

Heed not that gloom which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.
[First published, 1814.]

SONNET, TO GENEVRA

['Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets. . . . I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise — and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly Platonic compositions.' — BYRON, *Diary*, December 18, 1813.]

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair —
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought —
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent),
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —
Such seem'st thou — but how much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtue scorn.
December 17, 1813. [First published, 1814.]

SONNET, TO THE SAME

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes — but, oh!

While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.
December 17, 1813. [First published, 1814.]

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

'TU MI CHAMAS'

IN moments to delight devoted,
'My life!' with tenderest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.
To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change 'my life!' into 'my soul!' —
Which, like my love, exists for ever.
[First published, 1814.]

ANOTHER VERSION

YOU call me still your *life*. — Oh! change the word —
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I 'm your soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.
[First published, 1832.]

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE

AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY

[An imitation of *The Devil's Walk*, which Byron ascribes to Porson, but which was really the joint production of Coleridge and Southey. This poem, hitherto printed with many lacunae, was first given entire in the Edition of 1804 from a manuscript in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester.]

THE Devil return'd to hell by two,
And he stay'd at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in
ragout,

And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew —
And bethought himself what next to do,
'And,' quoth he, 'I'll take a drive:
I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most de-
light,

And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

'And what shall I ride in?' quoth Lucifer
then —

'If I follow'd my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a waggon of wounded
men,

And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnish'd again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poach'd
away.

'I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make
me amends

By driving my favourite pace;
And they handle their reins with such a
grace,
I have something for both at the end of
their race.

'So now for the earth to take my chance.'
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to
France,

He stepp'd across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hover'd a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury
glare,

And so soft to his ear was the cry of
despair,

That he perch'd on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its grow-
ing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:

For the field ran so red with the blood of
the dead,

That it blush'd like the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd
he:

'Methinks they have here little need of me!'

Long he look'd down on the hosts of each
clime,

While the warriors hand to hand were —
Gaul, Austrian and Muscovite heroes sub-
lime,

And (Muse of Fitzgerald arise with a
rhyme!)

A quantity of *Landwehr!*
Gladness was there,
For men of all might and the monarchs of
earth,

There met for the wolf and the worm to
make mirth,
And a feast for the fowls of the Air!

But he turn'd aside and look'd from the
ridge

Of hills along the river,
And the best thing he saw was a broken
bridge,

Which a Corporal chose to shiver;
Though an Emperor's taste was displeas'd
with his haste,

The Devil he thought it clever;
And he laugh'd again in a lighter strain,
O'er the torrent swoln and rainy,

When he saw 'on a fiery steed' Prince Pon,
In taking care of Number One
Get drown'd with a great many!

But the softest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing;

And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying —

As round her fell her long fair hair;
And she look'd to heaven with that fren-
zied air

Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,

A child of Famine dying:
And the carnage begun, when resistance is
done,

And the fall of the vainly flying!

Then he gazed on a town by besiegers taken,
Nor cared he who were winning;

But he saw an old maid, for years forsaken,
 Get up and leave her spinning; 80
 And she look'd in her glass, and to one that
 did pass,
 She said — 'pray are the rapes beginning?'

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so
 white,
 And what did he there, I pray?
 If his eyes were good, he but saw by
 night

What we see every day:
 But he made a tour, and kept a journal
 Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
 And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the
Roue,
 Who bid pretty well — but they *cheated*
 him, though! 90

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the
Mail,
 Its coachman and his coat;
 So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,
 And seized him by the throat:
 'Aha!' quoth he, 'what have we here?
 'T is a new barouche, and an ancient peer!'

So he sat him on his box again,
 And bade him have no fear,
 But be true to his club and staunch to his
 rein,
 His brothel, and his beer; 100
 'Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
 I would rather see him here.'

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

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

He pass'd Tommy Tyrwhitt, that standing
 jest,
 To princely wit a Martyr:
 But the last joke of all was by far the
 best,
 When he sail'd away with 'the Garter'!
 'And' — quoth Satan — 'this Embassy's
 worthy my sight,
 Should I see nothing else to amuse me to-
 night. 120
 With no one to bear it, but Thomas à Tyr-
 whitt,
 This ribband belongs to an "order of
 Merit"!'

He stopp'd at an Inn and stepp'd within
 The Bar and read the 'Times';
 And never such a treat, as — the epistle of
 one 'Vetus,'
 Had he found save in downright crime:
 'Though I doubt if this drivelling encomi-
 ast of War
 Ever saw a field fought, or felt a scar,
 Yet his fame shall go farther than he can
 guess,
 For I'll keep him a place in my *hottest*
Press; 130
 And his works shall be bound in Morocco
d'Enfer,
 And letter'd behind with his *Nom de*
Guerre.'

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
 And he turn'd to 'the room' of the
 Commons;
 But he heard, as he purposed to enter in
 there,
 That 'the Lords' had received a sum-
 mons;
 And he thought, as a 'quondam aristocrat,'
 He might peep at the peers, though to *hear*
 them were flat;
 And he walk'd up the house so like one of
 our own,
 That they say that he stood pretty near
 the throne. 140

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,
 The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
 And Jockey of Norfolk — a man of some
 size —
 And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;
 And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
 Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
 In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;

And he heard — which set Satan himself
 a staring —
 A certain Chief Justice say something like
swearing ;
 And the Devil was shock'd — and quoth he,
 ' I must go, 150
 For I find we have much better manners
 below:
 If thus he harangues when he passes my
 border,
 I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to
 order.'

Then the Devil went down to the humbler
 House,
 Where he readily found his way
 As natural to him as its hole to a Mouse,
 He had been there many a day;
 And many a vote and soul and job he
 Had bid for and carried away from the
 Lobby:
 But there now was a 'call' and accom-
 plish'd debaters 160
 Appear'd in the glory of hats, boots and
 gaiters —
Some paid rather more — but *all* worse
 dress'd than Waiters !

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

He had seen George Rose — but George
 was grown dumb,
 And only lied in thought !
 And the Devil has all the pleasure to come
 Of hearing him talk as he ought.

With the falsest of tongues, the sincerest of
 men —
 His veracity were but deceit — 180
 And Nature must first have unmade him
 again,
 Ere his breast or his face, or his tongue, or
 his pen,
 Conceived — utter'd — look'd — or wrote
 down letters ten,
 Which Truth would acknowledge com-
 plete.

Satan next took the army list in hand,
 Where he found a new 'Field Marshal ;'
 And when he saw this high command
 Conferr'd on his Highness of Cumber-
 land,
 ' Oh ! were I prone to cavil — or were I
 not the Devil, 185
 I should say this was somewhat partial;
 Since the only wounds that this Warrior gat,
 Were from God knows whom — and the
 Devil knows what !'

He then popp'd his head in a royal Ball,
 And saw all the Haram so hoary;
 And who there besides but Corinna de
 Staël !
 Turn'd Methodist and Tory !
 ' Aye — Aye ' — quoth he — ' 't is the way
 with them all,
 When Wits grow tired of Glory:
 But thanks to the weakness, that thus could
 pervert her,
 Since the dearest of prizes to me 's a de-
 serter: 200
Mem — whenever a sudden conversion I
 want,
 To send to the school of Philosopher Kant;
 And whenever I need a critic who can gloss
 over
 All faults — to send for Mackintosh to write
 up the Philosopher.'

The Devil wax'd faint at the sight of this
 Saint,
 And he thought himself of eating;
 And began to cram from a plate of ham
 Wherewith a Page was retreating —
 Having nothing else to do (for ' the friends '
 each so near
 Had sold all their souls long before), 210
 As he swallow'd down the bacon he wish'd
 himself a Jew
 For the sake of another crime more:

For Sinning itself is but half a recreation,
Unless it ensures most infallible Damnation.

But he turn'd him about, for he heard a sound

Which even his ear found faults in;
For whirling above — underneath — and around —

Were his fairest Disciples Waltzing!
And quoth he — 'though this be — the *premier pas* to me,

Against it I would warn all — 220
Should I introduce these revels among my younger devils,

They would all turn perfectly carnal:
And though fond of the flesh — yet I never could bear it
Should quite in my kingdom get the upper hand of Spirit.'

The Devil (but 't was over) had been vastly glad

To see the new Drury Lane,
And yet he might have been rather mad
To see it rebuilt in vain;

And had he beheld their 'Nourjahad,'
Would never have gone again: 230
And Satan had taken it much amiss,

They should fasten such a piece on a friend of his —

Though he knew that his works were somewhat sad,

He never had found them *quite* so bad:
For this was 'the book' which, of yore,
Job, sorely smitten,
Said, 'Oh that *mine* enemy, *mine* enemy had written!'

Then he found sixty scribblers in separate cells,

And marvell'd what they were doing,
For they look'd like little fiends in their own little hells,

Damnation for others brewing — 240
Though their paper seem'd to shrink, from the heat of their ink,

They were only *coolly* reviewing!
And as one of them wrote down the pronoun 'We,'

'That Plural' — says Satan — 'means *him* and *me*,
With the Editor added to make up the three
Of an Athanasian Trinity,

And render the believers in our "Articles" sensible,
How many must combine to form *one* Incomprehensible!'

[LOVE AND GOLD]

[First published in the Edition of 1900 from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Murray]

I CANNOT talk of Love to thee,
Though thou art young and free and fair!
There is a spell thou dost not see,
That bids a genuine love despair.

And yet that spell invites each youth,
For thee to sigh, or seem to sigh;
Makes falsehood wear the garb of truth,
And Truth itself appear a lie.

If ever Doubt a place possess
In woman's heart, 't were wise in thine:
Admit not Love into thy breast, 11
Doubt others' love, nor trust in mine.

Perchance 't is feign'd, perchance sincere,
But false or true thou canst not tell;
So much hast thou from all to fear,
In that unconquerable spell.

Of all the herd that throng around,
Thy simpering or thy sighing train,
Come tell me who to thee is bound
By Love's or Plutus' heavier chain. 20

In some 't is Nature, some 't is Art
That bids them worship at thy shrine;
But thou deserv'st a better heart,
Than they or I can give for thine.

For thee, and such as thee, behold,
Is Fortune painted truly — blind!
Who doom'd thee to be bought or sold,
Has proved too bounteous to be kind.

Each day some tempter's crafty suit
Would woo thee to a loveless bed: 30
I see thee to the altar's foot
A decorated victim led.

Adieu, dear maid! I must not speak
Whate'er my secret thoughts may be;
Though thou art all that man can reck
I dare not talk of Love to thee.