

Edleston
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Te, te, Care, puer! vobis si nomen amoris
 Jam valeat, socium semper amare voco.
 Te, ^{salutem} ~~numquam~~ tuum, quoties carissime! plango,
 Et toties haeret fortiter ipse dolor.
 Dulcis at ipse dolor quam dulcis! dulcius ardet
 Vanus amor, ^{in seipsum} ~~frustra~~ te ^{tenere} ~~vanum~~ ^{sicut} ~~procedere~~!
 Me miserum! frustra pro te visis precibus
 Cur frustra vobis te moriente mori?
 Non quanto minus est ^{pari} ~~certa~~ ^{certa} ~~arguta~~ ^{arguta} ~~puella~~
 Carpere cum reliquis geram manuisse tui?
 Quae mihi nunc manent? ^{gemitis} ~~vaga~~ ^{vaga} ~~sonna~~ ^{fratris}
 Aut vacuo ^{lacrime} ~~lacrime~~ ^{pervigilare} ~~lacrime~~ ^{lacrime}
 In solitaria vobis, inuisa mihi ponere Parca!
 Mortua amicitia! Mors sit amica

Byron's holograph MS of the Latin poem 'Edleston', no. 173
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LORD BYRON

The Complete Poetical Works

EDITED BY
JEROME J. MCGANN

VOLUME I



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The world befits a busy brain,—
 I'll hie me to its haunts again.
 But if, in some succeeding year, 45
 When Britain's 'May is in the sere',
 Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
 Suit with the sablest of the times,
 Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
 Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise, 50
 One, who in stern ambition's pride
 Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
 One rank'd in some recording page
 With the worst anarchs of the Age,
 Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause, 55
 Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

11 Oct. 1811

166

To Thyrsa

Without a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said,
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,
 Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid?
 By many a shore and many a sea 5
 Divided, yet below'd in vain;
 The past, the future fled to thee
 To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!
 Could this have been—a word—a look
 That softly said, 'We part in peace', 10
 Had taught my bosom how to brook,
 With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
 And didst thou not, since Death for thee
 Prepar'd a light and pangless dart,
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see, 15
 Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

51 stern] (high) *H*

166. Copy text: *CHP*(7), collated with *MS.*, proof, *CHP*(*x*)—*CHP*(6) and *CHP*(8)—*CHP*(10)
 title On the death of—Thyrza. *MS.*

2 (And soothe—if such could soothe thy shade) *MS.* 5 shore] land *MS.* 6 yet
 ... vain] (Hope would still remain) *MS.* 8 no—ne'er] (neer meet) *MS.* 9 this have
 been] (we have met) *MS.*

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
 Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
 In that dread hour ere death appear,
 When silent Sorrow fears to sigh, 20
 Till all was past? But when no more
 'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.
 Shall they not flow, when many a day 25
 In these, to me, deserted towers,
 Ere call'd but for a time away,
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?
 Ours too the glance none saw beside;
 The smile none else might understand; 30
 The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand;
 The kiss so guiltless and refin'd
 That Love each warmer wish forbore;
 Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind, 35
 Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more.
 The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine; 40
 The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—ah, where art thou?
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!
 Well hast thou left in life's best bloom 45
 The cup of woe for me to drain.

25 Shall ... flow,] And shall they not? *MS.* 29 glance ... beside] thought, the
 walk aside *MS.*

33-6

The kiss that left no sting behind
 So (pure that) guiltless Passion thus forebore
 Those eyes bespoke so pure a mind
 That love forgot to (ask) plead for more. *MS. version a, in pencil*

The kiss that left no sting behind
 So guiltless love each wish forebore
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind
 That Passion blushed to plead for more. *MS. version b, in pencil*

33-4 The kiss (that left no sting behind | So guiltless Love each) wish forebore *MS. version
 c, in ink* 45 left] (fled) *MS.* 46-7 (If judging from my present pain | That rest
 shall never quit) the tomb *MS.*

If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again;
 But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere, 50
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.
 Teach me—too early taught by thee!—
 To bear, forgiving and forgiv'n:
 On earth thy love was such to me, 55
 It fain would form my hope in heav'n!

[1811]

167 [What News, What News Queen Orraca]

What news, what news Queen Orraca?
 What news of the Scribblers five?
 Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lloyd and Lambe
 All damned, though yet Alive!

[1811]

168 The Composite Merits of Hervey's Fish Sauce
and Hervey's Meditations

Two Herveys had a mutual wish
 To shine in separate stations;
 The one converted sauce for fish,
 The other meditations.
 Each has his different powers applied 5
 To aid the dead and dying;
 This relishes a *sole* when fried,
 That saves a *soul* from frying.

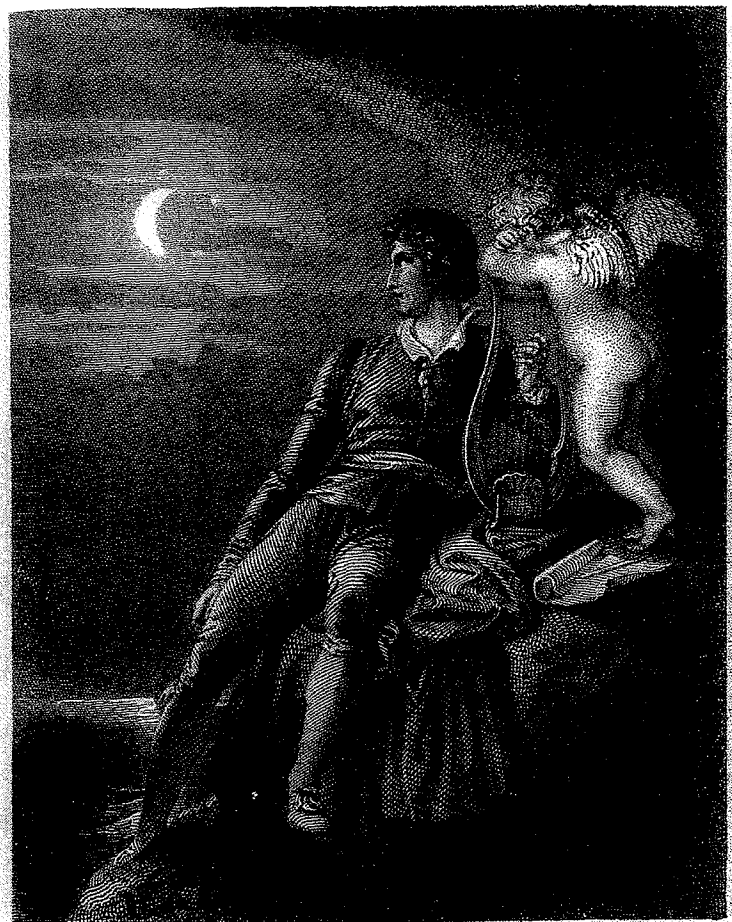
1811

47 be] is *MS.* 49 worlds] (realms) *MS.* 55 such] (all) *MS.* 56 It...

orm] (So let it be) *MS.*

167. Copy text: *MS.*, collated with *Life, Paris 1831, Pratt, BL*
 title supplied in *More*

168. Copy text: *The New Monthly Belle Assemblée*



Printed by Tho: Stoddard R.A.

Engraved by Chas: Heath.

THEYRZA.

THE VOICE THAT MADE THOSE SOUNDS MORE SWEET
IS HUSH'D AND ALL THEIR CHARMS ARE FLED:

PRINTED BY JOHN BISHOP, ALPHAMAZAN STREET, DEC 21, 1814.

'Stanzas' (poem no. 170), lines 9-10

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169

[Lucietta. A Fragment]

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

5

10

[1811]

170

Stanzas

I.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days:
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am, on what I was.

5

2.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!

10

169. Copy text: C, collated with MS. M

1 dear] deary C

11 [The poem breaks off after B began the next line with 'And']

170. Copy text: CHP(7), collated with MSS. H, T, B, proof, CHP(x)—CHP(6) and CHP(8)—CHP(10)

title thus all forms except MS. T, where the poem is untitled; and in C and More, where the first line is the title

3 flee] (fly) H 4 trust] (hear) H 6 lull] (hush) H 7 may] (dare) H
9 those sounds] (that song) H 10 charms are] (power is) T 11 And . . . notes]
(Their softest notes to me) H

Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
 Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
 And all that once was harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart! 15

3.

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear
 The well-remember'd echoes thrill;
 I hear a voice I would not hear,
 A voice that now might well be still. 20
 Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake:
 Ev'n slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

4.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep, 25
 Thou art but now a lovely dream;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
 But he, who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heav'n is veil'd in wrath, 30
 Will long lament the vanish'd ray
 That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

[1811]

171

To Thyrza

1.

One struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.

16 worse than discord] hideous discord *H, T* 17 all] now *H, cor. in T* 24 flown] gone *T, cor. in B* 27 star that trembled] (beam that glided) *H* 28 (As bright and transient in thy gleam / Celestial yet a shadowy gleam) *H* 29 who through] (that treads) *H* 30 (When darkness veils the skies in wrath) *H*

171. Copy text: *CHP(7)*, collated with *MSS. H, BM, Proof M, Proof H, CHP(1)–CHP(6) and CHP(8)–CHP(10)*

title Stanzas. To Thyrza *H*; title is the first line in *C, More*

2 From . . . rend] From (secret pangs) pangs that tear *H*

It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleas'd before:
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more?

2. —

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
 Man was not form'd to live alone: 10
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here; 15
 Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

3.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre. 20
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still!

4.

On many a lone and lovely night 25
 It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
 For then I deem'd the heav'nly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Aegean wave, 30
 'Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—'
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

6 never pleas'd] (moved me not) *H* 8 What . . . can] (Yet Sorrow cannot) *H*
 13 thus . . . dear] (so in dearer days) *H* 14 It (could not be so hadst not thou) / (never would have been till / but) would not be so hadst not thou *H* 15 (Art gone) / (Withdraw so soon and left) Withdrew and left me lonely here *H* stanza 3 added to *H* at end, marked *st. 6 by B* 17 (But vain the struggle, doubly vain) *H* 21–3 (And such is sure the lonely heart | That holds the wreck of all it loved | The last, the dearest till it break) *H*
 26 (Unknown / 'Twas ?) *H* 27 For well I knew the rolling light *H* then] (well) *BM* 28 Shone . . . on] (Would oft arrest) *H* 29 And oft (at) I thought in (Mi) Cynthia's noon *H* 31 Now . . . gazes on] (Doth . . . gaze upon) *H*

5.

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 'Tis comfort still', I faintly said, 35
 'That Thyrza cannot know my pains':
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give;
 Relenting nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrza ceas'd to live. 40

6.

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new!
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
 How ting'd by time with sorrow's hue!
 The heart that gave itself with thee 45
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

7.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast! 50
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest!
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves 55
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

[1811-12]

172

Euthanasia

I.

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,

33 fever's] (Sickness') *H* 34 And (Fever) fired my throbbing veins *H* 35 I faintly] (how oft) *H*; I sadly *H*, *BM* 36 cannot know] knows not of *H* 37-9 (But Health and Life returning gave | A boon twas idle then to give | Like Freedom to a) *H* 39 Relenting Health and Nature gave *H*, *cor. in BM*; (Relenting Health in mockery gave) *BM* 40 My life] (To live) *H* 41 My . . . pledge] (Dear simple gift) *H* 172. Copy text: *CHP*(7), collated with Byron's draft of lines 33-6 (from printed version in American Art Assoc. Catalogue), Augusta's MS. copy (fragment), Huntington proof, Clarke printed copy, *CHP*(2)-*CHP*(6) and *CHP*(8)-*CHP*(10)

Oblivion! may thy languid wing
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

2.

No band of friends or heirs be there, 5
 To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
 No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

3.

But silent let me sink to Earth,
 With no officious mourners near: 10
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,
 Nor startle friendship with a fear.

4.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,
 Might then exert its latest power 15
 In her who lives and him who dies.

5.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
 Thy features still serene to see:
 Forgetful of its struggles past, 20
 E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

6.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
 Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath:
 And woman's tears, produc'd at will,
 Deceive in life, unman in death.

7.

Then lonely be my latest hour, 25
 Without regret, without a groan!
 For thousands Death hath ceas'd to lower,
 And pain been transient or unknown.

N

8.

'Ay, but to die, and go', alas!
 Where all have gone, and all must go! 30
 To be the nothing that I was
 Ere born to life and living woe!

9.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
 And know, whatever thou hast been, 35
 'Tis something better not to be.
 [1811 or 1812]

173

Edleston

Te, te, care puer! veteris si nomen amoris
 Iam valeat, socium semper amare voco.
 Te, fatumque tuum, quoties carissime! plango,
 Et toties haeret fortior ipse dolor.
 Dulcis at ipse dolor, quam dulcis! dulcior ardet 5
 Vanus amor, credens te tenuisse sinu.
 Me miserum! frustra pro te vixisse precatum,
 Cur frustra volui te moriente mori?—
 Heu quanto minus est iam certa, unguenta, puellas
 Carpere cum reliquis quam meminisse tui? 10
 Quae mihi nunc maneat? gemitus, vaga somnia fratris,
 Aut sine te lacrymis pervigilare toro.
 Ah Libitina veni, invisae mihi parcere Parcae!
 Mortua amicitia Mors sit amica mihi.
 [1811 or 1812]

34 thy] the *MS. copy* 35 know] own *MS. copy*

173. Copy text: *MS. M*, collated with *Exhibition Catalogue*

3 fatumque] (nomenque) *M* 6 credens . . . sinu] (poscens / fingens revocare gradum) *M*
 9 iam] (aut) *M* 12 sine te] (vacuo) *M*

Here's my translation. --M.C.

EDLESTON

Precious boy! Do you treasure still our ancient Love?
 I hope you will forever love your friend.
 How incessantly I bewail your fate, dearest!
 And always my anguish grows and deepens.
 And yet how sweet this anguish is! My love blazes 5
 When'er I think of having held you close.
 Oh woe! if only I'd lived more truly for you.
 My vain wish: that I had died when you died.
 How meager the garlands and maidens I've gathered
 When compared with remembrances of you. 10
 What's left now? To sigh, or dream of sweet brotherhood,
 Or weep the nights away without you near.
 Libitina,* spare me from my enemies the Fates!
 Since friendship is dead, let Death be my friend.

* *Italian goddess of the dead. Registers of the dead were kept at her temple in Rome.*