

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The MONTHLY MAGAZINE (1796-1825) was published by the liberal publishing magnate Sir Richard Phillips and edited until 1806 by Dr. John Aiken. The reviews in the Monthly Magazine were, for the most part, short notices (sometimes grouped together in an annual supplementary volume), written by the editor or by an overworked hack writer, who in certain instances gives no evidence of having read the books he is noticing. Lyrical Ballads grew out of a plan by Wordsworth and Coleridge to write for the

Monthly Magazine to help defray the cost of a walking tour. "The poem" that they began turned into Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner — ironically, the one poem in Lyrical Ballads that the Monthly Magazine's reviewer picks out for criticism. From then on, it was all downhill for Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were treated as turncoats by the staunchly liberal Monthly Magazine. Shelley, however, proved too radical for the journal, and only Byron and Keats received generally favorable notices.

January 1813

Byron, *Childe Harold*, I-II (1812); *Monthly Magazine*, XXXIV (Supplement, Jan. 1813), 650-652.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,

A Romance,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By LORD BYRON,

Octavo, Price 12s.

[The genius of LORD BYRON does not stand in need of our eulogy. That its character is established by this work, will be evident from the elegant specimens of his lighter pieces, which we present beneath. From the principal poem, we could detach no piece from the context, without injury to the Author. But the whole work has rare merit, and deserves our warmest applause; particularly as the production of a Nobleman, at a period when nobility scarcely presents even an amateur or patron of elegant literature.]

ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

“ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his light;
Farewel awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!
“A few short hours and He will rise
To give the Morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth.

Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate:

“Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.”

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.”

“My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.—

“Enough, enough, my little lad,
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had
Mine own would not be dry.

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiv'rest at the gale?”

“Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?”—

“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

“For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

“And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

“With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.

We come,

Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*.

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Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And, when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!"

STANZAS

*Written in passing the Ambracian Gulf,
November 14, 1809.*

Through cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves for Egypt's queen
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Anthonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
I cannot lose a world for thee;
But would not lose thee for a world!

STANZAS

*Composed October 11th, 1809, during the
night; in a thunder-storm, when the guides
had lost the road to Zutza, near the range
of mountains formerly called Pindus, in
Albania.*

Chill and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
Ere show where rocks our path have cross'd,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

A shot is fir'd—by foe or friend?
Another—'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilcerne's?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that hears our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I pressed thy lip;
And long ere now with foaming shock
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe: nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if ought so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her lattic'd halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles
Endear'd by days gone by,
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st of one
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

Written at Athens, January 16, 1810.

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

*Written after swimming from Scio to Smyrna,
May 9, 1810.*

If in the month of dark December
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont.

Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*.

If when the wintry tempest roar'd
 He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
 And thus of old thy current pour'd,
 Fair Venus! how I pity both!
 For me, degenerate modern wretch,
 Though in the genial month of May,
 My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
 And think I've done a feat to-day.
 But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
 According to the doubtful story,
 To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
 And swam for Love, as I for Glory;
 'Twere hard to say who fared the best;
 Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
 He lost his labour, I my jest;
 For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

SONG.

Zōn mē, oēs āyavō.
 Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh! give, me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest!
 Heat me vow before I go,
Zōn mē, oēs āyavō.
 By those tresses Ægeonin'd,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zōn mē, oēs āyavō.
 By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encirc'd waist;
 By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By Love's alternate joy and woe,
Zōn mē, oēs āyavō.
 Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Islambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul.
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
Zōn mē, oēs āyavō.

*Translation of the famous Greek War Song,
 Δούλις κραδίς πόν' Ἐλλάδος.
 Written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to
 revolutionize Greece.*

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.
ὦ Ἕλληνας.
 Sons of Greeks! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.
 Then, manfully despising,
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife!
 Hellènes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life!

At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!
 And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.
 Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie!
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally!
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,
 Who sav'd ye once from falling,
 The terrible! the strong!
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expir'd in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

*Translation of the Romaine Song,
 " Μηνὸν μὲν τὸ ἄριπλοῦν
 " Ὀπαῖδαν Χάνδη, &c.*

The song from which this is taken is a
 great favourite with the young girls of
 Athens.—The air is plaintive and pretty,
 I enter thy garden of roses,
 Belov'd and fair Haideé,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its word to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung;
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her overy feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haideé.
 But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon'd the bowers—
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl;
 But, when drunk to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from those horrors to save;
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
 Then open the gates of the grave!
 As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Has pierc'd through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me
 cherish,
 For torture repay me too well?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Belov'd but false Haideé!
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.