

# **THE GIAOUR. A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.**

George Gordon, Lord Byron

## Table of Contents

<u>THE GIAOUR. A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.....</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>George Gordon, Lord Byron.....</u>	<u>1</u>

# THE GIAOUR. A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

George Gordon, Lord Byron

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.

<http://www.blackmask.com>

---

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

---

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION  
FOR HIS GENIUS,  
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,  
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,  
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED  
BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

LONDON, May 1812

ADVERTISEMENT.

The tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR.

---

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,  
High o'er the land he saved in vain;

When shall such hero live again?

. . . . .

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the Eastern wave:  
And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the odours there!  
For there the Rose o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,  
The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale;  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
Far from the winters of the West,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given  
In softest incense back to heaven;  
And grateful yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that love might share,  
And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar  
Is heard, and seen the evening star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turn to groans his roundelay.  
Strange that where Nature loved to trace,  
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,  
And every charm and grace hath mix'd  
Within the paradise she fix'd,  
There man, enamour'd of distress,  
Should mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one laborious hour;  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To bloom along the fairy land,

But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him but to spare.  
Strange that where all is peace beside,  
There passion riots in her pride,

And lust and rapine wildly reign  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the fiends prevail'd  
Against the seraphs they assail'd,  
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
The freed inheritors of hell;  
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look by death reveal'd!  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away!  
Sparks of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

Clime of the unforgotten brave!

THE GIAOUR. A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

Whose land from plain to mountain—cave  
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:  
Say, is not this Thermopylae?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame:  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest its many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land!  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die!  
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,  
Each step from splendour to disgrace:  
Enough no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;  
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way  
To villain—bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?  
No legend of thine olden time,  
No theme on which the muse might soar,  
High as thine own in days of yore,  
When man was worthy of thy clime.  
The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
The fiery souls that might have led  
Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
Slaves nay, the bondsmen of a slave,  
And callous, save to crime;  
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes

Mankind, where least above the brutes;  
Without even savage virtue blest,  
Without one free or valiant breast.  
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft  
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;  
In this the subtle Greek is found,  
For this, and this alone, renown'd.  
In vain might Liberty invoke  
The spirit to its bondage broke,  
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:  
No more her sorrows I bewail,  
Yet this will be a mournful tale,  
And they who listen may believe,  
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

. . . . .

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,  
The shadows of the rocks advancing  
Start on the fisher's eye like boat  
Of island-pirate or Mainote;  
And fearful for his light caique,  
He shuns the near but doubtful creek:  
Though worn and weary with his toil,  
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,  
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,  
Till Port Leone's safer shore  
Receives him by the lovely light  
That best becomes an Eastern night.

. . . . .

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
With slacken'd bit and hoof and speed!  
Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
The cavern'd echoes wake around  
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;  
The foam that streaks the courser's side  
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:  
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
There's none within his rider's breast;  
And though to-morrow's tempest lours,  
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!  
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
But in thy lineaments I trace  
What time shall strengthen, not efface:  
Though young and pale, that sallow front  
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;  
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,  
As meteor-like thou glidest by,  
Right well I view and deem thee one  
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On on he hasten'd, and he drew  
My gaze of wonder as he flew:

Though like a demon of the night  
 He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight.  
 His aspect and his air impress'd  
 A troubled memory on my breast,  
 And long upon my startled ear  
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.  
 He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,  
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;  
 He winds around; he hurries by;  
 The rock relieves him from mine eye;  
 For well I ween unwelcome he  
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;  
 And not a star but shines too bright  
 On him who takes such timeless flight.  
 He wound along, but ere he pass'd  
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,  
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,  
 A moment breathed him from his speed,  
 A moment on his stirrup stood  
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood?  
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,  
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still,  
 Though too remote for sound to wake  
 In echoes of the far tophaike,  
 The flashes of each joyous peal  
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.  
 To-night, sets Rhamazani's sun;  
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;  
 To-night but who and what art thou  
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow?  
 And what are these to thine or thee,  
 That though shouldst either pause or flee?

He stood some dread was on his face,  
 Some Hatred settled in its place:  
 It rose not with the reddening flush  
 Of transient's Anger's hasty blush,  
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.  
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;  
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,  
 And sternly shook his hand on high,  
 As doubting to return or fly:  
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,  
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd  
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade;  
 That sound had burst his waking dream,  
 As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.  
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;  
 Away, away, for life he rides:  
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed

THE GIAOUR. A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

Springs to the touch his startled steed;  
The rock is doubled, and the shore  
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;  
The crag is won, no more is seen  
His Christian crest and haughty mien.  
'Twas but an instant he restrain'd  
That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;  
'Twas but a moment that he stood,  
Then sped as if by death pursued:  
But in that instant o'er his soul  
Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,  
And gather in that drop of time  
A life of pain, an age of crime.  
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moment pours the grief of years:  
What felt he then, at once oppress'd  
By all that most distracts the breast?  
That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,  
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!  
Though in Time's record nearly nought,  
It was Eternity to Thought!  
For infinite as boundless space  
The thought that Conscience must embrace,  
Which in itself can comprehend  
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;  
And did he fly or fall alone?  
Woe to that hour he came or went!  
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent  
To turn a palace to a tomb:  
He came he went, like the Simoom,  
That harbinger of fate and gloom,  
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath  
The very cypress droops to death  
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,  
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;  
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;  
The lonely Spider's thin gray pall  
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;  
The Bat builds in his Haram bower,  
And in the fortress of his power  
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;  
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,  
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;  
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.  
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
And chase the sultriness of day,

As springing high the silver dew  
 In whirls fantastically flew,  
 And flung luxurious coolness round  
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.  
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
 To view the wave of watery light,  
 And hear its melody by night.  
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd  
 Around the verge of that cascade;  
 And oft upon his mother's breast  
 That sound had harmonised his rest;  
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;  
 And softer seem'd each melting tone  
 Of Music mingled with its own.  
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
 Along the brink at Twilight's close:  
 The stream that fill'd that font is fled  
 The blood that warm'd his heart is shed!  
 And here no more shall human voice  
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.  
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale  
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail:  
 That quench'd in silence all is still,  
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:  
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
 No hand shall close its clasp again.  
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
 The rudest steps of fellow-man,  
 So here the very voice of Grief  
 Might wake an Echo like relief  
 At least 'twould say, "All are not gone;  
 There lingers Life, though but in one"  
 For many a gilded chamber's there,  
 Which Solitude might well forbear;  
 Within that dome as yet Decay  
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way  
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,  
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait:  
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,  
 For bounty cheers not his delay;  
 Nor there will weary stranger halt  
 To bless the sacred "bread and salt."  
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty  
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,  
 For Courtesy and Pity died  
 With Hassan on the mountain side.  
 His roof, that refuge unto men,  
 Is Desolation's hungry den.  
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,  
 Since his turban was cleft by the Infidel's sabre!

. . . . .

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

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

. . . . .

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

. . . . .

As rising on its purple wing  
The insect-queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

If won, to equal ills betray'd,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid:  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play, and man's caprice.  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Hath lost its charm by being caught,  
For every touch that woo'd its stay  
Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower;  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim  
Except an erring sister's shame.

. . . . .

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

. . . . .

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,  
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;  
The unwonted chase each hour employs,  
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.  
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.  
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?  
That tale can only Hassan tell:  
Strange rumours in our city say

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

. . . . .

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
 It will assist thy fancy well:  
 As large, as languishingly dark,  
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark  
 That darted from beneath the lid,  
 Bright as the jewel of Giamshid.  
 Yea, Soul, and should our Prophet say  
 That form was nought but breathing clay,  
 By Allah! I would answer nay;  
 Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
 With Paradise within my view,  
 And all his Houris beckoning through.  
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read  
 And keep that portion of his creed,  
 Which saith that woman is but dust,  
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?  
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the Immortal shone:  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new:  
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow,  
 When left to roll its folds below,

As midst her handmaids in the hall  
She stood superior to them all,  
Hath swept the marble where her feet  
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet,  
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
The cygnet nobly walks the water:  
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
The loveliest bird of Franguestan!  
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,  
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
When pass the steps of stranger man  
Along the banks that bound her tide;  
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:  
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check  
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze  
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise:  
Thus high and graceful was her gait;  
Her heart as tender to her mate;  
Her mate stern Hassan, who was he?  
Alas! That name was not for thee!

. . . . .

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

. . . . .

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,  
Draw blessings from the mountaineer;  
Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek  
In cities lodged too near his lord,  
And trembling for his secret hoard  
Here may he rest where none can see,  
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;

And with forbidden wine may stain  
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

. . . . .

They reach the grove of pine at last:  
"Bismillah! now the peril's past;  
For yonder view the opening plain,  
And there we'll prick our steeds amain:"  
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
A bullet whistled o'er his head;  
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!  
Scarce had they time to check the rein,  
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;  
But three shall never mount again:  
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,  
The dying ask revenge in vain.  
With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,  
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,  
Half shelter'd by the steed;  
Some fly behind the nearest rock,  
And there await the coming shock,  
Nor tamely stand to bleed  
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,  
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.  
Stern Hassan only from his horse  
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,  
Till fiery flashes in the van  
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan  
Have well secured the only way  
Could now avail the promised prey;  
Then curl'd his very beard with ire,  
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:  
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."  
And now the foe their covert quit,  
And call his vassals to submit;  
But Hassan's frown and furious word  
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,  
Nor of his little band a man  
Resign'd carbine or ataghan,  
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!  
In fuller sight, more near and near,  
The lately ambush'd foes appear,  
And issuing from the grove, advance  
Some who on battle-charger prance.  
Who leads them on with foreign brand,  
Far flashing on his red right hand?  
"'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;  
I know him by his pallid brow  
I know him by the evil eye  
That aids his envious treachery;  
I know him by his jet black barb:

Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,  
 Apostate from his own vile faith,  
 It shall not save him from the death:  
 'Tis he! well met in any hour,  
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!"  
 As rolls the river into ocean,  
 In sable torrent wildly streaming;  
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,  
 In azure column proudly gleaming,  
 Beats back the current many a rood,  
 In curling foam and mingling flood,  
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,  
 Roused by the blasts of winter, rave;  
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,  
 The lightnings of the waters flash  
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,  
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar;  
 Thus as the stream and ocean greet,  
 With waves that madden as they meet  
 Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,  
 And fate, and fury, drive along.  
 The bickering sabres' shivering jar;  
 And pealing wide or ringing near  
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,  
 The deathshot hissing from afar;  
 The shock the shout, the groan of war,  
 Reverberate along that vale  
 More suited to the shepherd's tale:  
 Though few the numbers theirs the strife,  
 That neither spares nor speaks for life!  
 Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,  
 To seize and share the dear caress;  
 But Love itself could never pant  
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant,  
 With half the fervor Hate bestows  
 Upon the last embrace of foes,  
 When grappling in the fight they fold  
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold  
 Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;  
 True foes, once met, are join'd till death!

. . . . .

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,  
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand  
 Which quivers round that faithless brand;  
 His turban far behind him roll'd,  
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;  
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,  
 And crimson as those clouds of morn  
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend  
 The day shall have a stormy end;

A stain on every bush that bore  
A fragment of his palampore,  
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
Fall'n Hassan lies his unclosed eye  
Yet louring on his enemy,  
As if the hour that seal'd his fate  
Surviving left his quenchless hate;  
And o'er him bends that foe, with brow  
As dark as his that bled below.

. . . . .  
"Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,  
But his shall be a redder grave;  
Her spirit pointed well the steel  
Which taught that felon heart to feel.  
He call'd the Prophet, but his power  
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:  
He call'd on Allah but the word  
Arose unheeded or unheard.  
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer  
Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?  
I watch'd my time, I leagued with these,  
The traitor in his turn to seize;  
My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,  
And now I go but go alone."

. . . . .  
The browsing camels' bells are tinkling.  
His Mother look'd from her lattice high  
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling  
The pasture green beneath her eye,  
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:  
"Tis twilight sure his train is nigh."  
She could not rest in the garden-bower,  
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:  
"Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;  
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?  
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?  
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now  
Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,  
And warily the steep descends,  
And now within the valley bends;  
And he bears the gift at his saddle-bow  
How could I deem his courser slow?  
Right well my largess shall repay  
His welcome speed, and weary way."  
The Tartar lighted at the gate,  
But scarce upheld his fainting weight.  
His swarthy visage spake distress,  
But this might be from weariness;  
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,

But these might be from his courser's side;  
 He drew the token from his vest  
 Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!  
 His calpac rent his caftan red  
 "Lady, a fearful bride thy son hath wed:  
 Me, not from mercy, did they spare,  
 But this empurpled pledge to bear.  
 Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:  
 Woe to the Giaour! for his guilt."

. . . . .

A turban carved in coarsest stone,  
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,  
 Whereon can now be scarcely read  
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,  
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell  
 A victim in that lonely dell.  
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie  
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;  
 As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,  
 Or pray'd with face towards the shrine.  
 In orisons resumed anew  
 At solemn sound of "Allah Hu!"  
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,  
 And stranger in his native land;  
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,  
 And unavenged, at least in blood.  
 But him the maids of Paradise  
 Impatient to their halls invite,  
 And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes  
 On him shall glance for ever bright;  
 They come their kerchiefs green they wave,  
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!  
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour  
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

. . . . .

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe  
 Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe;  
 And from its torment 'scape alone  
 To wander round lost Eblis' throne;  
 And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,  
 Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;  
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell  
 The tortures of that inward hell!  
 But first, on earth as Vampire sent,  
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:  
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
 And such the blood of all thy race:  
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
 At midnight drain the stream of life;  
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse:

Thy victims ere they yet expire  
 Shall know the demon for their sire,  
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.  
 But one that for thy crime must fall,  
 The youngest, most beloved of all,  
 Shall bless thee with a father's name  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,  
 And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;  
 Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear  
 The tresses of her yellow hair.  
 Of which in life a lock when shorn  
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn;  
 But now is born away by thee,  
 Memorial of thine agony!  
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip  
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;  
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,  
 Go and with Ghouls and Afrits rave;  
 Till these in horror shrink away  
 From spectre more accursed than they!

. . . . .

"How name ye yon lone Caloyer?  
 His features I have scann'd before  
 In mine own land: 'tis many a year,  
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore,  
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
 As ever served a horseman's need.  
 But once I saw that face, yet then  
 It was so mark'd with inward pain,  
 I could not pass it by again;  
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
 As death were stamp'd upon his brow."  
 "'Tis twice three years at summer tide  
 Since first among our frères he came;  
 And here it soothes him to abide  
 For some dark deed he will not name.  
 But never at our vesper prayer,  
 Nor e'er before confession chair  
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
 Incense or anthem to the skies,  
 But broods within his cell alone,  
 His faith and race alike unknown.  
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
 And here ascended from the coast;  
 Yet seems he not of Othman race,  
 But only Christian in his face:  
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,

Repentant of the change he made,  
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,  
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.  
 Great largess to these walls he brought,  
 And thus our abbot's favor bought;  
 But were I prior, not a day  
 Should brook such stranger's further stay,  
 Or pent within our penance cell  
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
 Much in his visions mutters he  
 Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea:  
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,  
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.  
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
 And rave as to some bloody hand,  
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,  
 Invisible to all but him,  
 Which beckons onward to his grave,  
 And lures to leap into the wave."

. . . . .

Dark and unearthly is the scowl  
 That glares beneath his dusty cowl:  
 The flash of that dilating eye  
 Reveals too much of time gone by;  
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,  
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue,  
 For in it lurks that nameless spell,  
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,  
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,  
 That claims and keeps ascendancy;  
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,  
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,  
 Will others quail beneath his look,  
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.  
 From him the half-affrighted Friar  
 When met alone would fain retire,  
 As if that eye and bitter smile  
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile:  
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,  
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see  
 That he but mocks at Misery.  
 How that pale lip will curl and quiver;  
 Then fix once more as if for ever;  
 As if his sorrow or disdain  
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.  
 Well were it so such ghastly mirth  
 From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.  
 But sadder still it were to trace  
 What once were feelings in that face;  
 Time hath not yet the features fix'd,  
 But brighter trains with evil mix'd;

And there are hues not always faded,  
 Which speak a mind not all degraded,  
 Even by the crimes through which it waded.  
 The common crowd but see the gloom  
 Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;  
 The close observer can espy  
 A noble soul, and lineage high:  
 Alas! though both bestow'd in vain,  
 Which Grief could change, and Grief could stain.  
 It was no vulgar tenement  
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,  
 And still with little less than dread  
 On such the sight is riveted.  
 The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,  
     Will scarce delay the passer by;  
 The tower by war or tempest bent,  
 While yet may frown one battlement,  
     Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;  
 Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,  
 Pleads haughtily for glories gone!  
 "His floating robe around him folding,  
     Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle;  
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding  
     The rites that sanctify the pile.  
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,  
 And kneel the monks, his steps retire;  
 By yonder lone and wavering torch  
 His aspect glares within the porch;  
 There will he pause till all is done  
 And hear the prayer, but utter none.  
 See by the half-illumined wall  
 His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,  
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,  
 As if the Gorgon there had bound  
 The sablest of the serpent-braid  
 That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd,  
 For he declines the convent oath,  
 And leaves those locks' unhallow'd growth,  
 But wears our garb in all beside;  
 And, not from piety but pride,  
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
 Of his one holy vow nor word.  
 Lo! mark ye, as the harmony  
 Peals louder praises to the sky,  
 That livid cheek, that stony air  
 Of mix'd defiance and despair!  
 Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!  
 Else may we dread the wrath divine  
 Made manifest by awful sign.  
 If ever evil angel bore  
 The form of mortal, such he wore:

By all my hope of sins forgiven,  
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"

To love the softest hearts are prone,  
But such can ne'er be all his own;  
Too timid in his woes to share,  
Too meek to meet, or brave despair:  
And sterner hearts alone may feel  
The wound that time can never heal.  
The rugged metal of the mine,  
Must burn before its surface shine,  
But plunged within the furnace-flame,  
It bends and melts though still the same;  
Then, temper'd to thy want, or will,  
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill:  
A breastplate for thine hour of need,  
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;  
But if a dagger's form it bear,  
Let those who shape its edge, beware!  
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,  
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;  
From these its form and tone are ta'en,  
And what they make it, must remain,  
But break before it bend again.

. . . . .

If solitude succeeds to grief,  
Release from pain is slight relief;  
The vacant bosom's wilderness  
Might thank the pang that made it less.  
We loathe what none are left to share:  
Even bliss 'twere woe alone to bear;  
The heart once left thus desolate  
Must fly at once for ease to hate.  
It is as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around them steal,  
And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,  
Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay!  
It is as if the desert-bird,  
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream  
To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,  
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,  
Should rend her rash devoted breast,  
And find them flown her empty nest.  
The keenest pangs the wretched find  
Are rapture to the dreary void,  
The leafless desert of the mind,  
The waste of feelings unemploy'd.  
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon  
A sky without a cloud or sun!

Less hideous far the tempest's roar  
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more  
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,  
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;  
 Better to sink beneath the shock  
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

. . . . .

"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,  
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer:  
 To bid the sins of others cease,  
 Thyself without a crime or care,  
 Save transient ills that all must bear,  
 Has been thy lot from youth to age;  
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage  
 Of passions fierce and uncontrol'd,  
 Such as thy penitents unfold,  
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest  
 Within thy pure and pitying breast.  
 My days, though few, have pass'd below  
 In much of joy, but more of woe;  
 Yet still, in hours of love or strife,  
 I've 'scaped the weariness of life:  
 Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,  
 I loathed the languor of repose.  
 Now nothing left to love or hate,  
 No more with hope or pride elate,  
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls  
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,  
 Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
 Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.  
 Yet, lurks a wish within my breast  
 For rest but not to feel 'tis rest.  
 Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil:  
 And I shall sleep without the dream  
 Of what I was, and would be still,  
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:  
 My memory now is but the tomb  
 Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:  
 Though better to have died with those  
 Than bear a life of lingering woes.  
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
 Of ancient fool and modern knave:  
 Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;  
 And in the field it had been sweet,  
 Had danger woo'd me on to move  
 The slave of glory, not of love.  
 I've braved it not for honour's boast:

I smile at laurels won or lost;  
 To such let others carve their way,  
 For high renown, or hireling pay:  
 But place again before my eyes  
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize;  
 The maid I love, the man I hate,  
 And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
 To save or slay, as these require,  
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire;  
 Nor need'st thou doubt this speed from one  
 Who would but do what he hath done.  
 Death is but what the haughty brave,  
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;  
 Then let Life go to Him who gave;  
 I have not quail'd to danger's brow  
 When high and happy need I now?

. . . . .

"I loved her, Friar! nay, adored  
 But these are words that all can use  
 I proved it more in deed than word;  
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,  
 A stain its steel can never lose:  
 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,  
 It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd:  
 Nay, start not no nor bend thy knee,  
 Nor midst my sins such act record;  
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
 For he was hostile to thy creed:  
 The very name of Nazarene  
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.  
 Ungrateful fool! since but for brands  
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,  
 And wounds by Galileans given,  
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,  
 For him his Houris still might wait  
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate.  
 I loved her love will find its way  
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;  
 And if it dares enough, 'twere hard  
 If passion met not some reward  
 No matter how, or where, or why,  
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:  
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain  
 I wish she had not loved again.  
 She died I dare not tell thee how;  
 But look 'tis written on my brow!  
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
 In characters unworn by time:  
 Still, ere though dost condemn me, pause;  
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.  
 Yet did he but what I had done

Had she been false to more than one.  
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow;  
 But true to me, I laid him low:  
 Howe'er deserved her doom might be,  
 Her treachery was truth to me;  
 To me she gave her heart, that all  
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;  
 And I, alas! too late to save!  
 Yet all I then could give, I gave  
 'Twas some relief our foe a grave.  
 His death sits lightly; but her fate  
 Has made me what thou well may'st hate.

His doom was seal'd he knew it well,  
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,  
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear  
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,  
 As filed the troop to where they fell!  
 He died too in the battle broil,  
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;  
 One cry to Mohammed for aid,  
 One prayer to Allah all he made,  
 He knew and cross'd me in the fray  
 I gazed upon him where he lay,  
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away:  
 Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,  
 He felt not half that now I feel.  
 I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find  
 The workings of a wounded mind;  
 Each feature of that sullen corpse  
 Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.  
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace  
 Despair upon his dying face!  
 The late repentance of that hour,  
 When Penitence hath lost her power  
 To tear one terror from the grave,  
 And will not soothe, and cannot save.

. . . . .

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
 Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
 But mine was like the lava flood  
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.  
 I cannot prate in puling strain  
 Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:  
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,  
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,  
 If bursting hearth, and madd'ning brain,  
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
 And all that I have felt, and feel,  
 Betoken love that love was mine,  
 And shewn by many a bitter sign.  
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,

I knew but to obtain or die.  
 I die but first, I have possess'd,  
 And come what may, I have been bless'd.  
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?  
 No reft of all, yet undismay'd  
 But for the thought of Leila slain,  
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
 So would I live and love again.  
 I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
 For him who dies, but her who died:  
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave  
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
 This breaking heart and throbbing head  
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.  
 She was a form of life and light,  
 That, seen, became a part of sight;  
 And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
 The Morning-star of Memory!

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

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

"And she was lost and yet I breathed,  
 But not the breath of human life;  
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
 And stung my every thought to strife,  
 Alike all time, abhorr'd all place,  
 Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face.  
 Where every hue that charm'd before  
 The blackness of my bosom wore.  
 The rest thou dost already know,  
 And all my sins, and half my woe.  
 But talk no more of penitence;  
 Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:  
 And if thy holy tale were true,  
 The deed that's done, canst thou undo?  
 Think me not thankless but this grief  
 Looks not to priesthood for relief.  
 My soul's estate in secret guess:  
 But wouldst thou pity more, say less.  
 When thou canst bid my Leila live,  
 Then will I sue thee to forgive;  
 Then plead my cause in that high place

Where purchased masses proffer grace.  
 Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,  
 And calm the lonely lioness:  
 But soothe not mock not my distress!

"In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
 When heart with heart delights to blend,  
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers,  
 I had ah! have I now? a friend!  
 To him this pledge I charge thee send,  
 Memorial of a youthful vow;  
 I would remind him of my end:  
 Though souls absorb'd like mine allow  
 Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,  
 Yet dear to him my blighted name.  
 'Tis strange he prophesied my doom,  
 And I have smiled I then could smile  
 When Prudence would his voice assume,  
 And warn I reck'd not what the while:  
 But now remembrance whispers o'er  
 Those accents scarcely mark'd before.  
 Say that his bodings came to pass,  
 And he will start to hear their truth,  
 And wish his words had not been sooth:  
 Tell him, unheeding as I was,  
 Through many a busy bitter scene  
 Of all our golden youth had been,  
 In pain, my faltering tongue had tried  
 To bless his memory ere I died;  
 But Heaven in wrath would turn away,  
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.  
 I do not ask him not to blame,  
 Too gentle he to wound my name;  
 And what have I to do with fame?  
 I do not ask him not to mourn,  
 Such cold request might sound like scorn;  
 And what than friendship's manly tear  
 May better grace a brother's bier?  
 But bear this ring, his own of old,  
 And tell him what thou dost behold!  
 The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,  
 The wrack by passion left behind,  
 A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,  
 Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

. . . . .  
 "Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,  
 No, father, no, 'twas not a dream:  
 Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,  
 I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;  
 But could not, for my burning brow

Throbb'd to the very brain as now:  
 I wish'd but for a single tear,  
 As something welcome, new, and dear.  
 I wish'd it then, I wish it still;  
 Despair is stronger than my will.  
 Waste not thine orison, despair  
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer:  
 I would not, if I might, be blest;  
 I want no paradise, but rest.  
 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then  
 I saw her; yes, she lived again;  
 And shining in her white symar,  
 As through yon pale gray cloud the star  
 Which now I gaze on, as on her,  
 Who look'd, and looks far lovelier;  
 Dimly I view its trembling spark;  
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark;  
 And I, before its rays appear,  
 That lifeless thing the living fear.  
 I wander, father! for my soul  
 Is fleeting towards the final goal.  
 I saw her, friar! and I rose  
 Forgetful of our former woes;  
 And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
 And clasp her to my desperate heart;  
 I clasp what is it that I clasp?  
 No breathing form within my grasp,  
 No heart that beats reply to mine,  
 Yet Leila! yet the form is thine!  
 And art thou, dearest, changed so much,  
 As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?  
 Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
 I care not; so my arms unfold  
 The all they ever wish'd to hold.  
 Alas! around a shadow prest,  
 They shrink upon my lonely breast;  
 Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,  
 And beckons with beseeching hands!  
 With braided hair, and bright-black eye  
 I knew 'twas false she could not die!  
 But he is dead! within the dell  
 I saw him buried where he fell;  
 He comes not, for he cannot break  
 From earth; why then art thou awake?  
 They told me wild waves roll'd above  
 The face I view, the form I love:  
 They told me 'twas a hideous tale!  
 I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:  
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave  
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;  
 Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er

THE GIAOUR. A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

This brow that then will burn no more,  
Or place them on my hopeless heart:  
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,  
In mercy ne'er again depart!  
Or farther with thee bear my soul  
Than winds can waft and waters roll!

. . . . .

"Such is my name, and such my tale.  
Confessor! to thy secret ear  
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
And thank thee for the generous tear  
This glazing eye could never shed.  
Then lay me with the humblest dead,  
And, save the cross above my head,  
Be neither name nor emblem spread,  
By prying stranger to be read,  
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."

He pass'd nor of his name and race  
Hath left a token or a trace,  
Save what the father must not say  
Who shrived him on his dying day:  
This broken tale was all we knew  
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

---