

Lord Byron – Some Poems...

Of what I feel now.

She Walks In Beauty

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

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

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

So We'll Go no More a Roving

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

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

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

When We Two Parted

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!
The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow;
It felt like the warning

Notes

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

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

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

The Destruction of Sennacherib

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

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

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

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

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

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Notes**My Soul is Dark**

My soul is dark - Oh! quickly string
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
 If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again:
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
 Or else this heavy heart will burst;
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence, long;
 And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
 And break at once - or yield to song.

On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year

(Missolonghi, January 22, 1824)

'Tis time the heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move:
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

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!

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

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

But 'tis not *thus* - and 'tis not *here*--

Such thoughts should shake my soul nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

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

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

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

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

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.

**George Gordon, Lord Byron – died at the age of
 36 in what is now Greece, fighting for the
 liberation of that country.**

From *Don Juan*, Canto 1, stanza 217

What is the end of fame? Tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper:
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

my candle burns at both ends

by Edna St. Vincent Milay (an American poet of
 the first half of the 20th century and NOT Lord Byron)

**My candle burns at both ends;
 it will not last the night,
 But--ah, my foes! and oh, my friends!
 --it gives a lovely light;**

Notes

Darkness By Lord Byron

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came and went—and came, and brought no
 day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consum'd,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
 The brows of men by the despairing light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then again
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds
 shriek'd
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd

And twin'd themselves among the multitude,
 Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.
 And War, which for a moment was no more,
 Did glut himself again: a meal was bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
 All earth was but one thought—and that was death
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men

Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,

And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
 Lur'd their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
 Of an enormous city did survive,
 And they were enemies: they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
 For an unholy usage; they rak'd up,
 And shivering scrap'd with their cold skeleton hands
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
 The populous and the powerful was a lump,
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
 The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they
 dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
 The moon, their mistress, had expir'd before;
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe.