

**ENGLISH BYRONIC AND PHILHELLENIC POETRY OF THE GREEK
REVOLUTION**

Compiled by Professor Marius Byron Raizis
The University of Athens

1987

ON THE DEATH OF BYRON

*His genius had grown weary of the glories of the lyre,
and already disdainng its impotent frenzy,
abandoning the divine lute and consigning it to Hell,
his impatient hand had seized the blade.*

*Two crowns are all in the pomp of this world;
bedecked with the first, he desired the second;
he was going to seek it in the land of the laurel,
the poet in him giving way to the warrior.*

*At the first step he fell, but that step was huge.
blessèd is he who falls as soon as he begins!
blessèd is he who dies and closes his eyes
all dazzled still by the dreams of glory.*

*Of his men he saw neither the ruin nor the defeat;
in their midst, he rendered up a soul satisfied;
and rising in peace in his final adieu,
the flame which sustained him returned to the breast of God.*

*To its eternal home, God recalls thy soul;
now thou knowest whence came that flame
which, becoming too powerful for thy heart,
devoured thy body and burned up all thy blood.*

*Perhaps, when she has reached the age of sorrows,
now still a virgin in the cradle, born between two mishaps,
then knowing her father and defying her family,
his daughter will come and grieve over that broken heart;*

*And when the silent lute and the paternal sword
have received the tears of her eternal mourning,
her soft voice, evoking a bitter memory,
will sing there the farewell he sang for her mother.*

*O poet-conqueror, adieu for this life!
I look upon thy death and do envy thee;
for thou diest at that age when the heart, still young,
retains the treasure of its illusions.*

*Just as, before the gaze of the mariner, the sun of the tropics,
all ablaze, sinks below the pacific waves,
and without growing pale, descends to its new abode,
as strong as it was at the mid hour of day.*

Alfred de VIGNY (1797-1863)

[Both translations from the French have been made by Mr. George Mutch, French Byron Society].

BYRON

*“Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae!”*

*Spirit immortal, whose wide-beating wings
Winnow of the realm of Time, whose vision springs
From founts of Life and Death, from whence all things
Predestinate are drawn,
Art thou forever dumb, or still outrings
Thy challenge to the Dawn?*

*This sad, old earth is wearied with her woes,
And heavy-footed to her doom she goes,
From all the corners of her realm there blows
Sound of ungoverned strife;
O bright-browed fighter of a thousand foes,
We battle now for life.*

*Singer of lordly songs, whose eagle-eye
Pierced as the lightning through a storm-dark sky,
Strike on thy lyre: we know thou did'st not die;
Sound the heroic strain,
Our broken ranks shall mend, the foe shall fly,
We'll conquer yet again!*

*Would thou wert with us, fierce, unshakable,
Fiery-hearted, as of old, when fell
The prey upon the land thou loved'st well;
Beneath thy flag unfurled,
The ranks of thine own countrymen would swell,
Adamant 'gainst the world!*

*There flows within our veins the song of old,
Not yet is every generous impulse cold;
Once thou did'st fight for Liberty; as bold,
A thousand follow thee –
Immortal singer, now may'st thou behold
A new Thermopylae!*

“Greek Song of Liberty”

Spirits of the Spartans brave!
Ye who, in one glorious grave,
Deathless name so dearly gave
 To your proud Thermopylae!

From your sleep of ages start,
To our souls your fire impart,
While we now, with hand and heart,
 Dare to do for liberty.

Men of Marathon in vain
Shall we nerve our arms to gain,
Freedom from the tyrant’s chain?
 From the shame of slavery?

Fathers! by our swords unsheathed,
By your fame to us bequeathed,
By the vow to Heaven we breathed,
 We will live in liberty!

Ye who clasp the plough and spade
Grasp the gun and battle blade,
Be your banners broad displayed;
 Front your foemen fearlessly.

We may fail – but let our blood
Drench the field and dye the flood,
While rebounding rock and wood
 Shake with shouts of liberty.

See the crescent crimson over,
Deep with kindred Grecian gore –
Deeper shall it be before
 Towers that type triumphantly.

Greece! to glory up and on,
Armed and eager, sire and son;
Never, but with battle won,
 Sheath the sword of liberty!

In The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review (London, Saturday
August 2, 1823) No. 220, p. 494.

Anonymous

3

“A Greek Sailor’s War Song”

My gallant ship! again – again in freedom shall thou bound,
Once more upon the trembling main thy thunders shall resound;
And heroes from thy boards shall leap on the red deck of the foe,
When the grappling fight in ship to ship, and sabres deal the blow.

Hark! messmates now the breeze is loud, to the wind your canvass spread
Again we feel our hearts beat proud, as the sounding deck we tread.
Farewell – the maids of that soft isle, though long we’ve owned their sway –
Nor melting tears, nor witching smile, shall tempt our father stay.

Far other raptures now we seek than Love’s soft votaries know, –
The bliss that fills the warrior Greek, when falls the Turkish foe;
When on their decks our falchions flash, in mingling conflict hot,
Or when their distant riggings crash beneath our whistling shot.

Oh, these are joys but known to men, – to men who dare be free!
We’ve felt them, and we get again to seek them scour the sea;
Wherever around our country’s shore the Moslem banners fly,
Shall there be heard the battle’s roar – shall there the crescent lie.

We will wipe out the slavish stain our race has borne so long,
And Greece shall be the land again of heroes and of song;
And Genius from her slumbers deep shall wake to sleep no more!
And Salamis’ blue waves shall sweep as proudly as of yore!

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
(July 1829), 359.

anonymous

4

“Elegiac Stanzas on Lord Byron”

‘De mortuus nil nisi bonum.’

from seventeen quatrains, mostly on Byron’s works, the first one:

Let the spirit of song pour the accents of sorrow,
Over the cold urn of BYRON, her favourite childe;
Each muse from her lyre grief’s expression shall borrow,
The strain shall be solemn, the notes shall be wild.

.

in *The Literary Magnet* (1824), I, 319-20.

anonymous

5

Angelica Palli (1798 - 1875)

translated the lyric into archaic Greek, two versions in her Greek; in the *London Literary Gazette; and Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences etc.* Saturday July 17, 1824.

“To Byron”

Silent are the songs of battle-story telling,
Through the host of Greece resounds the plaintive woe;
While to hear the groans from all our bosoms swelling,
Scornful from afar exults our bitter foe.

Scarcely to our soil had the friend of Hellas hasted,
Ere relentless fate has cut his vital thread,
Woeful do we mourn over brilliant prospects blasted –
Byron, who had raised them, is numbered with the dead!

He 'gainst barbarians, in battle to array us,
Summoned for Hellas to combat all the brave!
Fate has bereft us of him, our new Tyrtaeus,
Sternly consigning our poet to the grave.

Like a tree thou liest, which upon Parnassus
Once with all its beauty adorned the mountain brow;
Now like its branches, which, when the tempest passes,
Scatter over the earth, so stricken down art thou.

Greece! If perhaps his glorious Country chooses,
With his own fathers his honoured bones to place,
Tell them, thou, tell them, Mother of the Muses,
Helicon is Byron's truest resting-place.

Closing his ears to Love, and Love's sweet stories,
Gloriously rejecting Pleasure's bondage bland,
Hither did he come for heroes' toils and glories;
Raised, then, be his tomb in this the heroes' land.

“ODE TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON”

TRANSLATION

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Victorious hymns no longer court the ear;
The hosts of Greece the clouds of grief oppress;
The hardy warrior drops th' unwonted tear,
And distant foes exult at our distress.

He came to succour – but, alas ! how soon
With him the light of all our prospects fled!
Our sun has sought the darkness of the tomb,
For Byron, friend of liberty, is dead !

A new Tyrtaeus gladden'd all our land,
Inspiring ev'ry soul with ancient fire ;
But now, alas ! death chills his friendly hand,
And endless silence sits upon his lyre.

So some fair tree which waved its shady head,
And graced the heights where famed Parnassus join'd,
Is torn by tempests from its earthy bed,
And yields its beauties scatter'd to the wind.

Oh, Greece ! should England claim her right to lay
His ashes where his valiant sires have lain,
Do thou, sweet mother of the Muses ! say
That thou alone those ashes shouldst retain !

Domestic joy he nobly sacrificed,
To shun the path of pleasure was his doom –
These for heroic dangers he despised;
Then Greece, the land of heroes, be his tomb !

Conversations of Lord Byron
by Thomas Medwin, London, 1824.
(Appendix, ci. Translated from
a Greek Journal)

ΩΔΗ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΛΟΡΔΟ ΒΥΡΩΝΑ. ΕΛΕΓΕΙΑ.

Της Αγγελικής Πάλλη

1. Τους λαμπρούς ύμνους της νίκης αφήνων,
Κλαυθμών ηχεί ηρώων ο στρατός,
Πικρώς λυπούντ' αι ψυχαί των Ελλήνων
Τ' ακούει μακρόθεν και χαίρ' εχθρός.
2. Ο φίλος ήλθε, πλην μόλις τον είδον,
Σκάπτουν κλαίοντες τον τάφον αυτού.
Ιδού το τέλος ενδόξων ελπίδων
Και το τρόπαιον θανάτου σκληρού.
3. Ήλθε να εμπνεύσ' ως άλλος Τυρταίος,
Εις κάθε στήθος πολέμων ορμήν.
Πλην φευ ! ο Βάρδος ελπίσας ματαιίως
Ιδού μένει εις αιώνιον σιωπήν.
4. Ως δένδρον κείτ' οπ' εκόσμει μεγάλως
Την κορυφήν Μουσικού Παρνασσού,
Νυν προποδών φθείρουσά του το κάλλος
Πνοή το έρριψ' ανέμου σφοδρού.
5. Ελλάς ! εάν το σώμα τ' η Αγγλία
Να φέρ' εις μνήμα ζητά πατρικόν
Είπέ, Μουσών ω μητέρα γλυκεία,
Είναι τέκνον μου ο υιός των Μουσών.
6. Καταφρονών των ερώτων τους θρήνους
Ηδονής μην ακούων την φωνήν,
Εζήτ' εδώ ηρώων τους κινδύνους
Τάφον ας έχ' ηρώων εις την γην.

Μετάφραση: Thomas Moore ?
or Edward E. Williams ?

Αγγελική Πάλλη (1778 – 1875)

«Ωδή εις τον λόρδ Βύρωνα. Ελεγεία»

1. Τους λαμπρούς ύμνους της νίκης αφήνων,
Κλαυθμών ηχεί ηρώων ο στρατός,
Πικρώς λυπούνται αι ψυχαί των Ελλήνων
Τ' ακούει μακρόθεν και χαίρει εχθρός.
2. Ο φίλος ήλθε, πλην μόλις τον είδον,
Σκάπτουν κλαίοντες τον τάφον αυτού.
Ιδού το τέλος ενδόξων ελπίδων
Και το τρόπαιον θανάτου σκληρού.
3. Ήλθε να εμπνεύσ' ως άλλος Τυρταίος,
Εις κάθε στήθος πολέμου ορμήν
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Την κορυφήν Μουσικού Παρνασσού,
Νυν προποδών φθείρουσά του το κάλλος
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Ηδονής μην ακούων την φωνήν,
Εζήτ' εδώ ηρώων τους κινδύνους
Τάφον ας έχ' ηρώων εις την γην.

Another version of the same:

I.
Της νίκης παιάνας τους λαμπρούς αφήνων
Αντηχεί με θρήνους ο γραικών στρατός
.

**in *The London Literary Gasette; and Journal of Belles Lettres,
Arts, Sciences etc.* Saturday, July 17, 1824.**

anonymous

“To the Greeks”

I.

Arise to the strife of the sword!
 Advance like the wave of the flood!
 Nor ever be one brand to its scabbard restored,
 Till the tyrants have bathed it in blood!
 Your chains have been galling and keen;
 Ye have slept the dull sleep of despair;
 Yet awake for the glories of days that have been,
 For a spell that *may* rouse you is there!

II.

Long ages of sorrow and shame
 Have rolled over the land of your birth!
 Though once without peer in the proud scroll of Fame,
 'Tis the taunt and the by-word of earth!
 The wrongs which your fathers have borne,
 The wrongs which your children must bear;
 Oh! your souls are subdued by the bonds ye have worn,
 Or a spell that *must* rouse you is there.

III.

The lion is tame and debased
 While chained in the dwellings of men,
 Yet send the wood-king to his own native waste,
 And his fury will waken again;
 And thus, though degraded are ye,
 The sway of your tyrants but spurn,
 And the faith and the courage that dwell with the free
 To you shall with freedom return.

IV.

Then awake to the strife of the sword!
 Advance like the wave of the flood!
 Nor ever be one brand to its scabbard restored,
 Till the tyrants have bathed it in blood.
 Oh think on the days that have been,
 Till they rouse you to do and to dare;
 Oh think on your bondage so heavy and keen –
 A spell that *must* wake you is there.

in *The Literary Magnet*, edited by Tobias Merton
 (London: W.C. Wright, 1824), I, 250.

In the same issue, pp.184-8, ‘The Life and Writings of Riga, The Greek Patriot,’ by C .S. L., good PROSE piece.

8

Anonymous

“War Song for Greece”

Up! rouse ye, Grecians, freedom smiles,
Resound the song through all your isles;
Up! rouse ye, Grecians, – prove ye men,
And freedom will return again.

Unsheath the sword in freedom’s cause;
Defend yourselves from despot laws;
Bestir ye all – be firm – be bold,
As were your ancestors of old.

Your sires, who sleep within their graves,
Have left their curse for abject slaves;
Come arm yourselves! nor longer be
Shackled by Turkish slavery.

Take every man his spear in hand, –
Spread quick example through the land:
And let your murderous foemen feel
The vengeance of vindictive steel.

Freedom alone can make your isles
A land of joy – a land of smiles;
Her peaceful banners, waving round,
Will soon dry up your gory ground.

Up! Rouse ye, Grecians! Freedom smiles,
..... (the first one repeated)
.....

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
vol. XVII (May 1828), 323.

Author of *Letters from the Levant*

from

“Liakos. – A Ballad from the Romaic”
translated by the Author of *Letters from the Levant*.

Nine quatrains from Claude Fauriel’s collection; the last one:

.....
Three days and three nights was the term of the strife,
And Albania bewails it, in garments of woe;
Veli Guekas has left, upon Pindus, his life,
And Mustafa fell ’neath the blade of the foe.

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
Vol. XIX (October 1828), 95-6.

In the same philhellenic magazine:

“Greece,” by H.W., in vol. XX (February 1829), 249;
eight quatrains on Ancients and Troy.

Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, “Childe Harold’s Last Pilgrimage”
six Spenserians, very philhellenic, fine verse
vol. XXII (July 1829), 263-4?

“The Greek Slave,” by H., thirteen long couplets about a girl,
vol. XXIII (November 1829), 218; reprinted from
The Caledonian Mercury.

Matthew Arnold

Courage (Published 1852)

True, we must tame our rebel will:
True, we must bow to Nature's law:
Must bear in silence many an ill;
Must learn to wait, renounce, withdraw.

Yet now, when boldest wills give place,
When Fate and Circumstance are strong,
And in their rush the human race
Are wept, like huddling sheep, along;

Those sterner spirits let me prize,
Who, though the tendence of the whole
They less than us might recognize,
Kept, more than us, their strength of soul.

Yes, be the second Cato prais'd!
Not that he took the course to die –
But that, when 'gainst himself he rais'd
his arm, he rais'd it dauntlessly.

And, BYRON ! let us dare admire,
If not thy fierce and turbid song,
Yet that, in anguish, doubt, desire,
Thy fiery courage still was strong.

The sun that on thy tossing pain
Did with such cold derision shine,
He crush'd thee not with his disdain -
He had his glow, and thou hadst thine.

Our bane, disguise it as we may,
Is Weakness, is a faltering course.
Oh that past times could give our day,
Join'd to its clearness, of their force!

Rev. William Lisle Bowles (1762 - 1850)

“Childe Harold’s Last Pilgrimage”

Six Spenserians

in *The Literary Souvenir; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance*,
editor Alaric A. Watts (London: Hurst, Robinson & Co., 1826),

also in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*, London
vol. XXII (July 1829), 263-4.

Childe Harold’s Last Pilgrimage

*Written After Reading The Account of the
Funeral of Lord Byron.*

Inscribed to Thomas Moore, Esq.

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died:
Still less, CHILDE HAROLD, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride: –
But I will bid th’ Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus’ side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmur’d o’er thy grave.

So HAROLD ends, in Greece, his pilgrimage! –
There fitly ending, – in that land renown’d,
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory’s page, –
He, on the Muses’ consecrated ground,
Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
With their unfading wreath ! To bands of mirth,
No more in Tempe¹ let the pipe resound !
HAROLD, I follow, to thy place of birth,
The slow hearse – and thy last sad pilgrimage on earth.

Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train, –
I mark the sad procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane,
Where, HAROLD, thy forefathers mouldering lie; –
There sleeps that mother,² who with tearful eye
Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,
Hung o’er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Her son, released from mortal labour’s load,
Now comes to rest, with her, in the same still abode.

Bursting Death’s silence — could that mother speak —
(Speak when the earth was heap’d upon his head) —
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome of the dead: —

• Here rest, my son, with me; — the dream is fled; —
The motley mask and the great stir is o'er:
Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

“Here rest, in the oblivious grave repose,
After the toil of earth's tumultuous way:
No interruption this deep silence knows;
Here, no vain phantoms lure the heart astray:
The earth-worm feeds on its unconscious prey;
Rest here in peace — in peace till earth and sea
Give up their dead! At that last awful day,
Saviour, Almighty Judge, look down on me,
And oh! my son, have mercy upon thee!”

So ends CHILDE HAROLD his last pilgrimage! —
Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried
“LIBERTY!” and those shores, from age to age
Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied
“LIBERTY”. But a spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking; — and its dart, uplifting high,
Smote him: — he sank to earth in life's fair pride:
Sparta! thy rocks then heard another cry,
And old Ilissus sigh'd — “Die, generous exile, die!”

¹ See “Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

The Poetical Works of ...
(London, 1829) p. 176.

Elizabeth Barrett, later Mrs. Browning

“The Greek Slave Girl” → “Hiram Powers’ Greek Slave” p. 337 sonnet

On ancients, inspired by the sculpture of the American artist Hiram Powers.

She also composed an elegiac poem on Mrs. Hemans’s death, 1835, in eight stanzas of four long lines each, “Felicia Hemans” pp. 250-251.

In her youth (1820) she had composed the Byronic narrative poem “The Battle of Marathon,” 4 books, 731 rhyming couplets.

“Wine of Cyprus” in *Poems* (1853), II, 276-83 erudite 22 octets!

“Stanzas on the Death of Lord Byron” (1836??) pp. 53-4, 4 spenserians

“Stanzas, Excited by Some Reflections on the Present State of Greece” in *New Monthly Magazine* (1821) and *Literary Journal*, London: Colburn, 1821, p. 523. vol. I, Original Papers. 3 Byronic Spenserians, as reported by Margaret Forster in *Elizabeth Barrett Browning: A Biography* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1988), p. 36.

STANZAS, EXCITED BY SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF
GREECE

GREECE! glorious Greece! what art thou but a name?
The echo of a cataract gone by?
The once victorious voice of all thy fame,
Which awed the world, now trembles in a sigh;
And I will sing thy glory's lullaby –
For I have loved thee, Greece, – and o'er the lyre
Faintly and sadly shall my fingers fly –
The mournful cadence dies upon the wire,
And on the desolate winds, those melodies expire!

Yes! I have loved thee – and my youthful soul
Hath wildly dreamt of glory, and of thee
Burst the proud links of man's severe controul,
And sprung to sojourn with the great and free!
Oh! who would not thy vot'ry, Graecia, be?
And I have hung upon th' enchanted page
Entranced, – and wept thy fallen liberty –
Till my breast thrill'd with all the patriot's rage,
And soar'd aloft, to greet the hero, poet, sage.

Where art thou, Athens, and what art thou now?
Thy spirit even, exalted land, is free! –
Though wither'd, yet the laurel shades thy brow –
The desolate all that now remains of thee,
Mother of arts, and arms, and liberty!
A lovely corse, encircled by a wreath
Of faded flowers, my heart alone can see –
And I will love thee, though despoil'd of breath,
For thou art beauteous, Graecia, e'en in death!

E. B. B.

(= Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, Later Mrs. Browning)

in *New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal*, vol. I, Original Papers (London:
Colburn, 1821), 523.

Elizabeth B. Browning

“Riga’s Last Song”

I HAVE looked my last on my native land,
And over these strings I throw my hand,
To say in the death-hour’s minstrelsy,
Hellas, my country! Farewell to thee!

I have looked my last on my native shore;
I shall tread by country’s plains no more;
But my last thought is of her fame;
But my last breath speaketh her name!

And though these lips shall soon be still,
They may now obey the spirit’s will:
Though the dust be fettered, the spirit is free –
Hellas, my country! farewell to thee.

I go to death – but I leave behind
The stirrings of Freedom’s mighty mind;
Her voice shall arise from plain to sky,
Her steps shall tread where my ashes lie!

I looked on the mountains of proud Souli,
And the mountains they seemed to look on me;
I spoke my thought on Marathon’s plain,
And Marathon seemed to speak again!

And as I journeyed on my way,
I saw an infant group at play;
One shouted aloud in his childish glee,
And showed me the heights of Thermopylae!

I gazed on peasants hurrying by, –
The dark Greek pride crouched in their eye;
So I swear in my death-hour’s minstrelsy,
Hellas, my country! thou *shalt* be free!

No more! – I dash my lyre on the ground –
I tear its strings from their home of sound –
For the music of slaves shall never keep
Where the hand of a freeman was wont to sweep!

And I bend my brows above the block,
Silently waiting the swift death shock;
For these lips shall speak what becomes the free –
Or – Hellas, my country! farewell to thee!

He bowed his head with a Patriot’s pride,
And his dead trunk fell the mute lyre beside!
The soul of each had past away –
Soundless the strings – breathless the clay!

ΤΟ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟ ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙ ΤΟΥ ΡΗΓΑ*

Για στερνή μου φορά την πατρίδα θωρώ·
τις χορδές τώρα αυτές σιγανά τις χτυπώ,
το τραγούδι να πω που δεν ειν' χαρωπό,
ω Ελλάδα, πατρίδα, σε αποχαιρετώ !

Για στερνή μου φορά τις ακτές σου κοιτώ·
κι αν στους κάμπους σου πια δεν μπορώ να πατώ,
η στερνή μου βουλή για τη δόξα μιλεί
κι η στερνή μου πνοή τ' όνομά σου καλεί !

Κι αν τα χείλη αυτά θα σωπάσουνε πια,
το τραγούδι θα πω που κρατώ στην καρδιά·
λεύτερη η ψυχή, κι αν πια σκόνη γινώ,
ω Ελλάδα, πατρίδα, σε αποχαιρετώ !

Για το θάνατο τώρα ξεκινώ εγώ πια,
αλλά πίσω έχω σπείρει τη γλυκιά Λευτεριά·
η φωνή της θα ηχεί μέχρι τον ουρανό,
πάνω μου σα διαβεί με ποδάρι γοργό.

Τα βουνά του Σουλίου μακριά τα θωρώ
και εκείνα σε με πως μιλούνε θαρρώ·
στου λαμπρού Μαραθώνα τον κάμπο μιλώ
και αυτός μου απαντά, όπως κάποιον καιρό !

Και καθώς στο στερνό μου ταξίδι τραβώ,
βλέπω κάτι παιδάκια που παίζουν κρυφτό·
με φωνή χαρωπή λέει ένα: «Να, να !»
δείχνοντάς μου των Θερμοπυλών τα στενά.

Τους ξωμάχους γροικώ να περνούν βιαστικά,
με περήφανα στήθη, φλογερή τη ματιά
κι όρκο παίρνω για τελευταία φορά,
ω Ελλάδα πατρίδα, θα' σαι λεύτερη πια !

Τίποτε άλλο ! Τη λύρα κάτω πετώ,
τις χορδές της αφήνω βουβές και τις σπώ,
το τραγούδι των σκλάβων να μην ακουστεί
σε μια χώρα που ήταν κάποτε ξακουστή.

Βλέπω μπρος μου εδώ τον μπαλτά κοφτερό·
του θανάτου το πλήγμα τώρα πια καρτερώ,
μα τα χείλη θα πουν ύμνο στη Λευτεριά,
ω Ελλάδα, πατρίδα, έχε γειά, έχε γειά !

Το κεφάλι του σκύβει – πατριώτη καμάρι –
και το σώμα του πέφτει στη βουβή δίπλα λύρα·
οι ψυχές και των δύο φτερουγίζοντας φύγαν
βουβές πια οι χορδές, άψυχο το κουφάρι !...

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806 - 1861)

Μετάφραση: ΠΑΝΟΣ ΚΑΡΑΓΙΩΡΓΟΣ

* Στον Λέανδρο Βρανούση που μας ανάστησε το Ρήγα.

ΗΠΕΙΡΩΤΙΚΗ ΕΣΤΙΑ

ΜΗΝΙΑΙΑ ΕΠΙΘΕΩΡΗΣΙΣ ΕΝ ΙΩΑΝΝΙΝΟΙΣ

ΒΡΑΒΕΙΟΝ ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑΣ ΑΘΗΝΩΝ

ΕΤΟΣ ΑΗ' ► ΙΑΝΟΥΑΡΙΟΣ · ΦΕΒΡΟΥΑΡΙΟΣ · ΜΑΡΤΙΟΣ 1989 ◀ ΤΕΥΧΗ 441 – 442 – 443

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

STANZAS

James Emerson???

*(Occasioned by a passage in Mr. Emerson's Journal
which states that, on the mention of Lord Byron's
name, Captain Demetrius, an old Roumeliot, burst
into tears).*

Name not his name, or look afar –
For when my spirit hears
That name, its strength is turned to woe –
My voice is turned to tears.

Name me the host and battle-storm,
Mine own good sword shall stem;
Name me the foeman and the block,
I have a smile for them !

But name HIM not, or cease to mark
This brow where passions sweep –
Behold, a warrior is a man,
And as a man may weep !

I could not scorn my Country's foes,
Did not these tears descend –
I could not love my Country's fame,
And not my Country's Friend.

Deem not his memory e'er can be
Upon our spirits dim –
Name us the generous and the free,
And we must think of *him* !

For his voice resounded through our land
Like the voice of liberty,
As when the war-trumpet of the wind
Upstirs our dark blue sea.

His arm was in the foremost rank,
Where embattled thousands roll –
His name was in the love of Greece,
And his spell was on her soul !

But the arm that wielded her good sword,
The brow that wore the wreath,
The lips that breathed the deathless thoughts –
They went asleep in death.

Ye left his HEART, when ye took away
The dust in funeral state;

And we dumbly placed in a little urn
That home of all things great.

The banner streamed – the war-shout rose –
Our heroes played their part;
But not a pulse would throb or burn –
Oh! could it be *his* heart !

I will not think – 'tis worse than vain
Upon such thoughts to keep;
Then, Briton, name me not his name –
I cannot choose but weep !

B.

“Sonnet to Greece”

Greece! On thy beautiful and sacred soil
 The barbarous tyrants trod. Thou doomed to be
 The Osmanlis’ heritage, the Osmanlis’ spoil –
 A waste – the tomb of vanished liberty.

But like a giant bursting from his toil
 Thou rousest thee. With ancient bravery
 And arms’ loud clangor thou dost wake thee – while
 Thy glorious banners float rejoicingly.

Yes! Thy Leonidas is Marco now (i.e., Botsaris)
 Dying for Greece – a conqueror! Nicetas
 Is brave and bold as Pelopidas was:

Ulysses wears old garlands on his brow,
 Spreading wide terror. Justice – wisdom – peace,
 Mavrocordato showers again on Greece.

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
 vol. I (January to April 1824) London: J.M. Richardson, p. 274.

With a translation in archaic Greek – see next page.

Φιλόπατρις

«Εἰς Ελλάδα.»

Οπίταν Μοίρα ὑπὸ ζυγὸν τυράννων
Ἔθεσ' Ελλάδος γην τὴν καλήν καὶ θεῖαν,
Τότε ὁ ὄχλος ἀγρίων Μουσουλμάνων
Παντ' ἐρημώνει κ' ἔσβυσ' ἐλευθερίαν.

Ἀλλ' ἰδ' ἠγέρθη πάλιν Ἑλλήνων γένος
Ὡς γίγας, κ' ὀπλῶν κλαγγή δεινὴ κινεῖται,
Μάχονται πάντες, μ' ἀνδρείαν καὶ μένος,
Καὶ σήμ' Ελλάδος παντοῦ ἀεροδινεῖται·

Βόζαρης πίπτει ὡς ἄλλος Λεωνίδας
Δια τὴν πατρίδα, στεφανωθεὶς με νίκην·
Ὁ δε Νικήτας ὁρμᾷ ὡς Πελοπίδας,

Κ' εἰς τοὺς βαρβάρους ἔθεσ' Ὀδυσσεὺς τὴν φρίκην·
Μαυροκορδάτος δ' εἰς Πόλεις Ἑλληνίδας
Φέρει Παλλάδα, Μούσας, καὶ θεῖαν Δίκην.

**in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
I (January to April 1824)**

R. Brennan
from Carrick-on-Suir

“Address to the Greeks”

Oh! who that has a soul could bear
 To be a patient-branded slave –
 A tyrant’s shackles tamely wear,
 And think upon the immortal brave –
 The glorious few who dared to be
 As God hath made them – bold and free,
 Inheritors of liberty,
 Proud heroes of Thermopylae!
 Say, can you basely bend the knee
 To Slaves of false unhallowed creed;
 Or crouch beneath the tyranny
 Of those who made your country bleed?
 Oh! rather let your bones blanch white,
 Beneath yon heaven resplendent light,
 Nobly contending for your right,
 In the great cause of Liberty!

Say, can you see your ruined fanes –
 Your children butchered in your view –
 And hesitate to burst the chains
 That bind you to yon Moslem crew?
 No! Greatly spurn the coward’s heart,
 That fears his galling links to part;
 And, like the mountain eagle, dart
 Resistless on these dastard slaves!
 Think, think upon your former fame,
 How Greeks the Persian power withstood;
 And, as you boast the Grecian name,
 Let Europe own you Greeks in blood.
 On, on to battle! Let yon sun
 Look proudly on the deeds you’ve done
 Our country freed – your lost fame won –
 Or sink into your glorious graves.

The Dublin and London Magazine
 (November, 1826), 516.

Eliza Cappe

“Lines Begun in the Archipelago”

The Grecian islands around me rise
 Over the dark purple wave luxuriant
 Like stones from heaven in your dire anger hurled,
 The ruins of a world;
 Or rather scattered softly over the deep,
 Calm as an infant’s sleep;
 And beaming light, antiquity’s vast store,
 Come rushing back; I live past ages over,
 Up to my grandsyre Capys, – father he
 Of Italy’s proud house, and even me,
 Like mine own sire, a captain of this sea.
 Oh when shall come the day,
 Thou guardian genius of the lay,
 Lord Byron, tell
 When our gazelle
 Shall roam Judea free?
 Oh every Greek will bare his sword
 Against our Trojan house; our pilgrim shells,
 Drawn from those holy wells,
 Should refuge me.

Here signed a star my doom, – shafting, it fled
 From heaven, and pierced my head;
 I saw it, – screamed, – and fell;
 Let others tell,
 How the winged arrow sped.

But, by all holy things, the vest I wear
 I sacred deem, – that holy ray that night, –
 That guardian angel’s care,
 Those jewels bright, –
 The opened gate of heaven –
 To think of its delight,
 When high I trod my ark, –
 An ark to me,
 And temple, on the sea.
 Proud as Minerva trod,
 So spake I with my God;
 And all attesting heaven,
 That cannot be deceived,
 Did mark if I believed.

In *The Monthly Magazine; or British Register* (July 1, 1824), pp. 526-7.

John Clare (1793 - 1864)

“Lord Byron”

A splendid sun hath set! – when shall our eyes
Behold a morn so beautiful arise
As that which gave his mighty genius birth,
And all eclipsed the lesser lights on earth!
His first young burst of twilight did declare
Beyond that haze a sun as rising there;
As when the morn, to usher in the day,
Speeds from the east in sober garb of grey
At first, till warming into wild delight,
She casts her mantle off and shines in light.
The labour of small minds an age may dream,
And be but shadows on time’s running stream;
While genius, in an hour, makes what shall be,
The next, a portion of eternity.

(1835)

Hugh Clarke

“Grecian Song of Liberty”

From slavery’s grasp and the gloom of the prison,
 Oh let us arise, and as soldiers unite,
 Behold, our stern tyrants have wildly arisen,
 To blacken our charter of freedom and right.
 By all that is dear to your pride and your glory
 Your firmness of friendship and greatness of name;
 By the blush of your vallies, all trampled and gory,
 We rouse you to action, and call you to fame.

Come, friends, who remember Thermopylae’s heroes,
 Have heated their swords with the blood of their foes –
 Behold how the Sultan’s rude swordsmen are near us,
 With chains for your children, and hate for your woes.
 Come, rush to the field, and as Grecians inherit
 The trust of your country, bequeathed by your sires,
 Let noble revenge give your feelings a spirit,
 Till liberty triumphs as thralldom expires.

By the deeds of the valiant, who bravely defended,
 Their birthright of valour, their country’s repose:
 By the darkness of power over your welfare suspended,
 Come, sheath every sword in the hearts of your foes;
 And weaken the poison from tyranny streaming,
 Ere, tainting the body, it rush to the mind,
 Of high glowing action, in purity beaming,
 To brighten the feelings and views of mankind.

As high over its ashes the phoenix ascendeth,
 Expanding its plumes of the loveliest dies,
 So when our dark night of adversity endeth,
 Our morning of freedom may brightly arise.
 Shall Greeks, at the frowning of slavery, sever,
 And see it debasing their hearts and their souls,
 When friendship and freedom are shining for ever,
 To cheer us alike at the line or the pole?

in *The Monthly Magazine; or British Register* (January 1822), 517.

16

Rev. Charles Caleb Colton (1780 - 1832)

“Irregular Ode an the Death of Lord Byron”

from 12 stanzas of nine lines, the last one:

Never since the deep toned Theban sung
Unto the listening Nine,
Hath classic hill or valley rung
With harmony like thine;
Who now shall wake thy widowed lyre?
There breathes but one, that dares
To that Herculean task aspire;
But, less than you, for fame he cares,
And scorns both hope and fear, ambition and desire.

In *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*

10 December 1825, p. 798. Colton authored the *Byronic Lacon*.

In the same liberal weekly:

S. L., “Byron: A Sonnet” 3 July 1824, p. 430.

S. H., “On the Death of Lord Byron” same

Thomas Moore’s poem on Byron in issue of 10 May 1823, p. 290.

Byron, “On This Day I Complete ...” 30 October 1824, p. 703, introduced as “Lord Byron’s Latest Verses”: “We have been indebted to a friend,” says “*The Morning Chronicle*, for the following immortal verses of Lord Byron, the last he ever composed. Four of the lines have already appeared in an article in *The Westminster Review*.” Messolunghi [sic] Jan. 22, 1824. According to L.A. Marchand this poem WAS NOT Byron’s last one. Ivanhoe’s “The Death of Lord Byron” in *United States’ Paper*, was quoted in Issue of 28 August 1824, p. 560.

C.C. Colton, “Graecia Gallis,” in Latin, 24 December 1825, p. 829, 45 lines;
The First – “Graecia luctatur, te concute Gallia, fratri” –

William Ducket

of Paris

from

“Grecian Liberty: An Ode”

inscribed to Alexander, Emperor of Russia; eighteen octets; the last one:

.
 'Tis done. – Lo! Genius grasps the lyre,
 And praises swell the general quire,
 Through every soil and clime!
 To sing the first, the best of men,
 'Tis History's Muse that guides the pen
 Torn from the wings of Time.

in *Monthly Magazine* (December 1, 1822), 428-9.

Charles B. Sheridan, son of Byron's friend, published a pro-Greek pamphlet, *Thoughts on the Greek Revolution* (1822) which was favourably reviewed in the *Monthly Magazine*, in 1823. Lots of good points about Greek businessmen in London, students in Europe, against prejudice.

Crediton

“Paean on the Re-Establishment of Freedom in Greece”

the last of eight stanzas:

.
 Ye, who for Freedom bled,
 Immortal Dead,
 Hear in your lonely urns –
 Your country’s Age of Tears is fled,
 Your country’s Age of Fame returns!

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
 vol. III (1825), 510.

Also by Crediton “Lines Suggested by a Portrait of Lord Byron”
 a sonnet, in vol. VI (1825) July to September, p. 20.

Crediton

from

“To the Memory of Lord Byron”

the last of eleven quatrains:

.
 But, where as erst Apollo loves to shine,
 On Greece’s glory-haunted land and wave,
 Crown him with bards and heroes past, and shrine
 His memory there with freedom’s brightest brave.

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
 vol. II (May to August 1824), 371-2.

In the same issue:

“On the Death of Lord Byron,” 251-2, in couplets; signed, BION.

Enort.

Hawley Cottage, Kent

“Sonnet Addressed to a venal calumniator of Lord Byron”

Poetic Esau! Sordid slave to gold,
 Thou who didst once prate loud of tyranny,
 Yet for a mess of courtly pottage sold
 The birthright of divinest Liberty!
 Poetic Esau! like mean Judas base,
Whose heart was Mammon's trap, insidiously
 Thou didst kiss Freedom on her sun-bright face,
 Swearing thy bosom-love's true fealty!
 Poetic Esau! loud thy name shall ring:
 For England holds no treacherous foe like thee!
 Thou, who with hollow heart and voice canst sing,
 “God bless free-men!” aye, “God bless slavery!”
 Away, thou poor, mean-hearted, worthless *thing!*
 Away, thou treacherous son of vile apostasy!

in *The Monthly Magazine; or British Register*
 (March 1, 1824), 143.

It may refer to Robert Southey, author of *Joan of Arc*, *Botany Bay*,
 and many other works.

O. F.
 “Liberty’s Address to the Greeks”

On, on, valiant Greeks, persevere and be free;
 Stand forward, your country, your offspring to save;
 The world looks with confident hope upon ye,
 Descended from heroes so gallant and brave.

Revert to the **deeds** your forefathers have done,
 The record is handed to you of each name;
 Though set, they inspire like the rays of the sun,
 And, deathless, emblazon the annals of fame.

Emulate their bold deeds, be ye gallant as they,
 Your bondage is broken, your chains scarcely gall;
 Every trait of your ancestors’ courage display,
 Your tyrants will flee, the proud crescent must fall.

Already it wanes and grows dim to the sight, –
 Its zenith is passed, and ’tis naught but a gleam;
 And soon ’twill be lost in the darkness of night,
 For, behold me at full, and hail Liberty’s beam.

My pipe is a shepherd’s in peace – but in war,
 ’Tis a trumpet that blows to the tyrant’s dismay;
 Its influence as mild as the evening star,
 Or blasting and dead as the sirroco’s wild way.

Now I come clad in arms, to inspire and to lead,
 I cast the white vesture of peace from me far; –
 To conquest come on, and for liberty bleed,
 Our cause will ennoble and sanction the war.

Your sorrow, your patience, I’ve silently seen,
 I waited on Time, till the watch word was given;
 It has passed, it has passed, like a star that has been,
 It has illuminated the earth, and still shines in its heaven.

Combine on your mountains, from valleys arise,
 My spirit infuse in each breast, and ’tis thine;
 The despot’s proud menace with scorn to despise,
 And bid Liberty’s sun over the dim crescent shine.

Your oppressors, what are they? – The slaves of the slave,
 The vilest of bigots – of freemen the scorn!
 A stigma of manhood! – that cruelly have,
 Where terror could conquer, each privilege torn.

Awake thee, arouse from the slumber of ages,
 See, victory’s star shines, how pure and how bright;

To conquest it leads, and with honour engages,
To secure to yourselves and your offspring each right.

in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, 5 June 1824, pp. 364-5.
James Elroy Flecker (1844 - 1915)

from

“Ode to the Glory of Greece”

.

Yet still victorious Hellas, thou hast heard
Those ancient voices thundering to arms,
Thou nation of an older younger day,
Thou hast gone forth as with the poet’s song.

quoted in Joseph Braddock’s
*The Greek Phoenix: The Struggle for Liberty from the Fall of Constantinople
to the Creation of a New Greek Nation* (New York: Coward, **McGann** &
Geoghegan, 1973), p. 216.

J. D. H.

23

John Doddridge
Humphreys???

See also p. 50

“Thermopylae”

Ask ye whence those sounds of weeping
Upon the floating echoes ride?
Three hundred heroes now are sleeping,
By ragged Aeta’s mountain side.

Many a Spartan maid and mother
Bewail their loss – bewail in vain:
Brother weeps for the hero brother,
Who sleeps in death, on the red plain.

And Sparta’s bravest all are gone,
The warrior King who led them on,
Silent in death: and all but one,
Who lived the patriot tale to tell,
Lie stretched, unyielding, where they fell.

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
vol. XVIII (July 1828), 80.

J. H. H.

“The Grecian Chief to His Soldiers”

Hark! hear ye how deeply the sullen gun roars –
How the trumpet of war from each hill is resounding!
And see! The invaders are spread on our shores,
And over our plains the fierce war horse is bounding.

Then onward to meet them, and nerved be each hand,
And true be each heart that for freedom aspires:
Be firm, my brave comrades – be true to the land
That is sacred, for ever, by the blood of our sires.

Though the spears of the foe gleam bright in the sky,
Oh! fear not the thousands that martial before ye,
The shades of our fathers are hovering on high,
And point to the pathway of freedom and glory.

By the virtues and charms of the maidens we love,
By those bosoms that ever will our memories cherish,
By those spirits whose prayers protect us, above,
We'll meet the proud Moslem – and conquer or perish.

Oh! are we not sons of the virtuous and brave,
Who gloriously fell 'mid the battle's rough surge;
Who found, on the plains of their prowess, a grave
Where victory's shout was the fallen hero's dirge?

Then on to the fight, and in pride meet the foe,
Whilest each eye with the lustre of liberty flashes;
And remember, whilest death bolts are hurled with each blow,
That ye fight, sons of Greece, over your forefathers' ashes.

in *The Literary Magnet* (1825), III, 72.

HATT.

16th May 1824

“Elegy on the Death of Lord Byron”

“Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,

.

That ever breathed the soothing strain.”

Hang your harps over the waters to weep,
 The sweetest of poets is dead!
 He slumbers in death’s silent sleep,
 And the cypress waves over his head!
 Drop, ye willows, your pearls over his tomb,
 All nature in sadness appear;
 Let the moon be enveloped in gloom,
 And its halo be dimmed with a tear!

The bard who so late sprung his lyre
 The cold urn shall wrap in its breast;
 That bosom which love did inspire,
 Eternity points to its rest!
 No more the sweet maidens of Greece,
 Enraptured, shall dwell on his name;
 The harp, with its master’s at peace,
 And lost its Promethean flame!

No *friend* of his *youth* closed his eyes,
 Nor softened his pillow of care;
 No wife mingled tears with his sighs,
 Nor child of his bosom was there!
 That heart which for liberty breathed,
 Lies embalmed in the land of the brave;
 Whose sword shall never be sheathed,
 Till it vanquish the coward and slave!

in *The Literary Chronicle* ... May 22, 1824, p. 333. After a good and philhellenic obituary of Lord Byron.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

“The Bowl of Liberty”

Before the fiery Sun –
The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye,
In the free air, and on the war field won,
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of Heroes! with the solemn skies
And the wide plain; around, where patriot blood
Had steeped the soil in the hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious dead,
In the strong faith, which brings the viewless night
And poured rich odours over the battle bed,
And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They called them from the shades,
The golden fruited shades where minstrels tell
How softer light the immortal clime pervades,
And music floats over mead of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright red wine
Flowed to their manes who taught the world to die,
And made the land’s green turf a living shrine –
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty!

So the rejoicing Earth
Took from her vines again the blood she gave,
And richer flowers to deck the tomb brew birth
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the brave.

We have the battle fields,
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky!
We have the founts the purple vintage yields,
When shall we crown the Bowl of Liberty?

in *New England Galaxy* (June 6, 1822), anonymously, from the

“The Voice of Scio”

A voice from Scio’s isle,
A voice of song, a voice of old,
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,
And earth was hushed the while.

The souls of nations woke!
Where lies the land whose hills among,
That voice of Victory hath not rung,
As if a trumpet spoke?

To sky, and sea, and shore
Of those whose blood, on Ilion’s plain,
Swept from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore.

Still, by our sun bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them, in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned!
And pilgrims over the foaming wave
Brought garlands there; so rest the brave,
Who thus their bard have found!

A voice from Scio’s isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again!
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Wherever our sun may smile!

Let not its tone expire!
Such power to waken earth and heaven,
And might and vengeance, never was given
To mortal song or lyre!

Know ye not whence it comes?
– From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes!

It’s with us through the night!

It's on our hills, it's in our sky
– Hear it, ye heavens! When swords flash high
Over the mid waves of fight!

in *The Poetical Works of ...* (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates; or
Boston: Philips & Sampson, 1848), p. 195. Many, many editions.

Other philhellenic lyrics in it:

“Ancient Greek Song of Exile”
“Greek Funeral Chaunt or Myrologue” from C. Fauriel’s edition
“The Bowl of Liberty”
“The Sleeper of Marathon”
“Ancient Greek Chant of Victory”
“The Spartan’s March”
“Antique Greek Lament”
“The Bride of the Greek Isle” also in

*Autumn Leaves: A Collection of Miscellaneous Poems from
Various Authors* (New York, 1837), 85-6.

also *The Last Constantine and Other Poems* (1823)

James Hogg (1770 - 1835)

*ODE FOR MUSIC
ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON*

By the Ettrick Shepherd

PRELUDE

O came ye by Dee's winding waters
That rave down the Forests of Marr,
Or over the glens of the Gordons,
And down by the dark Loch-na-Gaur;
For there, at the fall of the even,
Was heard a wild song of despair,
As if the sweet seraphs of heaven
Had mixed with the fiends of the air.

The angels in songs were bewailing
The fall of a bard in his prime;
While demons of discord were yelling
A coronach loud and sublime.
The cliff, like a bay'd deer, was quaking;
The hill shook his temples of grey;
The stars drizzled blood on the braken,
As pour'd this dread strain from the brae:

CHORUS OF DEMONS

Sound ! sound
Your anthem profound,
Spirits of peril, unawed and unbound !
Clamour away,
To mortals' dismay,
Till the Christian turn on his pillow to pray.
Sound, sound, etc.
Wake up your pipe and your carol with speed,
The pipe of the storm, and the dance of the dead;
Light up your torches, the dark heavens under,
The torch of the lightning, and bass of the thunder !
Roar it and revel it, riot and rumble,
Till earth from her inmost core grovel and grumble;
And then in deep horrors her moody front swaddle,
Till all these dark mountains shall rock like a cradle !
Sound, sound, etc.

For he, the greatest of earthly name,
Whose soul, of our own elemental flame,

Was a shred of so bright and appalling a glow,
As ne'er was inclosed in frame below –

Spirits, that energy, all in prime,
Must join this night in our revels sublime !
 Then sound, sound,
 Your anthem profound,
Spirits of peril, unawed and unbound !
 Sound overhead
 Your symphony dread,
Till shudders the dust of the sleeping dead.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

 Hai, Hail,
 With harp and with vaile,
Yon spirit that comes on the gloaming gale !
 Sing ! Sing !
 Till heaven's arch ring,
To hail the favour'd of our King

Gray Shade of Selma, where art thou sailing ?
Light from thy dim cloud, and cease thy bewailing;
Though the greatest of all the choral throng
That ever own'd thy harp and song,
Hath fallen at Freedom's holy shrine,
Spirit of Ossian, cease thy bewailing.
Our sorrows atone not for human failing;
But let us rejoice, that there is above
A Father of pity, a God of love,
Who never from erring being will crave
Beyond what his heavenly bounty gave:
And never was given in Heaven's o'erjoy
So bright a portion without an alloy.
 Then hail to his rest,
 This uparallel'd guest,
With songs that pertain to the land of the blest !
 For stars shall expire,
 And earth roll in fire,
Ere perish the strains of his sovereign lyre;

That spirit of flame that had its birth
In heaven, to blaze for a moment on earth,
Mid tempest and tumult, mid fervour and flame,
Then mount to the glories from whence it came. -
And there for his home of bliss shall be given
The highest hills on the verge of heaven,
To thrill with his strains afar and wide,
And laugh at the fiends in the worlds aside.
 Then hie thee, for shame,

Ye spirits of blame,
Away to your revels in thunder and flame;
For ours the avail,
To hallow and hail
You spirit that comes on the gloaming gale.

Then bounding through the fields of air,
A spirit approach'd in chariot fair,
That seem'd from the arch of the rainbow won,
Or beam of the red departing sun.
A hum of melody far was shed,
And a halo of glory around it spread;
For that spirit came the dells to see,
Where first it was join'd with mortality,

Where first it breathed the inspired strain,
And return'd its harp to heaven again.
Then far above the cliffs so gray,
This closing measure died away:
 With joint acclaim
 Let's hail the name
Of our great Bard, whose mighty fame
 Must spread for aye,
 Ne'er to decay
Till heaven and earth shall pass away.

James HOGG (1770-1835)
First published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. XXI, May 1827

from

“To the People of the United States”

(Six sestets; the closing lines:)

.
Fair Freedom’s sons! your warrior’s name

.
But Greece, immortal Greece! – O stretch the hand
Of succour to her deeply suffering land!

“Greece *shall* be free!” – those few short words
From you would burst her shattered chain!
Turkey would arm her savage hordes,
And Europe’s despots rave, in vain!
Her vine clad hills, her classic vales and streams,
Once more shall glow in *Freedom’s* genial beams!

in *The Monthly Magazine; or British Register*
(July 1, 1825), 532.

William Howitt (1792-1879)
author of *The Forest Mistrel*

A Poet's Thoughts at the Interment of Lord Byron (London, 1824),
reviewed in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* of August 21,
1824, pp. 535-6 — quite a few Spenserians quoted, sympathetic.

“Lines on the Death of Lord Byron, in Greece”

He sleeps in the land of his earliest dream,
In the scene of his brightest story;
The language that kindled his patriot flame
Has chanted the dirge of his glory! –

And the sons of the heroes of ancient days,
Over the grave of their brother are mourning;
For he came to their succour, he came for their praise,
Like the might of their fathers returning.

Oh, his was a spirit, great, gloomy, and dread,
Where Hector and Homer were blended;
For the cloud of the grave round his brightness was spread,
When the flash of his thunder descended.

He haunted the patriot’s earliest tomb,
And sung like an orphan his sadness;
For vainly he looked over the vallies of gloom,
For the heirs of that freedom and gladness!

He has hallowed their cause, it has hallowed his name,
Their fame is embalmed with his glory;
Even the Turk, while he bleeds on his pages with shame,
Immortally lives in their story.

But Britain must mourn with a deeper distress,
And silent and lonely her weeping;
For who can reply with a soothing address,
Like the song of the bard that is sleeping?

Oh, then, let the light of his pages be sought,
Let her breathe in his language her sorrow;
She cannot be wrung with one anguishing thought,
But there she its language may borrow.

The course of his spirit was awfully high,
Among the dread regions of thunder;
It flashed through the deep and it flamed through the sky, –
It burst every trammel asunder!

He looked on the world – it was splendour or gloom,

All midnight or noon, in his mirror: –
He searched heaven and earth, and he rent every tomb
For the stories of rapture and terror.
Yet think not the soft harp of passion unstrung,
In sympathy, sadness, or pleasure;
Like the syren he wept – like the syren he sung,
With a magical sweetness of measure.

The gloom and the tempest would pass from the sphere,
And the landscape bloom lovely and tender;
His genius would beam in the dew of a tear,
Or rise from the ocean in splendour.

But he rests in the chilly embraces of death,
And his soul to its home is taken,
The angel has hushed the wild strain of his breath,
And who shall its slumbers awaken!

Thus far thrills the harp with a pensive regret
As it tells of its master departed;
But dark with despair for the spirit that's set,
Is the land of the cross broken-hearted!

For oh! that his tears with his song could cease,
That all was a halo of brightness;
But ah! he too little has courted that peace,
For he thought on his MAKER with lightness.

He has walked into life, – doubt and hope are no more,
He has looked on eternity's pages;
All is awfully true that was fancy before,
And fate lifts the curtain of ages.

There is one who will ask of his talents their gain,
And judge without error his merits;
Then he who was *first* in the orders of men
May be *last* in the kingdom of spirits!

in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*
May 22, 1824, p. 333.

It was written on May 18, 1824, at Shrewsbury. Hulbert was an M.A. from Cambridge; *Theotokos* (1842) was one of his longer poetic works.

34 John Doddridge Humphreys

see also p. 23 “Thermopylae”

“Lines Occasioned by Reading that the Heart of Byron Was to
Remain in Greece”

O cherish that relic, proud land of the free!
And his spirit triumphant shall linger with thee;
Methinks that young heart should never grow cold,
While it dwells with the sons of the heroes of old.
Oh no! it will throb with a kindred emotion,
When the shouts of their triumph boom over the ocean;
And again will it swell with the pulses of life,
When they rush to the banquet of danger and strife;
And the warm tears of passion shall nourish it still,
Then the heart of the CHILDE can never grow chill!
With valour, with love, and with freedom, its shrine,
Bright Star of the East! let the treasure be thine;
Yes, cherish that relic, proud land of the free!
And sure as his fame shall thy liberty be.

in *The Monthly Magazine; or British Register*
(August 1, 1824).

H. W. J.
Liverpool

35-36

“Greece”

Land of Greece! the hours are bearing
Life, or worse than death, along;
Liberty her banner rearing,
As in days renowned in song.

When her voice, her warriors leading,
Spoke in thunder from your skies,
Land of Greece! the hours are speeding!
Sons of Greece! awake! arise!

Greeks! the trumpet's call hath spoken,
And the spirit of your land,
Rising, points to every token
Of her ancient high command.

Let each stern heroic leader
Cast his griefs and fears aside;
Think of those of old who freed her,
When the Spartan fought and died.

For a glory without limit,
And a matchless fame, is theirs;
Grief, nor death, nor time can dim it,
Gleaming through the mist of years.

Tell the fierce and blood-stained stranger,
From where Nile his waves hath spread,
They who never recked of danger,
Fear not all the slaves he led.

Bid the legions, thinned and wasted,
Seek another land to die,
Where fell death, in regions blasted,
Leeds the gale that's sweeping by.

Chieftain, though, to enslave and slaughter,
On our regions thou hast burst,
Back across yon heaving water,
To thine own dark realm accursed.

For the spirit that hath slumbered,
Bursting from too long a night,
Rises, and our land hath numbered
All her warriors to the fight.
Slaves of Egypt – hordes of Yemen!
Less unwilling conquests seek,
Not pollute a land of freemen, –
Land of glory, and the Greek!

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
(June 1828), 430.

“Song of the Young Greek”

The stranger came down on our fatherland
Like the rush of the mountain flood;
Our people have perished beneath his brand,
Our soil hath grown fat with their blood.
He hath trampled our vineyards under foot,
We have live 'neath the scowl of his scorn,
And our beautiful maids, all helpless and mute,
To the strangers' rude arms have been borne.

A curse on dissension's rankling power,
That hath made them an easy spoil!
And blotted from time be the evil hour,
When they fell 'neath the stranger's guile!
And a curse on the spirit of craven dread,
That hath wed them to the chain;
And the lust of gold, that hath greedily fed
On their valour – a deep, damning stain.

Yet many there are that inly weep
Over the glories of days that are fled;
Their slumbering wrath will not always sleep,
Their fire, though subdued, is not dead!
I'll seek their banner, and forth I'll go
To crush the stranger's pride;
I care not the joys of youth to know,
The sword shall be my bride.

Yet I'm lured not my ambition's dream,
That can make the coward brave;
Nor by glory's bright and dazzling gleam;
But I will not live a slave.
How I long to smite the turbaned crest!
In freedom I'll draw my breath:
Should the tented field prove my place of rest,
Then 'twill meet me there in death.

No funeral pomp shall mark my end;
For I boast not a mighty name;
But an arm and a soul that will not bend
Till death shall their energy tame.
Then beauteous my country will seem to me,
As from vision her fair features glide;

And, rejoicing in what she yet may be,
I will welcome death as my bride!

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review* (June 1828), 446.
J. J. Leathwick 39-40-41

“Stanzas on the Death of Lord Byron”

What shriek was that? What congregated cry
That rings thus in mine anxious ear, and over
My spirits sheds a feeling tremblingly?
Why are the songs of morning mute, that soar
The sun to welcome from the land of lore?
Why is each tearful eye cast on the ground?
A voice replied, “great BYRON is no more!
And Grief’s dark chains each heart and soul have bound;
Cast forth thy earnest look, and gaze on all around!”

I gazed, – and saw two radiant maids divine,
Their brilliant bright eyes shedding tear for tear;
Their arms around each other did entwine, –
Their looks, with grief, were sore, oppressed, and sear.
They mourned for him who was to them so dear:
One was bright Poesy, – and at her side
Was Liberty – who failed her cap to rear,
Since he who loved her cause so well had died,
Since he from earth had gone who all her foes defied.

I saw Hope spring from off the grieving earth –
I saw sweet Pity heave a long-drawn sigh –
I heard the soul that in his form had birth,
Groan in its woe, as it prepared to fly,
Leaving its last beam on his glazing eye.
I saw Greek forms with sorrow deep oppressed,
And mourning that their Byron ever could die;
But oh! dear Gratitude lived in each breast,
For him whose glorious might had laboured for their rest.

Died, did I say? he cannot die! his fame
Will live as long as Time, when his form’s clay
Shall long have mouldered into dust! His name
Will be more mighty than it is to day, –
And endless life – a light of purest ray –
A watch-word to nobility of thought –
A word that future heroes will obey –
A path that all will glory that have sought –
A fame-crowned track, with, aye, enduring glories fraught!

But let me rest awhile, and think upon

Thy matchless mind, that more than life created!
Oh! let me grieve to know that thou art gone
With whom *few* dead — *none* living could be mated!
There never on earth was one so loved, so hated!
They well did love thee who were good and wise; —
The wretched for relief from thee never waited;
But slaves and bigots, with their slanderous lies,
Assailed that glorious worth they could not know or prize.

Oh, what a noble cause thou didst embrace,
The cause of long-despairing liberty!
Thou didst support, with all thy power, a race
Whose struggles make them worthy to be free, —
And free as air their hearts and lands shall be! —
It was thy strain that told them they were slaves, —
It was thy song that broke their lethargy, —
It was thy soul that stirred those mental waves,
They sweep from every mind all fear of death and graves!

Aye! Thou didst kindle in each breast a fire,
That now illumines the 'rapt and gazing world!
'Tis proving and will prove a Moslem pyre,
In which all domination shall be hurled —
Over which the conquering flag shall flap unfurled!
The '*antique sword*' of Greece was drawn anew —
Her ancient might thy glorious muse impeared —
The burning songs of war each bosom knew —
And thro' awakening souls thy flashing ardour flew.

Here let me pause! it still appears a dream,
That thou art gone — that I thus humbly sing
My lay of sorrow. — I can hardly deem
That from the earth thy spirit has taken wing.
Oh, could we bring it back by sorrowing —
That cannot be, however wild and deep!
Farewell to all thy bright imagining;
Yet one dear truth will cheer us as we weep,
Thy lay — thy light — thy fame — on earth can never sleep!

in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*
May 29, 1824, pp. 348-9.

J. J. Leathwick
of Edmonton

42-43

“War-Song of the Greeks”

To arms! to arms! ye Greeks;
The voice of Freedom speaks –
Let her not call in vain,
But lengthen forth the strain,
And echo back the sound,
Even till the nations ring around.
Blest shades of chiefs of ages gone,
Who fought and bled at Marathon!
Oh! hear us from your azure skies,
And listen to our glorious cries!
Each darkened soul with light illumine,
And chase the terrors of the tomb
From stripling youth to aged sire,
Pour on each breast a quenchless fire!
No more to quail at Moslem foe,
But fight as ye did when below!
Strike the lyre of martial strains,
And fill with boiling blood the veins;
Belch forth the trumpet’s clanging breath,
And sound it as the knell of death
To that fell state, whose bitter scourge
Hath driven us to destruction’s verge!
 Oh! Liberty, thrice hallowed flame,
 The boon, the blessing of our earth,
 Long have we known thee but by name,
 But now that thou hast birth!
From Grecian hearts thy boundless strength shall soar,
Till *slaves* and *tyranny* exist no more!
 To arms! to arms! ye Greeks!
 The voice of Freedom speaks, —
 Let her not call in vain,
 But be her *sons* again.

in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*
August 9, 1823, p. 510.

“War Song, for the Greeks”

Hear ye not yon trumpet’s breath?
'Tis heralding your toil of death!
Remember now your triumphs past,
Not let those glories prove your last!

On, for the land of your fame!
On, for your honour and name!
On, for the maids that adore ye!
On, for the mothers that bore ye!
On, for your infants’ dear lives!
On, for your kindred and wives!
On, for your forefathers’ graves,
Lest they sleep in a land trod by slaves!

By the hearth stones of your sires, —
By your own domestic fires, —
By your meadows’ verdant sod, —
By the temples of your god, —
By the eyes that ye love best, —
By the arms in which ye rest, —
By each tearful matron’s sigh, —
Nobly live, or nobly die!

Now spring resistless on the foe,
And deal ye death with every blow!
Light up each eye with palsying fire,
And strike them nerveless with your ire!
Then shall they see and feel the flame,
And recreant sink with living shame. —

Oh, nor fear the foe before ye,
For the gazing heavens are smiling over ye!

in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*
February 28, 1824, p. 141.

“Greece”

Shall Mahomet’s proud banner wave
 Exultingly over Freedom’s grave?
 Shall Pagan rites and Pagan laws
 Triumphant trample on the cause
 Of Christian Greece oppressed?
 Shall glories past for ever seem
 As visions of the poet’s dream
 By Fiction wildly dressed?

Greece, sacred spot, dear land of Fame!
 Shall death for ever shroud thy name?
 Shall despot sway for ever thrall thee?
 Shall Slavery’s chain for ever gall thee?
 Shall dastard Ottoman reign
 Over thee, brave soil, that once defied
 All Asia’s strength, and Asia’s pride,
 On many a trophied plain?

Oh! ’twas not thus that Byron’s name
 Kindled thy glory’s dying fame:
 Oh! ’twas not thus each bard of old
 Sung Greece — the fair — the free — the bold —
 And bade the lyre declare
 How oft for Honour’s gory bed
 His country’s sons their life blood shed,
 Nor thought the purchase dear.

Oh! that each Greek were free once more
 As the wild breeze that sweeps thy shore!
 Oh! that their arm the sword could wield,
 As once in Marathon’s red field,
 Where Persia’s countless host,
 By patriot Grecian bands withstood,
 Inglorious with their coward blood,
 Dear paid each vain sped boast!

Think on those deeds over history’s page,
 That make to freedom every age:
 Think on that ever glorious day

When Salamis, fame echoed bay,
 Ingulfed vain Persia's fleet;
When the gore-crimsoned Ocean's wave
For ever closed over that dark grave,
 For Freedom's foe-men met.

Remember, Greeks, each age of Fame;
Remember Byron's deathless name;
Think on your soil — your native land,
And let each true born Grecian band
 Grasp Freedom's blade once more:
On then — and Heaven send every blow
With tenfold vengeance on the foe,
 Till Slavery's reign be over!

in *The Dublin and London Magazine*, vol. I, No. 10
(November, 1825), 465. Joseph Robins, publisher.

“Missolonghi”

There is a wail from yonder shore,
It sounds above the ocean roar,
And blood is on the trampled sand,
And beamless eye upturned to Heaven,
And broken brand and turban riven,
And crumbling wall and shattered gate,
Tell Missolonghi's fate.

Around her towers the storm of war
Had gathered with its giant power,
And lance, and band, and scimeter,
Awaited but the hour
When bigot hate should lead them on,
Till freedom's dearest hold was won.
For this the Arab left his sand,
And bore his lance in Christian land,
Until that region had become
As barren as his desert home;
For this did swarthy Egypt pour
Her hordes over Missolonghi's shore;
That martyr shore, where whitening lay
The Moslem hordes of yesterday.

Oh 'twas a fearful sight to view
Those armed bands advance;
To hear the war cry “Alla Ho,”
And know it cheered the myriad too,
A deed that Christendom must rue.
And what though brand and banner fall
Beneath the Christian lance?

As countless as the grains they tread,
As shudderless as are the dead,
The haughty Turkman has sped,
Even to the fated wall;
For vain the vigil valour keeps,
When thus outshone by giant power,
When even Hope, the soother, sleeps,
And yields to Wrong the victor hour,
Yes the proud crescent floats on high,

The Moslem shout of victory
Taints with its joy the shrinking sky,
And of the gallant band, who late
Stood in their sorrow there,
How few remain to mark the fate
Of that they held so dear.

There was a fortress formed to be
The home and haven of the free.
Where is it now? A smoking pile
May show, perchance, its wreck awhile.
But ere another age is over
That record will exist no more,
And history's page alone will tell
How Missolonghi shone and fell.
Yet never can Freedom's birthplace be,
Immortal Greece, extinguished but with thee.
And even in thy ruin we see,
Even over thy desolation breaks
A spirit which in thunder speaks,
Thou shalt be free.

The pagan for a while may rear
Over thee and thine the hostile spear:
The crescent, as it fans thy sky,
May see thee march in slavery by,
Thy temples be as dust, and yet
Thy sun of glory is not set.
Oh, rend the veil of time away,
Anticipate thy glorious day,
When pagan steel and pagan clay,
The tokens of the bloody fray,
Shall countless on thy bosom lie,
And every haughty mosque shall bow,
As thy dishonoured temples low.
It must be so, the creed of Heaven
Such end to such a cause has given,
And mortal prayer or mortal power
Can never avert that fated hour.

in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*
26 August 1826, No. 380, p. 542.

O' L

51-52

“Byron”

Rest on your thrones, you sceptered things!
Ye holy Brotherhood of Kings!
 The light is faded now
That showed, beneath your tinsel dress,
The vanity — the littleness —
 To which the *million* bow.

Go, league within your dark divan
Against the rights of free-born man,
 Ye ministers of ill!
The tongue that would refute your words —
The heart that would oppose your swords —
 That tongue is mute, that heart is still!

Weep, Greece, above the cold remains
Of him who strove to burst thy chains:
 Thy noblest — bravest son!
Yes — he was of thy highest seed —
If loving thee in word, and deed,
 And thought, could make him one.

'Tis not the land where first by chance
We breathe — some despot's heritage —
 Of which we form a part;
But that for which our young souls burn,
To which our hopes, our wishes, turn —
 The country of the heart.

Mourn thou, too — mourn, sweet Liberty!
Never did bosom throb for thee
 With such unaltered faith:
Thine was his blood, his pulse, his life, —
For thee he waged eternal strife, —
 For thee — *he died the death.*

in *The Dublin and London Magazine*
(April, 1826), 192.

The same periodical reprinted J. A. Shea's "Greece" in the issue of February 1827, pp. 154-6, beginning with the line: "Land of the sword — the shrine — the lyre" (not seen in U.S.)

Robert Pashley
a Cambridge don

Translation of a demotic song he heard from a Roumeliote in Crete

"Missolonghi"

Would that on high I could ascend,
And like a bird could fly,
To gaze on Messolonghi's walls
In distant Rumeli.

To see with all the Moslem host
And four Pashas its fight,
While balls like drops of rain descend,
And bombs like hail alight.

To see there too the light tufeks
Like sands on the sea shore;
They said that it surrendered had,
And would contend no more:

They said that Messolonghi had
Submitted to the foe,
While still in war alone she seeks
Her bravery to show.

in *Travels in Crete* (London, 1837), II, 134.

Quoted in Richard Stoneman's *A Literary Companion to Travel in Greece* (Penguin, 1984), p. 182.

Angelica Palli
53

see also pp. 7-10

from

“On the Taking of Psara”

4 of its 19 quatrains:

1.

Country! thou name divine! —
The heart that thinks on thee,
Trembles within its walls of flesh,
And struggles to get free.

2.

The Moslems know thee not —
Or know thee but to fear:
The Greeks start from their listless sleep,
Soon as thy name they hear.

3.

Scarce did thou lift thy voice,
When, lo! — the base yoke fell,
And all their antient glory came
Back, at that potent spell.

.

19.

No — Ocean be thou calm —
That dead is not for thee. —
That mighty glory is reserved
For men who *will* be free.

in *The London Literary Gasette; and Journal of Belles Lettres,*
Arts, Sciences etc. Saturday March 19, 1825, p. 188.

Αγγελική Πάλλη

Ἐνδεκα τετράστιχα, και πεζή αγγλική μετάφραση.
Το πρώτο:

Σεις που δούλους των βαρβάρων
Τους Γραικούς επιθυμείτε,
Τι προσμένετε; Κρυφθείτε
Εις τα βάραθρα της γης.

.

**in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
Saturday, October 8, 1825, 652-3, by Angelica Palli of Leghorn.**

I. R.
of Evesham

54

from

“Stanzas on Lord Byron”

.
— And ye shall also mourn, illustrious Greeks!
For his last aspiration rose for you! —
And through the ages of your future fame
You will the brightest place in memory give
To him, — the noble bard of Britain’s Isle!
.

in *The Literary Magnet* (1824), I, 342.

from

“Monody on the Death of Lord Byron”

Sixteen very philhellenic stanzas; the last one:

. [Greece]
Raise not a tomb! — thy mountains stand —
They mock the toil of mortal hand;
His monument be thy dear land;
Thy glorious strife his funeral strain!
Oh! may his hovering spirit dart
Fresh valour to each patriot’s heart;
And GREECE and BYRON’S name never part,
Whilst round her islands rolls the main!

in *The Literary Magnet* (1827), III, 51-3. New Series.

In vol. IV (1827), 362-5, a PROSE piece “Sketches of the War in Greece,” anonymous.

In general, *The Literary Magnet* is pro-American, too; reprints their poems, reviews their books positively.

In *Wright’s Literary Magnet* (London, 1 April 1828), 117, we have a reprinting of J. A. Shea’s “Stanzas,” a *Hebrew Melodies* imitation; Shea is mentioned as the “Author of *Rudekke*” etc. This volume seems to be a continuation of *The Literary Magnet*; its new editor, William Charlton Wright was author of *twenty* books then!

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909)

ODE ON THE INSURRECTION IN CANDIA

STR. I

I LAID my laurel-leaf
At the white feet of grief,
Seeing how with covered face and plumeless wings,
With unreverted head
Veiled, as who mourns his dead,
Lay Freedom couched between the thrones of kings,
A wearied lion without hair,
And bleeding from base wounds, and vexed with
alien air.

STR. 2

Who was it, who, put poison to thy mouth,
Who lulled with craft or chant thy vigilant eyes,
O light of all men, lamp to north and south,
Eastward and westward, under all men's skies?
For if thou sleep, we perish, and thy name
Dies with the dying of our ephemeral breath;
And if the dust of death o'ergrows thy flame,
Heaven also is darkened with the dust of death.
If thou be mortal, if thou change or cease,
If thine hand fail, or thine eyes turn from Greece,
Thy firstborn, and the firstfruits of thy fame,
God is no God, and man is moulded out of shame.

STR. 3

Is there change in the secret skies,
In the sacred places that see
The divine beginning of things,
The weft of the web of the world?
Is Freedom a worm that dies,
And God no God of the free?
Is heaven like as earth with her kings
And time as a serpent curled
Round life as a tree?

From the steel-bound snows of the north,
From the mystic mother, the east,
From the sands of the fiery south,
From the low-lit clouds of the west,
A sound of a cry is gone forth ;
Arise, stand up from the feast,
Let wine be far from the mouth,
Let no man sleep or take rest,
Till the plague hath ceased.

Let none rejoice or make mirth
Till the evil thing be stayed,
Nor grief be lulled in the lute,
Nor hope be loud on the lyre;
Let none be glad upon earth.
O music of young man and maid,
O songs of the bride, be mute.
For the light of her eyes, her desire,
Is the soul dismayed.

It is not a land new-born
That is scourged of a stranger's hand,
That is rent and consumed with flame.
We have known it of old, this face.
With the cheeks and the tresses torn,
With shame on the brow as a brand.
We have named it of old by name,
The land of the royallest race,
The most holy land.

STR. 4

Had I words of fire,
Whose words are weak as snow;
Were my heart a lyre
Whence all its love might flow
In the mighty modulations of desire,
In the notes wherewith man's passion worships woe;

Could my song release
The thought weak words confine,
And my grief, O Greece,
Prove how it worships thine;

It would move with pulse of war the limbs of peace
Till she flushed and trembled and became divine.

(Once she held for true
This truth of sacred strain;
Though blood drip like dew
And life run down like rain,
It is better that war spare but one or two
Than that many live, and liberty be slain.)

Then with fierce increase
And bitter mother's mirth,
From the womb of peace,
A womb that yearns for birth,
As a man-child should deliverance come to Greece,
As a saviour should the child be born on earth.

STR. 5

Oh that these my days had been
Ere white peace and shame were wed
Without torch or dancers' din
Round the unsacred marriage-bed !
For of old the sweet-tongued law,
Freedom, clothed with all men's love,
Girt about with all men's awe,
With the wild war-eagle mated
The white breast of peace and dove,
And his ravenous heart abated
And his windy wings were furled
In an eyrie consecrated
Where the snakes of strife uncurled,
And her soul was soothed and sated
With the welfare of the world.

ANT. I

But no, close-clad with peace,
While war lays hand on Greece,
The kingdoms and their kings stand by to see;
"Aha, we are strong," they say,
"We are sure, we are well," even they;
"And if we serve, what ails ye to be free?
We are warm, clothed round with peace and
shame;
But ye lie dead and naked, dying for a name."

ANT. 2

O kings and queens and nations miserable,
O fools and blind, and full of sins and fears,
With these it is, with you it is not well ;

Ye have one hour, but these the immortal years.
These for a pang, a breath, a pulse of pain,
Have honour, while that honour on earth shall be ;
Ye for a little sleep and sloth shall gain
Scorn, while one man of all men born is free.
Even as the depth more deep than night or day,
The sovereign heaven that keeps its eldest way,
So without chance or change, so without stain,
The heaven of their high memories shall nor wax nor
wane.

ANT. 3

As the soul on the lips of the dead
Stands poising her wings for flight,
A bird scarce quit of her prison,
But fair without form or flesh,
So stands over each man's head
A splendour of imminent light,
A glory of fame rearisen,
Of day rearisen afresh,
From the hells of night.

In the hundred cities of Crete
Such glory was not of old,
Though her name was great upon earth
And her face was fair on the sea.
The words of her lips were sweet,
Her days were woven with gold,
Her fruits came timely to birth ;
So fair she was, being free,
Who is bought and sold.

So fair, who is fairer now
With her children dead at her side,
Unscptred, unconsecrated,
Unapparelled, unhelped, unpitied,
With blood for gold on her brow,
Where the towery tresses divide ;
The goodly, the golden-gated,
Many-crowned, many-named, many-citied,
Made like as a bride.

And these are the bridegroom's gifts ;
Anguish that straitens the breath,
Shame, and the weeping of mothers,
And the suckling dead at the breast,
White breast that a long sob lifts ;
And the dumb dead mouth, which saith,
"How long, and how long, my brothers?"

And wrath which endures not rest,
And the pains of death.

ANT. 4

Ah, but would that men,
With eyelids purged by tears,
Saw, and heard again
With consecrated ears,
All the clamour, all the splendour, all the slain,
All the lights and sounds of war, the fates and fears;
Saw far off aspire
With crash of mine and gate,
From a single pyre
The myriad flames of fate,
Soul by soul transfigured in funereal fire,
Hate made weak by love, and love made strong by
hate.

Children without speech,
And many a nursing breast ;
Old men in the breach,
Where death sat down a guest ;
With triumphant lamentation made for each,
Let the world salute their ruin and their rest.

In one iron hour
The crescent flared and waned,
As from tower to tower,
Fire-scathed and sanguine-stained,
Death, with flame in hand, an open bloodred flower,
Passed, and where it bloomed no bloom of life remained.

ANT. 5

Hear, thou earth, the heavy-hearted
Weary nurse of waning races;
From the dust of years departed,
From obscure funereal places,
Raise again thy sacred head,
Lift the light up of thine eyes;
Where are they of all thy dead
That did more than these men dying
In their godlike Grecian wise?
Not with garments rent and sighing,
Neither gifts of myrrh and gold,
Shall their sons lament them lying,
Lest the fame of them wax cold ;

But with lives to lives replying,
And a worship from of old.

EPODE

O sombre heart of earth and swoln with grief,
That in thy time wast as a bird for mirth,
Dim womb of life and many a seed and sheaf,
And full of changes, ancient heart of earth,
From grain and flower, from grass and every leaf,
Thy mysteries and thy multitudes of birth,
From hollow and hill, from vales and all thy springs,
From all shapes born and breath of all lips made,
From thunders, and the sound of winds and wings,
From light, and from the solemn sleep of shade,
From the full fountains of all living things,
Speak, that this plague be stayed.
Bear witness all the ways of death and life
If thou be with us in the world's old strife,
If thou be mother indeed,
And from these wounds that bleed
Gather in thy great breast the dews that fall,
And on thy sacred knees
Lull with mute melodies,
Mother, thy sleeping sons in death's dim hall.
For these thy sons, behold,
Sons of thy sons of old,
Bear witness if these be not as they were;
If that high name of Greece
Depart, dissolve, decease
From mouths of men and memories like as air.
By the last milk that drips
Dead on the child's dead lips,
By old men's white unviolated hair,
By sweet unburied faces
That fill those red high places
Where death and freedom found one lion's lair,
By all the bloodred tears
That fill the chaliced years,
The vessels of the sacrament of time,
Wherewith, O thou most holy,
O Freedom, sure and slowly
Thy ministrant white hands cleanse earth of crime;
Though we stand off afar
Where slaves and slaveries are,
Among the chains and crowns of poisonous peace;
Though not the beams that shone
From rent Arcadion
Can melt her mists and bid her snows decrease;

Do thou with sudden wings
Darken the face of kings,
But turn again the beauty of thy brows on Greece;
Thy white and woundless brows,
Whereto her great heart bows;
Give her the glories of thine eyes to see;
Turn thee, O holiest head,
Toward all thy quick and dead,
For love's sake of the souls that cry for thee;
O love, O light, O flame,
By thine own Grecian name,
We call thee and we charge thee that all these be free.

Jan. 1867.

The Poems, vol.II, 200-208.

S.

56

from

“Apostrophe to Greece”

(thirty couplets)

When leagued oppression rioted over all
The world’s wide garden and decreed its fall;
.....
..... Shall the Gothic Turk
And ruder Frank there ply their filthy work?
The Swarthy Tartar’s pipe send up its smoke
Against Pallas’ fame because her *spear* is broke?
Where is thine Aegis, Goddess? wither flown?
Resume thy gorgon — blast them into stone.

in *The Dublin and London Magazine*
(February, 1826), 67.

Charles Brinsley Sheridan (1796 - 1844) *

Epitaph to Botzaris

Grecian stranger! pass not by!
For beneath this tombstone lie
 Blest remains.
His — the bravest of the brave,
Botzaris, who died to save
 Greece from chains!

Freedom was his idol still;
His the unconquerable will
 To *succeed*;
To destroy our Moslem foes,
To relieve our country's woes,
 And be FREED.

Here his ashes only rest,
For his soul is with the blest,
 With our sires,
Those who nobly felt and fought,
Kindling with each patriot thought
 Freedom's fires.

Tell the monarchs frowning round,
That thy corse on Grecian ground,
 And thy name,
Bid us fight for equal laws,
Nor elude in Freedom's cause
 Death by shame.

in *The Songs of Greece* (London, 1825)
Quoted in Richard Stoneman's *A Literary Companion to Travel
in Greece* (Penguin, 1984), p. 177.

* Son of Richard Sheridan, dramatist and Byron's friend.
Cambridge education travel to Greece, etc.

Helen Maria Williams (1762 - 1827)

LINES

ON

THE FALL OF MISSOLUNGHI.

1. Ah Missolunghi! ravag'd, lost,
Thy moan all answering Europe hears;
Thy heroes press that hallow'd sod,
Embalm'd by Europe's tears.
2. Tyrants may triumph o'er the tomb
Where many a glorious martyr sleeps,
May view, elate, thy prostrate walls;
But Europe, Europe weeps!
3. Oh Greece! sepulchre of the brave,
With monumental trophies spread,
When hast thou lent thy classic shroud
To more heroic dead?
4. Fallen city! long the thought of thee
Shall every grace of life destroy;
At thought of thee can Europe feel
One unembitter'd joy?
5. Nor deem along the western shores
Midst the new rapture to be free,
That, bending, o'er th' Atlantic wave,
No vow was breath'd for thee!
6. Where does a mother clasp her child
Securely to her fost'ring breast,
Mindless of bosoms parch'd and cold,
By Grecian infants prest?
7. Princes, who boast of christian light,
Ye guardians of that holy flame,
In darkness shroud your crested heads
At Missolunghi's name.
8. Ye saw unmov'd, while one long year

O'er Missolonghi held its course.
Her sons th' unequal strife sustain
Of moral, with barbarian force.

9. Ye saw, ye can endure to see
The impious crescent rais'd on high;
But Europe marks the cross in dust,
With fix'd indignant eye!
10. Soft music wakes along the Seine,
Those notes the woes of Greece inspire,
Its modest beauty trills the song
And strikes the timid lyre;
11. For heroes of a christian race
The alms of pity meekly claims,
And asks the common gifts of earth
For consecrated names!
12. Ye turban'd tyrants, ye who dare
Refuse a soul to womankind,
That soaring soul rejecting life,
Have ye the power to bind?
13. Your power the Grecian woman scorns,
In virtue firm, to freedom true,
Abhors the safety ye would give,
And flies to death from you!
14. Can ye the worth of woman know,
The sympathies of passion prove,
Who spurn not beauty to be bought,
And call pollution, love?
15. Love, that in all earth's peopled space
Claims but a chosen heart alone,
As midst ten thousand radiant stars
The needle points to one.
16. The famish'd warrior views a sail. –
Do British sails no succour bear?
Plac'd on that mine is all he loves,
Last duty of despair!
17. Where, where was *he** whose counsels reard,
For England's proud illustrious name
Its purest trophy, when he scorn'd
To share imperial shame?
18. Refus'd to sign that fatal scroll,

The hostile league of kings combin'd,
Appeal'd to future times, and form'd
Alliance with mankind;

19. Ah, not for *him*, the first to hail
The young republics of the west,
To leave in cruel Asia's chain
Greece, fetter'd Greece opprest!
20. England! may yet be thine the part
All that is left of Greece, to save;
Or soon, too soon her valiant sons
Will share one gen'ral grave.
21. Others may plead their country's cause,
May breathe the patriot's fervent sigh;
Others alone for freedom live,
But they for freedom die.
22. Majestic Greece! from Spartan holds,
To Missolonghi's deathless date,
Scene of whate'er ennobles man,
Of all that makes him great;
23. Where the warm glow of antique deeds
Seems fresh thro' modern times to last,
And one long track of glory blends
The present with the past;
24. Where names that grace their lineage high,
Shall live thro' each recording age,
Let monarchs haste to blot their shame
From thy immortal page.

from
Souvenirs de la Révolution Française
Paris: Dondey-Dupré, 1827.

*on Byron, stanzas 17-19.

D. M. S.

written in 1924

MISSOLONGHI

April 19, 1824*

SADLY, beyond a waste of shallows dim,
An April day died, even as it began.
Rain-swept, the peaks on the horizon rim
Had lost all colour and form;
Along the Cephalonian breakers ran
A sullen throb of storm.

Then, with the setting of that sun unseen,
Another baffled fire was doomed to wane,
A flame that never poised itself serene
Upon its lamp of clay,
But streamed aslant and spent itself in vain
And fumed its light away.

Then flickered out a mighty spirit uncalm,
Not happy in coming nor in sojourning,
Yet in departing happy, when the palm
And laurel life denied
Death gave, and when one last unbroken string
Thrilled true ere music died.

Valour unfruitful, pallid dreams new-dead,
Frustration, with its hourly fret and jar,
Walked near him, and he, knowing where they led,
Held fast the strong desire
That Death might lift his memory like a star
High above murk and mire.

Ah, well for him if, looking back, we see
That proud-hewn face, not bent in mimic scorn,
Not touched with wavering gleams of revelry,
But frozen into peace,
And low upon that earth the most forlorn
Known of the winds of Greece.

D.M.S.

(Published in *PUNCH*, April 16, 1924)

* Lord Byron died then

T.
Dublin

57-58

“The Desolation of Chios— 1822”

A deep, a broken note of woe
Rose from the Archipelago!
The seaman, passing Chios by,
Stood out from shore; the wailful cry
That reached him on the waters blue
Was more than man could listen to.
And, when no more the death-cry came,
The rising smoke, the sun-dimmed flame,
The flashings of the scimitar,
Told Chios’ slaughter from afar!

What demon swayed your cold debates,
Ye mighty Christian potentates,
That Greece, the land of light and song,
Should feel the Paynim scourge so long, —
That Greece, for all the lore she gave,
Should cry in vain, “Save, Europe, save!”
How could you let the gasping child
Besmear with gore the mother wild?
How dared you let that wild one be
The sport of lust and cruelty —
Or Beauty, from Dishonour’s bed,
Swell reeking piles of kindred dead —
While mingled in the corpse-fed fires
The cindered bones of sons and sires?
But all is over! — the storm hath passed,
Nor oak nor osier ’scaped the blast —
Nor floweret of the loveliest dye; —
All — *all* — in one black ruin lie.
In one short day a people fall —
Their mansions form the funeral pall!
Their winding-sheets are sheets of flame —
Their epitaph, “SHAME, EUROPE, SHAME!”

Most desolate day! — Oh, murdered race!
To Turk, to Holy League, disgrace!
Blush, Christian Princes! Heartless men,
Who rule the councils, never again
Look on the cross! You have its ban —
You crowned it with the Alcoran!

(i.e., the Koran)

in *The Dublin and London Magazine*

G. W. (April, 1826), 191-2.

59

from

“Thermopylae”

Eleven stanzas; the last one:

.....
And, when the Persians gathered round
To view the place — the vantage ground
Greece in the onset gained,
(Though dread the contest), it was found
She, at the close, maintained.

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
(September 1828), 521-2.

“Missolonghi”

They have perished! but they still
Shall live in the years to come,
When, on the moontide sunny hill,
Away from the camp’s deep hum
Some martial minstrel’s song shall tell
How true they fought — how true they fell.

They have perished! but not in vain;
For, when Liberty’s high command
Comes like a battle-trumpet’s strain
To the sons of some other land,
They shall rush to the field, or beleaguered wall,
And cry, “Like them, we live or fall!”

Wherever home’s banners float,
Where, altar and hearth save,
The sword is drawn, and the bugle note
Calls on the gathering brave,
There, watchword and countersign shall be
“Missolonghi! Dead or free!”

Bright city of the dead,
Fallen! but more glorious far
Than the brightest that ever flourished,
Unscathed by the hand of war;
Pilgrims shall seek thy shattered walls
Before earth’s proudest capitals.

They shall muse by each fragment rent,
Grey, and with moss overgrown,
From the long defended battlement;
They shall pause by each riven stone,
More than before the noblest fane
That ever made an empire vain.

To them more sweet shall be,
At twilight’s lonely hour,
The sound of the gale, sighing mournfully
Through ivied wall and tower,
Than the thousand harps of a royal hall
At a mighty monarch’s festival.

Great Babylon, whose name
And awful shadowy sound,

Still lingers on earth; the iron fame
Of Rome, the conquest-crowned,
Shall cease to be remembered
Ere thou shalt — City of the dead!

When there breathes not on the earth
One patriotic heart,
When Freedom dies, and truth and worth
From the base world depart,
Then, Missolonghi, — not till then,
Thy name shall perish amongst men.

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*
vol. X (July to September 1826), 304.

“War Song of the Morea”

Once more, Greeks! once more
 The battle draweth nigh;
 It is sounding on your shore,
 It is ringing through your sky;
 There are barks upon the ocean,
 There are banners in the air,
 All the Pashas are in motion,
 And do you not despair?
 They call you to submission — what will the answer be?
 “We’ll perish — or be free!”

Do you see the distant light
 That flashes from afar
 ’Tis the meteor of the fight;
 ’Tis the Moslem scimitar;
 It was mighty on your mountains,
 It was lord of all your hills;
 It is brighter than your fountains
 It is swifter than your rills;
 While you watch its fearful glancings, what dare ye hope to be?
 “Dead on the field — or free!”

Dare the scorned slaves of ages
 Tempt the anger of their Lord?
 Dare they rush where battle rages,
 Who now first draw the sword?
 And Missolonghi’s towers,
 Your bulwarks, where are they?
 They braved the Moslem powers,
 And, like mist, have passed away;
 Heard ye your comrades’ dying cry sweep sad across the sea?
 “They perished — they are free!”

“They are free — and far above
 Their desolate earthly home;
 In a land of peace and love,
 Where their tyrants cannot come.
 And we! — if we remain
 ’Tis not to shrink or fly,
 ’Tis to break our long-borne chain,
 Or in the strife to die.
 And if we live — our land shall be the home of liberty;
 And if we die — we are free!”

in *The Oriental Herald and Colonial Review*

(July to September 1826), X, 518.
Barry Cornwall, *The Flood of Thessaly, The Girl of Provence*,
(Bryan Waller Proctor) *and Other Poems* (London, 1823) ottavas, Promethean

in the long “War Song” of the first there is a wild
attack by the Turks.

Lord Morpeth, *The Last of the Greeks; or, The Fall of Constantinople*
(London: Ridgway, 1828) *A Tragedy*.

Claude Fauriel’s *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne* ... reviewed
in *The Westminster Review*, II (July-October 1824),
149-169, very informative with long quotations in
Greek, verse translations, sympathetic; with other books.

*The London Literary Gazette; and Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts,
Sciences etc.* Saturday January 18, 1823, p. 43, seventeen stanzas sent by
the ‘Literary Correspondence from Greece,’ signed
ΘΗΒΑΙΟΣ 24 Σεπτ. 1822. «ΠΑΙΑΝ» κατά το
«Δεύτε παίδες των Ελλήνων».

in issue of Saturday May 3, 1823, p. 286, sixteen quatrains of
«Δια την Νεοσύστατον Επτάνησσον Ιωνικήν Πολιτείαν»

the last one:

Προσφέρετε τη Αγγλία
Πνεύμα, ζωήν, και κτήμα,
Και έως εις το μνήμα,
Δειχθήτε σεις πιστοί.

in issue of Saturday March 19, 1825, p. 188, Angelica Palli’s nineteen
quatrains «Περί των συμβάντων εις Ψαρά. Ωδή» with a verse translation.
Stanza 19:

Όχι, ω θάλασσα,
Ήσυχος μείνε.
Τοσαύτη δόξα
Δια σε δεν είναι.

Jacob Jones, Jr. in 1824 submitted his *The Fall of Constantinople: A Poem*
(220 pages) to the Oxford poetry competition.

SONNET

ADDRESSED

TO THE LATE LORD BYRON.

BYRON, whose spells imagination bind,
And storm or sooth the ductile heart at will,
Ah ! since thy Muse can paint with equal skill
Each bold or softer trace of human kind,
'Rapt in the glowing energy of mind,
Let not the scenes of woe and danger still
Whelm us with anguish or with horror chill.
For sure thou fairer prospects now canst find;
And since benignant Heav'n has join'd thy fate
To worth and graces all who know admire,
Led by the virtues of thy gentle mate,
Devote to happier themes thy potent lyre;
So may'st thou share on earth a blissful state,
Till both, resign'd in age, at once expire.

John Taylor
Poems on Various Subjects
(London, 1827).

SONNET
TO THE SAME*

THEY who judge only by thy lofty lays,
Perchance may deem thy temper proudly high,
Conscious no living bard with thee can vie,
And hence imperiously expecting praise;
But nearer intercourse a mind displays,
Open, yet guarded, delicate, not shy,
And, happy kindred merit to descry,
Wearing with easy grace thy deathless bays.
Think not the gift of thy poetic store,
A gift from thee that well may pride incite,
Enrich'd by Genius, Fancy, various lore,
Can tempt me plain sincerity to slight —
A well-earn'd tribute I present — no more —
Where manners bland with powers sublime unite.

John Taylor
Poems on Various Subjects
(London, 1827).

*Lord Byron

SONNET

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

ON HIS POEM OF "THE VISION OF DON RODERICK."

BARD of the North! who wont, with strange delight,
On legends rude of ruffian chiefs to pore,
And form thy lays by ditties quaint of yore,
That well might perish in oblivious night,
Since thou hast ventur'd on a higher flight,
In realms of genuine poesy to soar,
He greets thee now who dar'd rebuke before,
Assur'd thy muse could reach a nobler height.
Hadst thou first struck thy Lusitanian lyre,
He 'gainst thee ne'er had rais'd a hostile hand,
But joy'd to guard thy wreaths from envious ire;
And glad he sees thee take thy rightful stand;
For none with purer zeal thy pow'rs admire,
High on the roll with Britain's tuneful band.

John Taylor
Poems on Various Subjects
(London, 1827).

SONNET

OCCASIONED BY

THE SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE RIGHT HON.
GEORGE CANNING, AT BOURDEAUX.

FRANCE, like a comet*, darted from her sphere,
When Revolution spread its fatal rays,
Threat'ning the world with its destructive blaze;
Surrounding States aghast, with trembling fear,
Beheld the hideous flame approaching near,
As doom'd what ages had preserv'd to raze.
Some victims fell, some stood in sad amaze,
And all with horror watch'd its fell career.
BRITAIN alone, amid the gen'ral dread,
Firm in the energy of conscious right,
In sea-girt state majestic rear'd her head;
At length, collecting all her awful might,
In social bands assembled pow'rs she led,
'Till, propt by her, they quell'd the baneful light.

* "She displayed afar the livid and ominous lustre of a comet,
threatening a universal destruction." — Vide the Speech.

John Taylor
Poems on Various Subjects
(London, 1827).

*Barry Cornwall
The Poetical Works (London, 1829)

A WAR SONG.

ARE the white snows which crown thy hills untrodden,
Are thy sons valiant still, – thy daughters pure,
Ceraunia? – or hath War, which makes the world
Blush in its blood, stain'd all thy hills and valleys?
Awake! The Turk is coming: – from his den
Where he once slept, lustful, intemperate,
He comes mad as the sea, and blind with hate.
Awake! Bare all your weapons till their light
Dazzles the sky, now sick with coming woe.
Awake! The Turk is on your heart. Awake! –

Awake! 't is the terror of war;
The Crescent is toss'd on the wind;
But our flag flies on high like the perilous star
Of the battle. Before and behind,
Wherever it glitters, it darts
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves?
They are foes to the good and the free:
Go, bid'em first fetter the might of the waves;
The Sea may be conquer'd, – but we
Have spirits untameable still,
And the strength to be free, – and the will.

The Helots are come: In their eyes
Proud hate and fierce massacre burn;
They hate us, – but shall they despise?
They are come, – shall they ever return?
O God of the Greeks! from thy throne
Look down, and we'll conquer alone.

The world has deserted our need:
The eagle is prey to the hound; –
It *may* be; but first we will battle and bleed,
And when we have crimson'd the ground,
We'll shout at the slaves of the earth,
And die, – 't is the chance of our birth.

Our fathers, – each man was a god,
His will was a law, and the sound
Of his voice like a spirit's was worshipp'd: he trod,
And thousands fell worshippers 'round:
From the gates of the West to the Sun

He bade, and his bidding was done.
And We – shall we die in our chains,
Who once were as free as the wind?
Who is it that threatens, – who is it arraigns?
Are they princes of Europe or Ind?
Are they kings to the uttermost pole? –
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul.

Away! – Though our glory has fled,
For a time, and Thermopylae's past;
Let us write a *new* name in the blood of our dead,
And again be as free as the blast.
The lion, he reigns as of yore:
Shall the Greek be a slave? – and no more?

Away! for the fight may be ended
Before you arrive at your fame.
Your fathers the land and their dwellings defended,
And left them to you – with a name.
Oh! keep it: it sounds like a charm:
It will guard you from terror, from harm.

For our life, – it is nothing, – a span:
'T is the body, and Fame is the heart.
Is there one who rejects the bright lot of a man?
Let him be the last to depart;
Let him die on his pillow, a slave, –
For us, We have conquer'd the grave.

*pen name of Bryan Waller Proctor

J. J. Callanan of Cork (1795-1831)

RESTORATION
OF
THE SPOILS OF ATHENS.

Raise, Athens, raise thy loftiest tone,
Eastward the tempest cloud hath blown,
Vengeance hung darkly on its wing,
It burst in ruin; — Athens, ring
Thy loudest peal of triumphing;
Persia is fallen: in smouldering heaps,
Her grand, her stately City sleeps:
Above her towers exulting high
Susa has heard the victor's cry,
And Ecbatana, nurse of pride,
Tells where her best, her bravest died.
Persia is sad, — her virgin's sighs
Thro' all her thousand states arise.
Along Arbela's purple plain
Shrieks the wild wail above the slain;
Long, long shall Persia curse the day,
When at the voice of despot sway,
Her millions marched o'er Helle's wave,
To chain — vain boast — the free, the brave.
Raise, Athens, raise thy triumph song!
Yet louder yet, the peal prolong!
Aveng'd at length our slaughter'd sires;
Aveng'd the waste of Persian fires,
And these dear relics of the brave,
Torn from their shrines by Satrap slave,
The spoils of Persia's haughty King
Again are thine — ring, Athens, ring!

Oh! Liberty, delightful name,
The land that once hath felt thy flame,
That lov'd thy light, but wept its clouding,
Oh! who can tell her joy's dark shrouding?
But if to cheer that night of sorrow
Mem'ry a ray of thine should borrow,
That on her tears and on her woes,
Sheds one soft beam of sweet repose,
Oh! who can tell her bright revealing,
Her deep — her holy thrills of feeling.

So Athens felt, as fix'd her gaze,

On her proud wealth of better days;
'Twas not the Tripod's costly frame,
Nor vase that told its artist's fame,
Nor veils high wrought with skill divine,
That graced the old Minerva's shrine,
Nor marble bust where vigour breath'd,
And beauty's living ringlets wreath'd.
Not these could wake that joyous tone,
Those transports long unfelt — unknown —
'Twas memory's vision robed in light,
That rush'd upon her raptured sight,
Warm from the fields where freedom strove,
Fresh with the wreaths that freedom wove,
This bless'd her then, if that could be —
If aught is blest that is not free.

But did no voice exulting raise
To that high Chief the song of praise,
And did no peal of triumph ring,
For Macedon's victorious King,
Who from the foe those spoils had won;
Was there no shout for Philip's son?
No — Monarch — no — what is thy name,
What is thine high career of fame,
From its first field of youthful pride
Where Valour failed and Freedom died,
Onward by mad ambition fired
'Till Greece beneath its march expired?
Let the base herd to whom thy gold
Is dearer than the rights they sold,
In secret, to their Lord and King
That foul unholy incense fling;
But let no slave exalt his voice
Where hearts in glory's trance rejoice:
Oh breathe not now her tyrant's name
Oh wake not yet Athenae's shame!
Would that the hour when Xerxes' ire
Wrapt fair Athenae's walls in fire,
All, all had perished in the blaze
And that had been her last of days!
Gone down in that bright shroud of glory
The loveliest wreck in after story;
Or when her children forced to roam,
Freedom their stars — the waves their home,
Near Salamis' immortal isle
Would they had slept in victory's smile;
Or Cheronea's fatal day
While fronting Slavery's dark array,
Had seen them bravely, nobly die,
Bosom on gushing bosom lie,

Piling fair freedom's breast-work high,
Ere one Athenian should remain
To languish life in captive chain,
Or basely wield a freeman's sword
Beneath a Macedonian lord!
Such, then, was Greece, tho' conquer'd, chain'd,
Some pride, some virtue, yet remained;
And as the sun when down he glides
Slowly behind the mountains' sides,
Leaves in the cloud that robes the hill,
His own bright image burning still,
Thus freedom's lingering flushes shone
O'er Greece, — tho' freedom's self was gone.

Such, then, was Greece! how fallen, how low,
Yet great even then, what is she now?
Who can her many woes deplore,
Who shall her freedom's spoils restore,
Darkly above her slavery's night
The crescent sheds its lurid light;
Upon her breaks no cheering ray,
No beam of freedom's lovely day;
But there — deep shrouded in her doom,
There now is Greece, — a living tomb.
Look at her sons and seek in vain,
The indignant brow, the high disdain,
With which the proud soul drags her chain:
The living spark of latent fire
That smoulders on, but can't expire,
That bright beneath the lowering lashes
Will burst at times in angry flashes,
Like Etna, fitful slumbers taking,
To be but mightier in its waking.
Spirits of those whose ashes sleep
For freedom's cause in glory's bed!
Oh do you sometimes come and weep
That, that is lost for which ye bled,
That e'er barbarian flag should float
O'er your own home, in victory's pride,
That e'er should ring barbarian shout
Where Wisdom taught and Valour died.
Oh for that Minstrel's soul of fire
That breath'd, and Sparta's arm was strong!
Oh for some master of the lyre
To wake again that kindling song!
And if sweet land aught lives of thee,
What Hellas was she yet may be,
Freedom, like her to Orpheus given,
May visit yet her home — her heaven.

J. J. Callanan of Cork (1795-1831), *The Poems* (Cork, 1861) new ed. publ. Daniel Mulcahy.
Thomas Campbell, *The Poetical Works*, London: Edward Moxon, 1837.
(1777-1844)
editor of *New Monthly Magazine*

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree —
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free:
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid — be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheath not!
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide — waves engulf — fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us,
To the charge! — Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us

As heroes descended from heroes.
Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her islands, her isles of the Ocean;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-*hallow* their Helicon's spring:
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens,
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

*to new-hallow = to sanctify

Thomas Campbell, *Poetical Works* (London, 1828), II
editor of *New Monthly Magazine*. Byron's friend.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

HEARTS of oak that have bravely deliver'd the brave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
'Twas the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine;
And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave
The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon* ye sought with your bloodshed and toil,
Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil?
No! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil
The uprooter of Greece's domain!
When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
Till her famish'd sank pale as the slain!

Yet, Navarin's heroes! Does Christendom breed
The base hearts that will question the fame of your deed?
Are they men? — let ineffable scorn be their meed,
And oblivion shadow their graves! —
Are they women? — To Turkish serails let them speed!
And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre! dare ye deplore
That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore?
That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
By the hand of Infanticide grasp'd?
And that stretch'd on yon billows distain'd by their gore
Missolonghi's assassins have gasp'd?

Prouder scene never hallow'd war's pomp to the mind,
Than when Christendom's pennons woo'd social the wind,
And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
Their watch-word, humanity's vow; —
Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
Owes a garland to honour his brow!

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall,
Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled Gaul;
For whose was the genius, that plann'd at its call,
Where the whirlwind of battle should roll?
All were brave! but the star of success over all

Was the light of our Codrington's soul.
That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek!
Dimm'd the Saracen's moon, and struck pallid his cheek:
In its fast flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
When their lore and their lutes they reclaim:
And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
Shall be "*Glory to Codrington's name!*"

* reward

By William Charles Wentworth
(1790-1872) a statesman

On the Death of Lord Byron

Where art thou, man of might, thou grand in soul;
Gone ! like the vesper pageantry of heaven,
Hearing a twilight gloom, sadly to roll
Over the heart bereft; for thou wast given
To quicken our dull spirits, and to blaze
A living light o'er the dim world beneath –
Once thou, on murder'd clay, yet warm, didst gaze,
To try if thou couldst wrench aught out of death;
But it was all a mystery! ah now
The mighty secret's known: thy heart is still,
Thy eye is glaz'd, death's damp is on thy brow
But thou hast mingled with the spirits who fill
All space; – who, on the abrupt and snow-topp'd mountain
Their vigils keep, and where the stainless dew
Freshens the vale; – who guards each sacred fountain,
And permeate the depth of boundless blue.
Aye, it is well on earth to imagine so,
But thou hast passed the bourne we cannot pass –
In mortal vest; and whether weal or woe
Be now thy portion we know not: alas !
We only know that of the sons of earth,
The wayward Harold with his eye of pride,
The outlaw'd Conrad, Juan's soul of mirth,
Liv'd each his life intense, and early died!
How solemn thou reposest in the tomb !
No more, no more, o never more on thee
The trembling of soft love can fall, the gloom
Of passion unrequited, genius free,
To range thro' nature like the liberal air,
And quaff delight from the wild storms that rave
Round Alpine heights, or from the clear and fair
And placid Leman, quiet as thy grave.
GREECE ! thou hast lost thy champion; ITALY !
Thy poet, glowing with the stirring dream
Of all thou has been, art, and yet mayst be.
Shed from thy broken urn a tearful stream,
And from thy Tiber let a voice of wail
Mourn o'er the Palatine and where the hoar
Lone Coliseum stands, and Dian pale
Sleeps beautiful, for him who lives no more.
Clarens, Lausanne and Vevay could a ray

Of paler sheen oppress ye, hear his knell,
And echo a struck world and sorrowing say
Farewell ! alas ! for ever fare thee well !

S.

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