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— The Giaour, / A Fragment of / A Turkish Tale. /  
By Lord Byron. / “*One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that  
throws. / “Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes— /  
“To which Life nothing brighter nor darker can bring, / “For  
which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.” / Moore. /  
London: / Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars, / For John  
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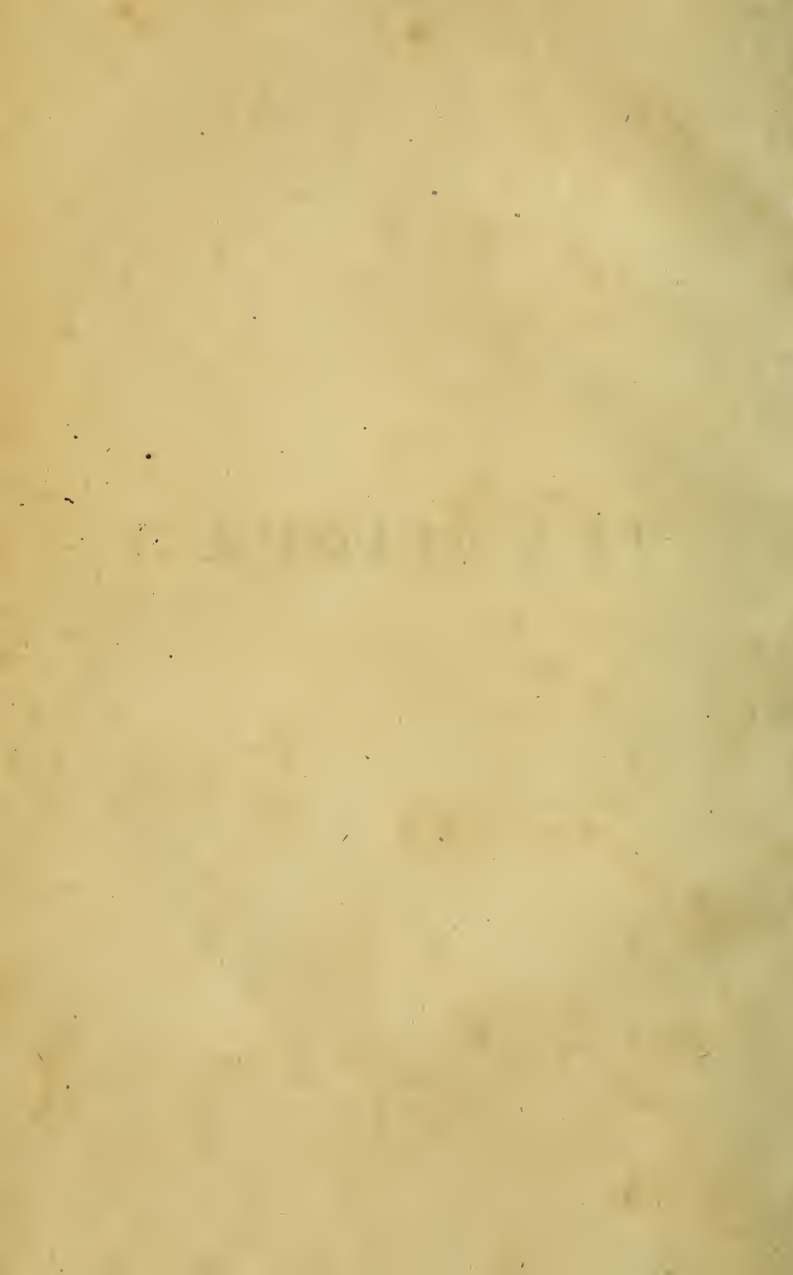
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**THE GIAOUR.**





# THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF

*A TURKISH TALE.*

---

BY LORD BYRON.

---

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

MOORE.

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LONDON:

*Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars,*

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1813.

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TO

**SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.**

**AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN**

**OF MY ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS;**

**MY RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,**

**AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP;**

**THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED BY**

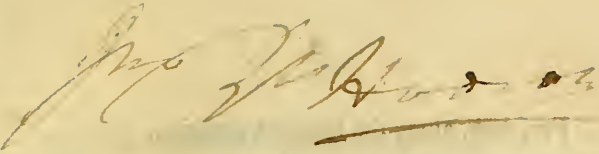
**HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,**

**BYRON.**

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11/11/11



# THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

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The story 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 luck, or less enterprize.

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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?

\* \* \* \* \*

\* A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

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 of speed,  
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
 The cavern'd echoes wake around  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side,  
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide :  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast,

And though to-morrow's tempest lower,  
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour \*!  
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
 But in thy lineaments I trace  
 What time shall strengthen, not efface ;  
 Though young and pale, that sallow front  
 Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt,  
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye  
 As meteor like thou glidest by,  
 Right well I view, and deem thee one  
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,  
 But neither fled, nor fell 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,

\* Infidel.

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

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!

\* \* \* \* \*

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 ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

† Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works; they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

‡ Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful;—to a Christian,



“ 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— \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ;

“ Urlarula,” a good journey ; or *saban hiresem*, *saban serula* ; good morn, good even ; and sometimes, “ may your end be happy ;” are the usual salutes.

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 gaz'd, till vanishing from view,  
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew ;  
 Still less and less, a speck of white  
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight ;  
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
 Known but to Genii of the deep,  
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

\* \* \* \* \*

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 chace and wasted hour,

\* The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
 With panting heart and tearful eye :  
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child  
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;  
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
 If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
 Woe waits the insect and the maid,  
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :  
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
 Has lost its charm by being caught,  
 For every touch that wooed its stay  
 Has brush'd 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 shewn  
 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 \*;

\* Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for ex-

So writhes the mind by conscience 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 face his eyes,  
 The unwonted chace 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;

periment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

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,  
 But she was flown her master's rage  
 In likeness of a Georgian page;  
 And far beyond the Moslem's power  
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.  
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd,  
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,  
 Too well he trusted to the slave  
 Whose treachery deserv'd a grave:  
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,  
 Who did not watch their charge too well;

\* The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan; and the illumination of the mosques, and firing of guns through the night, announce the Bairam; it lasts three days; and after a month's fast is pleasant enough.



But others say, that on that night,  
 By pale Phingari's \* trembling light,  
 The Giaour upon his jet black steed  
 Was seen—but seen alone to speed  
 With bloody spur along the shore,  
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

\* \* \* \* \*

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 its lid,  
 Bright as the gem of Giamschid †.  
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say  
 That form was nought but breathing clay,  
 By Alla! I would answer nay;

\* Phingari, the moon.

† The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also, the "cup of the sun," &c.

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—

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

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



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  
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,  
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

\* An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed " plus Arabe, qu'en Arabie."

† Hyacinthine, in Arabic, " Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

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 pasha wore,  
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,  
 Even robbers tremble to behold.—

'Tis said he goes to woo a bride  
 More true than her who left his side;  
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!—

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
 Whose welcome waters cool and clear,  
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer;  
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek

In cities lodg'd too near his lord,  
 And trembling for his secret hoard—  
 Here may he rest where none can see,  
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;  
 And with forbidden wine may stain  
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.—

\* \* \* \* \*

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

By time or mountain lightning riven,  
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;  
 For where is he that hath beheld  
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

\* \* \* \* \*

They reach the grove of pine at last,  
 " Bismillah \*! now the peril's past;  
 " For yonder view the opening plain,  
 " And there we'll prick our steeds amain:"  
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
 A bullet whistled o'er his head;  
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground!  
 Scarce had they time to check the rein,  
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound,  
 But three shall never mount again,  
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,  
 The dying ask revenge in vain.  
 With steel unsheath'd, and carbines bent,  
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant,

\* Bismillah—" In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Half shelter'd by the steed,  
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,  
 And there await the coming shock,  
 Nor tamely stand to bleed  
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,  
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.  
 Stern Hassan only from his horse  
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,  
 Till fiery flashes in the van  
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan  
 Have well secur'd the only way  
 Could now avail the promis'd prey;  
 Then curl'd his very beard \* with ire,  
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire.  
 " Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
 " I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."

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

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.  
 In fuller sight, more near and near,  
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,  
 And issuing from the grove advance,  
 Some who on battle charger prance.—  
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,  
 Far flashing in his red right hand?  
 " 'Tis he—'tis he—I know him now,  
 " I know him by his pallid brow;  
 " I know him by the evil eye\*  
 " That aids his envious treachery;  
 " I know him by his jet-black barb,  
 " Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,

\* The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

" 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!"

\* \* \* \* \*

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,  
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand  
 That quivers round the 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 heart with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,

\* The flowered shawls of Kashmeer, generally worn by persons of rank.



Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye  
 Yet lowering on his enemy,  
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,  
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;  
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
 As dark as his that bled below.—

\* \* \* \* \*

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

\* \* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \* \*

A turban \* carv'd 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 "Alla Hu † !"  
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,  
 And stranger in his native land—

\* The turban—pillar—and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cimetry or the wilderuess. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos ; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

† "Alla Hu !" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice (which they frequently have) the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Yet died he as in arms he stood,  
 And unaveng'd, at least in blood.  
 But him the maids of Paradise  
     Impatient to their halls invite,  
 And the dark Heaven of Houri's 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 ;

\* The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green ; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee," &c.

† Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these

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 suck the blood of all thy race,  
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
 At midnight drain the stream of life ;  
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse ;

angels is no sinecure ; there are but two ; and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

\* Eblis the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

† The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba*, quotes about these “*Vroucolochas*,” as he calls them. The *Romaic* term is “*Vardoulacha*,” which the worthy old traveller has thus transposed. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror.

Thy victims ere they yet expire  
 Shall know the dæmon for their sire,  
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.  
 But one that for thy crime must fall—  
 The youngest—most belov'd of all,  
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,  
 And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;  
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear  
 The tresses of her yellow hair,  
 Of which in life a lock when shorn,  
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn;  
 But now is borne away by thee,  
 Memorial of thine agony!  
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip\*,  
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;

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

Then stalking to thy sullen grave—  
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;  
 Till these in horror shrink away  
 From spectre more accursed than they!

\* \* \* \* \*

“ How name ye yon lone Caloyer ?

“ His features I have scann'd before

“ In mine own land—'tis many a year,

“ Since, dashing by the lonely shore,

“ I saw him urge as fleet a steed

“ As ever serv'd a horseman's need.

“ But once I saw that face—but then

“ It was so mark'd with inward pain

“ I could not pass it by again;

“ It breathes the same dark spirit now,

“ As death were stamped upon his brow.

“ 'Tis twice three years at summer tide

“ Since first among our freres he came;

“ And here it soothes him to abide

“ For some dark deed he will not name.

“ But never at our vesper prayer,  
 “ Nor e’er before confession chair  
 “ Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
 “ Incense or anthem to the skies,  
 “ But broods within his cell alone,  
 “ His faith and race alike unknown.  
 “ The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
 “ And here ascended from the coast,  
 “ Yet seems he not of Othman race,  
 “ But only Christian in his face :  
 “ I’d judge him some stray renegade,  
 “ Repentant of the change he made,  
 “ Save that he shuns our holy shrine,  
 “ Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.  
 “ Great largess to these walls he brought,  
 “ And thus our abbot’s favour bought ;  
 “ But were I Prior, not a day  
 “ Should brook such stranger’s further stay,  
 “ Or pent within our penance cell  
 “ Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
 “ Much in his visions mutters he  
 “ Of maiden ’whelmed beneath the sea ;

“ Of sabres clashing—foemen flying,  
 “ Wrongs aveng’d—and Moslem dying.  
 “ On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
 “ And rave as to some bloody hand  
 “ Fresh sever’d from its parent limb,  
 “ Invisible to all but him,  
 “ Which beckons onward to his grave,  
 “ And lures to leap into the wave.”

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



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

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

If solitude succeed to grief,  
 Release from pain is slight relief ;  
 The vacant bosom's wilderness  
 Might thank the pang that made it less.  
 We loathe what none are left to share—  
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear ;  
 The heart once left thus desolate,  
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.



It is as if the dead could feel  
 The icy worm around them steal,  
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep  
 Without the power to scare away  
 The cold consumers of their clay!

It is as if the desert-bird,\*

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream ;

To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,

Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd ;

Should rend her rash devoted breast,

And find them flown her empty nest.

The keenest pangs the wretched find

Are rapture to the dreary void—

The leafless 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—

\* The Pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

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 uncontroul'd,  
 “ Such as thy penitents unfold,  
 “ Whose secret sins and sorrows rest  
 “ Within thy pure and pitying breast.  
 “ My days, though few, have pass'd below  
 “ In much of joy, but more of woe;

“ Yet still in hours of love or strife  
 “ I’ve scap’d the weariness of life ;  
 “ Now leagu’d with friends, now girt by foes,  
 “ I loath’d the languor of repose ;  
 “ Now nothing left to love or hate,  
 “ No more with hope or pride elate ;  
 “ I’d rather be the thing that crawls  
 “ Most noxious o’er a dungeon’s walls,  
 “ Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
 “ Condemn’d to meditate and gaze ;  
 “ Yet, lurks a wish within my breast  
 “ For rest—but not to feel ’tis rest—  
 “ Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil ;  
     “ And I shall sleep without the dream  
 “ Of what I was, and would be still,  
     “ Though Hope hath long withdrawn her beam.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I lov’d her, friar ! nay, adored—  
     “ But these are words that all can use—  
 “ I prov’d it more in deed than word—  
 “ There’s blood upon that dinted sword—

“ A stain it's steel can never lose :  
 “ 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,  
 “ It warmed the heart of one abhorred :  
 “ Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,  
 “ Nor midst my sins such act record,  
 “ Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
 “ For he was hostile to thy creed !  
 “ The very name of Nazarene  
 “ Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen,  
 “ Ungrateful fool! since but for brands,  
 “ Well wielded in some hardy hands ;  
 “ And wounds by Galileans given,  
 “ The surest pass to Turkish heav'n ;  
 “ For him his Houris still might wait  
 “ Impatient at the prophet's gate.  
 “ I lov'd her—love will find its way  
 “ Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,  
 “ And if it dares enough, 'twere hard  
 “ If passion met not some reward—  
 “ No matter how—or where—or why,  
 “ I did not vainly seek—nor sigh :

“ Yet sometimes with remorse in vain  
 “ I wish she had not lov'd again.  
 “ She died—I dare not tell thee how,  
 “ But look—'tis written on my brow !  
 “ There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
 “ In characters unworn by time :  
 “ Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause—  
 “ Not mine the act, though mine 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 deserv'd her doom might be,  
 “ Her treachery was truth to me ;  
 “ To me she gave her heart, that all  
 “ Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall ;  
 “ And I, alas ! too late to save,  
 “ Yet all I then could give—I gave—  
 “ 'Twas some relief—our foe a grave.  
 “ His death sits lightly ; but her fate  
 “ Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.

" His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,  
 " Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,  
 " Deep in whose darkly boding ear \*  
 " The deathshot peal'd of murder near—  
 " As filed the troop to where they fell!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with down-right second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain.—I rode up and enquired. " We are in peril," he answered. " What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves?"—" True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—" The shot!—not a tophaike has been fired this morning."—" I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice."—" Psha."—" As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quickeared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot; whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence.—We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was



“ 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,

occupied about the columns.—I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “*Palao-castro*” man: “No,” said he, “but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*.—On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childé Harolde, Canto 2d.—I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in “villanous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.—Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musquetry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race.—In March 1811, a remarkable stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand,) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “in the mean time he will join the Klephtes,” (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

“ 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 heart, and mad’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 possest,

“ And come what may, I *have been* blest ;

“ Even now alone, yet undismay’d,

“ (I know no friend, and ask no aid,)

“ 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.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,

“ No, father, no, 'twas not a dream ;

“ Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,

“ I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep ;

“ But could not, for my burning brow

“ Throbb'd to the very brain as now.

“ I wish'd but for a single tear,

“ As something welcome, new, and dear ;

“ I wish'd it then—I wish it still,

“ Despair is stronger than my will.

“ Waste not thine orison—despair

“ Is mightier than thy pious prayer ;

“ I would not, if I might, be blest,

“ I want no paradise—but rest.

“ 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then

“ I saw her—yes—she liv'd again ;

“ And shining in her white symar,\*

“ As through yon pale grey cloud—the star.

\* “ Symar”—Shroud.

" 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, chang'd so much,  
 " As meet my eye, yet mock my touch ?  
 " Ah ! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
 " I care not—so my arms enfold  
 " The all they ever wish'd to hold.  
 " Alas ! around a shadow prest,  
 " They shrink upon my lonely breast ;

“ Yet still—’tis there—in silence stands,  
 “ And beckons with beseeching hands !  
 “ With braided hair, and bright-black eye—  
 “ I knew ’twas false—she could not die !  
 “ But he is dead—within the dell  
 “ I saw him buried where he fell ;  
 “ He comes not—for he cannot break  
 “ From earth—why then art thou awake ?  
 “ They told me, wild waves roll’d above  
 “ The face I view, the form I love ;  
 “ They told me—’twas a hideous tale !  
 “ I’d tell it—but my tongue would fail—  
 “ If true—and from thine ocean-cave  
 “ Thou com’st to claim a calmer grave ;  
 “ Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o’er  
 “ This brow that then will burn no more ;  
 “ Or place them on my hopeless heart—  
 “ But, shape or shade !—whate’er thou art,  
 “ In mercy, ne’er again depart—  
 “ Or farther with thee bear my soul,  
 “ Than winds can waft—or waters roll !—

\* \* \* \* \*

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“ 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 laid  
 “ 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 lov’d, or him he slew.

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son’s supposed infidelity ; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night ! One of the guards who was

present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a “wrench from all we know, from all we love.” The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten.—I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives.—The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

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