

'My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.' — 35

"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry." 40

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?" — 45

'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I 'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake, 50
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?' —

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood, 55
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er. 60

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone, 65
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands; 70
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

“With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to, 75
So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land — Good Night!” 80

1809

(From *The Poetical Works of Lord Byron*. Complete in One
Volume. Collected and Arranged, with Illustrative Notes by
Thomas Moore, et al. London, 1846)