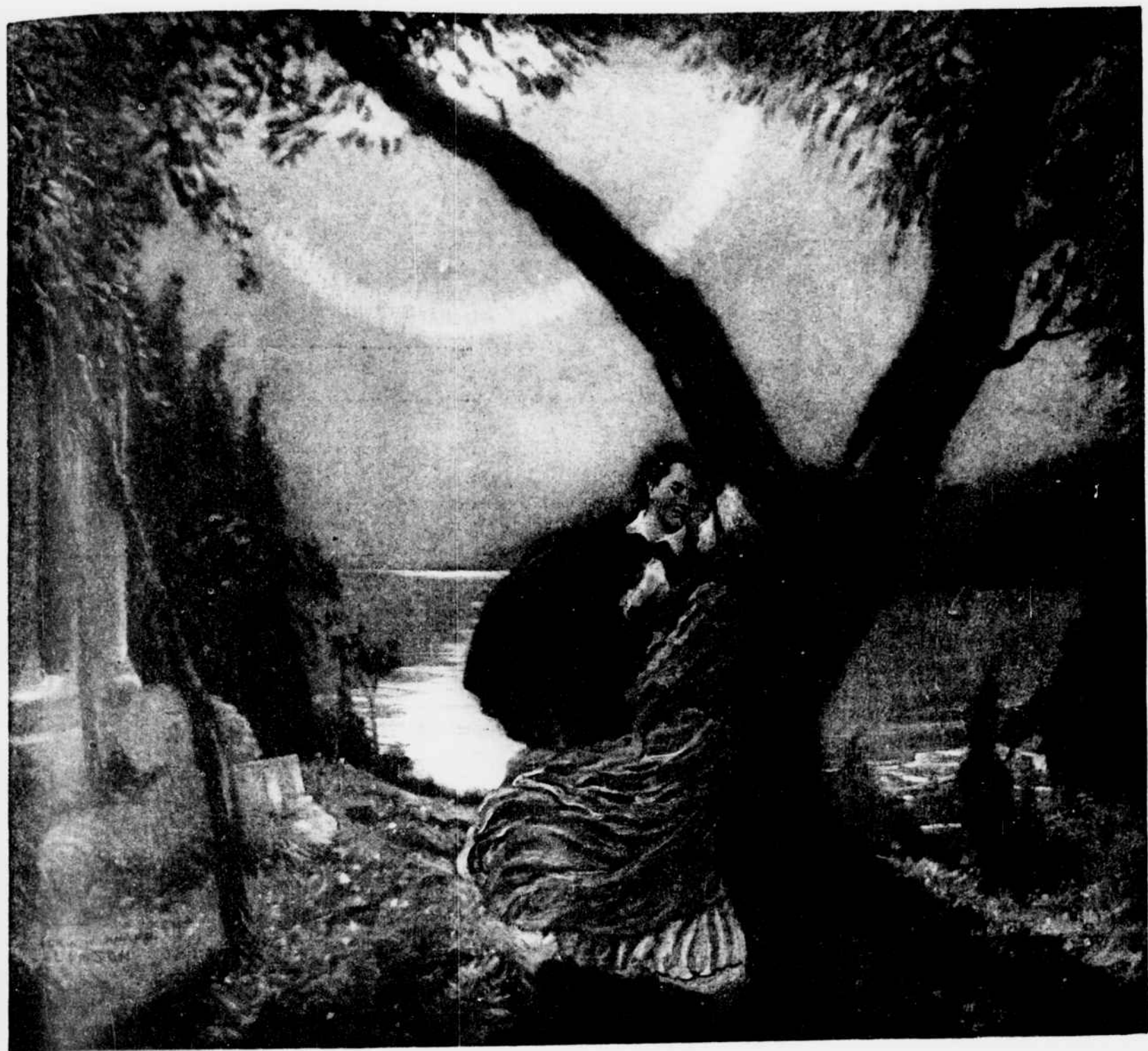


MAID OF ATHENS

Illustrated Song Number 38

From a Painting by CORWIN KNAPP LINSON



THE words of this famous old song were written by Lord Byron when he was in Athens and under the spell of the beauty of Theresa Macri, daughter of the English Vice Consul.



THE music was composed by Isaac Nathan, born in England in 1792; who was originally intended for the Jewish priesthood, but later became a composer of some fame.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, O, give me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest!
 Hear my vow before I go,
My life, I love thee!

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Aegean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
My life, I love thee!

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
My life, I love thee!

Maid of Athens! I am gone.
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul;
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
My life, I love thee!