madam Flirt? If you thus must chatter, And are for flinging dirt, Let's try who best can spatter, Madam Flirt!" Lucy. Why, how now, saucy jade? Sure the wench is tipsy! How can you see me made The scoff of such a gipsy? [To him.] Saucy jade!" [To her.] Bowles replied to Campbell's Introductory Essay to his *Specimens of the English Poets*, 7 vols., 1819, by *The Invariable Principles of Poetry*, in a letter addressed to Thomas Campbell. For Byron's two essays, the "Letter to . . . [John Murray]" and "Observations upon Observations," see *Letters*, 1901, v. Appendix III. pp. 536-592.]

## CAMPBELL

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

*February 22, 1821.*

*[First published, The Liberal, 1823, No. II. p. 398.]*

# ELEGY

Behold the blessings of a lucky lot!  
My play is *damned*, and Lady Noel *not*.

*May 25, 1821.*

*[First published, Medwin's Conversations, 1824, p. 121.]*

# JOHN KEATS.<sup>124</sup>

Who killed John Keats?

"I," says the Quarterly,  
So savage and Tartarly;  
"T was one of my feats."

Who shot the arrow?

"The poet-priest Milman  
(So ready to kill man)  
"Or Southey, or Barrow."

*July 30, 1821.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 506.]*

---

<sup>124</sup> [For Croker's "article" on Keats's *Endymion* (*Quarterly Review*, April, 1818, vol. xix. pp. 204-208), see *Don Juan*, Canto XI. stanza lx. line 1, *Poetical Works*, 1902, vi. 445, note 4.]

# FROM THE FRENCH

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

*Aug. 2, 1821.*

*[First published, The Liberal, 1823, No. II. p. 396.]*

# TO MR. MURRAY

## 1

For Orford<sup>125</sup> and for Waldegrave<sup>126</sup>  
You give much more than me you *gave*;  
Which is not fairly to behave,  
My Murray!

## 2

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

---

<sup>125</sup> [Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Last Nine Years of the Reign of George II.* ]

<sup>126</sup> [*Memoirs* by James Earl Waldegrave, Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales.]



### 3

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

### 4

But now this sheet is nearly crammed,  
So, if *you will*, I shan't be shammed,  
And if you *won't*, —*you* may be damned,  
My Murray!<sup>127</sup>

*August 23, 1821.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 517.]*

---

<sup>127</sup> ["Can't accept your courteous offer [*i. e.* £2000 for three cantos of *Don Juan*, *Sardanapalus*, and *The Two Foscari*.] These matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. He is my trustee, and a man of honour. To him you can state all your mercantile reasons, which you might not like to state to me personally, such as 'heavy season' – 'flat public' – 'don't go off' – 'lordship writes too much' – 'won't take advice' – 'declining popularity' – 'deductions for the trade' – 'make very little' – 'generally lose by him' – 'pirated edition' – 'foreign edition' – 'severe criticisms,' etc., with other hints and howls for an oration, which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to answer." – Letter to Murray, August 23, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 348.]

## [NAPOLEON'S SNUFF-BOX.]<sup>128</sup>

Lady, accept the box a hero wore,  
In spite of all this elegiac stuff:  
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore,  
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff!

1821.

[*First published, Conversations of Lord Byron, 1824, p. 235.*]

---

<sup>128</sup> [Napoleon bequeathed to Lady Holland a snuff-box which had been given to him by the Pope for his clemency in sparing Rome. Lord Carlisle wrote eight (not seven) stanzas, urging her, as Byron told Medwin, to decline the gift, "for fear that horror and murder should jump out of the lid every time it is opened." —*Conversations*, 1824, p. 362. The first stanza of Lord Carlyle's verses, which *teste* Medwin, Byron parodied, runs thus — "Lady, reject the gift! 'tis tinged with gore! Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate; It has been grasp'd by an infernal Power; And by that hand which seal'd young Enghien's fate." The snuff-box is now in the jewel-room in the British Museum.]

# THE NEW VICAR OF BRAY

## 1

Do you know Doctor Nott?<sup>129</sup>  
With "a crook in his lot,"  
Who seven years since tried to dish up  
A neat Codicil  
To the Princess's Will,<sup>130</sup>

---

<sup>129</sup> [George Frederick Nott (1767-1841), critic and divine, was Rector of Harrietsham and Woodchurch, a Prebendary of Winchester and of Salisbury. He was Bampton Lecturer in 1802, and, soon afterwards, was appointed sub-preceptor to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. He was a connoisseur of architecture and painting, and passed much of his time in Italy and at Rome. When he was at Pisa he preached in a private room in the basement story of the house in Pisa where Shelley was living, and fell under Byron's displeasure for attacking the Satanic school, and denouncing *Cain* as a blasphemous production. "The parsons," he told Moore (letter, February 20, 1820), "preached at it [*Cain*] from Kentish Town to Pisa." Hence the apostrophe to Dr. Nott. (See *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, by E. T. Trelawny, 1887, pp. 302, 303.)]

<sup>130</sup> [According to Lady Anne Hamilton (*Secret History of the Court of England*, 1832, i. 198-207), the Princess Charlotte incurred the suspicion and displeasure of her uncles and her grandmother, the Queen, by displaying an ardent and undue interest in her sub-preceptor. On being reproved by the Queen for "condescending to favour persons in low life with confidence or particular respect, persons likely to take advantage of your simplicity and innocence," and having learnt that "persons" meant Mr. Nott, she replied by threatening to sign a will in favour of her sub-preceptor, and by actually

Which made Dr. Nott *not* a bishop.

2

So the Doctor being found  
A little unsound  
In his doctrine, at least as a teacher,  
And kicked from one stool  
As a knave or a fool,  
He mounted another as preacher.

3

In that Gown (like the Skin  
With no Lion within)  
He still for the Bench would be driving;  
And roareth away,  
A new Vicar of *Bray*,  
Except that *his bray* lost his living.

---

making over to him by a deed her library, jewels, and all other private property. Lady Anne Hamilton is not an accurate or trustworthy authority, but her extremely circumstantial narrative was, no doubt, an expansion of the contemporary scandal to which Byron's lampoon gave currency.]

## 4

"Gainst Freethinkers," he roars,  
"You should all block your doors  
Or be named in the Devil's indentures:"  
And here I agree,  
For who e'er would be  
A Guest where old Simony enters?

## 5

Let the Priest, who beguiled  
His own Sovereign's child  
To his own dirty views of promotion,  
Wear his Sheep's cloathing still  
Among flocks to his will,  
And dishonour the Cause of devotion.

## 6

The Altar and Throne

Are in danger alone  
From such as himself, who would render  
The Altar itself  
But a step up to Pelf,  
And pray God to pay his defender.

## 7

But, Doctor, one word  
Which perhaps you have heard  
"He should never throw stones who has windows  
Of Glass to be broken,  
And by this same token  
As a sinner, you can't care what Sin does.

## 8

But perhaps you do well:  
Your own windows, they tell,  
Have long ago suffered censure;  
Not a fragment remains  
Of your character's panes,  
Since the Regent refused you a glazier.

Though your visions of lawn  
Have all been withdrawn,  
And you missed your bold stroke for a mitre;  
In a very snug way  
You may still preach and pray,  
And from bishop sink into backbiter!"

*[First published, Works (Galignani), 1831, p. 116.]*

# LUCIETTA. A FRAGMENT

Lucietta, my deary,  
That fairest of faces!  
Is made up of kisses;  
But, in love, oft the case is  
Even stranger than this is —  
There's another, that's slyer,  
Who touches me nigher, —  
A Witch, an intriguer,  
Whose manner and figure  
Now piques me, excites me,  
Torments and delights me —  
*Cætera desunt.*

*[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed.]*



# EPIGRAMS

Oh, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;  
Cato died for his country, so did'st thou:  
He perished rather than see Rome enslaved,  
Thou cut'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.

?August, 1822.

[First published, *The Liberal*, No. I. October 18, 1822, p. 164.]

## THE CONQUEST.<sup>131</sup>

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 fanned alone by Victory's fleeting wing,  
He reared his bold and brilliant throne on high;  
The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,  
And Britain's bravest Victor was the last.

*March 8-9, 1823.*

*[First published, Lord Byron's Works, 1833, xvii. 246.]*

---

<sup>131</sup> [This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers, after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

## IMPROMPTU.<sup>132</sup>

Beneath Blessington's eyes  
The reclaimed Paradise  
Should be free as the former from evil;  
But if the new Eve  
For an Apple should grieve,  
What mortal would not play the Devil?

*April, 1823.*

*[First published, Letters and Journals, 1830, ii. 635.]*

---

<sup>132</sup> [With the view of inducing these friends [Lord and Lady Blessington] to prolong their stay at Genoa, he suggested their taking a pretty villa, called "Il Paradiso," in the neighbourhood of his own, and accompanied them to look at it. Upon that occasion it was that, on the lady expressing some intention of residing there, he produced the following impromptu. —*Life*, 577.]

# JOURNAL IN CEPHALONIA

The dead have been awakened – shall I sleep?  
The World's at war with tyrants – shall I crouch?  
The harvest's ripe – and shall I pause to reap?  
I slumber not; the thorn is in my Couch;  
Each day a trumpet soundeth in mine ear,  
Its echo in my heart —

*June 19, 1823.*

*[First published, Letters, 1901, vi. 238.]*

# SONG TO THE SULIOTES

## 1

Up to battle! Sons of Suli  
Up, and do your duty duly!  
There the wall – and there the Moat is:  
Bouwah!<sup>133</sup> Bouwah! Suliotes!  
There is booty – there is Beauty,  
Up my boys and do your duty.

## 2

By the sally and the rally  
Which defied the arms of Ali;  
By your own dear native Highlands,  
By your children in the islands,  
Up and charge, my Stratiotes,  
Bouwah! – Bouwah! – Suliotes!

---

<sup>133</sup> "Bouwah!" is their war-cry.

As our ploughshare is the Sabre:  
Here's the harvest of our labour;  
For behind those battered breaches  
Are our foes with all their riches:  
There is Glory – there is plunder —  
Then away despite of thunder!

*[From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed.]*

# [LOVE AND DEATH.]

## 1

I watched thee when the foe was at our side,  
Ready to strike at him – or thee and me.  
Were safety hopeless – rather than divide  
Aught with one loved save love and liberty.

## 2

I watched thee on the breakers, when the rock  
Received our prow and all was storm and fear,  
And bade thee cling to me through every shock;  
This arm would be thy bark, or breast thy bier.

## 3

I watched thee when the fever glazed thine eyes,  
Yielding my couch and stretched me on the ground,

When overworn with watching, ne'er to rise  
From thence if thou an early grave hadst found.

4

The earthquake came, and rocked the quivering wall,  
And men and nature reeled as if with wine.  
Whom did I seek around the tottering hall?  
For thee. Whose safety first provide for? Thine.

5

And when convulsive throes denied my breath  
The faintest utterance to my fading thought,  
To thee – to thee – e'en in the gasp of death  
My spirit turned, oh! oftener than it ought.

6

Thus much and more; and yet thou lov'st me not,  
And never wilt! Love dwells not in our will.



Nor can I blame thee, though it be my lot  
To strongly, wrongly, vainly love thee still.<sup>134</sup>

*[First published, Murray's Magazine, February, 1887, vol. i. pp. 145, 146.]*

---

<sup>134</sup> ["The last he ever wrote. From a rough copy found amongst his papers at the back of the 'Song of Suli.' Copied November, 1824. – John C. Hobhouse." "A note, attached to the verses by Lord Byron, states they were addressed to no one in particular, and were a mere poetical Scherzo. – J. C. H."]

# LAST WORDS ON GREECE

What are to me those honours or renown  
Past or to come, a new-born people's cry?  
Albeit for such I could despise a crown  
Of aught save laurel, or for such could die.  
I am a fool of passion, and a frown  
Of thine to me is as an adder's eye.  
To the poor bird whose pinion fluttering down  
Wafts unto death the breast it bore so high;  
Such is this maddening fascination grown,  
So strong thy magic or so weak am I.

*[First published, Murray's Magazine, February, 1887, vol. i. p. 146.]*

# ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.<sup>135</sup>

## 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!

---

<sup>135</sup> ["This morning Lord Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some friends were assembled, and said with a smile – 'You were complaining, the other day, that I never write any poetry now: – this is my birthday, and I have just finished something, which, I think, is better than what I usually write.' He then produced these noble and affecting verses, which were afterwards found written in his journals, with only the following introduction: 'Jan. 22; on this day I complete my 36th year.'" —*A Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece*, 1825, p. 125, by Count Gamba. In the *Morning Chronicle*, October 29, 1824, the lines are headed, "Lord Byron's Latest Verses," and are prefaced by the following note: "We have been indebted to a friend for the following immortal verses, the last he ever composed. Four of the lines have already appeared in an article in the *Westminster Review*" ("Lord Byron in Greece," July, 1824, vol. ii. p. 227).]

## 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<sup>136</sup> 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.

---

<sup>136</sup> *Is like to-* . — [M.C.]

## 5

But 't is not *thus*— and 't is not *here*—<sup>137</sup>  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now  
Where Glory decks the hero's bier,<sup>138</sup>  
Or binds his brow.

## 6

The Sword, the Banner, and the Field,<sup>139</sup>  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,<sup>140</sup>  
Was not more free.

---

<sup>137</sup> — *it is not here.* — [M.C.]

<sup>138</sup> — *seals the hero's bier.* — [M.C.]

<sup>139</sup> *The steed — the Banner — and the Field.* — [MS. B.M.]

<sup>140</sup> I. [The slain were borne on their shields. Witness the Spartan mother's speech to her son, delivered with his buckler: "either *with* this *or on* this" (B.M. Addit. MS. 31,038).]

## 7

Awake! (not Greece – she *is* awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,<sup>141</sup>  
And then strike home!

## 8

Tread those reviving passions down,<sup>142</sup>  
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

---

<sup>141</sup> *My life-blood tastes– . – [M.C.]*

<sup>142</sup> *I tread reviving– . – [M.C.]*

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.

*Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.*

*[First published, Morning Chronicle, October 29, 1824.]*