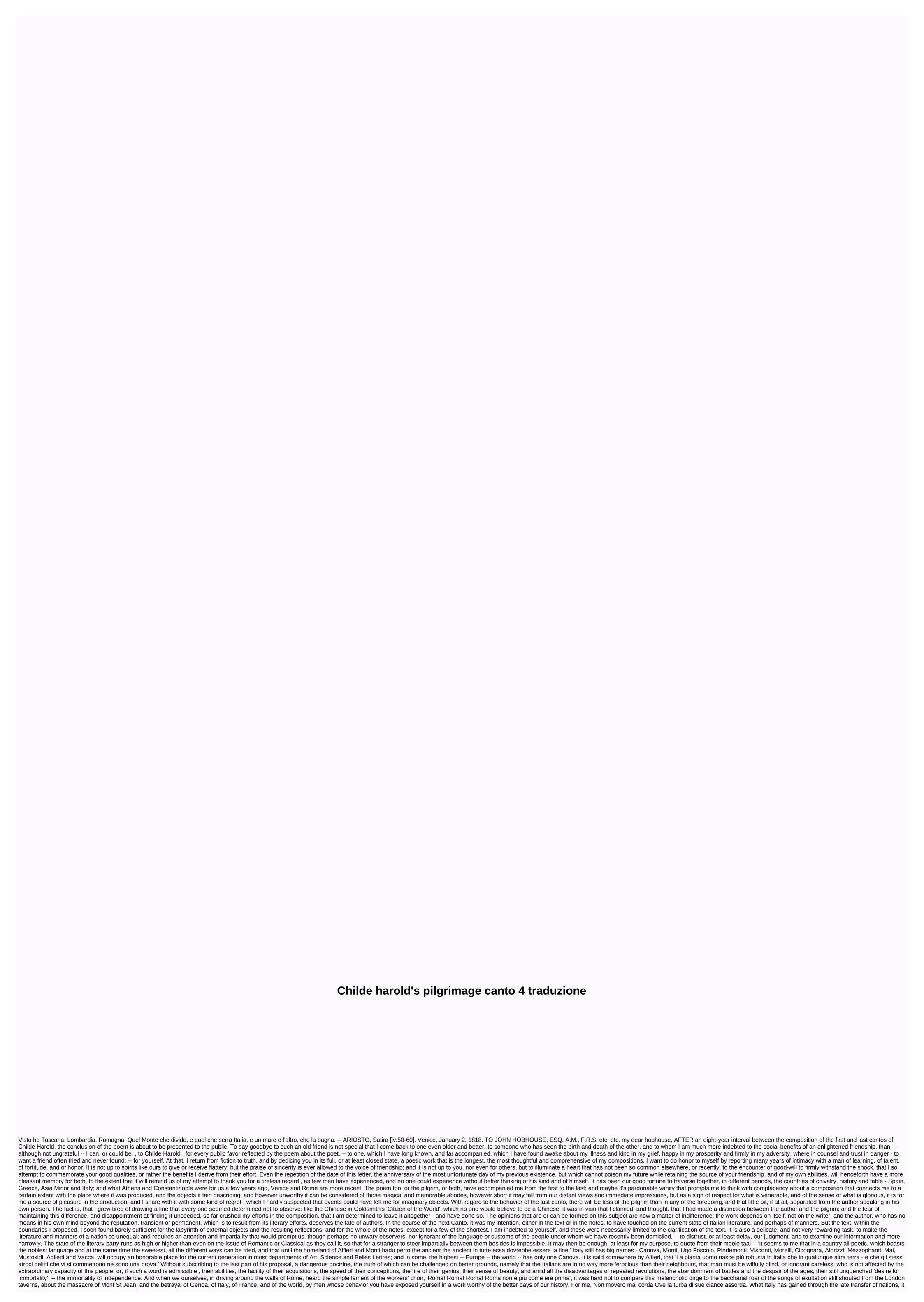


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was useless for Englishmen to inform, until it is established that England has acquired little more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus: it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South: 'Verily they will have their reward', and in no very distant period. I wish you, my
dear Hobhouse, a safe and pleasant return to that country whose true well-being may be dear to no one but to yourself, I dedicate this poem to you in its completed state; and repeat once again how real I am everYyour obligated and affectionate friend, BYRON. I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs; A palace and a prison on each
hand: I saw from outside the wave its structures rise from the battle of the sorceress's wand; A thousand vears their Wings extend Around me, and a dving Glory smiles O'er the distant times, when many a subject country Look'd to marble piles of the winged Lion, where Venice sate stands, stands, on her hundred islands! II She looks a
sea Cybele, fresh from the ocean, 10 Rising with her tiara of proud towers at airy distance, with majestic movement, A ruler of the waters and their dowry of nations, and the exhausting East Pour'd in her lap all the gems in sparkling showers. In purple she was robbed, and of her feast
monarchs partook, and deem their dignity increased. III In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no longer, and silent rows are the songless gondolier; 20 Her palaces crumble to the coast, and music does not die, Nor forget how Venice
was once dear, The pleasant place of all festivities, The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy! IV But to us she has a spell beyond Her name in the story, and her long series of mighty shadows, whose twilight forms despond 30 Above the dogeless city disappearing; Ours is a trophy that will not perish with the Rialto; Shylock and the
Moor, And Pierre, can not be swept or carried away - The keystones of the arch! although all were o'er, for us were repeopled the lonely coast. Q The beings of the spirit are not made of clay; Essentially immortal, they create and multiply within us a brighter ray and more beloved existence: that which fate 40 forbids to dull life, in this state
of mortal slavery, delivered by these spirits, First exiles, then replaces what we hate; Watering the heart whose early flowers died, and with a fresher growth that fills the void. VI This is the refuge of our youth and age, The first from Hope, the last of Vacancy; And this warn the feeling peoples many a page, And, may be, that which grows
under my eye: Yet there are things whose strong reality 50 surpasses our fairy-land; in shape and tones more beautiful than our fantastic sky, and the strange constellations that the Muse O'er's wild universe is able to spread: VII I saw or dreamed of such, -- but let them go, -- They came as truth, and disappear as dreams; And whatsoe'er
they were -- are just like this now: I could replace them if I did; still my mind teems with many a form that seems apt as I sought for, and at times found; Let these go too -- for waking up Reason considers such overweening fantasists unhealthy, and other voices speak, and other sights surround. VIII I've learned other tongues -- and in
strange eyes I didn't make a stranger; for the spirit that is itself, do not bring surprise changes; It's also not hard to find a country with -- ay, or without reason; and if I 70 leave the unblemished island of the wise and free, and go looking for a house on the REMOTE
CONTROL, IX Maybe I liked it; and if I lay my ashes in the ground that is not mine, my spirit will It -- if we can choose Unbodied a sanctuary. I put my hopes of being remembered in my line with the language of my country: as too crazy and far These aspirations in their scope slope, -- As my fame should be, as my fortunes are, 80 Of hasty
growth and misery, and boring Oblivion bar X My name from the temple where the dead are honored by the nations - let it be - And light the laurels on a loft head! And pointed out the Epitaph of the Spartan to me -- Sparta has many a more worthy son than he does. In the meantime, I seek neither sympathies nor need; The thorns I have
harvested are from the tree I planted, -- they tore me apart, and I bled: I should have known which fruit would come from such a seed. 90 XI The wifeless Adriatic mourns her lord; And, annual marriage now no longer renewing, The Bucentaur lies rotten unruffled, Neglected garment of her widowhood! St. Mark still sees his lion where he
stood, standing, but in derision of his wither power, About the proud place where an emperor indicted and princes stared and envied in the hour when Venice was a queen with an uneven'd dower. XII De Suabian indicted, and now the Austrian reigns - 100 An emperor trampled where an emperor knelt; Kingdoms have shrunk to provinces,
and chains clank over sceptre-rich cities, nations melting From power high peak, when they have felt The sun for a while, and going down as lukewarm loose from the belt of the mountain; Oh, for an hour blind old Dandolo! Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering enemy. XIII For St. Marks still glowing are horses of brass, Their
gilded collars glistening in the sun; 110 But isn't Doria's threat over? Aren't they full? -- Venice, lost and won, Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done, Zinc stones, like a sea weed, in where she stood! Better be whelm'd under the waves, and shun, Even in the depth of destruction, its foreign enemies, whose submission wrings an
infamous calm. XIV In youth, she was all glory, -- a new Band, -- Her word arose from victory, The Planter of the Lion, which by fire 120 And blood she carried, subjugated nature and sea; Although making many slaves, itself still free, and Europe's stronghold 'gainst the Ottomite; Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye Immortal waves
that saw Lepanto's fight! For you are names that cannot destroy time or tyranny. XV Pictures of glass -- all shivers -- the long file of her dead Doges is refused to dust; But where they lived, the vast and opulent pile speaks the procession of their magnificent confidence; 130 Their scepter broken, and their sword in rust, Have succumbed to
the stranger: empty halls, Thin street, and aspects such as Too oft must remind her who and what captivates, have cast an abandoned cloud o'er Venice 'beautiful walls. XVI When Athens' armies fell on Syracuse, and fetter'd thousands carried the yoke of war, Redemption stood up in the Attic Muse, Her voice their only ransom ransom
afar: See! As they chant the tragic anthem, the car 140 O'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins fall out of his hands -- his stationary scimitar begins from his tensions. XVII Thus, Venice, if there were no stronger claim you, all your proud historical
deeds were forgotten, Your choir memory of the Bard divine, Your love for Tasso, must have cut the knot that binds you to your tyrants; and your fate is shameful for the nations, -- above all 150 Albion! to you: the ocean queen may not leave the children of Ocean; in the autumn of Venice think of you, despite your watery wall. XVIII I loved
her of youth - she for me was like a fairy city of the heart, Rising like water-columns from the sea, of joy the stay, and of wealth the mart; And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art, had her image stamped in me, and yet, though I found her that way, we didn't break up, 160 Perchance even more expensive in her day of misery, than
when she was a bragging, a miracle and a show. XIX I can repeople with the past - and of the present there is still there for eye and thought, and meditation fooled, enough; And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought; And of the happiest moments that were wreaked within the web of my existence, some of you, honest Venice!
have their colors caught: There are some feelings Time can not shake benumb, 170 Nor Torture, or mine would be cold and stupid now. XX But of their nature the tannen will grow loftiest and least shelter'd rocks, rooted in infertility, where nought under of the soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks of eddying storms; but
feather the trunk, and mock the howling storm, to its height and frame are worthy of the mountains of whose blocks of gloomy, gray granite came into life, and the deep root of life and suffering make its fixed abode In bare and desolated bosoms:
muffling Camel labor with the heaviest load, And the wolf dies in silence, - do not bestow'd In vain must be such an example; if they, things of unworthy or of wild mood, do not endure and shrink, we can temper of noble clay to bear, -- it is only for a day. XXII All suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed'd 190 Even by the sufferer; and, in each
event, ends: -- Some, with hope, filling and rebooy'd, return to where they came -- with the intention, and weave their web again; some, bowed and bent, Was gray and hideous, wither their time, and perish with the reeds on which they leaned; Some seek devotion, toil, good or crime, according to if their souls were to sink or climb. XXIII
But ever and anon of sorrow subdued There comes a sign like a scorpion sting, 200 Scarcely seen, but imbued with fresh bitterness; And light withal can bring the things back to the the weight it would throw aside forever: it could be a sound -- A tone of music -- the eve of summer -- or spring -- A flower -- the wind -- the ocean -- that
will injure, hit the electric chain with which we are darkly bound; XXIV And how and why we don't know, neither can trace Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind, But feel the shock refresh'd, nor can efface 210 The plague and blacks that it leaves behind, Who from things familiar, undesign'd, When at least we deem such, calls to the
spectres that no exorcism can bind, The cold -- the changed -- perchance the dead -- anew, The mourning, the loved ones, the lost -- too much! -- but how little! XXV But my soul wanders; I demand it back to meditate between decay, and a ruin amid ruins to stand amid ruins; there to follow Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a
country 220 That was the most powerful in its old command, And is the most beautiful, and must ever be the master-mold of the heavenly hand of nature, in which were cast the heroic and the free, The beautiful, the brave - the lords of earth and sea, XXVI The Commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome! And even since, and now, honest
Italy! Thou art the garden of the world, the house of all art vields, and nature can decree: Even in your waste richer than the fertility of other climates: Your wreck a glory, and your ruin adorned with an impeccable charm that cannot be tarnished. XXVII The moon is up, and
yet it's not a night -- Sunset divides the sky with it -- a sea of glory flows along the Alpine-height Of Friuli's blue mountains; The sky is free of clouds, but of all colors seems to be, Melted into a huge Iris of the West, 240 Where the Day joins the past Eternity; While, on the other hand, Dian's meek crest floats through the azure sky - an
island of the blest! XXVIII A single star stands by her side, and rules with her o'er half of the beautiful sky; but still Yon sunny sea heaves bright, and continues roll'd o'er the peak of the distant Rhaetian hill, As day and night were battling, until nature reclaimed its order: -- gently flows The deeply dyed Brenta, where their hues incult 250
The fragrant purple of a newborn rose, which flows on her stream, and glass glows in it, XXIX Fill'd with the face of the sky sky, which descends from a distance on the waters; All its shades, from the rish guarant purple of a newborn rose, which flows on her stream, and glass glows in it, XXIX Fill'd with the face of the sky sky, which descends from a distance on the waters; All its shades, from the rish guarant purple of a newborn rose, which flows on her stream, and glass glows in it, XXIX Fill'd with the face of the sky sky, which descends from a distance on the waters; All its shades, from the rish guarant purple of a newborn rose, which flows on her stream, and glass glows in it, XXIX Fill'd with the face of the sky sky, which descends from a distance on the waters; All its shades, from the rish gloss glows in it, XXIX Fill'd with the face of the sky sky, which descends from a distance on the waters; All its shades, from the rish gloss glows in it, XXIX Fill'd with the face of the sky sky, which descends from a distance on the waters; All its shades, from the rish gloss gloss
Farewell Day Dies as the dolphin, which penetrates each pang with a new color as it slips away, 260 The last still most beautiful, until -- 'tis away -- Everything is grey. XXX There is a tomb in Arqua; -- in the back of the air, Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, reclaim the bones of Laura's lover; here repair Many familiar with his well sung misery,
The pilgrims of his genius. He rose to raise a language, and his Reclaiming the dull yoke of its barbaric enemies: Watering the tree that bears the name of his lady With his melodic tears, he gave himself to fame. 270 XXXI They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died; The mountain village where his last days went down the valley of years;
and 'tis their pride -- An honest pride -- An honest pride -- and let it be their praise, to offer the gaze of the passing stranger his mansion and his grave; both plain and venerablely simple, such as raising a feeling more accordion with his tribe than when a pyramid shape'd be his monumental fane. XXXII And the gentle quiet hamlet where he lived 280 Is one
of those complexions that seems made for those who have felt their mortality, and sought refuge from their hope decay'd In the deep umbrage of the shadow of a green hill, which shows a distant prospect far away from crowded cities, now in vain display'd For they can not lure further; and the radius of a bright sun can make sufficient
holidays, XXXIII Developing the mountains, leaves and flowers, And shines in the brawling brook, true-through, 290 Bright as its present, sauntering hours with a calm languor, which, although to the Eye Idlesse it appears, hath its morals. As we learn to live from society, 'Tis loneliness must teach us how to die; It has no flatterers; vanity
cannot give hollow support; only - man with his God must strive: XXXIV Or, it may be, with demons, which detract from the power of better thoughts, and seek their prey In melancholic bosoms, as were 300 of moody texture of their earliest day, And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay, Deem themselves destined to a demise that did not
pass from the pangs: Making the sun like blood, earth a grave. The grave a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom, XXXV Ferrara! in your wide and grass-grown streets. Whose symmetry was not for solitude, there seems like 'twere a curse on the seats, From former monarchs, and the antique brood 310 Of Este, which for many made an era
well made His strength within your walls, and was of yesteryear Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood of small power impell'd, of those who had worn Dante's eyebrow alone. XXXVI And Tasso is their glory and their shame. Rake to his tribe and then examine his cell! And see how expensive'd Torquato's fame, And where Alfonso bade
his poet live: The wretched despot could not suppress 320 The offended spirit he tried to extinguish, and mingle with the surrounding maniacs, in the hell where he had plunged. Glory without end Scatter'd the clouds away - and to that name live XXXVII The tears and praise of all times; while you would rot in oblivion -- in the sink of
worthless dust, that of your line is shaken in nothing; but the link Thou formest in his fortune offers us thinking of your poor malice, naming you with contempt - 330 Alfonso! how your ducal parades shrink from you! if born in another station, born, Fit to mourn the slave of him ye mad'st: XXXVIII Thou! form would be to eat, and be despised
and die, Even if the beasts perished, except that you had a more wonderful trough and wider sty: He! with a glory around his frown'd eyebrow, which then radiated, and now dazzles, in the face of all his enemies, the Cruscan quire, and Boileau, whose brash envy 340 could not allow a tribe that shamed his country's creaking winch,
whetstone of the teeth - monotony in wire! XXXIX Peace for Torquato's wounded shadow! 'twas his In life and death to be the brand where Wrong Aim'd with her gif'd arrows, but to miss. Victor unsurpass'd in modern song! Every year brings forth its millions; but how long will the tide of generations roll, and not the whole combined and
countless crowd compose a spirit like you? although everything in a 350 condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun. XL Great as you art, but parallel'd by those, Your compatriots, before you were born to shine, The bards of hell and chivalry: first rose the Tuscan father comedy divinely; Then, not dissimilar to the Florentine,
The Southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd a new creation with its magic line, And, like the Ariosto of the North, sang ladye-love and war, romance and chivalrous value. 360 XLI The lightning rent of Ariosto of the North, sang ladye-love and war, romance and chivalrous value. 360 XLI The lightning rent of Ariosto of the North, sang ladye-love and war, romance and chivalrous value.
is not a bolt of thunders, And false pretence, but shame his forehead; Yet, as loving Superstition mourns, Know, that lightning justifies under Whate'er it strikes; -- yon head is now doubly sacred. XLII Italia! oh Italia! Ye who hast 370 The fatal gift of beauty, which became a funeral dower of the present misery and past, On your sweet
eyebrow is grief plow'd by shame, And annals buried in characters of flame. Oh, God! that you in your nudity less beautiful or more powerful, and drink the tears of your distress; XLIII Then maybe not ye more appal; or, less desired, be homely and
be peaceful, unexplored 380 for your destructive charms; then, still irreconcilable, would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd Into the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde of many-nation spoilers of the Po Quaff blood and water; neither the sword of the stranger Be your sad weapon of defense, and so, Victor or vanquish'd, ye the slave
of friend or enemy. XLIV Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him, The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal spirit, Tully's friend: as my bark did shave 390 The clear blue waters with a fanning wind, Megara occurred and behind Aegina lay, Piraeus on the right, and Corinth on the left; I lay obliquely along the book, and saw all these
uniting in doom, even if he had seen the desolate face; XLV For Time hath not them, but the barbaric dwellings on their property, which only made more endearing The few last rays of their distant scattering might light, 400 and the crushing relics of their vanishing. The Roman saw these tombs in his own time, these
gravechres of cities, which excite Sad wonder, and his still surviving page The moral lesson carries, drawn from such a pilgrimage. XLVI That page is now for me, and on mine His land ruin added to the mass of dlain states he mourned in their decay, And I in desolation: all that was from then is destruction; and now, unfortunately! 410
Rome -- Rome imperial, bows her to the storm, in the same fabric and blackness, and we pass the skeleton of its Titanic form, Wrecks of another world, whose ashes are still warm. XLVII Yet, Italy! by any other country, your injustice should be denominated and sound from left to right; Mother of the arts! as one of the weapons; they were
our protector then and are still our guide; Parent of our religion! To whom the great Nations have knelt before the keys of heaven! 420 Europe, repentant of its parricide, Will still redeem you, and, all driven backwards, roll the barbaric tide, and complain to be forgiven. XLVIII But Arno wins us to the honest white walls, where the Etrurian
Athens claims and keeps a softer feel for its fairies halls. Girt through her theater of hills, she picks her corn, and wine, and oil, and many leaps to laugh live, with her excess horn. Along the shores where smiling Arno sweeps 430 Modern Luxury of Commerce was born, and buried Leather alley, redeem to a new morn. XLIX Also there the
Goddess holds in stone, and fills the air with beauty; we inhale the ambrosial aspect, which, having seen, silences part of its immortality; the veil of heaven is half un drawn; within the pale We stand, and in that form and face see what spirit can make, when the self of Nature would fail; And to the fond idolaters of old 440 Envy the innate
flash that could form such a soul: L We stare and turn away, and do not know where, Blinded and drunk of beauty, to the heart Rolls with its fullness; there -- forever there -- Chain would be on the chariot of triumphant Art, We stand as prisoners, and would not leave. Way! -- there need be no words, nor terms accurate, The paltry jargon of
the marble market, Where Pedantry seagulls Folly - we have eyes: Blood, pulse, and chest confirm the Dardan Shepherd's price. 450 LI Does not seem to Paris in this guise? Or to make Anchises bleed deeper? or, In all your perfect goddess-ship, when lies for you overcome your own Lord of War? And staring into your face as if in the
direction of a star, laid on your lap, Eyes upturn at you, feed on your sweet cheek! While your lips are melting with lava kisses while they burn, Shower'd on his eyelids, eyebrow, and mouth, from an urn! LII Glowing, and Cut into Speechless Love, 460 Their complete divinity inadequate that feeling to or to improve, the gods become
mortals, and the fate of man has moments as their brightest; but the weight of the earth resentes us; -- let it go! We can remember such visions, and create, of what has been, or could be, things that grow in the shape of your statue, and look like gods below. LIII I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands. The artist and his monkey, to
teach and tell 470 How well his connoisseurship understands The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell: Let these describe the indescribable: I would not like their despicable breath should sharply the flow In which that image will live forever; The unperturbed mirror of the most beautiful dream that ever left the sky on the deep soul to
shine. LIV In Santa Croce's sacred districts lie Ash making it holier, dust that is even immortality in itself. 480 Although there was nothing that saved the past, and this, the particle of those sublimities that have fallen back into chaos; -- here repose Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his. The Starry Galileo, with his misery; Here Machiavelli's
earth would be back to where it rose. LV These are four spirits, which, like the elements, could deliver creation again: -- Italy! The time, which has wrongly said with ten thousand rents of thin imperial garment, will deny, 490 And hath denied, to every other heaven, Spirits that soar from doom: -- your decay is still impregnating with divinity,
Which gilds it with the reviving of the ray; Like the great of yesteryear, Canova is to this day. LVI But where rests the all Etruscan three - Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than them, The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he of the Hundred Stories of Love -- where were they their bones, do they distinguish themselves from our common
clay 500 In death as life? Are they determined to dust, and don't have marbles of their country want to say? Couldn't her quarries express one bust? Did they not entrust her breast to their childlike earth? LVII Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps far, like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding coast; The factions, in their worse than civil war,
sniveled off the bard whose name for evermore the children of their children would worship in vain with the remorse of ages; and the crown 510 that Petrarch's laureate eyebrow supremely wore, On a distant and strange ground had grown, His life, his fame, his grave, although rifled - not yours. LVIII Boccaccio bequeathed to his older
earth His fabric, -- and is it not her Great under, With many sweet and solemn requiem O'er breathed him that form'd the Tuscan siren tongue? That music in itself, whose sounds are his grave Uptorn, the hyaena must be intolerant 520 No longer to find amidst the meaner
dead room, nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for whom! LIX and Santa Croce want their mighty fabric; But for this will more noted, from yesteryear The Caesar's election, shaved from Brutus's bust, Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more: more: Ravenna! on your hoary coast, Fortress of falling rich! honor'd slept The immortal
exile; -- Arqua, too, her shop of tuneful relics claims pride and loves, 530 While Florence in vain begs her banish'd death and cries. LX What is her pyramid of gems? From porphyria, jasper, agate, and all shades of gemstone and marble, to encapsulate the bones of merchant dukes? the ephemeral dew that, sparkling at dusk stars, infuse
Freshness into the green turf that wraps the dead. Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse. Are gently prest with much more reverent tread Than ever pace that plate that payes the princely head. 540 LXI There are more things to greet the heart and eves in Arno's dome of art. Where Sculpture with its rainbow sister vies: There are
other wonders -- but not for mine; For I have been used to intertwining my thoughts with nature rather than in the fields, Dan art in galleries: although a work divinely demands the homage of my mind, but it delivers less than it feels, because the weapon it wields LXII is of a different mood, and I roam 550 Through Thrasimene's lake, in the
tarnishing Fatal to Roman's rash, more at home; For there the battlehathische willes of the Carthaagse Come back to me, as his skill deceives The host between the mountains and the coast, Where courage falls into her desperate files, And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore, Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,
LXIII Gladly a forest fell by mountain winds; And such a storm of battle on this day, 560 And such a frenzy, whose convulsions blind to save all carnage, that, under the battle, an earthquake reel was incessantly gone! No one felt stern Nature rocked at his feet, and yawned a grave for those who lay on their bucklers in front of a writhing
sheet; That's the absorbing hatred when warring nations meet! LXIV The Earth before them was like a rolling bark that carried them to eternity; they saw the Ocean around, but did not have time to mark 570 of their ship's motions; The law of nature, In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe that reigns when the mountains trembling, and
the birds dive into the clouds for refuge and retreat from their down-toppling nests; and roaring herds of Tripping o'er bulging plains, and the fear of man has no words. LXV Far other scene is Thrasimene now; Its more a sheet of silver, and her plain Rent by no devastation spare the soft plow; Its old trees rise as once killed 580 Lay where
their roots are; but a stream of ta'en -- A small rill of scant stream and bed -- A name of blood from the earth, and the unwilling red. LXVI But ye, Clitumnus! in your sweetest wave Of the most living crystal that was e'er The haunt of the river nymph, stare and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, ye dost rear Thy grassy benches after which the the send 590 Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters! And most clearly; That stream was unprofaned by massacres -- A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters! LXVII And on your happy shore a temple still, Of
small and delicate proportion, holds, On a mild declivity of hill His memory of you; beneath it sweeps the calm of your present; oft from jumping out the Finny darter with the shimmering scales, 600 Who lives and enjoys your glassy deeps; While, by chance, some scatter'd water lily sails Down where the shallower wave still tells its
bubbling stories. LXVIII Pass does not unblest the genius of the brow, 'tis are; and if you trace along its margin a more eloquent green, if at heart the freshness of the scene Sprinkle its coolness, and of the dry dust Of tired life a moment lave the clean 610 With the baptism of Nature, -- 'tis to
him ye orisons for this suspension of horror must pay. LXIX The roar of waters! -- from the headlong height, Velino sticks to the wave-borne abyss; The hell of waters! where they cry and sob, and cook in endless torture; while sweating their great agony, wrung
out of this Hun Phlegethon, curling around the rocks of jet 620 That girded the wave around, in relentless horror set, LXX And mounts in spray the sky, and hence returns again in an incessant shower, that round, With its unfulfilled cloud of gentle rain, Is an eternal April on the ground, making it all an emerald green : -- how deep the wave!
and how the huge element From rock to rock with frantic connecting, Crushing the cliffs, which, worn down and rent With its violent footsteps, yield into precipices an anxious vent 630 LXXI To the wide column that rolls up, and shows More like the fountain of an infant sea Torn from the womb of mountains by the grip of a new world, than
just so to become of Older rivers, those currents, with many windings, through the valley: -- Look back! Lo! where it comes as an eternity, as if to sweep all things in its wake, Charming the eye with fear, -- an unparalleled cataract, LXXII Terribly beautiful! but on the edge, 640 From left to right, beneath the shimmering morn, An Iris sits,
amid the hellish wave, Like Hope on a Deathbed, and, unworn His steady dyes, while all around is torn by the derived waters, wears serene His brilliant shades with unexchantical mien. LXXIII Once again on the woody Apennines, The infant
alpens, which - I had not before 650 Stared on mightier parents, where the pine tree sits on more rugged peaks, and where roar the thundering lukewarm - could be more worshipper'd; But I've seen the rising Jungfrau leave her behind. Let. snow, and given the hoar glaciers of gloomy Mont Blanc both far and near, And in Chimari heard
the thunder-hills of fear, LXXIV Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name; And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly As ghosts of the place, as 'twere for fame, 660 For still they float unutterably high: I've looked d at Ida with a Trojan eye; Athos, Olympus, Aetna, Atlas, made these hills seem like things of inferior dignity, All except the lonely
Soracte heights display'd Not now in the snow, which asks the lyrical Roman help LXXV for our memory, and from the plain Heaves as a long swept wave over to break, And on the curl hangs pause: not in vain he may, who will, his memories 670 And rake in classical raptures, and wake up the hills with Latian echoes; I loathed too much
to conquer for the sake of the poet, The drill'd boring lesson, forced down word for word In my repulsive childhood, with pleasure to take on LXXVI Aught that recalls the daily drug that turn my nauseating memory; and, although time has taught My mind to meditate what it'd learned, But such a fix'd inveteracy wrought by the impatience of
my early thought, 680 That, with the freshness wear out before My mind could enjoy what it loathed then, still loathe, LXXVII Dan farewell, Horace; whom I hated so much, not for your mistakes, but mine; It's a curse to understand, not to feel your lyrical flow
To understand, but never love your verse, although no deeper Moralist rehearses our little life, nor Bard prescribes his art, 690 Nor more vividly Satirist pierces the conscience, Awakening without injuring the heart of touch, But rate you well -- on soracte's ridge we share. LXXV OhIII Rome! my country! city of the soul! The orphans of the
heart must turn to you, lonely mother of dead realms! and control in their closed breasts their little misery. What are our misery and suffering? Come and temples, Thou! Whose suffering are evils of a day -- A world lies at our feet as fragile as our clay.
LXXIX Nations Niobe! there she is, childless and crownless, in her voiceless misery; An empty urn in her expulsion hands, whose sacred substance was scattered long ago; The tomb of the Scipios now contains no ashes; The own graphers lie tenantless of their heroic inhabitants: dost ye flow, Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness? 710
Rise, with your yellow waves, and cloak her distress. LXXX The Goth, The Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire, have covered the pride of the seven-hill city; She saw her glory star through run down, and drive the steep barbaric monarchs, where the car'd climb the capitol; Far and wide Temple and tower went down, nor left a site: -
Chaos of ruins! who will trace the void, O'er the dim fragments cast a moonlight, and say: here here or is, where everything is double night? 720 LXXXI The double night? 720 LXXXI The double night of ages, and of her, Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wraps and wraps All round us; we only feel our way to err: The ocean has its map, the stars their map, And
knowledge spreads them on its wide womb; But Rome is like the desert, where we send stumbling o'er memories; Now we clap our hands, and cry 'Eureka!' it's clear when, but a false mirage of doom rises nearby. LXXXII UNFORTUNATELY! the exalted city! and unfortunately! 730 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day Brutus made
the edge of the dagger surpassed the conqueror's sword to carry glory away! Unfortunately, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay, and Livy's page pictured! But this will be Her resurrection; all besides -- decay. Unfortunately, for Earth, because never will we see that brightness in her eyes she wore when Rome was free! LXXXIII Oh ye, whose
car rolled on fortune's wheel, Triumphant Sylla! You, who did the 740 of Your land, would pause to feel the wrath of your own injustice, or reap the appropriate of hoarded revenge until thin eagles flew O'er into Asia; -- ye, who with your frown The senates -- Roman, also, With all your vices, for you didst lay with a kissing smile a more than
earthly crown -- LXXXIV The dictatorial wreath, -- could you divinely diminish to what would one day diminish to what made you more than mortal? and ther warriors, but to conquer -- those who would obfuscate the earth with its haughty
shadow, and exhibited obfuscation until the o'er-canopied horizon failed,, Her rushing wings -- Oh! she who was almighty hail'd! LXXXV Sylla was the first of the winners; but our own The Mode of Captors, Cromwell; He also wiped senates as he hoisted the throne to a block -- immortal rebel! See 760 What crimes it takes to have a
moment free and famous by all ages! but beneath His fate lies the moral of fate; His day of double victory and death saw him win two empires, and, happier, yield his breath. LXXXVI The third of the same moon whose earlier course had everything but crown'd him, on the same day deposited him gently from his throne of strength, and laid
him with the previous clay of the earth. And show would not fortune so how fame and waving, 770 And all we deem delicious, and consume Our souls compass by every difficult way, Are in her eyes less happy than the grave? Were they, but so in man, how different were his downfall! LXXXVII And ye, dread statue! still existing in The
austere form of naked majesty, Thou who lie the most, 'middle of the murderers' din, On your bathing base the bloody Caesar, Folds are in dying dignity, A sacrifice at you altar of the Queen 780 Of gods and men, great Nemesis! Did he die, and so did you, die, Pompey? Have you been victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?
LXXXVIII and ye, ye, thunder-stricken nurse from Rome! She-wolf! whose shameless dug digs give The Milk of Conquest still in the dome Where, as a monument of ancient art, Thou standest: -- Mother of the mighty heart, Who the great founder sucking your wild teat, Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart, 790 And your limbs black
with enlightenment - do t thou still guard thin immortal cubs, nor forget your precious cargo? LXXXIX Thou dost; -- but all your foster children are dead -- The men of iron; and the world no longer has cities from beyond their graves: men bled in imitation of things they feared, and fought and conquered, and sent the same course, at apish
distance; but so far no one, nor could, have the same supremacy near'd, except a vain man, who is not in the grave, 800 But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave - XC The fool of false dominion - and a kind of bastard Caesar, after him of old With steps uneven; for the Spirit of the Roman was modell'd in a less earthy form,
With passion more intense, but a judgment cold, And an immortal instinct that redeemed the weaknesses of a heart so soft but fat, Alcides with the distaff now looks like he would be on Cleopatra's feet, -- and now himself he radiated, 810 XCI And came -- and saw -- and conquered d! But the man who would have tamed his eagles to flee,
like a falcon of a train, in the Gallic van, which he, in sooth, long led to victory, With a deaf heart that never seemed to be a listener to himself, was strangely framed; With only one weakest weakness -- vanity, Coquettish in ambition -- he's still aiming for what? Can he avouch - or answer what he claims? XCII And would be all or nothing -
nor could 820 wait for the sure grave to level him; few years had confirmed him with Caesars in his fate, Upon whom we enter: For this the earth flow up as they have flowed, a universal deluge, which appears without an ark for wretched man's abode and ebbs
only to flow back! -- Renew your rainbow, God! XCIII What of this arid creature are we harvesting? Our senses narrow, and our reason brittle, 830 Life short, and truth a gem that loves the deep, And all things weigh in the false scale of habit; Advice an omnipotence, -- whose veil cloaks the earth with darkness, until right and wrong are
accidents, and men fade Lest their own judgments become too clear, and their free thoughts are crimes, and the earth has too much light. XCIV And so they trudge into slow misery, Rotting from father to son, and age to age, proud of their trampled nature, and thus dying, 840 Bequeath their hereditary anger to the new breed of innate
who wage war for their chains, and instead of being free, Bleed gladiator-like, and still in the same arena where they see their fellow men fall for, like leaves from the same tree. XCV I do not speak of men's creeds - they rest rest Man and his Maker -- but of the things that allow it, Averr'd, and known, -- -- and seen daily, hourly -- the yoke
that stands upon us double arch'd, 850 And the intention of tyranny avow'd, The edict of the rulers of the Earth, who are mature The monkeys of him who once humiliated the pride, and shake them from the slumber on the throne; Too glorious, this was all his mighty arm had done. XCVI Can be tyrants, but conquered by tyrants, And
Freedom find no champion and no child As Columbia saw arise when they sprung again a Pallas, poor'd and unsent? Or should such spirits be fed'd in the wild, 860 Deep in the unpeeled forest, 'amid the roar of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled on baby Washington? Does the Earth no longer have such seeds in its chest, or Europe
not such a coast? XCVII But France became drunk with blood to surrender crime, and fatally its Saturnalia are to the cause of the Liberty, in every age and clime; Because of the basic election last on the scene, have
grown the pretext for the eternal thrall that nips life tree, and damning man's worst - his second fall. XCVIII Still, Freedom! but your banner, torn, but flying, flows like thunder-storm against the wind; Your trumpet voice, though broken now and dying, the loudest still leaves the storm behind; Your tree has lost its blossoms, and the shell,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and worth little, but the juice lasts, and still the seed we find 880 sown deep, even in the bosom of the North; Thus, a better spring will produce less bitter fruits. XCIX There is a stern round tower of other days, Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone, As an army bewildered force delays, Standing with half
of its tilt only, And with two thousand years ivy grown, The pendulum of eternity, where wave The green leaves over time o'erthrown; What was she chaste and honest?
Worthy of a king's bed, or more, a Roman bed? What race of leaders and heroes did she have? Which daughter of her beauties was the heir? How did she live, how loved -- ho
she like those who love their lords, or those who love their lords, or those who love the lords of others? such are even in ancient times, Rome's annals say. Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien, or the light air of Egypt's ornate Abundant of joy -- or 'gainst it has them war, Hardened in virtue? Did she lean towards the soft side of the heart, or did she wisely love her
grief? -- for such are the affections. CII Perchance She Died in Youth: It May Be, Bow'd 910 Met much heavier than the ponderous tomb that weighed on its soft fabric, a cloud might collect its beauty, and a gloom In her dark eye, prophetic of doom gives Heaven its favorites -- early death; but shed A sunset charm around her, and lighting
with frenetic light, the Hesperus of the dead, from her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red. CIII Perchance she died in age -- survivor everything, Charms, relatives, children -- with the silver-grey 920 On her long locks, which she may remember, it could still be something of the day when they were braided, and her proud series
and beautiful form were envied, praised and viewed by Rome -- but whither would suspect they would be lost? So much we know alone -- Metella died, the wife of the richest Roman: See his love or pride! CIV I do not know why - but stand so by you It seems like I had known thine prisoner, Thou tomb! and other days come back to me
930 With remembered music, although the tone has changed and solemn, like the cloudy moans of dying thunder on the distant wind; But could I place myself with this ivied stone until I had produced the warmed spirit, Forms of the floating wreck that ruin leaves behind; CV And off the shelves, shattering o'er the rocks, built me a little bark
of hope, once again to fight with the ocean and the shocks of the loud crushers, and the incessant roar 940 Those rushes on the lonely shore Where all the lies founder'd that was once dear: But could I collect the golf-worn shop Enough for my rude boat, where should I send? There's no house, no hope, nor life, saving what's here. CVI
Then let the winds howl! their harmony will henceforth be my music, and the night will temper the sound with the call of the owlets, as I hear them now, in the fading light Dim o'er the native place of the bird of darkness, 950 Answer each other on the Palatine, With their wide eyes, all shimmering gray and bright, and sailing pinions. -- At
such a sanctuary What are our little sorrows? Don't let me number mine. CVII Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflowers grown Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd On what were rooms, bow crush'd, column strown In fragments, stifled vaults, and frescoes steep'd In underground damping, where the owl peep'd, Deem it midnight: --
Temples, baths, or halls? 960 Pronounce who can; for all that learning reap'd of her research has been, that these are walls - See the Imperial Mountain! 'tis so the mighty falls. CVIII There is the moral of all human stories; 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past, First Freedom, and then Glory -- if that fails. Wealth, vice, corruption, --
barbarism at last. And history, with all its volumes huge, Hath one page, -- 'tis better written here, Where wonderful tyranny so 970 amassed all treasures, all delicacies, that eye or ear, Heart, soul could seek, tongue questions -- Away with words! come close, CIX Admire, jubilant - despise despising laughing, crying, -- because here there
is so much matter for all feelings: -- Man! Thou slinger betwixt a smile and tear, Ages and rich are crowded in this wingspan, This mountain, whose obliterated plan The Pyramid of Empires pinnacled, From Glory gewgaws shines in the van Until the sun's rays were filled with extra flame! 980 Where are the golden roofs! where those who
dared to build? CX Tully was not as eloquent as ye, Thou nameless column with the buried base! What are the laurels of caesar's forehead? Crown me with ivy from his hometown. Whose bow or pillar meets me in the face, Titus or Trajan? No -- 'tis that of time: Triumph, bow, pillar, everything he does displaces, Scoffing; and apostolic
statues climb to crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublimely, 990 CXI Buried in the sky, the deep blue sky of Rome, and in search of the stars: they had contained a spirit that would find with this one a home. The last of them who ruled the whole earth, The Roman sphere, for after no one had held out, but rendered his conquests
-- he was more than an ordinary Alexander, and, unstain'd With household blood and wine, serenely bore His sovereign virtues - still we worship Trajan's name. CXII Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place 1000 Where Rome embraced its heroes? where the steep Tarpeian? Treason's strongest goal race, The Promontory From
Where the Traitor Leap Cured all ambition. Have the conquerors accumulated their loot here? Yes, it's not. and in yon field below, thousand years of silent factions sleeping - The Forum, where the immortal accents glow, and still breathe the eloquent air - burns with Cicero! CXIII The realm of freedom, faction, fame and blood: Here the
passions of a proud people were exhaled, 1010 From the first hour of the empire in the bud to what when further worlds to conquer fail; But long before Freedom's face was veiled, and Anarchy took on her attributes; To every lawless soldier who berated the slavish mutes of the Senate, or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes. CXIV
Then we turn to the name of her last grandstand, From her ten thousand tyrants turn to you, Savior of dark ages of shame - 1020 The girlfriend of Petrarch - hope of Italy - Rienzi! last of the Romans! While the trunk of the tree of Freedom produces a leaf, even in front of your grave it let it be a pendulum -- The champion of the forum, and
the leader of the people -- Her newborn Numa ye -- with dominion, unfortunately! too short. CXV Egeria! sweet creation of a heart that found no mortal resting place as honest as your ideal breast; whate'er thou art Of wert, -- a young Aurora of the sky, 1030 The nympholepsy of some fond despair; Or, it could be, a of the earth, who found
 a more than common votary there Too much worship; whatsoe'er your birth, Thou shalt have a beautiful thought, and soft physical again. CXVI The mosses of your fountain are still sprinkled with thine Elysian Elysian the face of your cave-guarded spring, with years of unrimpled, reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place, Whose green,
wild margin now no longer erases Art's 1040 works; nor must the delicate waters sleep, Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base of the split statue, with a gentle leap The rill runs o'er, and around, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep, CXVII Fantastically confused; the green hills are lined with early blossoms, through the grass The fast-eyed
lizard rustles, and the accounts of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass; Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class, beg the pause step, and with their dyes 1050 Dance in the gentle breeze in a fairy mass; The sweetness of the couple's deep blue eyes, Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems color'd through its sky. CXVIII Here didst
ye live, in this enchanted cover, Egeria! your heavenly bosom beating in front of the distant footsteps of your mortal lover; The purple Midnight obfuscated that mystical encounter with her most starry, and seating Thyself by thine adorer, what fell? This cave was certainly formed for the greeting 1060 of a love goddess, and the cell haunted
by Holy Love - the earliest oracle! CXIX And didst you not, your chest to his answer, mix a heavenly with a human heart; And Love that dies as it was born, in sighs, Sharing with immortal transports? Could you make art to indeed make them immortal, and give the purity of heaven to earthly joys, expel the poison and not snub the dart --
the dull saturation that destroys all -- 1070 And the soul to eradicate the deadly weed that cloys? CXX Alas! our young affection runs to waste, or water, but the desert; from where arise But weeds of dark lushness, weeds of haste, and trees
whose gums are poison; like the plants that spring under her steps as Passion flies O'er the wilderness of the world, and in vain pants for some heavenly fruit forbidden to our will, 1080 CXXI Oh Love! no inhabiter of the earth thou art - An invisible seraph, we believe in you. A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart. But never has seen,
nor e'er will see the naked eve, your form, as it should be: The spirit has made you, as it populated heaven, even with its own longing imagination, and to a thought that gave such a form and image, as haunts the unquench'd soul -- parch'd -- tired -- wrung and riven. CXXII Of its own beauty is the mind sick, 1090 And fever in false
creation: -- where, Where are the forms of the soul of the sculptor seized? Only in him. Can nature be so honest? are the charms and virtues that we dare to conceive in youth and pursue as men, The unattainable Paradise of our despair, Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen, and overwhelms the page where it would flourish again?
CXXIII Who loves, raves -- 'tis youth's frenzy -- but the cure is even more bitter; bitterer; charm by charm defies 1100 Which robbed our idols, and we see to be sure neither worth nor beauty resides of the spirit Ideal form of such; yet it binds the fatal spell, and still pulls us up, reaping the whirlwind of the oft-seeded winds; The stubborn
heart, the alchemy began, seems ever near the prize - richest when most undone. CXXIV We wither our youth, we gasp away -- Sick -- sick; to escape the blessing -- the thirst untended, but until the last, in the edge of our decay, 1110 Some phantom snatches, as we first sought -- But too late, -- so we are doubly curst. Love, fame,
ambition, greed -- 'tis the same, Every idle -- and all the sick -- and nothing the worst -- Because they're all meteors by a different name, and kill the saber smoke where the flame disappears, CXXV Few -- none -- find what they love or could have loved. Although accident, blind contact and the strong need to love. Have removed
Antipathies -- but to return, honor long, 1120 Envenom'd with irrevocably wrong; And Circumstance, that unpiritual god and misbehave, makes and helps along Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod, whose touch turns hope into dust, -- the dust we have all sedated. CXXVI Our life is a false nature -- 'tis not in the harmony of things, -- this
harsh decree, this unworkable taint of sin, this boundless upas, this all-hardening tree, whose root is the earth, whose leaves and branches are 1130 The heavens that rain their plagues on men like dew -- Disease, death, bondage -- all the misery we see -- And worse, , the misery that we do not see -- that go through the invigorable soul,
with heart pain ever new. CXXVII But let's think boldly -- 'tis a basis Leaving the reason to resign our right of thought -- our last and only refuge; this will at least still be mine: Although from birth the divine faculty is chain'd and tortured - hut'd, cribb'd, limited, 1140 And bred in darkness, lest the truth shine too clearly on the unprepared mind,
The ray pours in, for time and skill will bank the blind. CXXVIII Arches on arches! as if it were that Rome, collecting the moon rays shine as the twines were his natural torches, for divine should be the light that flows here, to wither this
long-explored but still exhausting my 1150 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom of an Italian night, where the deep skies take out CXXIX Shades that have words, and speak to you from heaven, o'er floats this huge and wondrous monument, and continue its glory. There is given To the things of the earth, that time bent. A spirit the
feeling, and where he has leaned His hand, but broke his sage, there is a force and magic in the ruin'd struggle, for which the peautifyer the dead, adorner of ruin, duvet and only healer when the heart bled - Time! the corrector
where our judgments err, The test of truth, love, -- only philosopher, For all besides its sophists, of your thrift, who never loses though it does-- Time, the avenger! until you lift My hands, eyes and heart, and yearn for a gift: 1170 CXXXI Amid this wreck, where you have left a shrine a temple more divine, Among your mightier sacrifices here
are mine, Ruins of the years - but few, but full of fate: -- If you have ever seen me too elate, Do not hear me; but if I have behaved calmly and reserved my pride against the hatred that will not consume me, let me not have carried this iron in my soul for nothing -- will they not mourn? CXXXII And ye, who have never been humanly wrong
1180 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis! Here, where the old e'n tributes paid long -- Thou, who called didst the Furies out of the abyss, and around Orestes fought them crying and seren for that unnatural retribution -- had it been less close to your hands -- in this Your former realm, I call you out of the dust! Can't you hear my
heart? -- Wake up! you will, and must. CXXXIII It's not that I might not have incurr'd for my ancestral mistakes or mine the wound 1190 I withal blood, and, it was granted with a righteous weapon, it was flowing untethered; But now my blood will not sink into the ground; I dedicating it to you -- you will take the revenge that will still be sought
and found, which if I have not taken for the sake of the interest -- But let that pass -- I will sleep, but you will still be awake. CXXIV And if my voice breaks out, 'tis not that I now shrink from what'd suffer': let him speak Who has said fall on my forehead, 1200 Or given my mind convulsion leave it weak; But on this page, I'll find a record. Not
in the air will these spread my words, although I am ashes; A far hour will wreak the deep prophetic fullness of this verse, and pile on human heads the mountain of my curse! CXXXV That curse will be forgiveness. -- I didn't -- Hear me, my mother Earth! See it, heaven! -- Didn't I have to wrestle my destiny? Haven't I suffered from things
having to be forgiven? 1210 Don't I sear'd my brain, riven my heart, Hopes sapp'd, name destroyed, Life life lied off? And just not driven to despair, for not quite of such clay As rotten in the souls of those I survey. CXXXVI From powerful abuses to small perfidy Haven't I seen what human things can do? From the loud roar of frothy
awkwardness to the small whisper of the equally paltry pair, and subtler venom from the reptile crew, 1220 The Janus look of whose Eye, Learn to lie with silence, where it seems, And without expression, turn the shrug or sigh, Deal round to happy fools are speechless obloquy. CXXXVII But I have lived, and have not lived in vain: My
mind may lose strength, my blood are fire, and my frame perches even in overcoming pain; But there is that in me that will tire of torture and time, and breathe when I pass; Something unearthly, which they do not think, 1230 Like the revulsion of a stupid tone, will sink on their softened'd spirits, and move in hearts all rocky now the late
remorse of love. CXXXVIII The seal is set. -- Now welcome, you are afraid power! Nameless, yet omnipotent, who walk'st here in the shadow of midnight hour with a deep awe, yet all distinguished from fear; Your haunts are once where dead walls leave their ivy cloaks behind them, and the solemn scene derives from you a feeling so
deep and clear 1240 that we become a part of what has become, and grow into the place, all-seeing, but unseen. CXXXIX And here ran the bustle of eager nations, In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause, As man was slaughtered by his fellow man. And where for the slaughter? therefore, but because those were the genius laws of the
Circus, and the imperial pleasure. What not? Who cares where we fall to fill the maws of worms -- on battlefields or in a listed place? 1250 Both are just theatres where the lead actors rot. CXL I see before me the Gladiator lying: He leans on his hand -- his male forehead agrees to death, but overcomes pain, and his drooping head
gradually sinks low -- And by his side the last drops, ebbing slow From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one, Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now the arena is swimming around him -- he's gone, Ere stopped the inhuman scream that the wretched who won. 1260 CXLI but he gave no eight -- his eyes were with his heart, and that was
far away: He reck'd not reck'd not reck'd of the life he lost, nor price, But where his rude hut lay by the Danube, There were his young barbarians all in the game, There was their Dacian mother - he, their father, Butcher'd to make a Roman vacation - All this hurry'd with his blood - Will he be decrepit and unsused? -- Get up! ye Goths, and glut your
ire! CXLII But here, where Murder blew her bloody steam; And here, where buzzing nations choked the roads, and roaring or muttering would like a mountain stream dashing or winding as his torrent roams; Here, where the Roman millions of guilt or praise was death or life, the toys of a crowd, my voice sounds a lot -- and the stars faint
rays On the arena void -- seats crush -- walls arch 'd -- And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud. CXLIII A ruin - but what a ruin! of its mass Walls, palaces, half cities, are behind'd; 1280 Yet often the huge skeleton ye pass, and wonder where the loot might have appeared.. Hath it's indeed looted, or but obviously'd?
Unfortunately! developed, opens decay, When the colossal dust form is near'd: It will not bear the brightness of the day, which flows too much on all years, humans, have re-used. CXLIV But as the rising moon begins climb the upper arch, and gently pause there; When the stars twinkle through the loops of time, 1290 And the low night-
breeze waves along the sky, The pendulum forest, which bear the gray walls, like laurels on caesar's bare first head; When the light shines serenely, but does not shine, then in this magic circle to lift the dead: Heroes have entered this place -- 'tis on their fabric ye tread. CXLV 'While the Colosseum stands, Rome stands; When the
Colosseum falls, Rome falls; And if Rome falls; And if Rome falls -- the world. From our own country So spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall 1300 In saxon time, which we just call Old; and these three mortal things are still on their foundations, and all unchanged; Rome and its Ruin past Redemption's skill, The world, the same wide den - of thieves, or
whatever you will. CXLVI Simple, upright, strict, sober, sublime -- Sanctuary of all saints and temple of all gods, from Jove to Jesus -- spared and bleeding through thorns to ash - glorious dome! You won't last? The scythes
and tyrants of time shiver at you -- sanctuary and house of art and piety -- Pantheon! -- Pride of Rome! CXLVII Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts! Despoil'd still perfect, with your circle spreading a holiness appealing to all hearts - To make art a model; and to him who enters Rome for the sake of the ages, Glory casts its light through
your zoo; to those 1320 Who worship, here are altars for their pearls; And those who feel for genius can rest their eyes on honor'd shapes, whose busts close around them. CXLVIII There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light What am I looking at? Nothing: Look again! Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my face - Two isolated phantoms
of the brain: It's not so; I see them full and clear -- An old man, and a female young and honest, Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein 1330 The blood is nectar: -- but what is she doing there, with her unmaned neck, and bosom white and bald? CXLIX Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life, Where on the heart and from the
heart we observed our first and dearest upbringing, when the woman, Blest in mother, in the innocent gaze, Or even the cans cry of the lips that brook No pain and small tension, a joy observes Man does not know, when from outside his crib nook She sees her little button put forward his leaves -- 1340 What can the fruit Not yet? -- I don't
know -- Cain was Eva's. CL But here the youth in old age offers the food, the milk of his own gift: -- it is her site to whom she returns the blame of blood born with her birth. No, that's not the first thing he'll do. While in those warm and beautiful veins the fire of health and holy feeling can provide Great Nature's Nile, whose deep current rises
higher than the river of Egypt: -- from that soft side Drink, drink and live, old man! Husband! rich has no such tide. 1350 CLI The starfabel of the galaxy does not have the purity of the story; it is a constellation of a sweeter ray, and Holy Nature triumphs more in this reverse of its decree, that in the abyss where brilliance distant worlds: --
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Oh, holiest nurse! Not a drop of that clear current will miss your father's heart, replenish his source with life, as our liberated souls rejoint themselves in the universe. CLII turn to the Mole who'd leave Hadrian on high, 1360 Imperial mimicking ancient Egyptian poles, Colossal copyist of deformity, Whose journey'd fantasy of the distant Nile Enormous model, doom'd the artist to build toils for giants, and for his vain earth, His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How smiles the eye of the gazer with philosophical glee, To view the enormous design that emerged from such a birth! CLIII But lo! the dome -- the vast and wondrous dome, on which Diana's miracle was a cell -- the mighty shrine of Christ from 1370 above the tomb of his martyr! I have witnessed the miracle of the Ephesus -- His columns scatter out of the wilderness, and the jackal live in their shadow; I have seen the bright roofs of Sophia their shimmering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd His shrine while the usurping Muslim prays; CLIV But ye, of temples old, or altars new, Standest alone - with nothing if you - Worth of God, the saint and the true, 1380 Since Zion's desolence, when he forsook his former city, what could be, Of earthly structures, piled in his honor, of a sublime aspect? Majesty, Power, and Beauty, all are unsent in this eternal ark of worship unsent. CLV Enter; its grandeur does not overwhelm you; And why? it'd not diminish but your mind, extended by the genius of the place, has grown colossal, and can only find 1390 A fit abode in which appear anchored Thy hope of immortality; and you shall one day, if deemed worthy, be so defined, see your God face to face, as you are now doing his Holy of Saints, nor are hewn through his forehead. CLVI Thou moves - but rise with progress, as climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise, Deceived by its gigantic elegance; Vastness that grows -- but grows to harmonize -- All musical in its immensities; 1400 Rich marbles - richer painting - shrines where flame The lamps of gold - and haughty dome that are dirty in the air with the main structures of the earth, although their frame sits on the solid ground - and this the clouds must claim. CLVII Thou does not see all; but patchy thou must break, to contemplation the big picture; And if the ocean will make many bays, which ask the eye - so here condense your soul to more direct objects, and control your thoughts until your mind has gotten through the heart 1410 His eloquent proportions, and unroll In mighty graduations, part by part. The glory that once upon you does not dart. CLVIII Not by its fault - but thine: Our outward sense is is of graduations, part by part. The glory that once upon you does not dart. CLVIII Not by its fault - but thine: Our outward sense is is of graduations, part by part. The glory that once upon you does not dart. have of feeling most intense Outstrips our weak expression; even so this Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice Fools our fond gaze, and the greatest of the size of that they consider. CLIX Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more in such a survey than the sating look of wonder satisfied, or awe that would worship the worship of the place, or the mere praise of art and its great masters, which could increase what earlier time, neither skill nor thought could plan; The fountain of sublimity shows His depth, and hence the view of man 1430 can draw its golden sand, and learn what great conceptions can. CLX Or, turn to the Vatican, go see Laocoon's torturous dignified pain -- The love of a father and the agony of a mortal with the patience of an immortal who mings: -- Vain the struggle; vain, against the rolling trunk and great, and deepening the grip of the dragon, The Old Man's clamp: the long envenom'd chain Rivets the living links, - the huge asp Forces pang on pang, and stifles sob on sobs. 1440 CLXI Or view the Lord of the Inexorable Arch, The God of Life, and Poesy, and Light - The Sun in Human Limbs Array'd, and Eyebrow All Radiant of His Triumph in Battle; The shaft has just been shot -- the arrow bright with the revenge of an immortal; in his eye and nostril beautiful contempt, and would and majesty, flash their complete lightning through, Developing in that one look the Deity. CLXII But in its delicate form -- a dream of Love, Shaped by a solitary nymph, whose chest long'd for a deadless lover from above, and mad in that vision -- his express All that ideal beauty once blessed The spirit in its most unearthly mood, When every conception was a heavenly guest -- A ray of immortality -- and stood, Starlike, around, until they gathered with a god! CLXIII And as the Prometheus stole from heaven The fire we endured, it was repaid 1460 By him to whom the energy was given That poetic marble hath array'd With eternal glory - which, if made by human hands, is not of human thought; And Time itself has had it, nor put a ringlet in the dust -- nor has it caught a tingle of years, but breathes the flame with which it was. CLXIV But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song, the creature that has loosened it by the past? Methinks he comes late and tarries long. He's not -- these breaths are his last; His wanderings are done, his visions ebbing quickly, and he himself as nothing; -- let that pass -- His shadow disappears into Destruction's mass, CLXV that collects shadow, substance, life and everything we inherit in his mortal shroud, and spreads the dim and universal pall through which things grow phantoms; and the cloud 1480 Between us sinks and all who once glow'd, Till's glory itself is dusk, and shows A melancholic halo scarcely allowing it to float on the edge of darkness; radiate sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze, CLXVI And send us curiously into the abyss, to collect what we will be when the framework will be dissolved to something less than this His wretched essence; and to dream of fame, and wipe the dust of the useless name 1490 we will never hear again, -- but never again, Oh, happier thought! We can be made the same; It's enough in the sooth that as soon as we wore these fardels of the heart -- the heart whose sweat was gore. CLXVII Rake! from the abyss proceeds a voice, a long layer of murmuring of fear, as occurs when a nation bleeds with a deep and immeasurable wound; Through storm and darkness yawns the relief ground, The wave is thick with phantoms, but the chief 1500 still seems royal, but with her head discrown'd, And pale, but beautiful, with maternal sorrow She clutches a babe, to whom her chest delivers no relief. CLXVIII Scion of chiefs and princes, where art thou? Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead? Couldn't the grave forget you, and lay low some less majestic, less beloved head? In the sad midnight, while your heart was still bleeding, The mother of a moment, o'er your boy, Dead silent that pang forever; with you fled 1510 The present happiness and promised joy That'd fill the imperial islands so full it would be cloy. CLXIX Farmers produce safety. - Could it be, Oh ye that wert so happy, so adored! Those who do not cry for kings will cry for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and the heart of Freedom, became heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for your heavy. the dead! CLXX From sackcloth was your wedding garment made; Thy bridal fruit is ash: in the dust The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Islands is laid, The love our bones, but lovingly deem our children should obey her child, and blessed Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seems to want stars to shepherd's eyes: -- it was but a meteor ray'd. 1530 CLXXI Woe to us, not her; for she sleeps well: The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue of hollow board, the false oracle, who from the birth of the monarchy hath sports his clock in princely ears, to the o'erstrung Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate that tumbles most powerful monarchs, and hath tossed against their blindpot a weight Within the opposite scale, which crushes fast or late, -- CLXXII This could have been her fate; but no, 1540 Our hearts deny it: and so young, so honest, Good without effort, great without without without enemy; But now a bride and mother - and now there! How many tires did that severe moment tear! From your Sire's to the chest of his humblest subject is link'd the electric chain of that loved you so that no one could love the best. CLXXIII Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the wooded hills So far, that uprooting wind that rips 1550 The oak of its foundation, and which spill The ocean o'er its border, and carries His foam against the sky, reluctantly spares The oval mirror of your glassy lake; And, calm as cherished hatred, the surface carries A deeply cold settled aspect nought can shake, All coil'd in itself and around, as sleeps the snake. CLXXIV And nearby, Albano's sparse scattered waves shine out of a sister valley; -- and far the Tiber winds, and the Man,' whose re-ascending star Rose o'er an empire: -- but under your right Tully dropped off from Rome; -- and where yon bar From the mountains the sight intercepts The Sabine farm was tot'd, the weary bard's delight. CLXXV But I forget, -- My Pilgrim's Sanctuary is won, and he and I have to break up, -- so let it be, -- His task and mine are almost done; But let's look again at the sea; 1570 The midland ocean breaks on him and me, And from the Alban Mount we now behold Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we last through Calpe's rock unfolding Those waves, we would follow up to the dark Euxine roll'd CLXXVI On the blue Symplegades: long years - Long, but not much, since having done their work on both; some suffering and tears have almost left us where we had begun: But not in vain our mortal race has run, 1580 We have had our reward - and it is here; That we can still feel happy by the sun, and harvest the earth, sea, joy almost as dear as if there was no man to come to whom is clear. CLXXVII Oh! that The Desert was my hometown, with one honest Spirit for my minster, that I would all forget the human race, and, hating no one, love but only her! Ye Elements! -- in whose ennobling stir I feel exalted - Can you not 1590 Agree me such a creature? Am I mistaken in deeming such inhabiting many a place? But converse with them can rarely be our party. CLXXVIII There is a pleasure in the pathless forests, There is a recording on the lonely coast. There is society, where no one invades, through the deep sea, and music in his roar; I love not man the less, but nature more. Of these our interviews, in which I steal everything I can be, or have been before, 1600 To mingle with the universe, and feel what I can express ne'er, but can not all CLXXIX Roll on, we deep and dark blue Ocean - roll! Ten thousand fleets sweep you in vain; Man marks the earth with a ruin -- his control stops with the coast; -- on the watery plain the wrecks are all deed, nor doth remain A shadow of the havoc of man, save his own, When, for a moment, like a drop of rain, He sinks into your depths with bubbling moan, 1610 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown. CLXXX His steps are not on your paths, -- your fields are not a treat for him, -- you dost stand up and shake him from your bosom to heaven, And send'st him, shivering in your playful spray And weeping, to his Gods, where haply lies His little hope in a nearby harbor or bay, and dashest him back to earth: -- leave him there. 1620 CLXXXI Armament thundering -- save the walls of rock-built cities, bidding nations trembling, and monarchs trembling in their capitals. The Leviathans Oaks, whose huge ribs make Their clay creator take the vain title Lord of You, and arbiter of war; These are your toys, and, like the snowy flake, they melt into your yeast of waves, which mar The Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar. CLXXXII Your shores are rich, changed to all save you - 1630 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they? Your waters washed them power while they were free, and many a tyrant since then; obey their shores The stranger, slave or savage; their decay has dried up realms into deserts: -- not so thou, Invariably save for the play of your wild waves -- Time writes no wrinkle on the azure forehead -- As the dawn of creation is beholden, thou rolls the most now. CLXXXIII Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty glasses themselves storm in; in all times, 1640 Calm or convulsions - in breeze, or storm, Icing the pole, or in the scorching climb, Dark - singling; -- boundless, endless and sublime -- The image of eternity -- the throne of the Invisible; even from outside your mucus The samples of depth are made; each zone obeys you; You go out, fear, fathomless, alone. CLXXXIV And I loved you, Ocean! and my joy of youthful sports was on your chest to be Borne, like your bubble, further: from a boy 1650 I wanton'd with your crushers - they for me were a delight; And if the scorching sea made them a horror -- it was a pleasant fear, for I was, as it were, a child of yours, and trusted to your billows far and near, and put my hand on your mane -- as I do here. CLXXXV My job is done -- my song has stopped -- my theme died in an echo; It fits The spell must break this long-lasting dream, The torch will be extinguished that hath illuminated 1660 My midnight lamp - and what is writ, Would it be more true! but I'm not what I've been now -- and my visions flutter less palpably for me -- and the glow that makes us hang; -- anyway -- goodbye! Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene that is his last, as in memories dwell A thought that was once his, as on ye deining 1670 A single memory, not in vain He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop; Farewell! With him alone, the pain can rest, if there were such -- with you, the mortal of his tribe! Tribe!

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