

LORD BYRON: FUGITIVE PIECES

Edited by Peter Cochran

See end of document for four appendices:

APPENDIX 1: Poems added in *Poems on Various Occasions* and not printed in *Hours of Idleness* or *Poems Original and Translated*

APPENDIX 2: Chronology

APPENDIX 3: Two letters to Byron from Elizabeth Pigot

APPENDIX 4: Byron's four "juvenile" books, I: by individual poem

APPENDIX 5: Byron's four "juvenile" books, II: by volume

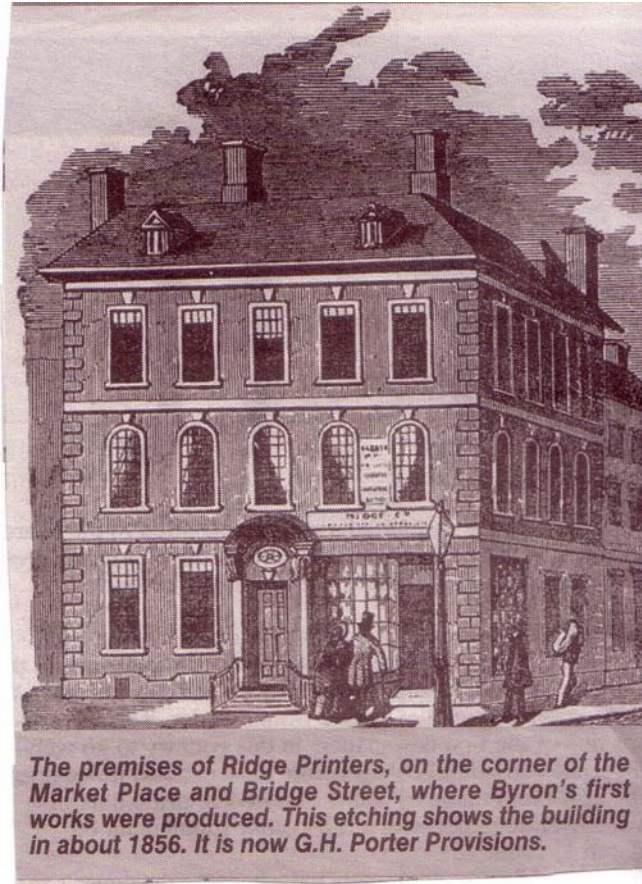
I wish to examine¹ the sequence of four juvenile books – two private and two public – which Byron published from Newark between 1806 and 1808. Although the books have been subjected to at least two interesting critical analyses – by Jerome McGann in *Fiery Dust*, and by Germaine Greer as printed in the July 2000 of the *Newstead Byron Society Review* – I feel that concentration exclusively on the third and most famous book, *Hours of Idleness*, and neglecting to see it in the context of its three fellow-volumes, causes some interesting points to be missed. The books seem to me to raise questions about what Byron at first wanted to print in Southwell; about how free he found himself to be, firstly in Southwell and later in the world at large; and about how, finally, other pressures, both social and emotional, forced him to censor himself.

The first of the four volumes, *Fugitive Pieces*, contains thirty-eight poems, and was printed privately and anonymously by S. and J. Ridge of Newark; it was ready for distribution by November 1806.² It contains seventeen heterosexual love poems of one kind or another,³ one (*The Cornelian*) almost overtly homosexual, one poem about Newstead Abbey, seven translations from Latin or Greek, four poems satirical of school and university life, six personal poems and two (*On the Death of Mr Fox* and *An Occasional Prologue*) which fit into none of these categories.

The book is a product of Byron's life at Southwell in a way that none of the following three are: it is in fact a Southwell document, "printed", as Byron's preface says, "for the perusal of a few friends to whom they are dedicated". In it, Byron portrays himself as writing ripostes to his friends' verses in books (p.12); he acts in their private theatricals (p.39); he is friends with the young menfolk, with whom he shares problems of the heart (pp.46 and 54); practising with his pistols, he narrowly misses two young ladies of the place (p.61).

If such casual and harmless pieces would be instantly decodable by Southwell gossips, what of the amatory ones? The question seems to have given Byron pause.

Perhaps a result of this proximity and accountability, two-and-a-half of the poems in *Fugitive Pieces* were, at the last minute, deemed by Byron unprintable, and form the reason why only four copies of the book survive: for he recalled the entire print-run (Willis Pratt conjectures, one of a hundred copies,⁴ though modern bibliophiles guess fifty), and burned most of it. The "inappropriate" poems are *To Mary* ("Rack'd by the flames"), the first poem called *To Caroline* ("You say you love"), and the last six verses of *To Miss E.P.* *To Mary* and *To Caroline (1)* imply that Byron had made love to at least two women at



The premises of Ridge Printers, on the corner of the Market Place and Bridge Street, where Byron's first works were produced. This etching shows the building in about 1856. It is now G.H. Porter Provisions.

1: This introduction is developed from a paper called *Byron Tests the Freedom of Southwell*, given at the 26th International Byron Conference at Nottingham University in July 2000.

2: The four known copies of *Fugitive Pieces* are: (a) In the BL. This is the Rev. J.T. Becher's copy: Ashley 2604. (b) At Newstead Abbey. This is John Pigot's incomplete copy, wanting pp.17-20 (*To Mary*) and pp.59-66 (*To A.—, Doubtless, sweet girl*, and the translations from Catullus, Domitius Marsus, and Tibullus). (c) In the Pierpont Morgan Library New York (B.'s copy with revisions: 15799); reproduced in *MSYR* (see below); (d) At the University of Texas (corrected copy, perhaps Elizabeth Pigot's). I have seen (a) and (b), and a facsimile of (c). I have not seen (d).

3: Two poems – *The Tear* and *Reply to some Verses of J.H.Pigot, Esq. on the Cruelty of his Mistress* – are signed, seemingly by oversight: FP pp.43 and 48.

4: Willis W. Pratt, *Byron at Southwell*, Haskell House 1973, 39.

Southwell (Anne Houson⁵ and Julia Leacroft *perhaps*, though if Julia Leacroft had compromised herself with him so far, her family would have found it easier to entrap him). He implies that he had indeed, in the case of “Mary”, become surfeited with the passion:

No more with mutual love we burn,
 No more the genial couch we bless,
 Dissolving in the fond caress;
 Our love o’erthrown will ne’er return.

Though love than ours could ne’er be truer,
 Yet flames too fierce themselves destroy,
 Embraces oft repeated cloy,
Ours came *too* frequent, to endure.

It is surprising that only these two were cut – if we take the names and blanks in the titles at face value, it would appear that the eighteen-year-old Byron had had liaisons (of differing degrees of intensity) with approximately nine women of Southwell,⁶ “a town”, he wrote, “whose inhabitants are notorious for officious curiosity”.⁷ On being sent a copy of the book, Byron’s Anglican friend the Reverend J.C. Becher protested in verse:

Say, Byron! Why compel me to deplore
 Talents designed for choice poetic lore,
 Deigning to varnish scenes, that shun the day,
 With guilty lustre, and with amorous lay?
 Forbear to taint the Virgin’s spotless mind,
 In Power though mighty, be in Mercy kind,
 Bid the chaste Muse diffuse her hallowed light,
 So shall thy Page enkindle pure delight,
 Enhance thy native worth, and proudly twine,
 With Britain’s honours, those that are divine.⁸

But Byron did not need such holy advice. He himself told John Pigot that Pigot would “perceive them” (the poems) “to be *improper* for the perusal of Ladies”, and added that “of course none of the females in your family must see them”.⁹ He told Edward Long that “Mary” was “a Mrs. Cobourne” and that “Caroline” was Mary Chaworth-Musters’ mother-in-law: natural doubt has been cast on his veracity: but no-one has so far been able to identify all Byron’s girlfriends with confidence.¹⁰ Whether from fear of censure from his Southwell friends, or from a modest sense of having gone too far, or from the desire not to have too much of his private life in print, even though encoded – or from all three – Byron found himself unable to be as frank about his Nottinghamshire sex-life as he had initially intended. *To Mary* and *To Caroline (1)* never saw print again while he lived. Even E.H. Coleridge even ignored the former, though he did print the latter.

I assume that it was on grounds of facetiousness and blasphemy that the end section of the poem to Elizabeth Pigot was cut:

From this we suppose, (as indeed well we may,)
 That should Saints after death, with their spouses put up more,
 And wives, as in life, aim at absolute sway,
 All Heaven would ring with the conjugal uproar.

Distraction and discord would follow in course,
 Nor MATTHEW, nor MARK, nor St. PAUL, can deny it,

5: See BLJ I 104.

6: E— (p.3), — (p.6), Caroline (p.7), Maria (p.10), Mary (p.17), A Lady, who presented the Author a Lock of Hair (p.31), Julia (p.36), A—(p.59), and one of the “Ladies passing near the Spot” where he was “discharging his Pistols in a Garden” (p.61).

7: BLJ I 105.

8: LJ I 181 n1, quoted Pratt, *op. cit.*, 38.

9: BLJ I 97.

10: BLJ I 116 and n; see also *Shelley and his Circle* V 1113-17.

The only expedient is general divorce,
To prevent universal disturbance and riot.

Another factor in the decision to “pull” *Fugitive Pieces* can be seen by examining its text as printed, and the alterations Byron made to it in the Morgan copy, which are reproduced below. The text is clearly the product of inadequate proof-reading, and is riddled with misprints: at line 29 of *On Leaving Newstead*, “and” is printed “aud”; in the note to *On the Death of a Young Lady*, “he preferred” is “be preferred”; at line 18 of *To Caroline*, “meets” is “mets” ... and so on. In the Morgan copy, several missing letters are inked-in. The book’s indecency may have been the ostensible motive for its withdrawal, but the banal fact of its unprofessional presentation, and the fact that it did not as yet embody his final thoughts, may have been motives just as strong, though harder to boast about. Confessing that a book is rude raises a smile among your friends: confessing that it is incompetently printed, doesn’t. Byron had been too impatient about his first book: not for him Horace’s advice, to “keep your piece nine years”.

Haste is visible in the volume’s writing. On August 26th 1806 Byron asks John Pigot to send “my poems” to his lodgings in London “as I am about to amend them” (BLJ I 99). If his own dating, in *Fugitive Pieces*, is to be trusted, then six poems in it were written during the seven weeks before it was printed – after Byron had “amended” the bulk of the collection. The dates he gives them are as follows:

October 9th 1806: *To Miss E.P.* (FP pp.41-2).

October 26th 1806: *The Tear* (FP pp.43-6).

October 27th 1806: *Reply to some verses of J.M.B. Pigot Esq* (FP pp.46-8).

October 28th 1806: *Granta, a Medley* (FP pp.49-54, HOI pp.121-8).

November 7th 1806: *To A——* (FP pp.59-60).

November 16th 1806: *Imitation from Catullus: To Anna* (FP pp.66).

Byron says that, on November 26th, he wrote *Answer to some Elegant Verses ...* (POVO 131-3), which is his reaction to the Rev. John Becher’s reaction to *Fugitive Pieces*: so *Fugitive Pieces* must have been published between November 16th and 26th 1806. To judge from the otherwise heavily-corrected version in the Morgan Library, the latest poems were carefully proof-read: *To Miss E.P.* is completely free of revision (though it’s marked to be removed). *The Tear*, and the poem to John Pigot, are likewise immaculate. *Granta, A Medley*, has one word, two letters, and some commas altered; *To A——* has five commas added, and two more added but removed, and the *Imitation from Catullus: To Anna* (the last poem in the book), has one suggestion, that “forever” should be printed “for ever”. None of the poems written immediately prior to printing are subjected to the kind of wholesale emendation given to the opening of *On Leaving Newstead*, or to the two “answers” to Elizabeth Pigot’s Rousseau poem and to the maligner of Charles James Fox.

The next Newark volume, *Poems On Various Occasions* – Byron’s second, revised thought – contains forty-eight poems. It was privately and anonymously printed by the Ridges between December 23rd 1806 and 13th January 1807. It is, as Byron wrote to John Pigot, accurately but still disingenuously if my argument is accepted, “vastly correct, & miraculously chaste”.¹¹ Names which might give offence in Southwell are altered – “Julia” becomes “Lesbia”, and so on. Love and marriage are no longer subjects for mirth, as they were to be years later in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. Of the new poems, one is on Newstead Abbey, only six are love poems, two are translations from the Latin (one, a very short version of the Nisus and Euryalus episode from *Aeneid* IX, is another celebration of male love); and three are personal.¹² The poems are divided into three sections, the first with no heading, the second and third headed respectively “Translations and Imitations” and “Fugitive Pieces”. Seventeen of them are not seen again: when putting his next book together – his first public book – Byron abandons them.

The printing is noticeable for one thing, in addition to its much more professional proof-reading: virtually all the numerous italicisations which characterise *Fugitive Pieces* have been removed.

One new poem offers an answer to the Southwell censors, specifically to the Rev. Becher, whom it quotes:

Far be’t from me, the “virgin’s mind” to “taint”,
Seduction’s dread, is here no slight restraint:

¹¹: BLJ I 103.

¹²: Copies with MSS addenda are at the BL (Dept. of Printed Books C.28.b.9); Texas; Princeton / Taylor; and Harrow.

The maid, whose virgin breast is void of guile,
 Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile;
 Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
 Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe;
 She, whom a conscious grace shall thus refine,
 Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
 But, for the nymph, whose premature desires
 Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
 No net to snare her willing heart is spread,
 She would have fallen, tho' she ne'er had read.¹³

It is similar to the argument which, years later, he will deploy in defence of Don Juan. In an unpublished poem, Byron is more scathing about Becher:

... if a little parson joins the train,
 And echos back his Patron's voice again –
 Though not delighted, yet I must forgive,
 Parsons as well as other folks must live: –
 From rage he rails not, rather say from dread,
 He does not speak for Virtue, but for bread;
 And this we know is in his Patron's giving,
 For Parsons cannot eat without a *Living*.¹⁴

And our sense that there may have been something fraudulent about Becher is reinforced by the knowledge that, of the four surviving copies of *Fugitive Pieces*, one of them is his. Yet Becher was not a prude – upon reading the poem *To Marion* in *Hours of Idleness*, he produced the following lines ("Marion" was really called Harriet Maltby):

Harriet, receive Lord Byron's "Picture,"
 And profit by his friendly stricture;
 Then shall we view your coral mouth
 Diffusing odours like the South,
 Thoughts that smile, and words that glow,
 More bliss shall give than now you know –
 Then cease to frown – from pleasure why run?
 Apollo calls, "Ah, crede Byron!"¹⁵

That there was something fraudulent about Byron too is a thought worth remaining with. It was, it seems, all very well to corrupt young Southwell ladies in *reality*; but in *ink*, a gentleman knew the limits of decorum to be stricter.

The heterosexual love interest remains substantially less in *Poems on Various Occasions* than it had been in *Fugitive Pieces*. A major addition in this second book is *Childish Recollections*, which compensates for the loss of the earlier love poems, giving an implicit reason for their being cut, namely the nineteen-year-old Byron's sexual satiety:

Farewell! ye nymphs, propitious to my verse,
 Some other Damon, will your charms rehearse;
 Some other paint his pangs, in hope of bliss,
 Or dwell in rapture, on your nectar'd kiss,
 These beauties grateful to my ardent sight,
 No more entrance my senses in delight ...¹⁶

13: *Answer to Some Elegant Verses, Sent by A Friend of the Author, complaining that one of his descriptions was too warmly drawn* (POVO, HOI). See also three further poems at CPW I 17-22 and 25-28.

14: CPW I 26.

15: From Newstead manuscript RB C 22/4: edited

16: POVO only: CPW I 158. B. gives Edward Long a "key" to the poem at BLJ I 109-110.

Rather than celebrate, or regret, or joke about women, the new Byron of *Poems on Various Occasions* laments the passing of innocent boyhood love:

For ever to possess a friend in thee,
 Was bliss, unhop'd, though not unsought, by me;
 Thy softer soul was form'd for love alone,
 To ruder passions, and to hate unknown;
 Thy mind, in union with thy beauteous form,
 Was gentle, but unfit to steer the storm;
 That face, an index of celestial worth,
 Proclaim'd a heart, abstracted from the earth.
 Oft, when depress'd with sad, foreboding gloom,
 I sat reclin'd upon our favourite tomb,
 I've seen those sympathetic eyes o'erflow
 With kind compassion for thy comrade's woe;
 Or, when less mournful subjects form'd our themes,
 We tried a thousand fond romantic schemes,
 Oft hast thou sworn, in friendship's soothing tone,
 Whatever wish was mine, must be thine own ...¹⁷

Childish Recollections is, as Jerome McGann writes, “the most ambitious piece published in B[yron].’s early poems”.¹⁸ The vulnerable nostalgia for schoolboy innocence which Byron displays both in it, and in the Nisus and Euryalus translation, may have been inspired in part by his new attachment to John Edleston, the Trinity choirboy. On July 5th 1807 he wrote about Edleston to Elizabeth Pigot:

... I certainly *love* him more than any human being, & neither *time* or Distance have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable Disposition. – In short, We shall put *Lady E. Butler*, & *Miss Ponsonby* to the *Blush*, *Pylades* & *Orestes* out of countenance, & want nothing but a *Catastrophe* like *Nisus & Euryalus*, to give *Jonathan & David* the “*go by*”.¹⁹

Poems On Various Occasions was printed, so Byron claimed, “merely for the perusal of a friendly Circle”.²⁰ So far he had printed his works privately and anonymously. But in March 1807 he announced to William Banks:

Contrary to my former Intention, I am now preparing a volume for the Public at large, my amatory pieces will be expunged, and others substituted, in their place ... This is a hazardous experiment, but want of better employment, the encouragement I have met with, & my own Vanity, induce me to stand the Test, though not without *sundry palpitations*. – The Book will circulate fast enough in this County, from mere Curiosity.²¹

Hours Of Idleness, a Series of Poems, Original and Translated contains thirty-nine poems and was published by Ridge – publicly, under Byron’s name, at last – in the final week of June 1807.²² The book is divided into three sections as before, but shows a great broadening of subject-matter: no longer is it an expression of Byron’s relationship with Southwell. The love poems are down in number from the seventeen in *Fugitive Pieces*, to ten. There are the two poems on Newstead Abbey; ten translations from Greek and Latin, including Byron’s version of the Nisus and Euryalus episode, expanded from eighteen lines to a sensational four hundred and six; one Ossian imitation, which also celebrates male bonding – is, indeed, based on Nisus and Euryalus; *Oscar of Alva*, which celebrates fraternal treachery; two poems on

17: POVO only: CPW I 167.

18: CPW I 382.

19: BLJ I 125. Compare *Antony and Cleopatra* IV xiv 50-4.

20: BLJ I 103.

21: BLJ I 112.

22: There is one spurious printing of larger size – see *Athenaeum* 28 May 1898; T. M. Blagg *Newark as a publishing town*, Newark 1898, pp.20-35; T. J. Wise, *Bibliography*, vol 1 pp.9-10, 1822, Glasgow 1825. “Second edition”, Galignani Paris, 1819 (but Galignani’s text is POAT) Piracies, Sherwin and Co 1820 (“second edition”: this text is also POAT), Benbow 1822 (also POAT) Galignani Paris 1822, Stevenson and Smith Edinburgh 1824, Glasgow 1825. MSS are at New York Berg (mottoes only); Texas (draft preface only); a transcript by Teresa Guiccioli is at the Keats-Shelley Memorial House, Rome: there is a microfilm at the Keats House London.

school and university; and a multitude of poems either personal (though not erotic) or miscellaneous. *Childish Recollections* reappears – but slightly muted: both the intimate passages quoted previously are cut. Many lines are rephrased, as will be seen by comparing the texts of *Fugitive Pieces* and *Hours of Idleness* on this website.

The Virgil translation, being of a classical writer, *most* of whose “songs are pure” as Byron later puts it in *Don Juan*, must have been above suspicion in Southwell; but the male-for-male passion it celebrates remains intense (Byron told Edward Long that it was “the best in point of Versification I have ever written”):²³

“But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years,
Are near my own, whose worth, my heart reveres,
Henceforth, affection sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms, and our souls in one;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine,
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteem’d, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy.”²⁴

Hours Of Idleness sold well and received at least eighteen reviews,²⁵ of which Byron noticed at least seven,²⁶ one of them being of course the one by Henry Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review*, which led to *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Brougham’s review is printed as an appendix to the edition of *Hours of Idleness* on this website.

The fourth volume, *Poems Original and Translated*, contains thirty-eight poems and is, strictly, a second edition of *Hours of Idleness*. To have a second edition seems to have been Ridge’s concept,²⁷ but once Byron accepted the idea he worked hard at revision. The book was published at Newark in March 1808,²⁸ and is divided into three sections like its predecessors.

The important *Childish Recollections*, already cut internally in *Hours of Idleness*, is now, however, deleted completely – owing, Byron said, to his reconciliation with Dr. George Butler, the new Headmaster of Harrow, who had been pilloried in the poem as the pedant Pomposus. On February 11th 1808 Byron wrote to Ridge:

You must *go back* and *cut out* the whole *poem* of *Childish Recollections*. Of course you will be surprised at this, and perhaps displeased, but it must be *done*. I cannot help it’s detaining you a *month* longer, but there will be enough in the volume without it, and as I am now reconciled to Dr. Butler I cannot allow any Satire to appear, against him, nor can I alter that part relating to him without spoiling the whole. – You will therefore omit the whole poem ...²⁹

He is being disingenuous, for there are only three references to Butler / Pomposus³⁰ in the final version of *Childish Recollections*, and deleting or re-fashioning them would not be hard, and would not unbalance the work at all. Byron’s major attacks on Pomposus are in the earlier poem *On a Change of*

23: BLJ I 118.

24: *Nisus and Euryalus* 163-170. B. minimises the age gap which Virgil stresses (“te vero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas / insequitur, venerande puer” – *Aeneid* IX 275-6).

25: The Annual Review (1808) by Lucy Aikin; The AntiJacobin Review (December 1807); Le Beau Monde, September 1807; The British Critic (October 1807); The Critical Review (September 1807) by John Higgs Hunt; The Eclectic Review (November 1807: mentions Rochester); The Edinburgh Review (January 1808) by Henry Brougham: reprinted The Analectic Magazine (June 1814) as offprint (1820) The Literary and Scientific Repository (1820) The Polar Star (1830) and The Chautauquan (March 1911); The Gentleman’s Magazine (supplements 1807 and March 1808); The Literary Panorama (November 1807); Monthly Literary Recreations (July 1807); The Monthly Mirror (January 1808); The Monthly Review (November 1807) by George Edward Griffins; The Poetical Register (1811); The Portfolio (March 1809); The New Monthly Magazine February 1819; The New Annual Register for 1807 (1808); The Satirist (October 1807, June / August 1808) by Hewson Clarke; and The Universal Magazine (September 1807).

26: See W.S.Ward, *Byron’s Hours of Idleness and other than Scottish Reviewers*, *Modern Language Notes* 59 (1944) pp. 547-550.

27: See BLJ I 137-8.

28: Then in 1812, 1814 and 1820. One counterfeit (see Texas exhibition, 1924, pp 93-97). It was pirated accurately as “Second edition of Hours Of Idleness”, by Galignani of Paris in 1819; by Sherwin and Co 1820 (four editions); in Paris 1820, 1822; and by William Benbow in 1822. It was reviewed in The Satirist (August 1808) by Hewson Clarke.

29: See BLJ I 155.

30: Lines 89-92: CPW I 161.

Masters, at a Great Public School, which only appears in the first two books, and in an eighteen-line fragment³¹ existing on a separate manuscript. There seems to have been some unspoken inhibition on Byron's part which made it hard for him to see his vulnerable recollections of boyish love before the public. Having removed the more passionate of his earlier heterosexual poems, he now – without being frank about the reason, as was not the case with his former decision – removes the more passionate of his nostalgic homo-social poems. However, *Poems Original and Translated* includes two new homo-social poems – those to the Duke of Dorset, and to the Earl of Clare.

For whatever reasons, the confessional urge which made up one of the motives behind Byron's need to publish his juvenile work, was thus twice-defeated. It seems as if he did not wish to appear before the public in so exposed a manner.

Southwell itself was in part to blame. By June 1807 Byron was styling it “*your cursed, detestable & abhorred abode of Scandal, antiquated virginity, & universal Infamy*, where ... I care not if the whole Race were consigned to the *Pit of Acheron*, which I would visit in person, rather than contaminate my *sandals* with the polluted Dust ...”³²

“Oh Southwell, Southwell,” he writes a fortnight later, “how I rejoice to have left thee, & how I curse the heavy hours I have dragged along for so many months, amongst the *Mohawks* who inhabit your *Kraals*”³³.

But what Byron said of Southwell in 1807, he would be saying by 1816 of England as a whole; and it was not until he reached the distance and safety of Venice, and discovered ottava rima, that the confessional mode which came most naturally to him (confession, of course, *without* contrition, and certainly *without* atonement) would find its happiest vehicle, and its most apt audience — albeit in a style infinitely more sophisticated and crafty than the style which had been available to him in Nottinghamshire.

[THEN, IN MY NOTTINGHAM PAPER, I SAID SOMETHING TO THE EFFECT THAT WE WERE GOING TO RESTORE THE BALANCE BY DOING ONE OF BYRON'S MOST SEXY NUMBERS IN SOUTHWELL THAT VERY NIGHT. WE (THE INTERNATIONAL BYRON SOCIETY) PERFORMED A READING OF DON JUAN CANTO I IN THE BACK GARDEN OF BURGAGE MANOR.]

EDITORIAL

For the editions on this website, I have consulted the following:

1) FUGITIVE PIECES (B.L.Ashley 2604).

2) FUGITIVE PIECES (Newstead Abbey).

3) FUGITIVE PIECES, reproduced in *Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics / Lord Byron / Volume IV / Miscellaneous Poems / A Facsimile of the Manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library / Edited by / Alice Levine and Jerome J. McGann / Introduction and notes by Alice Levine / Garland 1988; pp.12-80.*

I have inserted around the text and in the notes, in red, emboldened type, all Byron's changes and crossings-through from this reproduction. A word or punctuation mark not in red but <in red angle-brackets> has been erased in the Morgan copy. Two words <in angle-brackets/divided by a dash> indicate that the second word is hand-written over the first, which is printed.

The figures at the tops of pages represent the new ordering of the contents which Byron plans for the next volume, *Poems on Various Occasions*. Two poems, *On the Death of Mr Fox* and *To Mary* (“Rack'd by the flames ...”), are not given numbers. Of these, the first is used in POVO, and the second is not. One poem, *To Caroline* (“You say you love ...”), is conversely given a number, but is not used in POVO.

4) *POEMS / ON / VARIOUS OCCASIONS. / VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO. / Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 1. / NEWARK: PRINTED BY S. & J. RIDGE. / MDCCCVII. Geoffrey Bond collection.*

31: CPW I 172-3.

32: BLJ I 123.

33: BLJ I 127.

5) A copy identical to the previous item in the British Library (Ashley 2605).

6) A copy identical to the previous item in the British Library (C 28.b.9); with a few pencilled marginalia.

7) A copy identical to the previous item at Newstead Abbey.

8) HOURS OF IDLENESS, / A / SERIES OF POEMS, / ORIGINAL / AND / TRANSLATED, / BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, / A MINOR. Μητ' αρ με μαλ' αινεε μητε τι νειχει. / HOMER. Iliad, 10. / Virginibus puerisque Canto. / Horace. / He whistled as he went for want of thought. / Dryden. / NEWARK: Printed and sold by S. and J. Ridge: / SOLD ALSO BY B. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONER'S COURT; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW; F. AND C. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY, LONDON. / 1807. Geoffrey Bond collection.

9) A copy identical to the previous item in the British Library (Ashley 2606).

10) Two copies identical to the above at Newstead Abbey.

11) POEMS / ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED / BY / GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, / SECOND EDITION. Μητ' αρ' με μαλ' αινεε μητε τι νειχει. / HOMER. Iliad, 10. / He whistled as he went for want of thought. / Dryden. / NEWARK: Printed and sold by S. and J. Ridge: / SOLD ALSO BY B. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONER'S COURT; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW; F. AND C. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY, LONDON. / 1808. Geoffrey Bond Collection.

13 and 14) Two copies identical to the above at Newstead Abbey.

I am grateful to Geoffrey Bond, Maureen Crisp, Michael Fincham, Haidee Jackson, Ken Purslow and Jack Gumpert Wasserman for their help.

In establishing the texts, I have used one principle for *Fugitive Pieces*, and another for *Hours of Idleness*. I have consulted few manuscripts (some, but not all, of the manuscripts survive). Instead, I have based the texts on the first editions listed above. *Fugitive Pieces* has several typos and still more examples of incorrect punctuation, and I have corrected these, indicating in the notes; but have otherwise adhered to the original accidentals. In printing all four volumes, Ridge shows an over-fondness for the comma, using it to separate clauses, and even subject from verb: in *Oscar of Alva* (in *Hours of Idleness*), he sometimes uppercases “Pibroch”, sometimes not: at one point “Allan” becomes “Allen”. I have tried for consistency.

I have, in *Hours of Idleness*, altered Ridge’s punctuation throughout, without indicating in the notes.

In *Fugitive Pieces* I have retained all Byron’s spellings, such as “chrystal”, “antient”, and “groupe”; but have, in *Hours of Idleness*, rejected all Ridge’s elided past participles. At line 12 of *TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS. / “LUCTUS DE MORTE PASSERIS”* in *Hours of Idleness*, he can’t decide whether to elide or not, and produces “Tune’d”.

Abbreviations:

AOB: *The Age of Bronze*.

B.: Byron.

Boyes: Megan Boyes, *Love without Wings*, 1988.

CHP: *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*.

EBSR: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

EP: Elizabeth Pigot.

FP: *Fugitive Pieces*.

HOI: *Hours of Idleness*.

POVO: *Poems on Various Occasions*.

Pratt: Willis W. Pratt, Byron at Southwell: the Making of a Poet; Austin 1948.

POAT: Poems Original and Translated.

Roe: The Rare Quarto Edition of Lord Byron's "Fugitive Pieces" described by Herbert C. Roe with a note on the Pigot family, privately printed, Nottingham, 1919.

TVOJ: The Vision of Judgement.

Notes:

I have reproduced Byron's own notes to *Fugitive Pieces* in the text; those in *Hours of Idleness*, I have placed, emboldened, in the notes. **I have placed Elizabeth Pigot's marginalia, for both FP and POVO, in the notes, too, emboldened, and in green.**

FUGITIVE PIECES

The title-page of the Morgan copy is inscribed:

Sam Ridge

<Eliz Bridget Pigot> Nov 8.th 1806.
H.P.E.D.S.G.G.B. Southwell. – Vale!³⁴

Byron

FUGITIVE PIECES

34: *Haec poemata ex dono sunt Georgii Gordon Byron* [These poems are the gift of George Gordon Byron]. *Southwell – Farewell!* The Latin is written without abbreviation in the Texas FP (Pratt p.40).

TO
THOSE FRIENDS
AT
WHOSE REQUEST THEY WERE PRINTED
FOR WHOSE
AMUSEMENT OR APPROBATION
THEY ARE
SOLELY INTENDED;
These TRIFLES are respectfully dedicated,
BY THE
AUTHOR.

As these POEMS are never intended to meet the public eye, no apology is necessary for the form in which they now appear. They are printed merely for the perusal of a few friends to whom they are dedicated; who will look upon them with indulgence; and as most of them were composed between the age of 15 and 17, their defects will be pardoned or forgotten, in the youth and inexperience of the WRITER.³⁵

35: In the Morgan FP, B. crosses the preface through with two diagonal strokes, and writes, *Another Preface instead of this*. The POVO preface runs, *THE only Apology to be adduced, in extenuation of any errors in the following collection, is, that the Author has not yet completed his nineteenth year. / DECEMBER 23, 1806.*

*FUGITIVE PIECES.*ON LEAVING N—ST—D.³⁶**thy Battlements, Newstead, the hollow**

1. THROUGH <the cracks in these battlements loud³⁷ the> winds whistle;
art
Thou For the hall of my fathers <is> gone to decay;
In thy once <And in you once gay> garden the hemlock and thistle
smiling Have choak'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

steelcovered Barons, who

Of the <barons of old, who once> proudly to battle 5
 Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
 The escutcheon and shield, which with ev'ry blast rattle,
 Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

th

No more do<es> old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers, 10
 Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-laurell'd wreath,
 Near Askalon's Towers, John of Horiston* slumbers,
 Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel by death.

* Horiston Castle, in *Derbyshire*, an ancient seat of the B—r—n family.

Paul and Hubert too sleep in the valley of Cressy,
 For the safety of Edward and ENGLAND they fell,
 My fathers! the tears of your country redress y<e/ou>, **you**, 15
 How you fought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

On †Marston, with Rupert,‡ 'gainst traitors contending,
 Four Brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
 For Charles the Martyr their country defending, 20
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

† The battle of *Marston Moor*, where the adherents of CHARLES I. were defeated.

‡ Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to CHARLES I. He afterwards commanded the Fleet, in the Reign of CHARLES II.

Shades of heroes farewell! your descendant departing,

ou

From the seat of his ancestors, bids y<e> adieu!
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory, and you.

Though a tear dims his eye, at this sad separation, 25 **excites**
his **that <commands>**
 'Tis nature, not fear, <which commands his> **regret**;
 Far distant he goes with the same emulation,
 <In the grave, he alone can his fathers> forget.
The fame of his fathers he neer can forget;

36: FP pp.1-3; POVO PP.1-3; HOI pp.1-3; POAT pp.1-4. **In the Newstead FP, N—ST—d is filled-in (by EP?), as NEWSTEAD.**

37: B. to EP, Aug 10 1806: ... remember the 1ST Line to read "loud the winds whistle" instead of round, which that Blockhead Ridge has inserted by mistake & makes nonsense of the whole stanza (BLJ I 96). B. finally rejects both adverbs.

that

That <Your> fame, and³⁸ <your> memory, still will he cherish,
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown; 30
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish,
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.
 1803.

38: "aud" (FP).

TO E-----.³⁹

7

LET Folly smile, to view the names
 Of thee and me,⁴⁰ in friendship twin'd,
 Yet virtue will have greater claims
 To love, than rank with vice combin'd.

And though unequal is *thy* fate, 5
 Since title deck'd my higher birth;
 Yet envy not this gaudy state,
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our *souls* at least congenial meet, 10
 Nor can *thy* lot *my* rank disgrace;
 Our intercourse is not less sweet,
 Since worth of rank supplies the place.
November, 1802.

39: FP p.3; POVO p.13. Not in HOI or POAT. The poem seems addressed to John Edlestone.
40: In the Newstead FP, "me" is inked-over a letter which Roe (p.6) says is "T".

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND
VERY DEAR TO HIM.⁴¹

14

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

2.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay, 5
That clay where once such animation beam'd;
The king of terrors seiz'd her as his prey,
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

3

Oh! could that king of terrors pity feel, 10
Or Heaven reverse the dread decree of fate<>!
Not here the mou<n/xx>er would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

4.

But wherefore weep! her matchless spirit soars<>
s
Beyond where <a>plendid shines the orb of day<>; 15
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers,
Where endless pleasures virtuous deeds repay.

5.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign!
And, madly, God-like Providence accuse!
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain,
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

6.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
<Such sorrow brings me honour, not disgrace.> *
Still in my heart return thou wanted place.

1802.

* The Author claims the indulgence of the reader, more for this piece, than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest, (being composed at the age of 14) and his first Essay, he⁴² preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

⁴¹: FP pp.4-5; POVO pp.33-4. Not in HOI or POAT. The "young lady" is Margaret Parker, B.'s cousin.

⁴²: "be" (FP).

TO D.-----⁴³

3

IN thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp<>
 A friend, whom death alone could sever,
 Bur envy, with malignant grasp,
 Has torn thee from my breast for ever.

2.

True, she has forc'd thee from my *breast*,
 But in my *heart* thou keep'st thy seat;
 There, there, thine image still must rest,
 Until that heart shall cease to beat.

3.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
 When life again to dust is given,
 On *thy dear*⁴⁴ breast I'll lay my head,
 Without *thee!* where would be my *Heaven?*
 February, 1803.

43: FP pp.5-6; POVO p.7. Not in HOI or POAT. **In the Newstead FP, EP adds *elaware* to the D of the title. Another, lighter hand has added *elawarr*.** George John, fifth Earl Delawarr, was one of B.'s Harrow friends: see BLJ I 53-5: *If you [Augusta] too desert me, I have nobody I can love but Delawarr. If it was not for his sake, Harrow would be a desert, and I should dislike staying at it.*

44: The "d" of "dear" is inked-in.

TO -----,⁴⁵ **Caroline.**

2

THINK'ST thou, I saw thy beauteous eyes,
 Suffus'd in tears, implore to stay;
 And heard *unmov'd*, thy plenteous sighs,
 Which said far more than words could say<.> ?

5

Though keen the grief, *thy* tears exprest,
 When love, and hope, lay *both* o'erthrown;
 Yet still, my girl, *this* bleeding breast,
 Throbb'd, with deep sorrow, as *thine own*.

10

But, when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
 When *thy* sweet lips were join'd to mine;
 The tears, that from *my* eye-lids flow'd,
 Were lost in those which fell from *thine*.

15

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame,
 And, as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
 In *sighs alone* it breath'd my name.

20

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
 In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
 Remembrance only can remain,
 But *that*, will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best belov'd, adieu!
 Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret,
 Nor let thy mind past joys review,
 Our only *hope is*, to *forget*.

1805.

45: FP pp.6-7; POVO (retitled "To Caroline"), pp.41-2. Not in HOI or POAT. No stanza numbers in FP. "Caroline's" identity is not known. She is not B.'s mistress Caroline Cameron, for his liaison with Cameron occurred in 1808, and was, though energetic, not amatory: see BLJ I 157 and 167.

TO CAROLINE.⁴⁶

16

YOU say you love, and yet your eye
 No symptom of that love conveys,
 You say you love, yet know not why<, > ;
 Your cheek no sign of love betrays.

2.

Ah! did that breast with ardour glow,
 With me alone it joy could know,⁴⁷
 Or feel with me the listless woe,
 Which racks my heart when far from <thee.> **you**

5

3.

Whene'er we meet, my blushes rise,
 And mantle through my purpled cheek<, > ;
 But yet, no blush to mine replies,
 Nor <e'en your> eyes your love bespeak.
do those

10

4.

[vertically:]

**Though Love &
 Rapture still are new.**

Your voice alone declares your flame,
 And though so sweet it breathes⁴⁸ my name;
 Our passions still are not the same,
 <Alas! you cannot love like me.>

15

5.

For e'en your lip seems steep'd in snow,
 And, though so oft it meets⁴⁹ my kiss,
 It burns with no responsive glow,
 Nor melts, like mine, in dewy bliss.

20

6.

Ah! what are words to love like mine,
 Though uttered by a voice like thine,
 I still in murmurs must repine,
 And think that love can ne'er be true,⁵⁰

7.

Which meets me with no joyous sign<, > ;
 Without a sigh which bids adieu<, > :
 How different is <my/**that**> love from <th/**m**>**ine**,
 <How/**Which**> <keen/**feels**> <my/**such**> grief when leaving you.

25

8.

Your image fills my anxious breast,
 Till day declines adown the West,
 And when, at night, I sink to rest,
 In dreams your fancied form I view.

30

46: FP pp.7-9. Not in POVO, HOI, or POAT. The poem rhymes abab / cccd. "Caroline's" identity is not known.

47: This line is not indented in FP.

48: "breaths" (FP).

49: "mets" (FP: second "e" inked-in).

50: "true." (FP).

9.
 'Tis then, your breast<,>⁵¹ no longer cold,
 With equal ardour seems to burn,
 While close your arms around me fold, 35
 Your lips my kiss with warmth return.

10.
 Ah! would those joyous moments last<,> !
 Vain HOPE! the gay delusion's past<,> ;
 That voice! – ah! no, 'tis but the blast,
 Which echoes through the neighbouring grove<.> ! 40

11.
 But, when *awake*, your lips I seek,
 And clasp, enraptur'd, all your charms,
 So chill's the pressure of your cheek,
 I fold a statue in my arms.

12. 45
 If thus, when to my heart embrac'd,
 No pleasure in your eyes is trac'd,
 You may be prudent, fair, and chaste,
 But ah! my girl, you *do not love*<.> !

51: In the Morgan FP, this comma is inked over, then crossed out.

TO MARIA -----⁵²

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
 When you must quit your anxious lover,
 Since now, our dream of bliss is past,
 One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe, 5
 Which bids us part, to meet no more;
 Which tears me far from *one* so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have⁵³ pass'd some happy hours,
 And joy will mingle with our tears; 10
 When thinking on these ancient towers,
 We shelter of our infant years.

Where from this gothic casement's height,
 We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,
 And still, though tears obstruct our sight, 15
 We lingering look a last farewell. –

O'er fields, through which we used to run,
 And spend the hours in childish play;
 O'er shades, where, when our race was done,
 Reposing on my breast you lay, 20

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
 Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
 Yet envied every fly the kiss,
 It dar'd to give your slumbering eyes.

See still the little painted *bark*, 25
 In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
 See there, high waving o'er the park,
 The *elm*, I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past, our joys are gone,
 You leave me, leave this happy vale<;> : 30
 These scenes I must retrace alone<;> ;
 Without thee, what will they avail.

Who can conceive, who has not prov'd,
 The anguish of a last embrace?
 When, torn from all you fondly lov'd, 35
 You bid a long adieu to peace.

⁵²: FP pp.10-11; POVO (retitled “To Emma”), pp.35-7. Not in HOI or POAT. “Maria / Emma” may be Mary Chaworth.
⁵³: The scansion demands “we’ve”.

This is the deepest of our woes,
For *this*, these tears our cheeks bedew,
This is of love the final close,
Oh, GOD! the fondest, *last* adieu! 40
1805.

**FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES, FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS
OF ÆSCHYLUS.⁵⁴**

6

GREAT Jove! to whose Almighty Throne,
 Both Gods and mortals homage pay,
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall, 5
 In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
 My voice shall raise no impious strain,
 'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.⁵⁵

How different now thy joyless fate,
 Since first Hesione thy bride, 10
 When plac'd aloft in godlike state,
 The blushing beauty by thy side,⁵⁶
 Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smil'd,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguil'd;
 The Nymphs and Tritons danc'd around, 15
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.
 HARROW, *December 1, 1804.*

54: FP pp.11-12; POVO pp.11-12; HOI pp.84-5; POAT pp.84-5. "Æschylus" (all four volumes). B. translates two sections from a chorus addressing Prometheus on his rock. Here is another translation, by E.D.A.Morshead:

CHORUS

O never may my weak and faint desire
 Strive against God most high –
 Never be slack in service, never tire
 Of sacred loyalty;
 Nor fail to wend unto the altar-side,
 Where with the blood of kine
 Steams up the offering, by the quenchless tide
 Of Ocean, Sire divine!
 Be this within my heart, indelible –
 Offend not with thy tongue!

Alas, Prometheus! on thy woe condign
 I looked, and learned this lore;
 And a new strain floats to these lips of mine –
 Not the glad song of yore,
 When by the lustral wave I sang to see
 My sister made thy bride,
 Decked with thy gifts, thy loved Hesione,
 And clasped unto thy side.

55: An inadvertent echo of *Rule Britannia: Arose from out the azure main ...*

56: "side." (FP).

written

LINES in "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN," by J.J. ROUSSEAU, founded on Facts.⁵⁷

12

"AWAY, away, – your flattering arts<,>
 "May now betray some simpler hearts;
 "And *you* will *smile* at their believing,
 "And *they* shall *weep* at your deceiving."

foregoing

Answer to the <above>, address'd to Miss ——. ⁵⁸

13

DEAR simple girl those flattering arts,
thoud'st (From which <you'd> guard frail female hearts,)
 Exist but in imagination, –
 Mere phantoms of <your> own creation; **thine**
views
 For he who <sees> that witching grace, 5
 That perfect form, that lovely face,⁵⁹
 With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,
 He never wishes to deceive thee<:> .
 <Once let you at your> mirror glance, **Once in thy polished**
Thou't <You'll> there descry that elegance, 10
 Which from our sex demands such praises,
 But envy in the other raises. –
Thee thy
 Then he who tells <you> of <your> beauty,
 Believe me only does his duty;
 Ah! fly not from the candid youth, – 15
 It is not flattery, but truth.

July, 1804.

57: FP p.12; POVO p.28. Not in HOI or POAT. This poem is by EP. She wrote the following verse to the absent B.:

These times are past, our Joy's are gone
 You leave me, leave this happy Vale;
 These Scenes I must retrace alone,
 Without *Thee*, what can they avail?
 Who can conceive, who has not loved,
 The anguish of a Last Embrace?
 When torn from you all fondly loved,
 You bade a long Adieu to Peace.

When EP read B.'s poem, she tore it out, writing later, *I was young & foolish then & was ashamed of them & tore them out.* I repent now – *like many other people when 'tis too late* (Boyes p.20).

58: FP p.13; POVO p.29. Not in HOI or POAT. **In the Texas POVO, EP adds *Pigot*.**

59: "face;" (FP).

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS, AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.⁶⁰

33

WHERE are those honours<?> , IDA<,> ! once your own,
 When Probus fill'd your magisterial throne<,> ?
 As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
 Hail'd a Barbarian, in her Cæsar's place;
 So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
 And seat *Pomposus*, where your *Probus* sate.⁶¹ 5
 Of narrow brain, but of a narrower soul,
 Pomposus<,> holds you, in his harsh controul;
 Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
 With florid jargon,⁶² and with vain parade;
 With noisy nonsense, and new fangled rules, 10
 <(>Such as were ne'er before <beheld> in schools,<)> **enforced**
 Mistaking *pedantry*, for *learning's* laws,
 He governs, sanctioned but by self applause.
 With him, the same dire fate attending Rome,
 Ill-fated IDA! soon must stamp your doom; 15
 Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
 No trace of science left you, but the name.
 HARROW, *July* 1805.

⁶⁰: FP p.14; POVO pp.89-90. Not in HOI or POAT.

⁶¹: Pomposus is the new Headmaster of Harrow, Dr George Butler; Probus is his predecessor, B.'s admired Dr Joseph Drury. "Pomposo" was the name Charles Churchill used for Dr Johnson in his satire *The Ghost* (1763).

⁶²: In all copies of FP, there is a scratched-out change, perhaps from *Jargon* to *jargon*.

EPITAPH ON A BELOVED FRIEND.⁶³

4

OH Boy! forever⁶⁴ lov'd, for ever dear, **bathed**
 What fruitless tears have <wash'd> thy honour'd bier;
 What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
 Wilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death.
 Could tears <have turn'd> the tyrant in his course, **retard** 5
 Could sighs <have check'd> his dart's relentless force; **avert**
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey<,>⁶⁵ ;
 Thou still had'st liv'd, to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight: 10
 Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born,
 No titles did thy humble name adorn,
 To me, far dearer, was thy artless love,
 Than all the joys, wealth, fame, and friends could prove.
 For thee alone I liv'd, or wish'd to live, 15
 (Oh God! if impious, this rash word forgive;)
 Heart broken now, I wait an equal doom,
 Content to join thee in thy turf-clad tomb;
 Where this frail form compos'd in endless rest,
 I'll make my last, cold, pillow on thy breast; 20
 That breast where oft in life, I've laid my head,
 Will yet receive me mouldering with the dead;
 This life resign'd, without one parting sigh,
 Together in one bed of earth we'll lie!
 Together share the fate to mortals given, 25
 Together mix our dust, and hope for Heaven.

HARROW, 1803.

⁶³: FP pp.15-16; POVO pp.8-9. **The BL POVO has here, on p.9, in pencil, Southwell, March 17th.** HOI (completely rewritten, and retitled "Epitaph on a Friend"), pp.7-8; POAT pp.5-6. The identity of the friend is unclear.

⁶⁴: **In the Morgan FP, B. carets-in a space between the "r" and the "e" of "forever".**

⁶⁵: "prey." (FP). **In the Morgan FP, this comma is replaced by a semi-colon.**

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.⁶⁶

27

ANIMULA! vagula, Blandula,
 Hospes, comesque, corporis<>!
 Quæ nunc abibis in Loca?
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis Jocos.⁶⁷

Translation.

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite!
 Friend and associate of this clay<>!
 To what unknown region borne,
 Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
 No more, with wonted humour gay, 5
 But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.
 1806.

66: FP p.16; POVO pp.73-4; HOI 71-2; POAT pp.71-2. B. writes to Long, May 14 1807: ... *I have lately been brushing up my Intellects by Translations from the Greek of Anacreon & Medea, of the former only 2 odes, & a Chorus from the Latter, will make their appearance, I am putting the last touches to a Translation of the Episode of Nisus & Euryalus, (in my opinion the best in point of Versification I have ever written) ...* (BLJ I 118).

67: The poem is indecent. "O my little soul/life, wandering, charming / Guest and companion of my body / To what place will you now depart? / Pale, stiff, naked, / Nor will you jest, as you were wont." (literal translation by Michael Fincham). Compare John Wilkes' parody of Pope's *The Dying Christian to his Soul*:

THE DYING LOVER TO HIS PRICK

1.
 HAPPY Spark of heavenly Flame!
 Pride and Wonder of Man's Frame!
 Why is pleasure so soon flying?
 Why so short this Bliss of dying?
 Cease, fond Pego, cease thy Strife,
 And yet indulge a Moment's Life.

2.
 Hark, Cunt whispers, don't she say,
 Brother Pego come away?
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my Senses, shuts my Sight;
 Drowns my spirits, draws my Breath?
 Tell me, my Prick, can this be Death?

3.
 Now you recede, now disappear!
 My Eye looks round in vain, my Ear;
 Fanny, your Murmur rings:
 Lend, lend your Hand! I mount! I die!
 O Prick, how great thy Victory?
 O Pleasure! sweet thy Stings.

(This Ode was written to check the mad Career of some precipitate young Steeds, and to teach them not to run their earthly Race so furiously as to lose half the Rapture of the Course.)

TO MARY.⁶⁸

RACK'D by the flames of jealous rage,
 By all her torments deeply curst,
 Of hell-born passions far the worst,
 What hope my pangs can now assuage?

2.

I tore me from thy circling arms, 5
 To madness fir'd by doubts and fears,
 Heedless of thy suspicious tears,
 Nor feeling for thy feign'd alarms.

3.

Resigning every thought of bliss,
 Forever, from <your/thy> love I go, 10
 Reckless of all the tears that flow,
 Disdaining thy polluted kiss.

4.

No more that bosom heaves for me,
 On it another seeks repose,
 Another riots⁶⁹ on its snows, 15
 Our bonds are broken, both are free.

5.

No more with mutual love we burn,
 No more the genial couch we <bl/pr>ess,
 Dissolving in the fond caress;
 Our love o'erthrown will ne'er return. 20

6.

Though love than ours could ne'er be truer,
 Yet flames too fierce themselves destroy,
 Embraces oft repeated cloy,
Ours came too *frequent*, to endure.

7.

'st

<Y/Th>ou quickly sought a second lover, 25
 And I too proud to share a heart,
 Where once I held the *whole*, not *part*,
 Another mistress must discover.

68: FP pp.17-19 (removed from Newstead FP and replaced with facsimile); not in POVO, HOI or POAT. Not in Coleridge. Mary's identity is not known. **In the Morgan FP, B. crosses the entire poem out with two diagonal strokes.** B. to John Pigot, Aug 10 1806: *This astonishing packet, will doubtless amaze you, but having an idle hour this evening, I wrote the inclosed Stanza's, which I request you deliver [to] Ridge to be printed separate from my other Compositions, as you will perceive them to be improper for the perusal of Ladies, of course none of the females of your family must see them ...* (BLJ I 97). And yet the verses were included in FP. On Jan 13 1807, B. writes again to John Pigot: *that unlucky poem to my poor Mary, has been the Cause of some Animadversion from Ladies in years. I have not printed it in this Collection [POVO] in Consequence of my being pronounced, a most profligate Sinner, in short a "young Moore" by Mrs. S— your Oxon friend* (BLJ I 103: "Oxon" is probably "Oxton", a village near Southwell).

69: "riot's" (FP).

8.
 Though not the *first* one, who hath best me,
 Yet I will own, <y/th>ou was the dearest, 30
 The one, unto my bosom nearest;
 So I conceiv'd, when I possest thee.

9.
 Even now I cannot well forget thee,
 And though no more in folds of pleasure,
 Kiss follows kiss in countless measure, 35
 I hope <you/thou> sometimes wil<l/t> regret me.

10.
 And smile to think how oft were done,
 What prudes declare a sin to act is,
 And never but in darkness practice,
 Fearing to trust the tell-tale sun. 40

11.
 And wisely therefore night prefer,
 Whose dusky mantle veils their fears,
 Of *this* and *that*, of eyes and ears,
 Affording shade to those that err.

12. 45
 Now, by my soul, 'tis most delight
 To view each other panting, dying,
 In love's *ecstatic posture* lying,
 Grateful to *feeling*, as to *sight*.⁷⁰

13. 50
 And had the glaring God of Day,
 (As formerly of Mars and Venus)
 Divulg'd the joys which pass'd between us,
 Regardless of his *peeping ray*,⁷¹

13. 55
 Of love admiring such a *sample*,
 The Gods and Goddesses descending,
 Had never fancied us offending,
 But *wisely* followed our *example*.

70: Compare *Macbeth* II mi 35-6, *Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible / To feeling as to sight?*

71: "ray." (FP).

a fragment
72

<p>WHEN to their airy hall, my father's voice<> Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice, When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride, Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side; Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns, To mark the spot, where earth to earth returns. No lengthen'd scroll of virtue, and renown, My <i>epitaph</i><> shall be, my name alone; If <i>that</i> with honour fail<s> to crown my clay, Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay; <i>That</i>, only <i>that</i>, shall single out the s<p/h>ot,⁷³ By that remember'd, or fore'er forgot. –</p>	<p>5</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p>	
<p>1803.</p>		

72: FP (without title), pp.19-20 (removed from Newstead FP and replaced with facsimile); POVO (retitled “A FRAGMENT”), p.10; HOI p.9; POAT p.7.

73: “shot” (FP).

TO -----⁷⁴ **Caroline**

1.

OH! when shall the grave hide forever my sorrow?
 Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay?
 The present is hell! and the coming to-morrow,
 But brings with new torture, the curse of to-day.

2.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses, 5
 I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me from bliss;
 For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses,
 Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this –

3.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,
 Would my lips breathe a flame, which no stream could assuage, 10
 On our foes should my glance launch in vengeance its lightning,
 With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

4.

But now tears and curses alike unavailing,
 Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;
 Could they view us, our sad separation bewailing, 15
 Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

5.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,
 Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer;
 Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation,
 In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear. 20

6.

Oh! when, my ador'd, in the tomb will they place me,
 Since in life, love and friendship, for ever are fled,
 If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
 Perhaps they will leave unmolested – the dead.

1805.

74: FP pp.20-1 (first ten lines removed from Newstead FP and replaced with facsimile); POVO (retitled "To Caroline"), pp.46-7. Not in HOI or POAT. "Caroline's" identity is not known.

To Caroline

75

18

1.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,
 Ne'er think, my belov'd, that I do not believe,
 For your lip, would the soul of suspicion disarm,
 And your eye beams a ray, which can never deceive.

2.

Yet still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
 That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear,
 That age will come on, when remembrance, deploring,
 Contemplates the scenes of her youth, with a tear.

5

3.

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
 Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,
 When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,
 Prove nature a prey to decay, and disease.

10

4.

'Tis this, my belov'd, which spreads gloom o'er my features,
 Tho' I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree;
 Which God has proclaim'd, as the fate of his creatures,
 In the death, which will one day deprive <me of thee>.
you of me

15

5.

No jargon of priests o'er our union was mutter'd,
 To rivet the fetters of husband and wife;
 By our lips, by our hearts, were our vows alone utter'd,
 To perform them, in full, would ask more than a life.

20

6.

But as death, my belov'd, soon or late, shall o'ertake us,
whilst
 And our breasts, <which> alive, with such sympathy glow,
 Will sleep in the grave, till the blast shall awake us,
 When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low –⁷⁶

7.

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
 Which from passion, like ours, may unceasingly flow;
 Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss, in full measure,
 And quaff the contents, as our nectar below.

25

1805.

75: FP pp.21-23; POVO (minus stanza 5, retitled "To Caroline"), pp.43-5. Not in HOI or POAT. "Caroline's" identity is not known.

76: "low." (FP).

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON
THE HILL. 1806.⁷⁷

2

YE scenes of my childhood, whose lov'd recollection<>
Embitters the present, compar'd with the past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last.

2.

Where fancy yet joys, to retrace the resemblance,
Of comrades in friendship, and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is deny'd.

5

3.

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;
The school where loud warn'd by the bell we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by Pedagogues taught.

10

4.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone⁷⁸ I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

15

5.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,⁷⁹
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that MOSSOP* himself was outshone.

20

* MOSSOP, a contemporary of GARRICK, famous for his performance of *Zanga*, in YOUNG's tragedy of the *Revenge*.⁸⁰

6.

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters of kingdom and reason depriv'd;
Till, fir'd by loud plaudits, and self adulation,
I consider'd myself as a *Garrick* reviv'd.

7.

Ye dreams of my boyhood how much I regret you,
As your memory beams through this agoniz'd breast;
Thus sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you,
<Though this heart throbs to bursting by anguish> possess.
Your pleasure may still be in Fancy

25

⁷⁷: FP pp.23-5; POVO pp.4-6; HOI pp.4-6. Not in POAT.

⁷⁸: The Peachy Stone in Harrow School churchyard is still there.

⁷⁹: At Harrow speech-days in 1805 (the year before he wrote this poem), B. declaimed speeches from Edward Young's 1721 tragedy *The Revenge*, and from *King Lear*.

⁸⁰: The Irish actor Henry Mossop (1729-74).

8.

I thought this poor brain, fever'd even to madness,
Of tears, as of reason, forever was drain'd,
But the drops, which now flow down *this* bosom of sadness,
Convince me, the springs have some moisture retain'd.

30

9.

Sweet scenes of my childhood! your blest recollection<,>
Has wrung from these eye-lids, to weeping long dead,
In torrents, the tears of my warmest affection,
The last, and the fondest, I ever shall shed.

35

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.⁸¹

34

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
M<—/a>ns<—/e>l⁸² his ample front sublime uprears;
Plac'd on his chair of state, he seems a God,
While Sophs and Freshmen, tr<i/e>mble⁸³ at his nod.
<Whilst/As>⁸⁴ all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom, 5
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach, to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth! in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little vers'd in any art beside; 10
Who with scarce sense to pen an *English* letter,
Yet, with precision, scans an *attic metre*.
What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord pil'd the fields with dead,
When Edward⁸⁵ bade his conquering bands advance, 15
Or Henry⁸⁶ trampled on the crest of France;
Though marvelling at the name of *Magna Charta*,
Yet, well he recollects the *laws* of *Sparta*;
Can tell what edicts sage *Lycurgus*⁸⁷ made,
While *Blackstone's*⁸⁸ on the *shelf*, *neglected*, laid<;>, 20
Of *Grecian dramas* vaunts the deathless fame,
Of *Avon's bard*, remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class honours, medals, fellowships await;
Or even, perhaps, the *declamation* prize, 25
If to such glorious height, he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no *common* orator can hope,
The envied silver cup within his scope;
Not that our *heads* much eloquence require,
The ATHENIAN's glowing style, or TULLY's fire.⁸⁹ 30
The *manner* of the speech, is nothing, since
We do not try, by *speaking*, to *convince*;
Be other *orators* of pleasing *proud*,
We speak, to *please* ourselves, not *move* the crowd.
Our gravity prefers the *muttering* tone, 35
A proper mixture of the *squeak* and *groan*;

⁸¹: FP pp.25-8; POVO pp.91-4; HOI pp.113-17; POAT pp.111-15. In the Newstead FP, EP adds, at *Trinity Camb.*

⁸²: In the Newstead FP, "a"s are placed over the dashes, making "Mansal". William Lort Mansel, Master of Trinity, B.'s college, later Bishop of Bristol, a transformation upon which B. wrote epigrams:

Grieve, Grieve no more, whom no high honours wait,
But view the evils of exalted State:
Cares of a Crown have addled George's skull,
And lo! a Mitre makes our Mansel dull.

B., as a peer, was exempt from having to sit examinations at Cambridge. A brief interview with his tutor ensured that he was suitable to take his B.A.

⁸³: In both the Newstead and Morgan FPs, the first "e" is inked in over "i". In the BL FP, the "e" is printed.

⁸⁴: In the Morgan FP, "Whilst" is completely scratched out and "As" inked-in.

⁸⁵: Edward the Black Prince.

⁸⁶: Henry V, victor of Agincourt.

⁸⁷: Lycurgus, Spartan law-maker.

⁸⁸: William Blackstone, English legal commentator.

⁸⁹: The Greek orator Demosthenes and the Roman orator Cicero.

No borrow'd *grace* of *action*, must be seen,
 The slightest motion would displease the *dean*.
 Whilst every staring graduate would prate,
 Against what, *he* could never imitate. 40

The man, who hopes t'obtain the promised cup,
 Must in one *posture* stand, and *ne'er look up*.
 Nor *stop*, but rattle over *every* word,
 No matter *what*, so it can *not* be heard;
 Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest, 45
 Who speaks the *fastest*, 's sure to speak the *best*;
 Who utters most within the shortest space,
 May safely hope to win the *wordy race*.

The sons of *Science*, *these*, who thus repaid,
 Linger in ease in Granta's⁹⁰ sluggish shade; 50
 Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
 Unknown, unhonour'd, live, – unwept for, die.⁹¹
 Dull as the pictures, which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
 In manners rude, in foolish forms precise, 55
 All modern arts affecting to despise.
 Yet prizing *Bentley's*,* *Brunck's*,* or *Porson's*† note,
 More than the *verse*, on which the *critic wrote*;
 With eager haste, they court the lord of power,
 (Whether 'tis PITT or PETTY⁹² rules the hour:) 60
 To *him*, with suppliant smiles they bend the head,
 While mitres, prebends, to their eyes are spread.
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next, who fill'd his place;
Such are the men, who learning's treasures guard, 65
Such is their *practice*, such is their *reward*;
 This *much* at least we may presume to say,
 The *reward's* scarce equal, to the *price* they pay.
 1806.

* Celebrated Critics.⁹³

† The present Greek Professor at Cambridge.

90: Granta is Cambridge.

91: In the Morgan FP, B. seems to ask for an extra dash: *Unknown, unhonour'd, – live, – unwept for, die*.

92: Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, third Marquis of Lansdowne (1780-1863). Champion of Catholic Emancipation, friend of Moore, Crabbe, and of Madame de Staël.

93: All three were named Richard: Bentley (1662-1742), Brunck (1729-183), and the famous drunken commentator on Greek, Porson (1759-1808), the only one whom B. knew.

TO MARY, ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.⁹⁴

20

1.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
 (Though strong as mortal art could give)
 My constant heart of fear disarms,
 Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

2.

Here I can trace the locks of gold, 5
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave;
 The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's mould,
 The lips, which made me *Beauty's* slave.

3.

Here I can trace — ah no! that eye, 10
 Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
 Must all the painter's art defy,
 And bid him from the task retire.

4.

Here I behold, its beauteous hue,
 But where's the beam of soft desire?
 Which gave a lustre to its blue, 15
 Love, only love, could e'er inspire.

5.

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
 Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
 Than all the living forms could be,
 Save her, who plac'd thee next my heart. 20

6.

She plac'd it, sad with needless fear,
 Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
 Unconscious that her image there,
 Held every sense in fast controul.

7.

Through hours, through years, through time 'twill cheer, 25
 My hope in gloomy moments raise;
 In life's last conflict 'twill⁹⁵ appear,
 And meet my fond, expiring gaze.

⁹⁴: FP pp.28-9; POVO pp.50-1; HOI pp.37-8; POAT pp.33-5. **EP writes, on a sheet pasted into the Newstead FP, *This Poem was to that naughty Mary to whom the Lines were written which occasioned such a commotion in the State, & were the reason of this Edition being put in the fire. P.28.*** Still, "Mary"'s identity is unknown.

⁹⁵: "'twill" (FP).

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX, THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU
APPEARED IN THE MORNING POST.⁹⁶

97

“OUR Nation’s foes, lament on *Fox’s*⁹⁸ death,
“But bless the hour, when PITT⁹⁹ resign’d his breath;
“These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclue,
“We give the palm where Justice points its due.”

*To which the Author of these Pieces, sent the subjoined Reply, for Insertion
in the MORNING CHRONICLE. –*

perverting Truth,

The Dead OH! factious viper! Who, <se envenom’d tooth>,
Would mangle, <still the dead, in spite of truth>; **with envenomed Tooth,**
What, though our “nation’s foes” lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great; **essay**
Shall <therefore> dastard tongues <assail> the name <presume> **to blast** 5
Of him whose virtues claim eternal fame?
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscur’d his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits “war not with the dead;” 10
His friends in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber’d in the grave.
sunk He <died> an Atlas, bending ’neath the weight,
Of cares <oppressing> our <unhappy> state;
oerwhelming conflicting
a in Fox

But lo! <another> Hercules appear’d, 15
Who, for a time, the ruin’d fabric rear’d;
fallen, He too is <dead>! who <still our England propp’d,> **Britain’s loss supplied**
With him, our fast¹⁰⁰ reviving hopes have <dropp’d>; **died**
Not one great people, only, raise his urn, 20
All Europe’s far extended regions mourn.
“These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclue,¹⁰¹
“And give the palm, where Justice points its due;”
But let not canker’d calumny assail,
And round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o’er whose corse a mourning world must weep, 25
Whose dear remains in honoured marble sleep;
For whom, at last, even hostile nations groan,
While <And> friends and foes, alike, his talents own;
Fox! shall in Britain’s future annals shine,
Nor e’en to *Pitt*, the patriot’s *palm* resign; 30
Which Envy, wearing Candour’s sacred mask,
d
For PITT, and PITT alone, <would> dare to ask.¹⁰²
has

⁹⁶: FP pp.30-1; POVO pp.97-9; HOI pp.17-18; POAT pp.15-17.

⁹⁷: **This poem is given no renumbering in the Morgan FP, though it is printed in all three other volumes. In POVO it is on pp.97-9.**

⁹⁸: Charles James Fox, great Whig statesman, born 1749, died September 13th 1806.

⁹⁹: William Pitt the Younger, born 1759, died January 23rd 1806. Fox’s Tory rival. Compare TVOJ, 73, 5, and AOB, 10-14.

¹⁰⁰: The “f” of “fast” is inked-over in all copies of FP. Roe (p.7) reads the original letter as “f”.

¹⁰¹: “unclue” is a neologism meaning “interpret”.

¹⁰²: **EP writes here, in the Newstead FP, *Southwell Oct. 1806.***

TO A LADY, WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR, BRAID-
ED WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER, TO
MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN.¹⁰³

26

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,¹⁰⁴
Than all th' unmeaning protestations,
Which swell with nonsense, love orations.
Our love is fix'd, I think we've prov'd it, 5
Nor time, nor place, nor art, have mov'd it<;> :
Then, wherefore, should we sigh, and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine<;> ;¹⁰⁵
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic<;> ?¹⁰⁶ 10
Why should you weep, like *Lydia Languish*,¹⁰⁷
And fret with self-created anguish<;> ;¹⁰⁸
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen:
In leafless shades, to sue for pardon, 15
Only because the scene's a garden<;> ?¹⁰⁹
For gardens seem, by one consent,
(Since SHAKESPEARE set the precedent,
Since¹¹⁰ Juliet first declar'd her passion,
To form the place of assignation.¹¹¹ 20
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a *sea-coal* fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain;
He surely, in commiseration, 25
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy, I've no objection<;> ;
Warm nights are proper for reflection<;> ;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love, itself, is rather frigid<;> . 30
Think on our chilly situation<;> ;
And curb this rage for imitation.¹¹²
Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you, 35
Oh! let me, in your chamber, greet you;

103: FP pp.31-3; POVO pp.67-9. Not in HOI or POAT. The "Lady's" identity is unknown.

104: "confine;" (FP). **In the Morgan FP, B. substitutes a comma.**

105: "repine." (FP). **In the Morgan FP, B. substitutes a semi-colon.**

106: "romantic." (FP). **In the Morgan FP, B. substitutes a question-mark.**

107: Heroine of Sheridan's 1775 comedy *The Rivals*.

108: "anguish." (FP). **In the Morgan FP, B. substitutes a semi-colon.**

109: "garden." (FP). **In the Morgan FP, B. substitutes a question mark.**

110: "... precedent;)" / (Since ... (FP). **In the Morgan FP, B. substitutes "... precedent;)" / (Since ...**

111 **BYRON'S NOTE** (in POVO): In the above little piece, the author has been accused by some CANDID READERS, of introducing the name of a lady, from whom he was some hundred miles distant, at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in "the Tomb of all the Capulets" has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel, walking in a garden of their creation, during the month of DECEMBER, in a village, where the author never passed a winter; such has been the candour of some ingenious critics: we would advise these LIBERAL commentators on taste, and arbiters of decorum, to read SHAKESPEARE.

112: This becomes, in *The Giaour: The cold in clime are cold in blood, / Their love can scarce deserve the name; / But mine was like a lava flood / That boils in Ætna's breast of flame* (1099-1102).

There, we can love for hours together,
 Much better in such snowy weather,
 Than plac'd in all th'Arcadian groves,
 That ever witness'd rural loves;
There if my passion fail to please,
 Next night I'll be content to freeze;
 No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
 But curse my fate, forever after.¹¹³

40

113 BYRON'S NOTE (in POVO): Having heard that a very severe, and indelicate censure has been passed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an admired work, CARR's *Stranger in France*," Chapter 16.— "As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, amongst other figures, is the uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prudish looking lady, who seemed to have touched the age of desperation, after having, attentively, surveyed it through her glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in that picture; Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear, "that the indecorum was in the remark." B. seems to have written this note while revising FP: it is signalled in printer's reminders on the Morgan copy.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.¹¹⁴

25

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
 That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
 And though we ne'er may meet again,
 Remembrance will thy form retain;
 I would not say, "I love," but still, 5
 My senses struggle with my will;
 In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
 My thoughts are more and more repress;
 In vain I check the rising sighs,
 Another to the last replies<;> : 10
 Perhaps, this is not love, but yet,
 Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What, though we never silence broke,
 Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
 The tongue in flattering falsehood deals, 15
 And tells a tale, it never feels;
 Deceit, the guilty lips impart,
 And hush the mandates of the heart,

114: FP pp.33-6; POVO pp.64-6; HOI pp.31-3. Not in POAT. **Pencilled marginalium (in the BL POVO, p.64):** *whom the Author saw at Harrogate. EP writes, in the Newstead FP, At Harrowgate, Sept. 1806. This is then repeated in pencil.* The legend that B. really had seen a beautiful Yorkshire Quaker gained ground, then, almost at once: and the presence, disguised as a Quaker, of Variella, the heroine of Allingham's *The Weathercock*, the play in which B. was about to play on his return from Harrogate, is always passed over. Here is the "Quaker" scene in its entirety:

Re-enter Variella, dressed as a Quaker. – Tristram, turning round, sees her.

Tristram: Ah! who is this? Pray, young woman, did you see a – Egad, she is very handsome! Did you see a – a – beautiful – did you see a – a person?

Variella: Yea, verily, I saw a damsel, friend, clad in gaudy apparel.

Tristram: You say true; very gaudy and fantastical, unlike the modest attire which thy fair form gives grace to.

Variella [*Aside*]: So! So!

Tristram: Zounds! what a most delectable creature she is! I was always fond of the Quakers. There is something so neat about them – such a charming modesty. You did see that person, then?

Variella: Yea, the sight of her flaunting attire did offend my eyes.

Tristram: 'Tis pity such a pair of eyes should be offended. Poor conceited little ape! Why, you look a thousand times better in that simple dress than she did in all her frippery.

Variella: I seek not to look well.

Tristram: And therefore thou art a thousand times more lovely. For thy sake, fair maid, I will become a stiff Quaker. Wilt thou introduce me to thy con-ven-ticle?

Variella: Yea; and it does rejoice me exceedingly that the spirit doth move thee towards us. Hum!

Tristram: Hum!

Variella: And will you listen to the good things that are said to thee? Wilt thou learn therefrom? And wilt thou not sigh for the damsel in the colours of vanity?

Tristram: I pray thee think no more of her; forget her, as I do. I neither like her squinting, her squalling, nor her snub nose.

Variella [*Aside*]: Her snub nose!

Tristram: Thou art to her as the rose of the garden is to the poppy of the cornfield. I love thee – yea, I do love thee astonishingly.

Variella: Now thou dost talk improperly, and I must bid thee farewell.

Tristram: So soon! When shall I see thee again?

Variella: Sooner, perhaps, than thou desirest.

Tristram: That is not possible. [*Goes to back of stage, plucks a rose, and gives it her.*] Wear in thy bosom, I beseech thee, this emblem of thyself; and, when it begins to droop and wither, let it remind thee that even so I sicken till I behold thee again.

Variella: Before a leaf fades, I will be in thy presence. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Tristram: Then I shall be the happiest of Quakers, for I will straight unto my father, and ask him to give this damsel to me in marriage, for my spirit doth incline unto her. Yea, I saw it doth, as it were, move towards her. Oh, I'm so happy, I could dance – [*Dances.*] – and I could jump! No, I must not jump. Quakers do not jump. No, verily, I must not be a dancing Quaker! [*Exit.*]

But soul's interpreters, the eyes,¹¹⁵
 Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise. 20
 As thus our glances oft convers'd,
 And, all our bosoms felt, rehears'd,
 No *spirit*, from within, reprov'd us,
 Say rather, "'twas the *spirit mov'd us*."¹¹⁶
 Though what they utter'd, I repress, 25
 Yet, I conceive, thou'lt partly guess;
 For, as on thee, my memory ponders,
 Perchance to me, thine also wanders<:> .
 This, for myself, at least I'll say,
 Thy form appears, through night, through day, 30
 Awake, with it my fancy teems,
 In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;
 The vision charms the hours away,
 And bids me curse Aurora's ray;
 For breaking slumbers of delight, 35
 Which make me wish for endless night.
 Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
 Shall joy or woe my steps await;
 Tempted by love, by storms beset,
 Thine image, I can ne'er forget. 40

Alas! again, no more we meet,
 No more former looks repeat;
 Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
 The dictate of my bosom's care:
 "May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker, 45
 "That anguish never can o'ertake her;
 "That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
 "But bliss be aye, her heart's partaker<:> .
 "No jealous passion shall invade,
 "No envy that pure breast pervade;" 50
 For he that revels in such charms,
 Can never seek another's arms;¹¹⁷
 "Oh! may the happy mortal fated
 "To be by dearest ties related;
 "For *her*, each hour, *new joy* discover, 55
 "And lose the husband, in the lover.
 "May that fair bosom never know
 "What 'tis to feel the restless woe<:> ,¹¹⁸
 "Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
 "Of him who never can forget." 60

115: "eyes" (FP).

116: As is supposed to happen at Quaker meetings. A joke from *The Weathercock* (see note above).

117: **In the Morgan FP, B. puts a box around this and the three previous lines, and crosses through with two diagonal strokes. The lines are cut in POVO.**

118: "woe;" (FP).

TO JULIA!¹¹⁹ **Lesbia.**

21

Lesbia

<JULIA>! since far from you I've ranged,
 Our souls with fond affection glow not;
 You say, 'tis I, *not you*, have chang'd,
 I'd tell you why, – but yet I know not.

2.

Your polish'd brow, no cares have crost, 5
 And Julia! we are not much older,
 Since, trembling first my heart I lost,
 Or told my love, with hope, grown bolder.

3.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
 Two years have lingering pass'd away, love! 10
 And, now, new thoughts our minds engage,
 At least, *I* feel disposed to stray, love!

4.

'Tis *I*, that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason;
 Since your sweet breast<, > is still the same, 15
 Caprice must be my only reason.

5.

I do not, love, suspect your truth,
 With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not,
 Warm was the passion of my youth,
 One trace of dark deceit it leaves not. 20

6.

No, no, my flame was not pretended,
 For oh! I loved you most sincerely;
 And though our dream at last is ended,
 My bosom still esteems you dearly.

7.

No more we meet in yonder bowers, 25
 Perhaps my soul's too prone to roving,
 But older, firmer *hearts* than ours,
 Have found monotony in loving.

119: FP pp.36-8; POVO (retitled "To Lesbia"), pp.52-4. Not in HOI or POAT. **The BL POVO has, in pencil (p.52), *J Julia, Lea. EP writes, in the Newstead FP, Leacroft.*** Julia Leacroft was the daughter of John Leacroft, a leading citizen of Southwell. She enjoyed amateur theatricals. Her parents tried to trap B. into marrying her, as Hobhouse describes in a note to Moore's Life: *It was at this place[Southwell] that he learnt not only his first lesson [in] sensuality but had an opportunity of seeing to what base expedients self-interest will resort – one of the families here mentioned winked at an intercourse between him and [one] of the daughters in hopes of entangling him in an unequal marriage.*

8.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
New <Your> beauties still are daily bright'ning, 30
 Your eye for conquest <comes/**beams**>¹²⁰ prepar'd,
 The forge of love's resistless lightning.

9.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
 Many will throng, to sigh like me, love<, > ;
 More constant they may prove, indeed, 35
 Fonder alas! they ne'er can be, love!

120: In the Morgan FP, comes is scratched out and beams inked-in.

TO WOMAN.¹²¹

22

SURELY experience might have told me,
 That all must love thee, who behold thee;
 Surely experience might have taught,
 A woman's promises are naught<,> ;
 But plac'd in all thy charms before me, 5
 All I forget, but to *adore* thee.
 Oh memory! thou choicest blessing,
 When join'd with hope, when still possessing<,> ,
 Thou whisperest, as our hearts are beating,
 "What oft we've done, we're still repeating."
 But how much curst by every lover,
 When hope is fled and passion's over. 10
 Woman that fair and fond deceiver,
 How prompt are striplings to believe her,
 How throbs the pulse, when first we view<,>
 The eye, that rolls in glossy blue;
 Or sparkles black, or mildly throws<,> 15
 A beam, from under hazel brows<,> :
 How quick we credit every oath,
 And hear her plight the willing troth;
 Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
 When lo! she changes in a day, 20
 The Record will forever stand,
 "That woman's vows, are writ in sand."

121: FP pp.38-9; POVO pp.55-6; HOI pp.27-8; POAT pp.22-3.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE DELIVERED BY THE AUTHOR, PREVIOUS TO
THE PERFORMANCE OF THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE, AT A PRIVATE
THEATRE.¹²²

35

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age,
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expung'd licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek, 5
Nor dare to call the blush from beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, <-> though she find not fame.
But not for *her* alone, we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect; 10
To night, no *Veteran Roscii*¹²³ you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No COOKE, no KEMBLE, can salute you here,
No SIDDONS¹²⁴ draw the sympathetic tear,
To night, you throng¹²⁵ to witness the debut,¹²⁶ 15
Of embryo actors, to the drama new;
Here then, our almost unfledg'd wings we try,
Clip not our *pinions*, ere the *birds can fly*;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas, we fall to rise no more. 20
Not one poor trembler, only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;

122: FP pp.39-40; POVO pp.95-6; HOI pp. 15-16; POAT pp.13-14. EP writes, in the Newstead FP, *Spoken by G.Wylde Esq^r. London Sep^r 1806.*

For three nights in October 1806, *The Wheel of Fortune* (1795), by Richard Cumberland, had been staged in the dining-parlour of the home of Julia Leacroft's parents, along with the 1806 farce *The Weathercock* by John Allingham.

The Wheel of Fortune is a smug melodrama about a man (Penruddock: Byron) wronged and disappointed in love, who has become a misanthropic recluse, but whose fortunes are reversed when his enemy goes bankrupt through gambling, and he acquires, from a legacy, money sufficient to acquire the enemy's estate. The action results in universal reconciliation. As one would expect from a play by Cumberland, who was the model for Sheridan's Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*, "it wants incident". There are no villains; even Penruddock's enemy, Woodville, is too penitent to merit dislike. A subplot concerns the heroine Emily Tempest, and her determination to marry Henry Woodville, son of Penruddock's enemy, and not to marry Sir David Daw, the rich but foolish man of her father's choice.

The cast was: B. played Penruddock (a part created by John Philip Kemble); Julia Leacroft played Emily Tempest; Miss Bristoe played Mrs Woodville, Penruddock's former beloved; Mr C.Becher played Sir David Daw, Emily's intended; Captain Lightfoot played Woodville, Penruddock's enemy; Mr Pigot played Sydenham, Emily's friend; Mr H. Houson played Henry Woodville, Emily's beloved (a part created by Charles Kemble); Miss Leacroft played Dame Dunckley, the landlady; Mr G. Wylde played Weazel, the lawyer; and Mr G. Heathcote played Jenkins, the butler. It is not recorded who played Tempest, Emily's father.

The Weathercock is much more entertaining. It is a farce. The lead, Tristram Fickle is a kind of Mr Toad, going from craze to craze, not, however, with a hobby in mind, but while looking for a career. He drives his father mad by his constant mind-changing. For most of the two-acter, he wants to be a lawyer. However, he is pursued in a variety of disguises by the heroine, Variella, who finally captures his affections in the disguise of a beautiful Quaker (see note to poem below).

B. had played Tristram Fickle; Miss Bristoe played Variella; Mr Pigot played the hero's father, Mr Fickle; Miss Leacroft played Ready, the chambermaid; Captain Lightfoot played Briefwit, the vicar; Mr C. Becher played Gardener, the gardener; Mr R. Leacroft played Sneer, Tristram's man; and Mr G. Wylde played Barber, the barber.

Notice that Elizabeth Pigot acted in neither play.

123: Roscius, most famous of all Roman actors: see *Hamlet* II ii 387, or *Henry VI* III, V, vi, 10.

124: George Frederick Cooke, Charles Kemble and Sarah Siddons, all famous actors. Kemble (Siddons' brother), had created the role B. is playing in *The Wheel of Fortune*.

125: FP has *thong*; "r" is written above in both the Morgan and Newstead FPs; but in the wrong place, implying "thorng".

126: John Pigot described B.'s writing this poem in an 1828 letter to EP. He and B. were in a carriage going from Sheffield to Mansfield: [B.] exclaimed "*Pigot I'll spin an Epilogue for our play*" for this was immediately before our private theatricals began at Mrs Leacroft's house with the *Wheel of Fortune* in which he played the character of Penruddock. During our twelve mile drive he frequently asked me for rhymes to particular words and I well remember his asking the proper pronunciation of *Debut* and on my answering he said, "Aye very well that will rhyme with "you" [sic] and thus you will see it stands in the printed copy (Boyes p.30). In fact the rhyme is "debut / new".

But all our Dramatis Personæ wait
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate;
No venal views our progress can retard, 25
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For them, each *Hero* all his power displays,
Each timid *Heroine* shrinks before your gaze;
Surely these last will some protection find;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind; 30
While youth and beauty form the female shield,
The sternest critic to the fair must yield.
But, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, *after all*, our best endeavours fail;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live, 35
And if you can't applaud, at least *forgive*.

TO MISS E. P.¹²⁷

11

1.

ELIZA! what fools are the Mussulman sect,
 Who to woman deny the soul's future existence,¹²⁸
 Could they see thee, Eliza! they'd own their defect,
 And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

2.

Had their Prophet possess'd but an atom of sense, 5
 He ne'er would have *woman* from Paradise driven;
 Instead of his *Houris* a flimsy pretence,
 With *woman alone*, he had peopled his Heaven.

3.

But still to increase your calamities more,
 Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit, 10
 He allots but *one husband* to share amongst four:¹²⁹
 With *souls* you'd dispense – but this last, who could bear it?¹³⁰

4.

His religion to please neither *party* is made,
 On *husbands* 'tis *hard*, to the wives most uncivil;
 But I can't contradict what so oft has been said, 15
 "Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil."

5.

This terrible truth, even Scripture has told,
 Ye Benedicks! hear me, and listen with rapture;
 If a glimpse of redemption you wish to behold,
 Of St. MATT. – read the second and twentieth chapter. 20

6.

'Tis surely enough upon earth to be vex'd,
 With wives who eternal confusion are spreading;
 "But in Heaven" (so runs the Evangelist's Text,)
 "We neither have giving in marriage, or wedding."

7.

From this we suppose (as indeed well we may,) 25
 That should Saints after death with their spouses put up more,
 And wives, as in life, aim at absolute sway,
 All Heaven would ring with the conjugal uproar.

127: "E.P." is Elizabeth Pigot. FP pp.41-41" (42); POVO pp.26-7 (retitled "TO MISS —.", sts. 1-4 only). **The BL POVO has, pencilled (p.26), E.B.P—t. In the Newstead FP, EP scratches out "E.P."**. Not in HOI or POAT. **In the Morgan FP, B. puts two diagonal strokes through stanzas 5-10. They are cut from POVO.**

128: By 1813, B. has modified his interpretation.: "A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greatest number of Mussulmans interpret the text in 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" (*The Giaour*, B.'s note to 488).

129: "four," (FP).

130: "it." (FP).

8.

Distraction and discord would follow in course,
 Nor MATTHEW, nor MARK, nor St. PAUL, can deny it, 30
 The only expedient is general divorce,
 To prevent universal disturbance and riot.

9.

But though husband and wife, should at length be disjoin'd,
 Yet woman and man ne'er were meant to dissever,
 Our chains once dissolved, and our hearts unconfin'd, 35
 We'll love without bonds, but we'll love you forever.

10.¹³¹

Though souls are denied you by fools and by rakes,
 Should you own it yourselves, I would even then doubt you,
 Your nature so much of *celestial* partakes,
 The Garden of Eden would wither without you. 40

SOUTHWELL, *October 9*, 1806.

THE TEAR.¹³²

10

- 1.
- WHEN Friendship or Love,
Our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile,
With a dimple or smile, 5
But the test of affection's a *tear*.
- 2.
- Too oft is a smile,
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation, or fear,
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul telling eye 10
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a *tear*.
- 3.
- Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear; 15
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a *tear*.
- 4.¹³³
- The man doom'd to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer, 20
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a *tear*.
- 5.
- The soldier braves death, 25
For a fanciful wreath,
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a *tear*. 30
- 6.¹³⁴
- When with high bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore crimson'd spear;
All his toils are repaid,
When embracing the maid, 35
From her eyelid he kisses the *tear*.

132: FP pp.43-6; POVO pp.21-5; HOI pp.10-14; POAT pp.8-12. The poem appears to be a song-lyric.

133: This stanza seems inspired by Cowper's *The Castaway*.

134: EP writes that B. added this stanza for her benefit, when he found her pining for her lover, Captain Hall (Boyes pp.51-2).

7.

Sweet scene of my youth,
 Seat of Friendship and Truth,
 Where Love chac'd each fast-fleeting year,
 Loth to leave thee I mourn'd, 40
 For a last look I turn'd,
 But thy spire was scarce seen through a *tear*.

8.

Though my vows I can pour,
 To my Mary¹³⁵ no more,
 My Mary to Love once so *dear*, 45
 In the shade of her bower,
 I remember the hour,
 She rewarded those vows with a *tear*.

9.

By another possest,
 May she live ever blest, 50
 Her name still my heart must revere,
 With a sigh I resign,
 What I once thought was mine,
 And forgive her deceit with a *tear*.

10.

[EP, in POVO]:

Southwell

Ye friends of my heart,
 Ere from you I depart, 55
 This hope to my breast is most near,
 If again we shall meet,
 In this rural retreat,
 May we *meet*, as we *part*, with a *tear*. 60

11.

When my soul wings her flight,
 To the regions of night,
 And my body shall sleep on its bier;
 As ye pass by the tomb,
 Where my ashes consume, 65
 Oh! moisten their dust with a *tear*.

12.

May no marble bestow,
 The splendour of woe,
 Which the children of Vanity rear;
 No fiction of fame, 70
 Shall blazon my name,
 All I ask, all I wish, is a *tear*.

BYRON, *October 26 1806*.¹³⁶

¹³⁵: B. refers to his Nottinghamshire love, Mary Chaworth, who had been married in 1805.

¹³⁶: For some reason, B. signs this poem in FP, as he does the next item, *Reply to Some Verses of J.M.B.Pigot ...*

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J.M.B. PIGOT, ESQ. ON THE CRUELTY OF
HIS MISTRESS.¹³⁷

8

1.
WHY Pigot, complain
Of this damsel's disdain,
Why thus in despair, do you fret?
For months you may try,
But, believe me, a *sigh*,
Will never obtain a coquette. 5
2.
Would you teach her to love,
For a time seem to rove,¹³⁸
At first she may *frown* in a *pet*;
But leave her awhile, 10
She shortly will smile,
And then you may *kiss* your *coquette*.
3.
For such are the airs
Of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our *homage a debt*: 15
But a partial neglect,
Soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest *coquette*.
4.
Dissemble your pain,
And lengthen your chain, 20
And seem her *hauteur* to *regret*;
If again you shall sigh,
She no more will deny,
That *yours* is the rosy *coquette*.
5.
But if from false pride, 25
Your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some *other* admire,
Who will *melt* with your *fire*,
And laugh at the *little* coquette. 30
6.
For *me*, I adore
Some *twenty* or more,
And love them most dearly, but yet,
Though my heart they enthrall,
I'd abandon them all, 35
Did they act like your blooming *coquette*.

137: FP pp.46-8; POVO pp.14-16. Not in HOI or POAT. The poem seems to be a song-lyric. John Pigot had fallen in love with a girl involved in the Southwell theatricals. See *To the Sighing Strephon* (below).

138: "rove," (FP).

7.

No longer repine,
 But form this design,
 And break through her slight woven net;
 Away with despair, 40
 No longer forbear
 To fly from the captious coquette.

8.

Then quit her, my friend!
 Your bosom defend,
 Ere quite with her snares you're beset; 45
 Lest your deep wounded heart
 When incens'd by the smart,
 Should lead you to *curse* the coquette.
 Byron, *October 27, 1806.*

8.
 There, in apartments small and damp,
 The candidate for college prizes, 30
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
 Goes late to bed, and early rises.

9.
 He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of His college,
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them, 35
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

10.
 Who sacrifices hours of rest,
 To scan precisely metres attic;
 And agitates his anxious breast,
 In solving problems mathematic, 40

11.
 Who reads false quantities in Sele, *
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
 And robs himself of many a meal,
 In *barbarous latin*† doom'd to wrangle.

* Sele's publication on Greek metres is not remarkable for its accuracy.

† Every Cambridge man will assent to this, – the Latin of the Schools is almost unintelligible.

12.
 Renouncing every pleasing page, 45
 From authors of historic use,
 Preferring to the lettered sage,
 The square of the hypotenuse.‡

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the Hypotenuse, is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angled triangle.

13.
 But, harmless are these occupations,
That <Which> hurt none, but the hapless student<;>, 50
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent.

14.
 Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine,
 When drunkenness and dice unite,¹⁴⁵ 55
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.

15.
 Not so the methodistic crew,
 Who plans of reformation lay,
 In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray,¹⁴⁶ 60

16.
 Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 And exultation in their trial;
 Detracts most largely from the merit,¹⁴⁷
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

17. 65
 'Tis morn,— from these I turn my sight,
 What scene is this, which meets the eye,
 A¹⁴⁸ numerous crowd array'd in white,*
 Across the green in numbers fly<.> ?

* On a Saint Day, the Students wear Surplices in Chapel.

18. 70
 Loud rings in air, the chapel bell;
 'Tis hush'd, <-> <w/W>hat sounds are these I hear<.> ?¹⁴⁹
 The organ's soft celestial swell¹⁵⁰
 Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

19. 75
 To this is join'd the sacred song,
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
 Though *he*, who hears the *music* long,
 Will *never* wish to *hear* again.

20. 80
 Our choir would scarcely be excus'd,
 Even as a band of raw beginners;
 All mercy now must be refus'd,
 To such a set of croaking sinners.

21.
 If David, when his toils were ended,
 Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

22. 85
 The luckless Israelites, when taken
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,
 Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
 On Babylonian river's border.

23. 90
 But, had they sung in notes like these,
 Inspired by stratagem, or fear,
 They might have set their hearts at ease,
 The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

146: "pray." (FP).
 147: "merit," (FP).
 148: "As" (FP).
 149: "hear," (FP).
 150: "swell," (FP).

24.

*But, if I write much longer now,
 The deuce a soul will stay to read<, > ;
 My pen is blunt, the ink is low, 95
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.¹⁵¹*

25.

*Therefore, farewell old GRANTA's spires,
 No more like Cleofas I fly;
 No more thy theme my muse inspires,
 The reader's tired, and so am I. 100
 October 28, 1806.*

151: Compare *Beppo*, 99, 5: *My pen is at the bottom of a page ...*

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.¹⁵²

9

YOUR pardon my friend,
 If my rhymes did offend;
 Your pardon a thousand times o'er,
 From friendship I strove
 Your pangs to remove, 5
 But, I swear, I will do so no more.

2.

Since your *beautiful* maid
 Your flame has repaid,
 No more I your folly regret;
 She's now most divine,
 And I bow at the shrine 10
 Of this quickly reformed coquette.

3.

But still I must own,
 I should never have known,
 From *your verses* what else she deserv'd, 15
 Your pain seem'd so great,
 I pitied your fate,
 As your fair was so dev'lish reserv'd.

4.

But since the chaste kiss,
 Of this magical Miss, 20
Can Such wonderful transports produce;
 Since the "*world you forget,*"
 "*When your lips once have met,*"
 My Counsel will get but abuse.

5.

You say "When I rove" 25
 "I know nothing of love,"
 'Tis true I am given to range,
 If I rightly remember,
 I've kiss'd a good number,
 But there's pleasure at least in a change. 30

6.

I ne'er will advance,
 By the rules of romance,
 To humour a whimsical fair;
 Though a smile may delight,
 Yet a *frown* won't *affright*, 35
 Or drive me to dreadful despair.

152: FP pp.54-6; POVO (minus stanza 8) pp.17-20. Not in HOI or POAT. **EP writes, in the BL POVO (p.17): C.B.F. J.M.B.P.** "J.M.B.P." is her brother, John Margaret [sic] Becher Pigot, who was "The Sighing Strephon". The cruel mistress, of whom B. writes in the last poem but one, had by now become more responsive. "C.B.F." may be her initials, though no-one with those initials acted in the plays. John Pigot studied medicine at Edinburgh, and was in 1840 elected Mayor of Nottingham. A Grand Master of the Freemasons, he died in March 1871, aged 88.

7.

While my blood is thus warm,
 I ne'er shall reform,
 To mix in the Platonists' school;
 Of this I am sure, 40
 Was my passion so pure,
My mistress must think me *a fool*.

8.

Though the kisses are sweet,
 Which voluptuously meet,
 Of kissing I ne'er was so fond, 45
 As to make me forget,
 Though our lips oft have met,
 That still there was *something beyond*.¹⁵³

9.

And if I should shun
 Every *woman* for *one*, 50
 Whose image must fill my whole breast;
 Whom I must *prefer*,
 And *sigh* but for *her*,
 What an *insult* 'twould be to the *rest*!

10.

Now, Strephon, good bye, 55
 I cannot deny,
Your passion appears most absurd;
 Such *love* as you plead,
 Is *pure* love indeed,
 For it *only* consists in the *word*. 60

153: Stanza 8 was removed in POVO.

TO A.-----¹⁵⁵

23

OH! did those eyes, instead of fire,
 With bright, but mild affection shine,
 Though they might kindle less desire,
 Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

2.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair, 5
Howe'er those orbs *may* wildly beam,
 We *must* admire, but still despair;
 That fatal glance forbids esteem.

3.

When nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth, 10
 So much perfection in thee shone,
 She fear'd<> that, too divine for earth,
 The skies might claim thee for their own.

4.

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
 Lest angels might dispute the prize,
 She bade a secret lightning lurk, 15
 Within those once celestial eyes.

5.

These might the boldest Sylph appal,
 When gleaming with meridian blaze,
 Thy beauty must enrapture all;
 But who can dare thine ardent gaze? 20

6.

'Tis said, that Berenice's hair,
 In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
 But they would ne'er permit *thee* there,
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

7.

For did those eyes as planets roll, 25
 Thy sister lights would scarce appear,
 E'en suns, which systems now controul,
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

Friday, Nov. 7th, 1806.

155: FP pp.59-60; POVO (retitled "To M."), pp.57-8; HOI ("To M....."), pp.25-6; POAT ("To M..."), pp.20-1. "A" is Ann Houson, of Southwell. EP writes in the Texas POVO, ... *iss Ann Houson*.

AS THE AUTHOR WAS DISCHARGING HIS PISTOLS IN A GARDEN, TWO
LADIES PASSING NEAR THE SPOT, WERE ALARMED BY THE SOUND OF
A BULLET HISSING NEAR THEM. TO ONE OF WHOM THE FOLLOWING
VERSES ON THE OCCASION, WERE ADDRESSED THE NEXT MORNING.¹⁵⁶

24

1.

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl, the hissing lead,
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling * o'er thy lovely head,
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

* This word is used by GRAY in his poem to the fatal Sisters: –

“Iron sleet of arrowy shower,
“*Hurtles* through the darken'd air.

2.

Surely some envious Demon's force, 5
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

3.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour, 10
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide,
But Heaven, with interposing power,
In pity, turn'd the death aside.

4.

Yet, as perchance, one trembling tear¹⁵⁷
Upon that thrilling bosom fell,
Which *I*, th' unconscious cause of fear, 15
Extracted from its glistening cell; –

5.

Say, what dire penance can atone<?>
For such an outrage, done to thee<.> ?¹⁵⁸
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
What punishment wilt thou decree? 20

6.

Might I perform the Judge's part,
The sentence I should scarce deplore;
It only would restore a heart,
Which but belong'd to *thee* before.

7.

The least atonement, I can make, 25
Is to become no longer free<,> ;
Henceforth, I breathe<,> but for thy sake,
Thou shalt be *all in all* to me.

156: FP pp.61-2; POVO pp.59-61. Not in HOI or POAT. **EP writes, in the Texas POVO, Ann Houson.**

157: “tear,” (FP).

158: “thee,” (FP).

8.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
 Such expiation of my guilt; 30
 Come then – some other mode elect?
 Let it be death – or what thou wilt.

9.

Choose, then, relentless! and I swear,
 a N<o>ught shall thy dread decree prevent;¹⁵⁹
 Yet hold – one little word forbear! 35
 Let it be aught, but, *banishment*.

159: “prevent,” (FP).

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS. AD LESBIAM.¹⁶⁰

28

EQUAL to Jove, that youth must be<> ;
 Greater than Jove he seems to me;
 Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
 Securely, views thy matchless charms;
 That cheek, which ever dimpling glows, 5
 That mouth, from whence such music flows;
 To him alike are always known,
 Reserv'd for him, and him alone.
 Ah Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
 I cannot choose, but look on thee; 10
 But, at the sight, my senses fly,
 I needs must gaze, but gazing die;
 Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
 Parch'd to the throat, my tongue adheres.
 My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short, 15
 My limbs deny their slight support,
 Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
 With deadly langour droops my head.
 My ears with tingling echoes ring,
 And life itself is on the wing; 20
 My eyes refuse the cheering light,
 Their orbs are veil'd in starless night:
 Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
 And feels a temporary death. <->

160: FP p.63; POVO pp.75-6; HOI pp.73-4; POAT pp.73-4. The original (Catullus, *Carmina*, LI), is a translation of the famous ode of Sappho, to which Longinus refers: φαίνεται μοι κηνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν (see *Don Juan* I 42, 4).

ILLE mi par esse deo videtur,
 Ille, si fas est, superare dios,
 qui sedens aduersus identidem te
 spectat et audit
 dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
 eripit sensus mihi; nam simul te,
 Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi,
 vocis in ore
 lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
 flamma demanat, sonitu suoapte
 tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
 lumina nocte.

He seems to me to be the equal of a god,
 he, as it were, seems to surpass the gods themselves,
 who, sitting opposite you, over and over again
 gazes at you and hears you
 laughing sweetly; alas! such a thing
 takes away all my senses; for whenever I see you,
 Lesbia, at once no sounds comes
 my mouth,
 my tongue falters, down my limbs
 a subtle flame steals,
 my ears ring, my eyes are shrouded
 in night.

B. adds two more lines at the end.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS, by
DOMITIUS MARSUS.¹⁶¹

29

HE, who sublime, in epic numbers roll'd,
And he, who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's* *unequal* hand alike controul'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

* The hand of Death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus, at his decease.¹⁶²

30

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS "SULPICIA AD CERINTUM." LIB. QUART.¹⁶³

CRUEL Cerintus! does this fell disease,
Which racks my breast, your fickle bosom please<.> ?¹⁶⁴
Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love, and you again<,> ;
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate, 5
By Death alone, I can avoid your hate.

161: FP p.64; POVO p.77; HOI 75; POAT pp.75-6. The original goes:

TE quoque Vergilio comitem non aequa, Tibulle,
Mors iuuenem campos misit ad Elysios,
ne foret aut elegis mollis qui fleret amores
aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

[“Unfair death has sent you to the Elysian Fields, Virgil – you also, Tibullus – as a companion to Virgil; so that there would be neither the man to breathe of soft love, nor, in elegiac verses, the man to sing of the wars of kings, with a soft [rhythmic] foot” – tr. Michael Finckham.]

¹⁶² Virgil died at the age of 51, Tibullus at 29.

163: FP p.64; POVO p.78. Not in HOI or POAT.

164: “please.” (FP).

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS. LUCTUS DE MORTE PASSERIS.¹⁶⁵

31

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
 Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
 My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
 Which dearer than her eyes she loved:
 For he was gentle, and so true, 5
 Obedient to her call he flew,
 No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
 But lightly o'er her bosom mov'd.

And softly fluttering here, and there,
 He never sought to cleave the air, 10
 But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,
 Tun'd to her ear his grateful strain.
 But now he's pass'd the gloomy bourn,
 From whence he never can return,
 His death, and Lesbia's grief, I mourn, 15
 Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh curst be thou! devouring grave!
 Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
 From whom no earthly power can save,
 For thou hast ta'en the bird away.
 From thee, my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow, 20
 Her swollen cheeks, with weeping, glow,
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
 Receptacle of life's decay.

165: FP p.65; POVO pp.79-80; HOI pp.76-7; POAT pp.76-7. The original is Catullus, *Carmina* III:

LUGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
 et quantum est hominum venustiorum:
 passer mortuus est meae puellae
 passer, deliciae meae puellae,
 quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.
 nam mellitus erat suamque norat
 ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem,
 nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
 sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
 ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
 qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
 illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
 at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
 Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
 tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis
 o factum male! o miselle passer!
 tua nunc opera meae puellae
 flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

Mourn, you venuses and cupids,
 and all you whom Venus loves;
 my lady's sparrow is dead,
 the sparrow, my lady's pet,
 Whom she loved more than her own eyes.
 for sweet as honey he was, and knew her
 as well as any girl knows her mother.
 Nor would he stir from her lap,
 but hopping now here, now there,
 would still chirp to his mistress alone.
 now he journeys down the dark way
 from whence they say no traveller returns.
 but curses upon you, cursed shades of Orcus,
 which devour all beautiful things!
 you have taken away my pretty sparrow.
 Oh, cruel! Oh, poor little bird!
 all because of you the eyes of my darling
 are heavy, and red with weeping.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS. TO ANNA.¹⁶⁶

32

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
 A million scarce would quench desire,
 Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
 And dwell an age on every kiss;
 Nor then my soul should sated be, 5
 Still would I kiss and cling to thee,
 Nought should my kiss from thine dissever;
 Still would we kiss, and kiss forever;¹⁶⁷
 E'en though the numbers did exceed,
 The yellow harvest's countless seed, 10
 To part would be a vain endeavour,
 Could I desist? — ah! never — never!

November 16, 1806.

166: FP p.66; POVO (retitled “To Ellen”), p.81; HOI p.78 (“To Ellen”); POAT p.78 (“To Ellen”). B. translates and expands one of Catullus’ homosexual poems, number 48:

Mellitos oculos tuos, Iuventi,
 siquis me sinat usque basiare,
 usque ad milia basiem trecenta,
 nec mi umquam videar satur futurus,
 non si densior aridis aristas
 sit nostrae seges osculationis.

Your honeyed eyes, Juventius, if one should let me go on kissing
 still, I would kiss them three hundred times, nor would I
 think I should ever have enough, no, not if the harvest of our
 kissing were thicker than the ripe ears of corn. (tr. F.W.Cornish,
 Harvard / Heinemann 1968, pp.56-7).

167: In the Morgan FP, B. carets-in the wish for a space between “for” and “ever”.

APPENDIX 1: Material and poems added in *Poems on Various Occasions* and not printed in *Hours of Idleness* or *Poems Original and Translated*.

Dedication: TO / THOSE FRIENDS, / AT / WHOSE REQUEST THEY WERE PRINTED, / FOR WHOSE / AMUSEMENT AND APPROBATION / THEY ARE / SOLELY INTENDED; / These TRIFLES are respectfully dedicated, / BY THE / AUTHOR.

Preface: THE only Apology necessary to be adduced, in extenuation of any errors in the following collection, is that the Author has not yet completed his nineteenth year. / December 23, 1806.

To D.....¹⁶⁸

In thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp
 A friend, whom death alone could sever;
 Till envy, with malignant grasp,
 Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forc'd thee from my breast, 5
 Yet, in my heart, thou keep'st thy seat;
 There, there, thine image still must rest,
 Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
 When life again to dust is given, 10
 On thy dear breast I'll lay my head,
 Without thee, where would be my heaven?

February, 1803.

168: Not in FP; POVO p.7; not in HOI or POAT. This may be the earliest of all the poems in the juvenile sequence. EP calls it *The First bit of Poetry L^d B ever wrote down in Southwell* (Pratt p.7n). "D—" is the Earl of Delawarr.

To M.S.G.¹⁶⁹

- Whene'er I view those lips of thine,
 Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
 Yet, I forego that bliss divine,
 Alas! it were – unhallow'd bliss.
- 2.
- Whene'er I dream of that pure breast, 5
 How could I dwelt upon its snows;
 Yet, is the daring wish repress,
 For that, – would banish its repose.
- 3.
- A glance, from thy soul-searching eye,
 Can raise with hope, depress with fear; 10
 Yet, I conceal my love, and why?
 I would not force a painful tear.
- 4.
- I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
 Hast seen my ardent flame, too well;
 And shall I plead my passion, now, 15
 To make thy bosom's heaven, a hell?
- 5.
- No! for thou never can'st be mine,
 United by the priest's decree;
 By any ties but those divine,
 Mine, my belov'd, thou ne'er shalt be. 20
- 6.
- Then let the secret fire consume,
 Let it consume, thou shalt not know;
 With joy I court a certain doom,
 Rather than spread its guilty glow.
- 7.
- I will not ease my tortur'd heart, 25
 By driving dove-ey'd peace from thine;
 Rather than such a sting impart,
 Each thought presumptuous, I resign.
- 8.
- Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave,
 More than I here shall dare to tell; 30
 Thy innocence, and mine to save,
 I bid thee now, a last farewell.

169: Not in FP. POVO pp.38-40. Not in HOI or POAT. "M.S.G." is EP.

9.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair;
And hope no more thy soft embrace;
Which to obtain, my soul would dare, 35
All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

10.

At least from guilt, shalt thou be free,
No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
No martyr shalt thou be to love. 40

HORACE, ODE 3. LIB. 3.¹⁷⁰

JUSTUM et tenacem popositi virum,
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Non vultus instantis tyranni,
 Mente quatit solida, neque Auster,

Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
 Nec fulminatis magna Jovis manus;
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

TRANSLATION

THE man of firm, and noble soul,
 No factious clamours can controul;
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow,
 Can swerve him from his just intent;
 Gales the warring waves which plow, 5
 By Auster on the billows spent.
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.

2.

Aye, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurling his lightnings from above, 10
 With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
 He would, unmov'd, unaw'd, behold;
 The flames of an expiring world,
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd, 15
 Might light his glorious funeral pyre,
 Still dauntless midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

170: Not in FP. POVO pp. 82-4. Not in HOI or POAT.

**FRAGMENT OF A TRANSLATION FROM THE
9TH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEAD.¹⁷¹**

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
 Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
 Well skill'd, in fight, the quivering lance to wield,
 Or pour his arrows thro' th'embattled field,
 Him IDA sent, a hunter, now, no more. 5
 To combat foes, upon a foreign shore.
 Near him, the loveliest of the Trojan band,
 Did fair Euryalus, his comrade, stand;
 Few are the seasons of his youthful life,
 As yet a novice in the martial strife, 10
 The Gods to him unwonted gifts impart,
 A female's beauty, with a hero's heart.
 These burn with one pure flame of generous love,
 In peace, in war, united still they move;
 Friendship and glory, form their joint reward, 15
 And now combin'd, they hold their nightly guard.

171: Not in FP. POVO p.85 (16 lines); HOI (406 lines), pp.86-105; POAT pp.86-104. B. translates VIRG. AEN. IX 176-83. Nisus and Euryalus are two young Trojans, members of Aeneas' party in Latium. In Aeneas' absence, the Trojans are being besieged by the Latiums under Turnus.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS (version in *Poems on Various Occasions*).¹⁷²

HENCE! thou unvarying song, of varied loves,
 Which youth commends, maturer age reproves;
 Which every rhyming bard repeats by rote,
 By thousands echo'd to the self same note;
 Tir'd of the dull, unceasing, copious strain, 5
 My soul is panting to be free again.
 Farewell! ye nymphs, propitious to my verse,
 Some other Damon, will your charms rehearse;
 Some other paint his pangs, in hope of bliss,
 Or dwell in rapture, on your nectar'd kiss, 10
 Those beauties grateful, to my ardent sight,
 No more entrance my senses in delight.
 Those bosoms, form'd of animated snow,
 Alike are tasteless and unfeeling now.
 These, to some happier lover, I resign; 15
 The memory of those joys alone is mine.
 Censure no more shall brand my humble name,
 The child of passion, and the fool of fame.
 Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
 I rest, a perfect Timon, not nineteen; 20
 World! I renounce thee! all my hope's o'er cast;
 One sigh I give thee, but that sigh's the last,
 Friends, foes, and females, now alike, adieu!
 Would I could add, remembrance of you, too.
 Yet, though the future, dark and cheerless gleams, 25
 The curse of memory, hovering in my dreams,
 Depicts, with glowing pencil, all those years,
 Ere yet, my cup, empoison'd flow'd, with tears,
 Still rules my senses with tyrannic sway,
 The past confounding with the present day. 30

Alas! in vain I check the maddening thought,
 It still recurs, unlook'd for, and unsought;
 My soul to fancy's fond suggestion yields,
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields. 35
 Scenes of my youth, developed, croud to view,
 To which I long have bade a last adieu!
 Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
 Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;
 Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
 Whose forms I now remember, but to weep; 40
 Some who yet urge the same scholastic course,
 Of early science, future fame the source;
 Who, still contending in the studious race,
 In quick rotation fill the senior place;
 These, with a thousand visions, now unite, 45
 To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.

172: Not in FP. POVO pp.109-20. Not in HOI or POAT. **The BL copy of POVO (C.28.b.9) has, on the half-title page, Sarah Ann Cam) / from the Author. - / 1807 - EP adds in the Texas POVO, Oh! that I had wings like a Dove then would I fly away & be at Rest - Psalm 55th - B. gives Edward Noel Long a "key" to the poem, in this version, on Feb 23 1807: That madcap Tattersall, is Davus, Lycus is old De-Bathe, Euryalus Delawarr, when I drew the portrait of Cleon [that is, Long himself] I wrote as I felt ... (BLJ I 109-10). "De-Bathe" is Sir James Wynne de Bathe (1792-1828).**

Here first remembered be the joyous band,¹⁷³
 Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command;
 Who join'd with me, in every boyish sport,
 Their first adviser, and their last resort. 50
 Careless to soothe the pedant's furious frown,
 Scarcely respecting his majestic gown;
 By which, in vain, he gain'd a borrow'd grace,
 Adding new terror to his sneering face.
 Who, thus transplanted from his father's school, 55
 Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule,
 Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
 The dear preceptor of my early days!
 Probus, the pride of science, and the boast,
 To IDA, now, alas! for ever lost, 60
 With him, for years, I search'd the classic page,
 Culling the treasures of the letter'd sage;
 Retir'd at last, his small yet peaceful seat,
 From learning's labour is the blest retreat,
 Pomposus fills his magisterial chair; 65
 Pomposus governs, – but my muse forbear:
 Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;
 Soon shall his shallow precepts be forgot;
 No more his mention shall my pen degrade,
 My tribute to his name's already paid. 70

Joannes!¹⁷⁴ best and dearest of my friends,
 Thy name ennobles him, who thus commends;
 From this fond tribute, thou canst gain no praise,
 The praise is his who now that tribute pays. 75
 Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
 If hope anticipate the words of truth;
 Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
 To build his own, upon thy deathless fame.
 Could aught inspire me with poetic fire,
 For thee, alone, I'd strike the hallow'd lyre; 80
 But, to some abler hand, the task I'd wave,
 Whose strains immortal may outlive the grave.
 Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list,
 Of those with whom I liv'd supremely blest,
 Oft have we drain'd the font of antient lore; 85
 Though, drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
 Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
 Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
 Together we impell'd the flying ball,
 Together waited in our tutor's hall; 90
 Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
 Or shar'd the produce of the river's spoil;
 Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
 Our lusty limbs the buoyant billows bore;
 In every element, unchang'd the same, 95
 All, all, that brothers should be, but the name.

173: Neither version of the poem has even a coded reference to B.'s lame schoolfriend William Harness, of whom he was particularly fond. He wrote him one poem, but it was lost: see BLJ I 154 and 155-6.

174: *The BL POVO (p.112), has, in pencil, Lord Clare, Harrow. EP writes, in the Texas POVO, John Wingfield.* Wingfield had been B.'s fag at Harrow (BLJ I 176).

Nor, yet, are you forgot, my jocund boy!
 DAVUS,¹⁷⁵ the harbinger of childish joy;
 For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
 The laughing herald of the harmless pun; 100
 Yet, with a breast, of such materials made,
 Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
 Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
 In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
 Still, I remember, in the factious strife, 105
 The rustic's musket aim'd against my life;
 High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
 A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
 Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
 Fought on, unconscious of th'impending blow; 110
 Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career,
 Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
 Disarm'd, and baffled, by your conquering hand,
 The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand;
 Thus, did you save that life I scarcely prize, 115
 A life unworthy such a sacrifice;
 Oh! when my breast forgets the generous deed,
 That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS!¹⁷⁶ on me, thy claims are justly great,
 Thy milder virtues could my muse relate, 120
 To thee alone, unrivalled, would belong.
 The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.
 For ever to possess a friend in thee,
 Was bliss, unhop'd, though not unsought, by me;
 Thy softer soul was form'd for love alone, 125
 To ruder passions, and to hate unknown;
 Thy mind, in union with thy beauteous form,
 Was gentle, but unfit to stem the storm;
 That face, an index of celestial worth,
 Proclaim'd a heart, abstracted from the earth; 130
 Oft, when depress'd with sad, foreboding gloom,
 I sat reclin'd upon our favourite tomb,
 I've seen those sympathetic eyes o'erflow,
 With kind compassion for thy comrade's woe;
 Or when less mournful subjects form'd our themes, 135
 We try'd a thousand fond romantic schemes;
 Oft hast thou sworn, in friendship's soothing tone,
 Whatever wish was mine, must be thine own.

The next can boast to lead in senates fit,
 A Spartan firmness, with Athenian wit; 140
 Tho' yet, in embryo, these perfections shine,
 CLARUS!¹⁷⁷ thy father's fame, will soon be mine.

175: EP writes, in the Texas POVO, Tattersall. John Cecil Tattersall was another Harrow friend of B.

176: EP writes, in the Texas POVO, De Bath.

177: EP writes, in the Texas POVO, L^d Clare. The memory of his friendship with the Earl of Clare lasted longer with B. than that with any other of his schoolfriends. In *Detached Thought* 91 (written Oct / Nov 1821) he writes, My School friendships were with *me passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure, some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare began one of the earliest and lasted longest, being only interrupted by distance,

Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
 What may we hope from genius thus refin'd!
 When time, at length, matures thy growing years, 145
 How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers!
 Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
 With honour's soul, united, beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS,¹⁷⁸ pass by unsung?
 From ancient lineage, not unworthy, sprung: 150
 What though one sad dissension bade us part,
 That name is yet embalm'd, within my heart;
 Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
 And palpitate, responsive to the sound.

Envy dissolv'd our ties, and not our will, 155
 We once were friends, I'll think, we are so still.
 A form unmatch'd, in Nature's partial mould,
 A heart untainted, we, in thee, behold:
 Yet not the Senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
 Nor seek for glory in the tented field;¹⁷⁹ 160

To minds of ruder texture, these be given,
 Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
 Haply, in polish'd courts, might be thy seat,
 But that thy tongue could never forge deceit;
 The courtier's supple bow, and sneering smile, 165
 The flow of compliment, the slippery wile;
 Would make that breast, with indignation, burn,
 And all the glittering snares to tempt thee, spurn.
 Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;
 Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate; 170
 The world admire thee, and thy friends adore,
 Where is the restless fool, would wish for more?

Now last, but nearest of the social band,
 See honest, open, generous, CLEON¹⁸⁰ stand;
 With scarce one speck, to cloud the pleasing scene, 175
 No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
 On the same day, our studious race began,

that I know of. I never hear the word “Clare” without a beating of the heart even *now*, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5 ad infinitum (BLJ IX 44). Then, in *Detached Thought* 113, written November 5th 1821, he continues: ... [in] article 91, of this collection of scattered things, I had alluded to my friend Lord Clare in terms such as my feelings suggested. About a week or two afterwards, I met him on the road between Imola and Bologna, after not having met for seven or eight years. He was abroad in 1814, and came home just as I set out in 1816. This meeting annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of *Harrow*. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare, too, was much agitated – *more* in appearance than even myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. He told me that I should find a note from him, left at Bologna. I did. We were obliged to part for our different journeys – he for Rome, I for Pisa; but with the promise to meet again in Spring. We were but five minutes together, and in the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them. He had heard that I was coming on, and had left his letter for me at B., because the people with whom he was travelling could not wait longer. Of all I have ever known, he has always been the least altered in every thing from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at School. I should hardly have thought it possible for Society (or the World as it is called), to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others during absence and distance (BLJ IX 49-50). On or about November 16th 1822 he wrote to Mary Shelley: As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel anything that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships ... (BLJ X 34)

178: EP writes, in the Texas POVO, *Delawarr*.

179: *Othello*, I iii 85: ... *they have used / Their dearest action in the tented field*;

180: EP writes, in the Texas POVO, *Long*.

On the same day, our studious race was ran;
 Thus, side by side, we passed our first career,
 Thus, side by side, we strove for many a year; 180
 At last concluded our scholastic life,
 We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:
 As speakers,¹⁸¹ each supports a rival name,
 Though neither seeks to damn the other's fame.
 Pomposus sits, unequal to decide, 185
 With youthful candour, we the palm divide;
 Yet, candour's self, compels me, now, to own,
 Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh! Friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
 Remembrance hails you, with her warmest tear! 190
 Drooping, she bends, o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
 To trace the hours which never can return.
 Yet, in the retrospection, finds relief,
 And revels, in the luxury of grief;
 Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind, 200
 As infant laurels round my head were twin'd,
 When Probus' praise repaid my lyric song,
 Or plac'd me, higher in the studious throng;
 Or when my first harangue receiv'd applause,
 His sage instruction the primæval cause, 205
 What gratitude, to him, my soul possest,
 While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast!
 When, yet a novice, in the mimic art,
 I feign'd the transports of a vengeful heart;
 When, as the ROYAL SLAVE, I trod the stage, 210
 To vent in Zanga, more than mortal rage;
 The praise of Probus, made me feel more proud,
 Than all the plaudits of the list'ning croud.

Ah! vain endeavour, in this childish strain,
 To soothe the woes, of which I thus complain; 215
 What can avail this fruitless loss of time,
 To measure sorrow, in a jingling rhyme!
 No social solace, from a friend, is near,
 And heartless strangers drop no feeling tear.
 I seek not joy, in woman's sparkling eye, 220
 The smiles of beauty cannot check the sigh.
 Adieu! thou world! thy pleasure's still a dream,
 Thy virtue, but a visionary theme;
 Thy years of vice, on years of folly roll,
 'Till grinning death assigns the destin'd goal; 225
 Where all are hastening to the dread abode,
 To meet the judgement of a righteous God;
 Mix'd in the concourse of the thoughtless throng,
 A mourner, 'midst of mirth, I glide along;
 A wretched, isolated, gloomy thing, 230
 Curs'd by reflection's deep corroding sting:
 But not that mental sting, which stabs within,
 The dark avenger of unpunish'd sin;

181 BYRON'S NOTE: This alludes to the public speeches, delivered at the school, where the author was educated.

The silent shaft, which goads the guilty wretch,
 Extended on a rack's untiring stretch; 235
 Conscience that sting, that shaft to him supplies,
 His mind the rack, from which he ne'er can rise.
 For me, whate'er my folly, or my fear,
 One chearful comfort still is cherish'd here;
 No dread internal, haunts my hours of rest, 240
 No dreams of injur'd innocence infest;
 Of hope, of peace, of almost all bereft,¹⁸²
 Conscience my last, but welcome, guest is left.
 Slander's empoison'd breath, may blast my name,
 Envy delights to blight the buds of fame; 245
 Deceit may chill the current of my blood,
 And freeze affection's warm impassion'd flood;
 Presaging horror, darken every sense,
 Even here will conscience be my best defence;
 My bosom feeds "no worm which ne'er can die," 250
 Not crimes I mourn; but happiness gone by.
 Thus, crawling on with many a reptile vile,
 My heart is bitter, though my cheek may smile;
 No more, with former bliss, my breast is glad,
 Hope yields to anguish, and my soul is sad: 255
 From fond regret, no future joy can save,
 Remembrance slumbers only in the grave.

182: Echoes Cowper's *The Castaway*, line 5: *Of friends, of hope, of all bereft ...*

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM, WRITTEN BY MONTGOMERY, AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERER IN SWITZERLAND," &c. &c. ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."¹⁸³

MONTGOMERY! True, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot,
Some shall exist beyond the wave.

2.

"Unknown the region of his birth," 5
The hero* rolls the tide of war;
Yet not unknown his martial worth,
Which glares a meteor afar.

* No particular Hero is here alluded to; the exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince; and in more modern times, the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, &c. are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

3.

His joy, or grief, his weal, or woe,
Perchance, may 'scape the page of fame; 10
Yet nations, now unborn, will know
The record of his deathless name.

4.

The patriot and the poet's frame,
Must share the common tomb of all;
Their glory will not sleep the same; 15
That will arise, though empires fall.

5.

The lustre of a Beauty's eye,
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
And sink the yawning grave beneath. 20

6.

Once more, the speaking eye revives,
Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives,
She died, but ne'er will die again.

7.

The rolling seasons pass away, 25
And time, untiring, waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

8.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb; 30
The old, the young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds consume.

¹⁸³: Not in FP; POVO pp.121-4. Not in HOI or POAT.

9.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
 Yet falls, at length, an useless fane;
 To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey, 35
 The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

10.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
 From dark oblivion meant to guard,
 A bright renown shall be enjoy'd,
 By those, whose virtues claim reward. 40

11.

Then do not say, the common lot
 Of all, lies deep in Lethe's wave;
 Some few who, ne'er will be forgot,
 Shall burst the bondage of the grave.
 1806.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J.T.BECHER.¹⁸⁴

- Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind,
 I cannot deny, such a precept is wise,
 But, retirement accords with the tone of my mind,
 I will not descend to a world I despise.
- 2.
- Did the Senate, or Camp, my exertions require, 5
 Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go forth;
 When infancy's years of probation expire,
 Perchance, I may strive to distinguish my birth.
- 3.
- The fire, in the caverns of Ætna, conceal'd,
 Still mantles unseen, in its secret recess, 10
 At length, in a volume terrific, reveal'd,
 No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.
- 4.
- Oh! such the desire, in my bosom, for fame,
 Bids me live, but to hope for posterity's praise,
 Could I soar with the Phœnix, on pinions of flame; 15
 With him, I could wish, to expire in the blaze.
- 5.
- For the life of a FOX, of a CHATHAM the death,
 What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave?
 Their lives did not end, when they yielded their breath,
 Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave. 20
- 6.
- Yet why should I mingle in fashion's¹⁸⁵ full herd?
 Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her rules?
 Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?
 Why search for delight, in the friendship of fools?

184: Not in FP; POVO pp.128-30. Not in HOI or POAT. John Thomas Becher, EP's uncle, was vicar of Rumpton and Midsomer Norton, and Prebendary of Southwell Minster. A friend of Samuel Ridge, who printed FP, he helped B. with the proofs of the juvenile poems, and was his moral conscience over FP. For another poem defending FP against the charge of loose morals, see the following:

Rail on, Rail on ye heartless Crew,
 Your Leader's grand design pursue
 Secure behind her ample Shield,
 Yours is the harvest of the Field –
 My path with thorns ye cannot strew
 Nay more, my warmest thanks are due,
 When such as you revile Name,
 Bright beams the rising Sun of Fame
 Chasing the shades of envious night,
 Outshining every critic Light. –
 Such, such, as you will serve to show,
 Each radiant Tint with higher Glow,
 Vain is the feeble cheerless toil,
 Your Efforts on yourselves recoil,
 New Glory still for me you Raise,
 Yours is the Censure, mine the Praise. (Pratt p.42).

185: fashions (POVO).

7.

I have tasted the sweets, and the bitters, of love, 25
 In friendship, I early was taught to believe;
 My passion, the matrons of prudence reprove,
 I have found, that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

8.

To me what is wealth? it may pass in an hour,
 If Tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown; 30
 To me what is title? the phantom of power;
 To me what is fashion I seek but renown.

9.

Deceit, is a stranger, as yet, to my soul,
 I, still, am unpractis'd to varnish the truth;
 Then, why should I live in a hateful controul? 35
 Why waste, upon folly, the days¹⁸⁶ of my youth?

APPENDIX 2: CHRONOLOGY

1798 (age 10): Byron, with Mrs Byron, first encounters Newstead Abbey.

1801 (age 13), April: Byron enters Harrow.

1802 (age 14), date unknown: B. writes *On the Death of a Young Lady* (FP pp.4-5).

1802, November: B. writes *To E——* (FP p.3).

1803 (age 15), dates unknown: B. writes *On Leaving Newstead* (FP pp.1-3), *Epitaph on a Beloved Friend* (FP pp.15-16), and the fragment “When, to their airy hall” (FP pp.19-20).

1803, February: B. writes *To D[elawarr]* (FP pp.5-6).

1803, July: Mrs Byron rents Burgage Manor, Southwell.

1803, summer / autumn: Byron in love with Mary Chaworth.

1803, late: Byron reads Moore’s *Works of Thomas Little* for the first time.

1804 (age 16), early: Byron forms friendship with Elizabeth Pigot.

1804, July: Byron writes his *Answer to [Lines in the Letters of an Italian Nun], address’d to Miss [E.P.]* (FP p.12).

1804, December 1: B. translates a chorus from Aeschylus’ *Prometheus Bound* (FP pp.11-12).

1805 (age 17), dates unknown: B. writes *To ——* (Caroline: FP pp.6-7 and 20-1) and *To Maria* (FP pp.10-11).

1805, Easter: Henry Drury retires as Headmaster of Harrow and is succeeded by George Butler.

1805, May: Byron leads a rebellion against Butler.

1805, June 6 / July 4: at Harrow, Byron recites from Young’s *The Revenge* and *King Lear*.

1805, July: B. writes *On a Change of Masters at a great Public School*.

1805, July: Byron entered for Trinity College Cambridge.

1805, August 2: Byron in the Eton-Harrow cricket match.

1805, August 17: Mary Chaworth marries Jack Musters.

1805, summer: Byron leaves Harrow. Writes *To the Duke of Dorset*.

1805, October 24: Byron enters Trinity College, Cambridge. By December he is £1,000 in debt.

1806 (age 18), dates unknown: B. translates *Adrian’s Address* (FP pp.16), writes *Thoughts Suggested by a College Examination* (FP pp.25-8), *Answer to a Beautiful Poem ...* (POVO 121-4) and *On a Distant View ... of Harrow on the Hill* (FP pp.23-5), *To M ——* (POVO pp.57-8).

1806, July: Byron comes to Southwell, where he prepares *Fugitive Pieces*.

1806, August: Byron visits Edward Noel Long in Sussex. On August 26 asks John Pigot to send “my poems” to his lodgings in London “as I am about to amend them” (BLJ I 99).

1806, late August: Byron returns to Southwell. Goes to Harrogate with John Pigot. Writes *To a Beautiful Quaker* and *An Occasional Prologue ...* Performs in *The Wheel of Fortune* and *The Weathercock*.

1806, September(?): Tells Elizabeth Pigot he has “nearly doubled them, partly by the discovery of some I conceived to be lost, and partly by some new productions” (BLJ I 100).

1806, October 9: B. writes *To Miss E.P.* (FP pp.41-2).

1806, October 26: B. writes *The Tear* (FP pp.43-6: HOI has “1806”).

1806, October 27: B. writes *Reply to some verses of J.M.B. Pigot Esq* (FP pp.46-8).

1806, October 28: B. writes *Granta, a Medley* (FP pp.49-54, HOI pp.121-8).

1806, November 7: B. writes *To A——* (FP pp.59-60).

1806, November 16: B. writes *Imitation from Catullus: To Anna* (FP pp.66: changed to *To Ellen* in POVO and HOI).

1806, between November 17 and 26: *Fugitive Pieces* printed.

1806, November 26: B. writes *Answer to some Elegant Verses* ... (POVO 131-3).

1807 (age 19), January: B. writes to Dr T. Falkner, "There are some Errors of the Printer, which I have not had Time to correct in the Collection ... (BLJ I 103).

1807, January: *Poems on Various Occasions* printed. B. finds the Leacrofts have designs on him and breaks off contact with them.

1807, March: B. announces to William Bankes the preparation of *Hours of Idleness*:
 "Contrary to my former Intention, I am now preparing a volume for the Public at large, my amatory pieces will be expunged, & others substituted in their place; the whole will be considerably enlarged, & appear at the latter end of May" (BLJ I 112: see also 113 and 115, 134).

1807, May: B. translates the Odes of Anacreon and the Chorus from *Medea* (BLJ I 118).

1807, June: *Hours of Idleness* published.

1807, July 3 / 9: Elizabeth Pigot writes her two surviving letters to Byron.

1807, September 2: B. writes *Lines written beneath an Elm* ... (POAT pp.172-4).

1807, November: B. writes to Ridge about a second edition (BLJ I 137).

1807, December: B. leaves Cambridge over £5,000 in debt.

1808 (age 20), February 11: B. orders Ridge to cut *Childish Recollections* from *Poems Original and Translated* (BLJ I 154-5).

1808, February 16: B. sends Ridge *I would I were a careless child* (BLJ I 155)

1808, February: Brougham's review of *Hours of Idleness* published. B. hears of it in advance (BLJ I 157), and has read it by March 28 (BLJ I 162).

1808, March: William Fletcher becomes B.'s valet. ***Poems Original and Translated* published.** B. writes to John Becher about it on March 28 (BLJ I 162).

1809 (age 21), July 2: B. and Hobhouse leave for the Levant.

APPENDIX 3: Two letters to Byron from Elizabeth Pigot



Elizabeth Bridget Pigot was one of the most literate and intelligent women Byron ever met: she was five years older than him. Born in Derby on October 10th 1783, a doctor's daughter, she moved with her mother to Southwell in 1794 on her father's death. She had three brothers, of whom one, John (her junior by three years), became Byron's close friend. The Pigots lived across the Green from Burgage Manor, which Mrs Byron rented.

Even in his teens, Byron's aversion to witty and critical women may have been advanced, and this would explain why nothing romantic occurred between them – though Elizabeth was very attractive: see her note to the poem. But they were close friends, and she did much of the fair-copying for his first three early volumes. As no other woman lived in close proximity to Byron without falling in love with him, I suspect that she had more at stake in the relationship than he did: and some details in the letters below bear out this thesis. She seems to have had a love, a Captain Hall, who was absent in India: but he is a shadowy figure.

For the true state of her feelings for Byron, and his for her, see the two poems *To M.S.G.* in *Poems on Various Occasions* and *Hours of Idleness*.

Elizabeth Pigot died in Southwell on December 11th 1866, aged 83. She never married.

1) Elizabeth Pigot to Byron, July 3rd 1807:

[To The Right Hon^{ble} / The Lord Byron / &c - - &c - - &c - - - / Cambridge. POSTMARK: SOUTHWELL]

Southwell July 3^e.. 3^d.. 1807

Yes – indeed I began to think your promised letter¹⁸⁷ rather long in making its appearance, but nothing *could* be more appropriate than the *beginning* of your Epistle, I *said* nothing but *thought* a great deal, & at last I quietly consign'd myself to my fate, & thought you must be one of *Gaby's* disciples, viz.. “*a gay deceiver*”,¹⁸⁸ When the Post man arrived with your letter I was in a very ill humour, had got a *cap* on, which you know is always with me the outward and visible sign of a *headache*, & was just going with great reluctance to dress for a party, But *you* my dear Lord Byron work'd miracles, I read & *re-read*, forgot my headache, pull'd *off* the Cap, was in perfect goodhumour, dress'd, went to Mrs Heathcote's rout, where *the Pupil of pleasure* was facetiously inclined, & all things seem'd to go well with me – The day of your departure I must describe<a>{e} to you, The *opposition* met all <But> by accident in the church yard walk in the morning, & the moment we found ourselves without our *Leader*, we set up a most dismal lamentation, which I am afraid disturbed “The Batchelor near” who was at his meditations, in short if Sir Condy had been *so lamented* at his *Wake*¹⁸⁹ he would have had no cause for disappointment; we soon dispersed, after having agreed to meet In the evening to celebrate you – if you had staid any longer We should have carried the day, for the B – B – Administration by some means or other are Disjunct, & we want you to compose, what You so very often used to talk of, upon the occasion, & that is a *Dithyrambic ode*. – It seems an odd thing to say, but I am glad nobody knows you, because you will now believe that what we told you about the alteration in your person was *true*. You left your *Cornelian* in my desk, but I shall take great care of it for you – really it was very good of you to write me such a long

¹⁸⁷: BLJ I 122-4; letter of June 30th 18107.

¹⁸⁸: “Gaby” is Gabriel Lackbrain in the play *Life*, by F.Reynolds.

¹⁸⁹: See Maria Edgeworth, *Castle Rackrent*, Chapter 28.

letter, & particularly to mention your musical protegé¹⁹⁰ I feel such an interest in anyone that I have heard you talk of, and I could see you sitting together, as *Dozy* did W^m Clay's Cattle coming down the hill, *in my mind's Eye* – How kindly you convey the Inhabitants of Southwell To the Sulphureous gulph,¹⁹¹ nothing in my opinion in this World like looking well after *Mr Fleetwood*, and so as you *except me*, Why let things take their course. – I have scarcely stirred from our own Cottage since you left the Town, & have not been in the way of hearing much about your *Poetical Poems*,¹⁹² I was with Ridge early on Saturday and enquired if he had sold any, & he said 5 copies that morning, I could not help laughing at the modesty of some young Ladies who though in the constant habits of visiting Ridge's Shop & quietly carrying away with them whatever they had purchased, *sent* for L^d Byron's Poems, for as *Green* was such a *Flagrant* colour, they could not stand the Jokes that might ensue – I have heard no Dissatisfaction express'd by anyone, except indeed Miss Houson¹⁹³ was very much distress'd that you have *omitted* the *Cornelian*,¹⁹⁴ & requested me as a particular favour to copy it from the former Edition, that She might fasten it into her book & read it often – I am Sorry to hear of the fate of your Bull dog¹⁹⁵ – Bose'n Bran & Fan are all very well, & Charles Monk takes great care of them, indeed he [is] so attentive that if they were Princes of the Blood they could not be more run after, Bose'n came the day after your exit and put his head into our Window & look'd about very Inquisitively, as if he expected to find *you*, & then walk'd melancholy away, he seems disconsolate, I think *he & I* though we are *silent* on the subject felt your loss deeply – Henry¹⁹⁶ has *this instant* brought him into the room and I am writing with his great head lean'd against me – as to *Bran* he is always happy when he can get over to us, as soon as he is at liberty in the morning he comes in *his Sinuous way*, & if the gate is shut he scrambles at the net & screams till he is let in, & then comes bounce up stairs to my bed, where after several fruitless efforts to Jump up, at which I am so cruel as to laugh, he effects a safe landing, & then I play with him, & in his great affection he bites monstrous hard – but *Bran* has a very *irritable* disposition, & often takes a little snarling fit if he is not indulged to the height of his ambition, he was in a great pet at me this morning for covering him so that he could not see, but lick'd my hand as a token of reconciliation in a moment after – They are in a terrible alarm at M^{rs} Byron's [being] afraid any of your dogs should be lost, so I promised Ann & Charles Monk that when they came to our house, we would always see them *safe home* for fear they should *wander* from the *right path*. I have heard an old Proverb "Like Master, like Man," so I suppose they think "*Like Lord, Like dog*" –

So you are going from Cambridge, take care of yourself when you get amongst your *old Set*, That M^r Long¹⁹⁷ is in a sort of *Pickle*, I've a notion, for whenever I have enquired, who suggested that bit of mischief? Your answer was in general "Old Long" – "from all evil and mischief, from Sin, from the crafts & assaults of the D - - - I" may heaven preserve you. – I *laugh* at your awkwardness in your *Tyrannical Robes*,¹⁹⁸ perhaps you dont know that story, & so it loses the Effect – Upon my word you outrival Sherard,¹⁹⁹ & are quite *Melting* in your powers of application. – You are very *forbearing & mild* in your expressions concerning the Characters of the *Men & Women* here, as to your aspiring to the *honour of Oblivion*, you have made too *deep* an impression, for *that* ever to be the case. – Bid Leacroft is now at Nott^m ill of the Measles – There was an odd Catenation of ideas then I suppose, or else how came the Leacrofts into my mind?²⁰⁰ M^{rs} Byron has sent Gilpin²⁰¹ to Newstead, at which Henry was *suffused in*

190: In his last letter, B. had described the Trinity chorister John Edleston: "He is nearly my height, very thin, very fair complexion, dark eyes, & light locks, my opinion of his mind, you already know, I hope I shall never have reason to change it" (BLJ I 123)

191: B. had written of "your cursed, detestable & abhorred abode of *Scandal, antiquated virginity, & universal Infamy*, where excepting yourself & John Becher, I care not if the whole Race were consigned to the *Pit of Acheron*, which I would visit in person, rather than contaminate my *sandals* with the polluted Dust of Southwell ..."

192: EP refers to *Hours Of Idleness, a Series of Poems, Original and Translated*, the third of B.'s Southwell volumes, published by John Ridge of Newark – publicly, under B.'s name, at last – in the last week of June 1807.

193: Ann Houson was daughter to the Rev. Henry Houson.

194: The poem *The Cornelian*, in *FP*, was omitted from *Hol*.

195: "alas! my Bulldog is deceased" (BLJ I 123). He was a puppy called Savage.

196: Henry is EP's thirteen-year-old brother. It was he who was swept into an Indian river while reading what is now the Newstead POVO.

197: B.'s Harrow friend Edward Noel Long; he's not yet met Hobhouse, Hodgson, Matthews or Davies.

198: B. had slipped during *Messiah* at Great St Mary's and torn his academic gown.

199: Sherard Becher was the Rev. John Becher's brother-in-law.

200: "hind" (Ms.)

201: Gilpin was Mrs Byron's terrier.

Tears for the loss of his Canine companion. Southwell is very empty just now, a fit of imigration has seized people – before I conclude I must again tell you how much I was gratified by your letter, as it was the only way I could hear how you went on, because I never ask a question concerning you, of your Mother. —

Ann Houson has got her cousin from Lewes along with her, she is in my opinion a pretty looking genteel girl though *you* would not admire her because she is *dark*. – I see John Becher²⁰² is at his usual employment – superintending the *Erection* of the *House of Correction* – M^r Smith has just call'd he told me he had ordered Ridge to send him a vol. of your Poems – Well, I must say farewell – I linger upon the word; 'tis a melancholy thing to bid you adieu – our cottage is so dull without you & I²⁰³ sit down in the evening, in *your arm chair*, & sigh that it is not *better fill'd* – not that I mean to say that you are broader than me – Adieu!! Adieu!! Ever believe me my dear Lord Byron though I am a woman I have a *sincere* and Affectionate Esteem for you [seal] would it were written in Roberts *indelible Ink*, but 'tis not sand at all ev [seal] rs – Elizabeth -----²⁰⁴

2) Elizabeth Pigot to Byron, July 9th 1807:

[To The Right Hon^{ble} / The Lord Byron / &c - - &c - - &c - - - / Gadon's Hotel / Albemarle Street / London. POSTMARK: SOUTHWELL]

July 9th. 1807

My dear Tristram Fickle,²⁰⁵ et l'Amoureux,

For it would be wrong to omit the *latter title* – So you *really* intend to stay another Year at Cambridge. – I commend your determination, but it surprises me, – what a versatile disposition! Ann Becher is very angry at you for sending her such a message & desires you look to yourself, that *you* don't "Fish in troubled waters", She knows you are very fond of collecting Locks of hair, so she has cut off a bit of *Bose's Tail* & sent it to you of a present. – I can assure you the Green is quite a desert Since you left it, for I could sit at home & have young ladies call upon *me*, when *you* was here, but *now* I am obliged if I wish for their Society to call upon *them*, Now "*Young Tam Lin is away*" & they may come on Burgage Hill with impunity, & the roses are in full bloom, They do not care a straw for plucking them. – You have certainly the *Secondsight*, – Harriet's Match is *off* I hear, Capⁿ Watson is going from Town To Portsmouth on a visit to Major Clary. – All your dogs are well, Charles Monk very steady in his attentions to them – Bose'n created a great alarm amongst a set of Old Maids who were drinking Tea at our Cottage the other afternoon – The Window was open, & unexpectedly he plung'd in, & *not heeding* The consternation which ensued, came wagging his tail & looking silly to me – but the olfactory nerves of some of the Antiques being annoy'd, I was obliged to decoy him out of the Room by the interesting exclamation of "*Cat Bose'n*" – *Bran* has a most affectionate disposition, But I am afraid he will be most dreadfully savage when he grows up, for he takes such little *Fits of Passion* – He was very near killing Dæmon a short time since, for he wanted a Bone that he was eating, & so seized him by the *Head* & there *held & shook him*, till he was with some difficulty beat off, & Dæmon was very sick & could scarcely stand – *Fan* looks sleek & well. – I asked Ridge last Saturday how he had gone on with your Poems, & he said, as well as he could expect considering the short time they had been out; but they have not as yet, been duly advertised – I have a *good mind* not to send this letter off till after next *Saturday*, that I may obtain further information concerning them, *I will not*, 'tis fix'd – –

The Ladies to whom I alluded as being alarm'd to carry the green book themselves, here, Ann Becher, and Miss Houson – I have one laying before me, "as a relief I kiss it,". – You told me you had "a bottle of Claret in your head" when you wrote to me, now *I* think 'Twas *Port* for M^r. Neill says "*Port* makes them *rude*, *Claret civil*;" and I am sure *you* was *very rude* To write in so disrespectful a manner about *women* – *Report* says, Mr. Lawrence has made Ann Houson an offer – but that M^r. Houson says "*NO*" to it. – Jemima looks *Lemancholy* about Something, perhaps it is that *she* had not an opportunity of saying "*Yes*" – It *delights* me to hear you Mention Your "*Cornelian*"²⁰⁶ in such affectionate Terms, and since *you* have

²⁰²: The Rev. John Becher had objected to *FP*, but still kept his own copy.

²⁰³: EP has now run out of paper and is using up the space reserved for the sealing-wax.

²⁰⁴: John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland, 12604 Folder 4.

²⁰⁵: Tristram Fickle was the part B. had played in *The Weathercock*. Fickle changes his mind constantly.

²⁰⁶: Notice that, in the extract below, B. mis-spells this word.

found me the simile, hope you will never allow the Modest little field flower To be overshadowed by the Luxurious branches of the garden – be content to emulate The *Moderns* in your friendship, The catastrophe of the ancients would be *too much*, Though I do not know anyone *more likely than yourself*, To imitate the “Fiery Nisus” – you have not that name of *Bull Dog* for *nothing*. —————²⁰⁷ My Brother the *Æsculapius*²⁰⁸ has absconded I believe, for we have heard nothing from him since the day he quitted Edinburgh, Letter’s & Trunks arrive directed to him, so we are in constant expectation of being *exhilarated* by his *Presence*. I will now with an affectionate Adieu put this in my desk till Saturday, but I *never* put away my regard, & remembrance of *you* my very dear Lord Byron –

Eliza

Friday morning) a very extraordinary circumstance happened yesterday – between 8 & 9 o’clock Bose’n got his breakfast & was never seen afterwards of all day, both Charles & Henry went to seek him, but all in vain – in the evening Bose’n came into {our} garden the back way accompanied by *Gilpin* who was sent to Newstead last week, they went into our Kitchen & the Servants say began to lick each other & seem’d vastly pleased – They all fancy that Bose’n went to Newstead to fetch *Gilpin* – If he *did* it was an astonishing event. – *Henry* was in high delight *we* I must own were rather sorry to see M^r. *Gilpin* again.

Saturday 11th – I have been with M^r *Ridge* – he tells me your poems will this week be in the Nott^m Paper for that he did not advertise them, till he had *sent* the books to Nott^m, which he did yesterday – and in the Stamford Morning Post – & Courier. – I ask’d if they sold well – he said, he was really hardly able to judge they had been out such a little time, but altogether he thought about 50 copies had been disposed of. – I wrote to *Mary Portus* the other day, & told her they were now purchaseable, for she was *very* anxious to have them. – *Sherard*’s False one is married to an old Lover whom she refused before she knew *Sherard*, so all *hopes* are now at an end, if he cherished any. “Fix not *thy* hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments”. There is a pretty little lesson for you²⁰⁹ – Adieu, yours affectionately Eliza – – – – –

— — — — —²¹⁰

207: B. had described his passion for John Edleston to EP thus: “My life here has been one continued *routine* of Dissipation, out at different places every day, engaged to more *dinners* &c. &c. than my *stay* would permit me to *fulfil*, at this moment I write with a *bottle* of *Claret* in my *Head*, & *tears* in my *eyes*, for I have just parted from “my *Corneilan*” who spent the evening with me; as it was our last Interview, I postponed my engagements to devote the hours of the *Sabbath* to friendship, Edleston & I have separated for the present, & my mind is a *Chaos* of *hope* & *Sorrow*. Tomorrow I set out for London, you will address your answer to “*Gordon’s Hotel*” *Albemarle Street*, where I *sojourn*, during my visit to the *Metropolis*. – I rejoice to hear you are interested in my “protege”, he has been my *almost constant* associate since October 1805, when I entered Trinity College; his *voice* first attracted my notice, his *countenance* fixed it, & his *manners* attached me to him forever, he departs for a *mercantile house* in *Town*, in October, & we shall probably not meet, till the expiration of my minority, when I shall leave to his *decision*, either *entering* as a *Partner* through my Interest, or residing with me altogether. Of course he *would* in his present *frame* of mind prefer the *latter*, but he may alter his opinion previous to that period, however he shall have his choice, I certainly *love* him more than any human being, & neither *time* or *Distance* have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable Disposition.-In short, We shall put *Lady E. Butler*, & *Miss Ponsonby* to the *Blush*, *Pylades* & *Orestes* out of countenance, & want nothing but a *Catastrophe* like *Nisus* & *Euryalus*, to give *Jonathan* & *David* the “*go by*”. – He certainly is perhaps more *attached* to *me*, than even I am in *return*, during the whole of my residence at *Cambridge*, we met every day summer & Winter, without passing *one tiresome moment*, & separated *each time* with increasing Reluctance. I hope you will *one day* see us together, he is the only *being* I *esteem*, though I *like many*. –

208: A doctor. Aesculapius was the Greek god of medicine; John Becher was studying medicine.

209: EP obviously means, “There is a pretty lesson for *me*”.

210: John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland, 12604 Folder 4.

APPENDIX 4: BYRON'S FOUR "JUVENILE" BOOKS, I: BY INDIVIDUAL POEM

A) Poems only in *FUGITIVE PIECES*

To Caroline ("You say you love") FP 7-9 not reprinted

To Mary ("Rack'd by the flames") FP 17-19 not reprinted

B) Poems in *FUGITIVE PIECES* and *POEMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS*, but not in *HOURS OF IDLENESS*, or *POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED*:

To E—— ("Let Folly smile, to view the names")
FP 3 POVO 13 Not in HOI or POAT.

On the Death of a Young Lady, Cousin to the Author and very dear to him
FP 4-5 POVO 33-4 Not in HOI or POAT.

To D. —— ("In thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp")
FP 5-6 POVO 7 Not in HOI or POAT.

To ——. ("Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes")
FP 6-7 POVO (retitled "To Caroline") 41-2
Not in HOI or POAT.

To Maria ("Since now the hour is come at last")
FP 10-11 POVO (retitled "To Emma"), 35-7
Not in HOI or POAT

Lines in "Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman," by J.J.Rousseau, founded on Facts FP 12 POVO 28 Not in HOI or POAT

Answer to the above, address'd to Miss ——
FP 13 POVO 29 Not in HOI or POAT

On a Change of Masters, at a great Public School.
FP 14 POVO 89-90 Not in HOI or POAT

To ——. ("Oh! when shall the grave hide forever my sorrow?")
FP 20-1 POVO (retitled "To Caroline"), 46-7
Not in HOI or POAT

[untitled] ("WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm")
FP 21-23 POVO (minus stanza 5, retitled "To Caroline"),
43-5 Not in HOI or POAT

To a Lady, who presented the Author a lock of hair, braided with his own, and appointed a night in December, to meet him in the garden FP 31-3 POVO 67-9 Not in HOI or POAT

To Julia! ("Julia! since far from you've ranged")
FP 36-8 POVO (retitled "To Lesbia") 52-4.
Not in HOI or POAT

To Miss E.P. ("Eliza! what fools are the mussulman sect")
FP 41-2 POVO 26-7 (retitled "TO MISS ---.", sts. 1-4 only)
Not in HOI or POAT

Reply to some verses of J.M.B.Pigot, Esq. on the cruelty of his mistress
FP 46-8 POVO 14-16 Not in HOI or POAT

To the Sighing Strephon FP 54-6 POVO 17-20 Not in HOI or POAT

The Cornelian	FP 57-8	POVO 30-2	Not in HOI or POAT	
As the Author was discharging his pistols in a garden ...	FP 61-2	POVO 59-61	Not in HOI or POAT	
To A. —	FP 59-60	POVO (retitled "To M.") 57-8	HOI 25-6	POAT 20-1

C) POEMS ONLY IN POEMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

Imitation of Tibullus "Sulpicia ad cerintum." lib. Quart	FP 64	POVO 78	Not in HOI or POAT	
To D—	Not in FP	POVO 7	Not in HOI or POAT	
To M.S.G. ("Whene'er I view those lips of thine")	Not in FP	POVO 38-40	Not in HOI or POAT	
Horace, Ode 3. lib. 3.	Not in FP	POVO 82-4	Not in HOI or POAT	
Answer to a beautiful poem, written by Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," &c. &c. entitled "The common lot."	Not in FP	POVO 121-4	Not in HOI or POAT	
Lines addressed to the Rev. J.T.Becher ("Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind")	Not in FP	POVO 128-30	Not in HOI or POAT	

4) POEMS IN POEMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS, HOURS OF IDLENESS, AND POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED:

On leaving Newstead Abbey	FP 1-3	POVO 1-3	HOI 1-3	POAT 1-4
On a distant view of the Village and School of Harrow on the Hill	FP 23-5	POVO 4-6	HOI 4-6	Not in POAT
Epitaph on a Friend	FP (as "Epitaph on a Beloved Friend") 15-16		POVO 8-9	HOI 7-8 (new text) POAT 5-6
A Fragment ("When, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice")	FP 19-20 (untitled)		POVO (entitled "A Fragment") 10	HOI 9 POAT 7
The Tear.	FP 43-6	POVO 21-5	HOI 10-14	POAT 8-12
An Occasional Prologue delivered previous to the performance of "The Wheel of Fortune"	FP 39-40	POVO 95-6	HOI 15-16	POAT 13-14
On the Death of Mr. Fox	FP 30-1	POVO 97-9	HOI 17-18	POAT 15-17
Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoens	Not in FP	POVO 48-9	HOI 20-1	POAT 18-19.
The First Kiss of Love	Not in FP	POVO 107-9	HOI 22-4	not in POAT
To M—	Not in FP	POVO 57-8	HOI 25-6	POAT 20-1
To Woman	FP 38-9	POVO 55-6	HOI 27-8	POAT 22-3
To M.S.G. ("When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive")	Not in FP	POVO 62-3	HOI 29-30	POAT 24-5

To a Beautiful Quaker	FP 33-6	POVO 64-6	HOI 31-3	not in POAT
To George, Earl Delawarr	Not in FP	Not in POVO	HOI (as “To —”) 34-6	POAT 30-2
To Mary, on receiving her Picture	Not in FP	POVO 50-1	HOI 37-8	POAT 33-5
Love’s last Adieu!	Not in FP	POVO 125-7	HOI 39-42	not in POAT.
Damœtas	Not in FP	Not in POVO	HOI 43	POAT 38
To Marion	Not in FP	Not in POVO	HOI 44-6	POAT 38-40
Oscar of Alva	Not in FP	Not in POVO	HOI 47-67	POAT 41-61
Adrian’s Address to his Soul, when Dying / Translation	FP 16	POVO 73-4	HOI 71-2	POAT 71-2
Translation from Catullus, “Ad Lesbiam”	FP 63	POVO 75-6	HOI 73-4	POAT 73-4
Translation of the Epitaph of Virgil and Tibullus by Domitius Marsus	FP 64	POVO 77	HOI 75	POAT 75-6
Translation from Catullus, “Luctus de morte passeris”	FP 65	POVO 79-80	HOI 76-7	POAT 76-7
Imitated from Catullus / To Ellen	FP 66	POVO (retitled “To Ellen”) 81; HOI 78		POAT 78
Translation from Anacreon. To his Lyre	Not in FP or POVO.		HOI 79-80	POAT 79-80
[Translation from Anacreon] ode 3	Not in FP or POVO		HOI 81-3	POAT 81-3
Fragments of school exercises, from the Prometheus Vinc-tus of Æschylus	FP 11-12	POVO 11-12	HOI 84-5	POAT 84-5
Episode of Nisus and Euryalus	Not in FP	POVO 85 (16 lines)		HOI (406 lines) 86-105 POAT 86-104
Translation from the Medea of Euripides	Not in FP or POVO		HOI 106-9	POAT 105-8
Thoughts suggested by a College Examination	FP 25-8	POVO 91-4	HOI 113-17	POAT 111-15
Answer to some Elegant Verses, sent by a Friend to the Author, complaining that one of his descriptions was rather too warmly drawn	Not in FP	POVO 131-3	HOI (retitled “Answer to some elegant verses ...”) 118-20 not in POAT	
Granta, a Medley	FP 49-54	POVO 100-6	HOI 121-8	POAT 123-30
Lachin Y. Gair.	Not in FP or POVO		HOI 129-32	POAT 131-4
To Romance	Not in FP or POVO		HOI 133-6	POAT 135-9
Elegy on Newstead Abbey	Not in FP	POVO 134-44	HOI 137-47	POAT 140-50
Childish Recollections.	Not in FP	POVO (original version) 119-20		

	HOI (revised version) 148-68	Not in POAT
The Death of Calmar and Orla	Not in FP or POVO	HOI 169-77 POAT 151-59
To Edward Noel Long Esq	Not in FP or POVO	HOI 178-83 POAT 160-4
To _____	Not in FP or POVO	HOI 184-7 POAT 165

E) POEMS ADDED IN *POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED*:

Song (“When I roved, a young Highlander, o’er the dark heath”)
POAT 26-9

To the Duke of Dorset POAT 62-8

To the Earl of Clare POAT 116-22

Stanzas (“I would I were a careless child”) POAT 168-71

**Lines Written Beneath an Elm, in the Churchyard of Harrow on the Hill, *September 2d,*
1807** POAT 172-4

APPENDIX 5: BYRON'S FOUR "JUVENILE" BOOKS, II: BY VOLUME

A) FUGITIVE PIECES

To Caroline ("You say you love")	FP 7-9
To Mary ("Rack'd by the flames")	FP 17-19
To E —"Let Folly smile, to view the names")	FP 3
On the Death of a Young Lady, Cousin to the Author and very dear to him	FP 4-5
To D. —"In thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp")	FP 5-6
To —"Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes)	FP 6-7
To Maria ("Since now the hour is come at last")	FP 10-11
Lines in "Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman," by J.J.Rousseau, founded on	
Facts	FP 12
Answer to the above, address'd to Miss —	FP 13
On a Change of Masters, at a great Public School	FP 14
To —"Oh! when shall the grave hide forever my sorrow?")	FP 20-1
[untitled] ("When I hear you express an affection so warm")	FP 21-23
To a Lady, who presented the Author a lock of hair, braided with his own, and appointed a night in	
December, to meet him in the garden	FP 31-3
To Julia! ("Julia! since far from you've ranged")	FP 36-8
To Miss E.P. ("Eliza! what fools are the mussulman sect")	FP 41-2
Reply to some verses of J.M.B.Pigot, Esq. on the cruelty of his mistress	FP 46-8
To the Sighing Strephon	FP 54-6
The Cornelian	FP 57-8
As the Author was discharging his pistols in a garden ...	FP 61-2
To A. —	FP 59-60
Imitation of Tibullus "Sulpicia ad cerintum." lib. Quart	FP 64

B) POEMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

On leaving Newstead Abbey	POVO 1-3
On a distant view of the Village and School of Harrow on the Hill	POVO 4-6
To D. —"In thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp")	POVO 7
To E —"Let Folly smile, to view the names")	POVO 13
Reply to some verses of J.M.B.Pigot, Esq. on the cruelty of his mistress	POVO 14-16
To the Sighing Strephon	POVO 17-20
The Tear.	POVO 21-5
To Miss E.P. ("Eliza! what fools are the mussulman sect")	POVO 26-7 (retitled "TO MISS —", sts. 1-4 only)
Lines in "Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman," by J.J.Rousseau, founded on	
Facts	POVO 28
Answer to the above, address'd to Miss —	POVO 29
The Cornelian	POVO 30-2
On the Death of a Young Lady, Cousin to the Author and very dear to him	POVO 33-4
To Maria ("Since now the hour is come at last")	POVO (retitled "To Emma") 35-7
To M.S.G. ("Whene'er I view those lips of thine")	POVO 38-40
To —"Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes)	POVO (retitled "To Caroline") 41-2
[untitled] ("WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm")	POVO (minus stanza 5, and retitled "To Caroline"), 43-5
To —"Oh! when shall the grave hide forever my sorrow?")	POVO (retitled "To Caroline"), 46-7
Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoens	POVO 48-9
To Mary, on Receiving her Picture	POVO 50-1
To Julia! ("Julia! since far from you've ranged")	POVO (retitled "To Lesbia") 52-4
To Woman	POVO 55-6
To A. —	POVO (retitled "To M.") 57-8
As the Author was discharging his pistols in a garden ...	POVO 59-61
To M.S.G. ("When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive")	POVO 62-3
To a Beautiful Quaker	POVO 64-6
To a Lady, who presented the Author a lock of hair, braided with his own, and appointed a night in	
December, to meet him in the garden	POVO 67-9

Titles

Adrian's Address to his Soul when Dying, and translation	POVO 73-4
Translation from Catullus, Ad Lesbiam	POVO 75-6
Translation of the Epitaph of Virgil and Tibullus by Domitius Marsus	POVO 77
Imitation of Tibullus "Sulpicia ad cerintum." lib. Quart	POVO 78
Translation from Catullus, "Luctus de morte passeris"	POVO 79-80
Imitated from Catullus / To Ellen	POVO (retitled "To Ellen") 81
Horace, Ode 3. lib. 3.	POVO 82-4
Episode of Nisus and Euryalus	POVO 85 (16 lines)

Titles

On a Change of Masters, at a great Public School	POVO 89-90
Thoughts suggested by a College Examination	POVO 91-4
An Occasional Prologue delivered previous to the performance of "The Wheel of Fortune"	POVO 95-6
On the Death of Mr. Fox	POVO 97-9
Granta, a Medley	POVO 100-6
The First Kiss of Love	POVO 107-8
Childish Recollections	POVO 109-20
Answer to a beautiful poem, written by Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," &c. &c. entitled "The common lot."	POVO 121-4
Love's last Adieu!	POVO 125-7
Lines addressed to the Rev. J.T.Becher ("Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind")	POVO 128-30

C) HOURS OF IDLENESS

On leaving Newstead Abbey	HOI 1-3
On a distant view of the Village and School of Harrow on the Hill	HOI 4-6
Epitaph on a Friend	HOI 7-8 (new text)
A Fragment ("When, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice")	HOI 9
The Tear.	HOI 10-14
An Occasional Prologue delivered previous to the performance of "The Wheel of Fortune"	HOI 15-16
On the Death of Mr. Fox	HOI 17-18
Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoens	HOI 20-1
The First Kiss of Love	HOI 22-4
To M——	HOI 25-6
To Woman	HOI 27-8
To M.S.G. ("When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive")	HOI 29-30
To a Beautiful Quaker	HOI 31-3
To George, Earl Delawarr	HOI (as "To ——") 34-6
To Mary. On receiving her Picture	HOI 37-8
Love's last Adieu!	HOI 39-42
Damœtas	HOI 43
To Marion	HOI 44-6
Oscar of Alva	HOI 47-67

Titles

Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Dying / Translation	HOI 71-2
Translation from Catullus, "Ad Lesbiam"	HOI 73-4
Translation of the Epitaph of Virgil and Tibullus by Domitius Marsus	HOI 75
Translation from Catullus, "Luctus de morte passeris"	HOI 76-7
Imitated from Catullus / To Ellen	HOI 78
Translation from Anacreon. To his Lyre	HOI 79-80
[Translation from Anacreon] ode 3	HOI 81-3
Fragments of school exercises, from the Prometheus Vincetus of Æschylus	HOI 84-5
Episode of Nisus and Euryalus	HOI (406 lines) 86-105
Translation from the Medea of Euripides	HOI 106-9

Titles

Thoughts suggested by a College Examination	HOI 113-17
Answer to some Elegant Verses, sent by a Friend to the Author, complaining that one of his descriptions was rather too warmly drawn	HOI (retitled "Answer to some

Granta, a Medley	elegant verses ...) 118-20
Lachin Y. Gair.	HOI 121-8
To Romance	HOI 129-32
Elegy on Newstead Abbey	HOI 133-6
Childish Recollections.	HOI 137-47
The Death of Calmar and Orla	HOI (revised version) 148-68
To Edward Noel Long Esq	HOI 169-77
To _____	HOI 178-83
	HOI 184-7

E) POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

On leaving Newstead Abbey	POAT 1-4
Epitaph on a Friend	POAT 5-6
A Fragment ("When, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice")	POAT 7
The Tear.	POAT 8-12
An Occasional Prologue delivered previous to the performance of "The Wheel of Fortune"	POAT 13-14
On the Death of Mr. Fox	POAT 15-17
Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoens	POAT 18-19
To M_____	POAT 20-1
To Woman	POAT 22-3
To M.S.G. ("When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive")	POAT 24-5
Song ("When I roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath")	POAT 26-9
To George, Earl Delawarr	POAT 30-2
To Mary, on receiving her Picture	POAT 33-5
<i>Titles</i>	
Damœtas	POAT 38
To Marion	POAT 38-40
Oscar of Alva	POAT 41-61
To the Duke of Dorset	POAT 62-8
Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Dying / Translation	POAT 71-2
Translation from Catullus, "Ad Lesbiam"	POAT 73-4
Translation of the Epitaph of Virgil and Tibullus by Domitius Marsus	POAT 75-6
Translation from Catullus, "Luctus de morte passeris"	POAT 76-7
Imitated from Catullus / To Ellen	POAT 78
Translation from Anacreon. To his Lyre	POAT 79-80
[Translation from Anacreon] ode 3	POAT 81-3
Fragments of school exercises, from the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus	POAT 84-5
Episode of Nisus and Euryalus	POAT 86-104
Translation from the Medea of Euripides	POAT 105-8
<i>Titles</i>	
To the Earl of Clare	POAT 116-22
Thoughts suggested by a College Examination	POAT 111-15
Granta, a Medley	POAT 123-30
Lachin Y. Gair.	POAT 131-4
To Romance	POAT 135-9
Elegy on Newstead Abbey	POAT 140-50
The Death of Calmar and Orla	POAT 151-59
To Edward Noel Long Esq	POAT 160-4
To _____	POAT 165
Stanzas ("I would I were a careless child")	POAT 168-71
Lines Written Beneath an Elm, in the Churchyard of Harrow on the Hill, <i>September 2d,</i> <i>1807</i>	POAT 172-4