

LORD BYRON

1788- 1824

1

Young
Juan wander'd
by the glassy brooks:
Thinking unutterable things:
he threw Himself at length within the
leafy nooks: Where the wild branch of the cork
forest grew: There poets find materials for their books:
And every now and then we read them through: So
that their plan and prosody are eligible: Unless:
like Wordsworth: they prove unintelligible:
He: Juan (and not Wordsworth): so
pursued His self communion with
his own high soul: Until his
mighty heart: in its great
mood: Had mitigat
ed part: though
not the

2

whole
Of its disease:
he did the best he could
With things not very subject to control: And
turn'd: without perceiving his condition: Like
Coleridge: into a metaphysician: He thought
about himself: and the whole earth Of man
the wonderful: and of the stars: And
how the deuce they ever could have
birth: And then he thought of
earthquakes: and of wars:
How many miles the
moon might h
ave i n girt
h of air

3

balloons:
and of the many
bars To perfect knowledge
of the boundless skies: And then he
thought of Donna Julia's eyes: In thoughts like
these true wisdom may discern Longings sublime:
and aspirations high: Which some are born with: but
the most part learn To plague themselves withal: they
know not why: 'T was strange that one so young should
thus concern His brain about the action of the sky: If you
think 't was philosophy that this did: I can't help thinking
puberty assisted: He pored upon the leaves: and on the
flowers: And heard a voice in all the winds: and then
He thought of wood nymphs and immortal bowers:
And how the goddesses came down to men: He
miss'd the pathway: he forgot the hours: And
when he look'd upon his watch again:
He found how much old Time had
been a winner: He also found
that he had lost
his dinner:

4

My days of love are over
me no more The charms of maid:
wife: and still less of widow: Can
make the fool of Which they
made before: In short
: I must not

5

lead the life I did do:
The credulous hope of
mutual minds is o'er: The
copious use of claret is forbid
too: So for a good old gentlemanly
vice: I think I must take up with avance:
Ambition was my idol: which was
broken Before the shrines of Sor
row: and of Pleasure: And the
two last have left me many
a token O'er which reflec
tion may be made at

6

leisure: Now: like
Friar Bacon's brazen
head: I've spoken: "Time
is: Time was: Time's past:"
a chymic treasure Is glit
tering youth: which
I have spent be
times: My
heart in
passion:
and my
head
on rh
ym
es:

7

What
is the end
of Fame?: 't
is but to fill A
certain portion of
uncertain paper:
Some liken it
to climbing
up a hill:

8

Whose summit:
like all hills: is
lost in vapour:
For this men
write: speak:
preach: and
heroes kill:

9

And bards burn what they call their midnight taper:
To have: when the original is dust: A name:
a wretched picture: and worse bust:
What are the hopes of man?
Old Egypt's King Cheops
erected the first
pyramid

10

And
Largest:
Thinking
it was just the
thing To keep his
memory whole: and
mummy hid:

11

But
somebody
or other rummaging:
Burglariously broke
his coffin's lid:
Let not a
monument
give you
or me hopes:

12

Since not a pinch
of dust remains of Cheops:
But I being fond of true philosophy:
Say very often to myself: "Alas!
All things that have been
born were born to die:

13

And flesh (which Death
mows down to hay) is grass:
You've pass'd your youth not so
unpleasantly: And if you
had it o'er again:
it would pass:

14

So thank your stars
that matters are no worse:
And read your Bible: sir:
and mind your purse:"

NOTES:



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Gordon_Byron%2C_6th_Baron_Byron

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don_Juan_\(Byron\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don_Juan_(Byron))