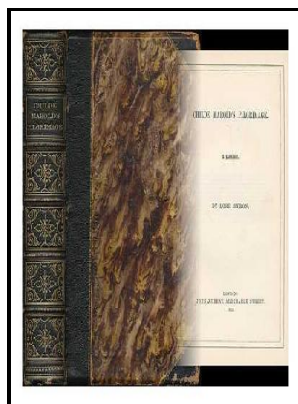


Childe Harolds pilgrimage - a romaunt

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



Description: -

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[PDF] Childe Harolds S Pilgrimage

Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads A holiness appealing to all hearts— To art a model; and to him who treads Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds Her light through thy sole aperture; to those Who worship, here are altars for their beads; And they who feel for genius may repose Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them close.

Childe Harold, poem by Lord Byron, Portugal

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme Renewed with no kind auspices:—to feel We are not what we have been, and to deem We are not what we should be, and to steel The heart against itself; and to conceal, With a proud caution, love or hate, or aught,— Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,— Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought, Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

Each hath its pang, but feeble sufferers groan With brain-born dreams of evil all their own. Fortunately, Byron was preternaturally self-aware and he greeted his newfound celebrity with amusement. In marble-pav'd pavilion, where a spring Of living water from the centre rose, Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling, And soft voluptuous couches breath'd repose, ALI reclin'd, a man of war and woes; Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace, While Gentleness her milder radiance throws Along that aged venerable face, The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

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The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory! His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again, And from a purer fount, on holier ground, And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain! IX What is that worst? Could I embody and unbosom now That which is most within me,—could I wreak My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak, All that I would have sought, and all I seek, Bear, know, feel, and yet breath—into one word, And that one word were Lightning, I would speak; But as it is, I live and die unheard, With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage: A Romaunt. Canto III. poem

To zones, though more and more remote, Still, still pursues, where'er I be, The blight of life--the demon Thought.

Childe Harold, poem by Lord Byron, dedication

None are so desolate but something dear, Dearer than self, possesses or possessed A thought, and claims the homage of a tear; A flashing pang! Childe Harold had a mother--not forgot, Though parting from that mother he did shun; A sister whom he loved, but saw her not Before his weary pilgrimage begun: If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage by BYRON, Lord George Gordon

LXV Far other scene is Thrasimene now; Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough; Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en -- A little rill of scanty stream and bed -- A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain; And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red. CLI The starry fable of the milky way Has not thy story's purity; it is A constellation of a sweeter ray, And sacred Nature triumphs more in this Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss Where sparkle distant worlds: -- Oh, holiest nurse! This makes the madmen who have made men mad By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings, Founders of sects and systems, to whom add Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs, And are themselves the fools to whose they fool; Envied, yet how unenviable! Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic; be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. The sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest; What hallows it upon this Christian shore? 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, doom'd to inflict or bear? Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale? To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

Childe Harold's pilgrimage : a romaunt (eBook, 1845) [me.stfw.info.cdn.cloudflare.net]

The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld in point of decoration; we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. LVII Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career, -- His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes; And fitly may the stranger lingering here Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose; For he was Freedom's champion, one of those, The few in number, who had not o'erstept 550 The charter to chastise which she bestows On such as wield her weapons; he had kept The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept. Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along, Yet not insensibly to all which here Awoke the jocund birds to early song In glens which might have made even exile dear: Though on his brow were graven lines austere, And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place Of feelings fierier far but less severe, Joy was not always absent from his face, But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

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