

59.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;
 Match me, ye harams of the land! where now *
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud 605
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters – deign to know,
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find, 610
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.¹¹⁴

* Written in Turkey with the greater part of the poem.

60.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,¹¹⁵ *
 Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky 615
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string, 619
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.

* These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Λιακुरα – Liakura.

61.

Oft have I dreamed of Thee! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore 625
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

62.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been, 630
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave, 635
 Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious Wave.

114: For houris, see *Don Juan* VIII, especially 115, 7-8.

115: Mount Parnassus; seat of the Muses, sacred to Apollo, head of the Castalian spring and seat of the Delphic Oracle. B and H. visited it on Saturday December 16th 1809. Notice it is B. the narrator, not Harold, who surveys it.