

THE GREEK BOY.

("Les Turcs ont passés là.")

[XVIII., June 10, 1828.]

All is a ruin where rage knew no bounds:
Chio is levelled, and loathed by the hounds,
 For shivered yest'reen was her lance;
Sulphurous vapors envenom the place
Where her true beauties of Beauty's true race
 Were lately linked close in the dance.

Dark is the desert, with one single soul;
Cerulean eyes! whence the burning tears roll
 In anguish of uttermost shame,
Under the shadow of one shrub of May,
Splashed still with ruddy drops, bent in decay
 Where fiercely the hand of Lust came.

"Soft and sweet urchin, still red with the lash
Of rein and of scabbard of wild Kuzzilbash,
 What lack you for changing your sob--
If not unto laughter beseeming a child--
To utterance milder, though they have defiled

The graves which they shrank not to rob?

"Would'st thou a trinket, a flower, or scarf,
Would'st thou have silver? I'm ready with half

These sequins a-shine in the sun!

Still more have I money--if you'll but speak!"

He spoke: and furious the cry of the Greek,

"Oh, give me your dagger and gun!"