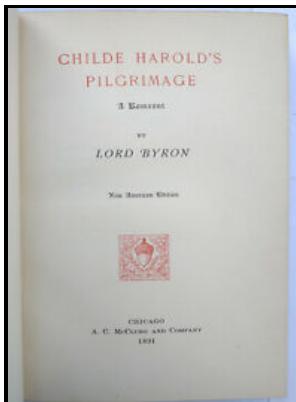


Childe Harolds pilgrimage - a romaunt

Macmillan - Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, a Romaunt by Byron, Lord



Description: -

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The Ramillies Series

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Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Summary & Analysis

But these between a silver streamlet glides, And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook, Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides. The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory! These are four minds, which, like the elements, Might furnish forth creation:—Italy! On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath, Are domes where whilom kings did make repair; But now the wild flowers round them only breathe: Yet ruined splendour still is lingering there. All join the chase, but few the triumph share; The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away, And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

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And thus they plod in sluggish misery, Rotting from sire to son, and age to age, Proud of their trampled nature, and so die, Bequeathing their hereditary rage To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage War for their chains, and rather than be free, Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage Within the same arena where they see Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree. By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone, Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake, Which feeds it as a mother who doth make A fair but froward infant her own care, Kissing its cries away as these awake;— Is it not better thus our lives to wear, Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear? The poem contains elements thought to be autobiographical, as Byron generated some of the storyline from experience gained during his travels through Portugal, the Mediterranean and Aegean Sea between 1809 and 1811. Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan, Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow; But now, as if a thing unblest by Man, Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou! Restored covers near fine with a couple of marks.

Childe Harold's pilgrimage : a romaunt (eBook, 1845) [spaceneb.us.to]

A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cowhouse. And doth the Power that man adores ordain Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal? What is the worst of woes that wait on age? But whoso entereth within this town, That, sheening far, celestial seems to be, Disconsolate will wander up and down, Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e; For hut and palace show like filthily; The dingy denizens are reared in dirt; No personage of high or mean degree Doth care for cleanliness of surtout or shirt, Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt. Convention is the dwarfish demon styled That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome: Of brains if brains they had he them beguiled, And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage: A Romaunt. Canto I. by George Gordon Lord Byron

Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear! And ever since that martial synod met, Britannia sickens, Cintra! The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned, The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep, The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrowned, The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep, The tender azure of the unruffled deep, The orange tints that gild the greenest bough, The torrents that from cliff to valley leap, The vine on high, the willow branch below, Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word, but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, he had not the good fortune to die there; his death was attended by suspicions of poison.

The Romantic poets: Childe Harold's Pilgrimage: A Romaunt by Lord Byron

Till others fall where other chieftains lead, Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng, And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song. But dash the tear-drop from thine eye; Our ship is swift and strong: Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly 140 More merrily along .

[PDF] Childe Harolds S Pilgrimage

The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear That which disfigures it; and they who war With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear Silence, but not submission: in his lair Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour Which shall atone for years; none need despair: It came, it cometh, and will come,--the power To punish or forgive--in one we shall be slower. Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh; Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by. But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell, And there had been thy bane; there is a fire And motion of the soul which will not dwell In its own narrow being, but aspire Beyond the fitting medium of desire; And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore, Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire Of aught but rest; a fever at the core, Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

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