POEMS OF BYRON'S EARLY EXILE

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE

MONODY ON SHERIDAN

PROMETHEUS

THE DREAM

DARKNESS

The suffix "-less" appears in these five poems twenty-four times. They are about absence, loss, and disintegration. Byron wrote all of them between April and July 1816, simultaneously with *Childe Harold III*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and the early scenes of *Manfred*, soon after the scandal of his marital separation forced him from England. In them he imagines his own death, through empathy either with genius deceased for some time (Churchill) or recently deceased (Sheridan). He reflects on past love and wonders about its capacity to survive time (in *The Dream*); he reflects on the isolation of genius, the ingratitude and even the punishment which it meets (in *Prometheus*); he goes further, and imagines the end of the world (in *Darkness*). Despite their wide variations in style and seeming subject, all five poems show Byron examining his own life, his own role, his own fate.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE

On April 24th 1816, the day before he left England never to come back, Byron and his friends Hobhouse and Scrope Davies went for a walk through Dover churchyard. They were accompanied by the sexton or gravedigger. Here is what Hobhouse's diary records:

> Walked with Scrope to Shakespeare's cliff,[1] and afterwards to the barrack hill, where the ruins used to be.[2] Dined at five. Walked in the evening to the church, to see Churchill's tomb. The old Sexton took us to an open spot or churchyard, without a church, and showed us a green sod with a common head gravestone, with these words upon it: "Here lie the remains of the celebrated Charles Churchill.
>
> Life to the last enjoyed
> Here Churchill lies.
> Candidate" –[3]
>
> We asked the Sexton what Churchill was celebrated for. He said, "He died before my time, though I have been here thirty-five year. I had not the burying of him". However, being again asked, he said "For his writings." Byron lay down on his grave, and gave the man a crown to fresh-turf it.

We do not know exactly when Byron wrote the short poem memorialising this experience, but it must have been soon after the event. He saw Churchill – whose poems had been mostly satirical, which his, up till then, had mostly not been – as an image of himself, a social comet, the amazement of a day, soon extinguished and forgotten: hence his impulse to lie down on the grave, a detail which is, however, omitted from the poem.

The poem has been compared to the Graveyard scene in *Hamlet*; but Shakespeare's sexton is cannier by far than Byron's, and (we may suspect) sees his man coming. Byron was not up to dramatising working-class men running rings round nobility, and his poem is a Wordsworthian exercise in head-shaking over the brittleness of fame, with the sexton as forelock-tugging chorus. In this it echoes *Resolution and Independence* by Wordsworth, in whose style Byron claimed to have written it. There is an element of mockery in Byron's employment, at, for instance, lines 20-1, or 32-4, of pompous periphrasis to convey the simplest of ideas.

In the *Quarterly Review,* Scott pointed out that the poem was in fact closer in style to Southey, and wrote:

> The grave of Churchill … might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration; for though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The writings of both exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill regulated generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond

---

1: See *King Lear,* IV vi.

2: Ruins unidentified.

3: The headstone quotes Churchill's *The Candidate* (1764) line 152 *et seq*:

> *Let one poor sprig of Bay around my head*
> *Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;*
> *Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)*
> *Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;*
> *And when, on travel bound, some riming guest*
> *Roams thro' the Church-yard, whilst his Dinner's dress'd,*
> *Let It hold up this Comment to his eyes;*
> *Life to the last enjoy'd*, here *Churchill lies;*
> *Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flat'ry gives)*
> *Reading my Works, he cries - here Churchill lives.*

> the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. In the flower of his age Churchill died in a foreign land, – and here we trust the parallel will cease …[4]

It was wishful thinking.

Churchill's Grave was first published on December 5th 1816, in *The Prisoner of Chillon and other Poems*, on pages 32-4.

Copytext here is the first edition.

4: *Quarterly Review*, October 1816, pp. 203-4.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season,[5] and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I asked
The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked,[6]
Through the thick deaths of half a century?
And thus he answered – "Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of Sextonship,
And I had not the digging of this grave."[7]
And is this all? I thought – and do we rip
The veil of Immortality? and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon and so successless? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For Earth is but a tombstone,[8] did essay,
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought
Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers; – as he caught
As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,[9]
Thus spoke he,– "I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour,– and myself whate'er
Your honour pleases,"[10] – then most pleased I shook
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently; –Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I – for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a softened eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.[11]

5: Charles Churchill (1731-64) satirical poet. Born London; died in Boulogne.

6: Compare *Hamlet*, V i: *Whose grave's this, sirrah?* Byron is to Churchill, as Hamlet is to Yorick, an avatar.

7: Hamlet's sexton claims to have buried the deceased himself.

8: The previous line-and-a-half refer to the sexton.

9: That is, he remembered something vaguely.

10: The sexton asks for a tip.

11: Contrast *Monody on Sheridan*, line 26.

MONODY ON SHERIDAN

The *Monody on Sheridan* is an occasional piece, written to a commission by Douglas Kinnaird. It is designed not to be read, but to be declaimed publicly, and belongs thus to a noble tradition which includes Dr Johnson's *Prologue at the Opening of the Drury-Lane Theatre*, and Byron's own *Address* on the same subject. But its subject was hard to declaim about.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816) was one of the outstanding personalities of his day. Best known now as author of three of the funniest plays in the language – *The Rivals* (1775), *The School for Scandal* (1777), and *The Critic* (1779) – he was also an important Whig politician and a brilliant orator, a theatrical impresario, wit, drunk, and arch-fornicator. A man who lived dangerously on principle. Not unlike Byron, who knew him well, was very fond of him, and often got drunk in his company.

> Latterly when found drunk one night in the kennel and asked his name by the Watchman he answered – "Wilberforce" – –[12]

In December 1813 Byron told the company at Holland House:

> Whatever Sheridan has done or has chosen to do has been, par excellence, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal) the best drama (in my mind, far before that St. Giles's lampoon, the Beggar's Opera), the best farce – (the Critic – it is only too good for a farce), and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best Oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.[13]

Sheridan burst into tears on being told about Byron's words. But he was not a man whom people had loved, and this poses a problem for Byron when he undertakes to compose a public epitaph on him. Here is Hobhouse's account of Sheridan's funeral, which occurred on Saturday July 13th 1816. The passage conveys an excellent idea of Sheridan's status, and of the few positive feelings he inspired:

> Set off early, and going to London, accompanied Douglas Kinnaird and Scrope Davies to N° 7 Great George Street, Westminster, the house of Peter Moore,[14] where was Sheridan's body. We went into a darkened room, and the company soon began to arrive after twelve. The Dukes of York[15] and Sussex,[16] Marquis of Anglesey,[17] and the Prince's household, the Duke of Bedford.[18] Lord Lauderdale[19] was manager. Lord Erskine.[20] The Duke of Wellington was to have been there,[21] George Canning[22] was there, looking old; Sidmouth[23] and others, Holland,[24] Streatfield[25] was a family mourner – the chief mourner was Charles Sheridan,[26] who sent the invitations.

12: BLJ IX 15.
13: BLJ III 239.
14: Peter Moore was a friend of Sheridan's who sat on the committee of Drury Lane (see BLJ 36); he was M.P. for Coventry. *Recollections* (I 347) adds "The procession was headed by the Bishop of London, who had prayed with Sheridan in his last moments, administered the sacrament to him, and spoke of his fervent devotion whilst receiving the sacred elements".
15: Second son of George III.
16: Sixth son of George III; see 16 Feb 1816.
17: Henry William Paget (1768-1854) Lord Uxbridge, led the cavalry at Waterloo, and was made Marquis of Anglesey..
18: Lord John Russell, first Earl Russell, succeeded as sixth Duke of Bedford on the death of his elder brother Francis in 1802. Friend of Fox, Sheridan, Mackintosh and so on.
19: Elder brother of Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor of the Ionian Islands. He brings the manuscript of *Don Juan* I to England in December 1818. Uncle to H.'s future wife, though no-one could possibly guess.
20: The Lord Chancellor.
21: Wellington wrote apologising for his unavoidable absence, as (according to the DNB) did the Marquess of Anglesey: but H. records the latter as present.
22: Future Prime Minister; at this time President of the Board of Control.
23: The Home Secretary.
24: The leader of the mainstream Whigs; B.'s old patron.
25: Streatfield unidentified,
26: Charles Brinsley Sheridan (1796-1843) was Sheridan's son by his second wife.

Our names were called over, and we walked out one by one, then fell into pairs. I was with a Mr Talbot.[27] There were no coaches at all – there was a smart shower of rain just as we waited at the great door of the Abbey – everything was orderly – there had been some rumours as to seizing the body, but it seems the sherriffs had provided against that.

We got to Poets' Corner, where the grave was dug, just under Shakespeare's monument – the body was let down – the service was ill-performed by Dr Fynes, Prebendary of Westminster,[28] although the Bishop of London[29] headed the procession – the dirt was thrown upon his coffin. No-one seemed affected much except Mr Linley[30] and Charles Sheridan. Robert Adair's[31] eyes seemed a little moistened – when the service was over we all crowded to take a last look at the coffin. Sheridan is placed with his feet at Shakespeare's head, and his head at Addison's feet – they say there was just room for one more coffin, which he has filled up.

We departed quietly from this scene, which on the whole was neither affecting nor impressive – Sheridan has not inspired respect or love – very different from Fox's funeral,[32] or else my feelings are more callous than they were ten years ago. There has been a very good article on Sheridan in the *Times*. It is certainly true that an attorney said to be [ ]plical did threaten to convey him from his house-bed and all, when *in articulo mortis* – Doctors Baillie[33] and Bowe[??][34] are said to have prevented it. Lord Eldon[35] said of Sheridan "Every man has his element – Sheridan's was hot water".

He is the last of the luminaries, at all events.

Here are the relevant parts of the letter in which Douglas Kinnaird commissions the *Monody*:

London July 9 – 1816

My dear Byron,

D[rury]. L[ane]. Theatre closed for the Season on the 29th June, and poor Sheridan's eyes for ever the day before yesterday – I have not classed these events in the order in which they will interest you or even his less-admiring Friends –

The object of this letter being purely theatrical, I shall rush in medias res –

It has occurred to me, & G. Lamb strongly favors the idea, of our opening the Theatre on the 7th Septr next with a monody or address on poor Sheridan – to be spoken by Mrs Davison as the Comic Muse in Mourning – such address or monody to be written by you – and this we should follow, by playing all his pieces in succession – I trust you will not refuse – The subject is not unworthy your Pen –

It has struck me that a sort of Temple or other Structure shd be represented on the Stage, & large pictures around representing the best Scene of each of his best pieces –

If you chose to point out th</is/>ese particular scene{s}, & meant to allude to it in the lines, we will set Greenwood to work – Pray give this your earliest & earnest attention, for I really think you can bring us both honor & profit – Will not the very titles of his three best pieces suggest Stage-points? … Miss Somerville, who made her debut in Bertram, is too tall for a Juliet, but is after Miss O'Neill unquestionably the most interesting Tragic actress – She really is very good where energy is required –[36]

Byron's reply, delivering the manuscript, sums up by implication the problem of tone which celebrating such a man – recognised as great, but hard to regret – presented. It also shows his concern for the staging and casting of the piece:

I send you – not what you want – but all I can give – and such as it is I give it with good will. – – It may be too long & if so – whatever may be cut in speaking – at least let it be published *entire* – as it is written not so as not very well to condone curtailment without the sense suffering also. – Let Miss *Somerville* – (& none else) deliver

---

27: Talbot unidentified.

28: Fynes otherwise unidentified.

29: William Howley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury (1766-1848; famous for his dictum "the king can do no wrong morally or physically".

30: William Linley was the son of Sheridan's first wife's brother.

31: See 16 May 1810.

32: Fox had died in 1806. *Recollections* (I 347) adds "But, generally speaking, public funerals are not affecting; and often they are very much otherwise – tiresome and scrambling; the beautiful psalms, and even the music, are lost in the length and fatigue of the ceremony".

33: Joanna Baillie's brother; the "mild Baillie" of *Don Juan* X 42, 8.

34: Bowe (??) unidentified.

35: The Lord Chief Justice.

36: John Murray Archive.

it – if she has *energy* that's the woman I want – I mean for spouting. I protest against Mrs. Davison – I protest against the *temple* – or anything but an Urn on the scene – and above all I protest against the "Comic Muse in Mourning." – If she is *Comic* – she should not be in *Mourning* – if she is in *mourning* – she ought not to be in Mourning – but should she be *comic* & in *mourning* too – the verses & Sheridan's memory (for that occasion at least) will go to the devil together. – – No – I say an Urn (not a tea urn) and Miss Somerville with a little teaching as to "Energy" I have spiced it with Cayenne all through – except a small infusion of the pathetic at starting.[37]

Despite Byron's clearly expressed wishes, it was Mrs Davison (a famous Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*), and not Miss Somerville (whom Byron could not have known, for her debut in *Bertram* had occurred after he left the country) who delivered the *Monody*, on September 16th 1816. It had been published, on its own, on September 9th. On September 13th Kinnaird wrote:

It goes off excellently – It is the source of monies to us, & reputation to yourself – you protested against M^rs^ Davison – Miss Somerville <u>could</u> not do it – I tried her at it – Kean had engagements in the country – On the whole M^rs^ D. speaks it better than we c^d^ have found any one else to do it – It will be spoken about 8 times – as often as we can play Sheridan's plays to tolerable houses –[38]

The fourth and fifth sections of the *Monody* are the most powerful, and show Byron's identification with Sheridan, a genius parallel to his own both in inventiveness, and in the capacity to provoke hostility.

Copytext here is the John Murray edition of 1818.

37: BLJ V 82-3.
38: John Murray Archive.

MONODY
ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN
SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm, so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
A holy concord – and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'Tis not harsh sorrow – but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness – but full and clear,
A sweet dejection – a transparent tear
Unmixed with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame – and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills.
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of Genius which can perish dies.

A mighty Spirit is eclipsed – a Power
Hath passed from day to darkness – to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeathed – no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame![39]
The flash of Wit – the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song – the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun – but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.[40]
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced – and lightened over all,
To cheer – to pierce – to please – or to appal.
From the charmed council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised – the proud – who made his praise their pride: *
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath – the delegated voice of God![41]
Which shook the nations through his lips – and blazed
Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.

39: Contrast *Churchill's Grave*, last line.
40: Sheridan was sixty-five when he died.
41: B. refers to Sheridan's Begum speech at the trial of Warren Hastings, given in the Commons in June 1788.

And here, oh! here, where yet all young and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue – the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring;
These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;[42]
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.[43]

* See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr. Sheridan's speech on the charges exhibited against Mr. Hastings in the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that oration.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause – Ah! little do they know
That what to them seemed Vice might be but Woe.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel – accuser – judge – and spy,
The foe – the fool – the jealous – and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the troth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the Pyramid of Calumny!

These are his portion – but if joined to these
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
To soothe Indignity – and face to face
Meet sordid Rage – and wrestle with Disgrace,
To find in Hope but the renewed caress,
The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness, –
If such may be the Ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
Bear hearts electric-charged with fire from Heaven,

42: *Othello,* V ii 12-13: *I know not where is that Promethean heat / That can thy light relume.*
43: B.'s idiom prevents him doing justice to Sheridan's genius for comedy and satire; one cannot be solemn about funny things and survive.

Black with the rude collision inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering Atmosphere that nurst
Thoughts which have turned to thunder – scorch – and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be – if such have ever been
Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanished beam – and add our mite
Of praise in payment of a long delight.
Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three*! *
Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's muse is dear,
He was your Master – emulate him *here*!
Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
He was your Brother – bear his ashes hence!
While Powers of Mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind, as various in their change,
While Eloquence – Wit – Poesy – and Mirth,
That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
Survive within our souls – while lives our sense
Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness – long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die – in moulding Sheridan!

* Fox – Pitt – Burke.[44]

44: Sheridan's rival orators Charles James Fox, William Pitt, and Edmund Burke.

PROMETHEUS

Prometheus was the son of Iapetos. Hesiod writes, in his *Theogony*:

> [Zeus] would not give,
> To wretched men who live on earth, the power
> Of fire, which never wearies. The brave son
> Of Iapetos deceived him, and he stole
> The ray, far-seeing, of unwearied fire,
> Hid in the hollow fennel-stalk, and Zeus,
> Who thunders in the heavens, ate his heart,
> And raged within to see the ray of fire
> Far-seeing, among men.
>
> … Zeus the Counsellor gave him this fate.
> Clever Prometheus was bound by Zeus
> In cruel chains, unbreakable, chained round
> A pillar, and Zeus roused and set on him
> An eagle with long wings, which came and ate
> His deathless liver. But the liver grew
> Each night, until it made up the amount
> The long-winged bird had eaten in the day.
> Lovely Alcmene's son, strong Heracles,
> Killing the eagle, freed Prometheus
> From his affliction and his misery …[45]

Prometheus' sufferings (traditionally set on a rock in the Caucasus) form the subject of Aeschylus' tragedy *Prometheus Bound*, for which Shelley, with questionable success, was to try and write a feel-good sequel, *Prometheus Unbound*. Both writers substitute a ravenous vulture for Hesiod's original, dignified eagle. Zeus pardoned Hercules for rescuing Prometheus, and permitted Man to keep fire; but sent him Woman as a compensatory punishment – an helpmeet either with or without whom it was impossible for him to live happily. This comic-horrible sequel was too much for most writers to contemplate, and it was hived off into the unallied legend of Pandora's Box.

Prometheus became the archetype of anyone who brings enlightenment to society in defiance of repressive, destructive paternal authority, and who suffers in consequence. Tertullian compared him to Christ. Byron may have Napoleon in mind, as an Enlightenment figure who made Europe mature through a fiery suffering, and who was punished, by a corrupt patriarchal establishment, with exile on a rock: but this political interpretation is not necessary to an understanding of the poem.

Sheridan had been possessed of "Promethean heat" (*Monody*, line 56).

Later Byronic heroes who try to bring enlightenment to Man are Lucifer in *Cain*, and Sardanapalus. For different reasons, neither are thanked. Manfred could enlighten, but despises Man too much to do so. The other famous Promethean figure in the literature of the period is of course Victor Frankenstein, the Modern variant. No-one thanks him either.

Prometheus was first published on December 5th 1816, in *The Prisoner of Chillon and other Poems,* on pages 50-3. It has been copy-text here.

45: Hesiod, *Theogony*, tr. Dorothea Wender, Penguin 1973, pp. 41 and 40 (the passages are written in reverse order).

PROMETHEUS

1.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?[46]
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

2.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,[47]
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine – and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer[48] wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled,
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

3.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse

46: In B.'s analysis it was compassion which made Prometheus bring fire to mankind – not a desire to have them emulate the gods in genius.
47: Compare *Cain*, I 276-7: *The Maker – Call him / Which name thou wilt: he makes but to destroy*.
48: Zeus, King of the gods, Prometheus' principal tormentor.

Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,[49]
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself – an equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentered recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

49: The idea that Man can see himself in Prometheus's dual nature is a new one, original to Byron.

THE DREAM

In his account of Byron's funeral, Hobhouse records:

> We went very slowly, by the longest road to that place, first going seven miles on the Mansfield road, and then turning down towards Papplewick … The procession altogether extended about a quarter of a mile. The coronet[50] was carried the whole distance – the view, as it wound through the very romantic villages of Papplewick and Linby, and then towards Hucknall, excited sensations in me which I shall never forget. As we passed under the hill of Annesley[51] to our right, crowned with "the peculiar diadem of trees" which, Colonel Wildman reminded me, had been immortalised by Byron in his *Dream*, I called to mind a thousand particulars of my first visit to Newstead, when I visited, in company with my friend, Annesley Park and saw his first love and his continued favourite, Mrs Chaworth – and now I was following his remains —— [*scrawl*] ——

Byron's cousin Mary Anne Chaworth, who lived near Newstead in Annesley Hall, had been beloved by him in his youth. His great-uncle had killed her grandfather in a duel.

> When I was fifteen years of age – it happened that in a Cavern in Derbyshire – I had to cross in a boat – (in which two people only could lie down –) a stream which flows under a rock – with the rock so close upon the water – as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferry-man (a sort of Charon) who wades at the stern stooping all the time. – – The Companion of my transit was M[ary] A[nne]. C[haworth] with whom I had been long in love and never told it – though *she* had discovered it without. – I recollect my sensations – but cannot describe them – and it is as well. – – We were a party – a Mr. W. – two Miss W's – Mr. & Mrs. Cl[ar]ke – Miss R. and my M.A.C. – Alas! why do I say *My*? – our Union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers – it would have joined lands – broad and rich – it would have joined at least *one* heart and two persons not ill-matched in years (she is two years my elder) and – and – and – what has been the result? – *She* has married a man older than herself – been wretched – and separated. – I have married – & am separated. – and yet *we* are *not* united. – –[52]

Indifferent to him then, Mary had attempted, after making an unhappy marriage to Jack Musters, to make contact again in 1812, after he had become famous; but without success. He answered her letters (which survive, though she destroyed his) but, too involved with Augusta, he would not see her. He and Hobhouse had dined with her and Jack Musters in 1808.

Not everyone admired the poem. Wilmot Horton, in a letter to Annabella of February 20th 1817, wrote of "the falsity of *The Dream.*"[53] Annabella herself, on meeting Mary Chaworth-Musters the previous year, had written "such a wicked-looking cat I never saw"[54] (see below, 166n).

The Dream was first published on December 5th 1816, in *The Prisoner of Chillon and other Poems* on pages 85-45. It furnishes copy-text for this edition.

50: His Baron's coronet.

51: The Hill of Annesley is still visible from the road linking Papplewick and Hucknall; but the trees are gone. Annesley Hall itself has been abandoned by its current millionaire owner, having been gutted by its previous one.

52: BLJ IX 34.

53: Deposit Lovelace Bodleian 74, 35-6.

54: Quoted Quennell and Paston, *To Lord Byron*, p.176.

THE DREAM

1.

OUR life is two-fold; Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past, – they speak
Like Sibyls of the future: they have power –
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not – what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows – Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? – What are they?
Creations of the mind? – The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.[55]
I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep – for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

2.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; – the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees,[56] in circular array, so fixed
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing – the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself – but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young – yet not alike in youth.

55: The thought that dreams can become real and take over our lives is a Shakespearean commonplace. See the words of Theseus at *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V i 2-22; also Cleopatra at *Antony and Cleopatra*, V ii 93-100, and Leontes at *The Winter's Tale*, I ii 138-46.

56: Jack Musters was jealous of his wife's non-liaison with Byron, and, on reading this poem, destroyed the "diadem of trees." E.H.Coleridge says they were subsequently replanted; but there is no sign of them now.

As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers,[57] but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him: he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which coloured all his objects:– he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously – his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother – but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race. – It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not – and why?
Time taught him a deep answer – when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,[58]
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

3.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned;[59]
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake;– he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and wrote
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion – then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet; as he paused,
The Lady of his love re-entered there,
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved, – she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart

57: Mary Chaworth was two years older than Byron.
58: Mary's fiancé was the robust Tory foxhunter and militiaman Jack Musters – a totally unByronic alternative.
59: That is, a saddled horse stood in front of Annesley Hall.

Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

4.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns,[60] in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

5.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better; – in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, – her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty, – but behold!

60: The passage recalls the visit B. and H. made to the ruins of Ephesus in 1810. H.'s diary is sufficiently prosaic: "Came to where some camel- and goat-keepers had pitched their black tents, the high heads of the camels peering here and there above the tall reeds. Went over, for a mile, a stone causeway, marsh on both sides. Castle, if in sight, south-south-east under the hills. Turned west, not being able to go directly to the castle on account of the boggy ground. Kept over a sandy flat by the side of a large pool some way, Then arrived at a ferry-river, which [we] crossed in a triangular raft with sides a foot high. Turned east, and in an hour came to the village – Aisaluk – three o'clock. Took our cold fowl and sausage on the slab side stone of a fountain, opposite a mosque shaded with high cypresses on the wall of the burial-yard round it. Close over against the fountain to was a flat, long stone, laid for the prostration of the Turks – and one young man, having first washed his hands and feet, performed his prayers there in a very devout way, totally inattentive to our appearance and operations within a yard and a half of him."

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? – she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? – she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind – a spectre of the past.

6.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was returned. – I saw him stand
Before an Altar – with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood; – as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then –
As in that hour – a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, – and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reeled around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been –
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?[61]

7.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love:— Oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm;[62] her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.

61: B.'s poetic assertion that at the moment of making his marriage vows to Annabella he was thinking of Mary Chaworth perhaps explains her dislike of Mary (see above, introduction).

62: On the failure of her marriage, Mary Chaworth did not go mad, as this phrase would imply: she had a nervous breakdown, from which she recovered.

And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

8.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. –
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compassed round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,*
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;[63]
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret – Be it so.

* Mithridates of Pontus.[64]

9.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality – the one
To end in madness – both in misery.

63: B. makes himself sound like the soon-to-be-written-about Manfred.
64: Mithridates, King of Pontus (subject of an opera by the young Mozart) took so many antidotes against poison that, when later he tried to poison himself, he could not.

DARKNESS

Byron's apocalyptic poem *Darkness* is inspired by the summer of 1816, which, throughout much of the world, never came. Three volcanic eruptions – one on St Vincent in 1812, one in the Philippines in 1814, and the most important one on Sumbawa in the East Indies in April 1815, had thrown masses of volcanic ash into the upper atmosphere, which, for much of 1816, blocked out the sun. No one at the time knew about this vulcanological explanation for what was happening, and everyone was bewildered. Crops failed, food prices rocketed, poor people starved, streams ran where none had run before, and bridges were washed away. Snow remained on Swiss hilltops, and New England experienced frosts, in July. The fear was not helped by unaccountable sunspots.[65]

There are Biblical precedents for the imagery of *Darkness*; but in where the Bible the desolation is the consequence of God's wrath, in Byron's poem all is inscrutable, as it was at the time.

Darkness was re-discovered on October 27th 1983, at a conference of Soviet and American scientists in Tblisi, Georgia – convened to warn against nuclear weapons and war. At one of the sessions, in the Institute of Geophysics of the Georgian Academy of Sciences, Academician G. S. Golitsin gave a paper about the meteorological consequences of an imagined explosion of half the world's nuclear weapons. The mathematical investigations of the effects of dust and smoke thrown into the air, of the thermal balance of the atmosphere, the transfer of air masses, and the dissipation into the atmosphere of nuclear detritus from all over the Earth, showed that for more than half a year the whole Earth would be sunk into a haze impenetrable to solar rays – into complete darkness. The air-temperature all over the planet would drop to –10C and lower, as winter came. The seas would be the only sources near which people could seek shelter and warmth. The earth would be covered with ice, and a so-called "nuclear winter" would set in. People would be left without food, everything inflammable would be burnt, down to and including asphalt, and forests would be enveloped in flames and smoke. This was the horrible picture painted by the Soviet scientists, and confirmed by their American colleagues.

Few at the meeting knew of the apocalyptic picture of the earth's ruin given by Byron in *Darkness.* Academician Golitsin was pleased and astonished to learn of the poem, even though he had Byron's *Complete Works*, in English, back in Moscow. The Russian scientists knew that, after the example of Edgar Allan Poe, the Americans must know and love Byron too.

Just a few months later in 1984 the American scientists published a booklet,[66] edited by Anthony Rudolf, including the text of *Darkness*, and the story of its creation, a copy of which was given to Golitsin on behalf of the members of the delegation. The American scientists, in their reports for the Senate, also mentioned the poem, and a number of television films were produced about it. Byron was thus revealed at the very front of the struggle of humankind against nuclear war, nearly a century and a half before such a thing was imagined by anyone else. His prophetic genius had been demonstrated at the Tblisi meteorological conference.[67]

Darkness was first published on December 5th 1816, in *The Prisoner of Chillon and other Poems* on pages 27-31. Copy-text below is from this edition.

65: See John Clubbe, *The Tempest-Toss'd Summer of 1816: Mary Shelley's* Frankenstein, Byron Journal 19 (1991) pp 26-40.

66: Rudolf, Anthony. *Byron's Darkness: Lost Summer and Nuclear Winter*. Menard Press 1984. Includes English text and Russian translation by Turgenev, from Peterburgski Sbornik 1846.

67: The last three paragraphs are adapted from Anzor Gvelesiani, *Byron's Apocalyptic Clairvoyance*, Newstead Byron Review, July 200, p 74.

DARKNESS

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished,[68] and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless,[69] and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went – and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:[70]
And they did live by watchfires – and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings – the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire – but hour by hour
They fell and faded – and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash – and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled: the wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless – they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again: – a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought – and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang

68: Compare "A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains: a great people and a strong; there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations. A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them" (Joel 2 2-3).

69: Compare *Manfred*, I i 116-20.

70: Compare "I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was without form, and void; and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved lightly. I beheld, and, lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled. I beheld, and, lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down in the presence of the LORD, and by his fierce anger. For thus hath the LORD said, The whole land shall be desolate, yet will I not make a full end" (Jeremiah 23-7).

Of famine fed upon all entrails – men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse,[71] and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them,[72] or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress – he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects – saw, and shrieked, and died –
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless[73] –
A lump of death – a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal:[74] as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge –
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them – She was the Universe.[75]

71: An apocalyptic version of Greyfriars Bobby.

72: The verb "to cling" means in this context "to shrivel". It is from *Macbeth*, V iv 38-40: "If thou speakst false, / Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, / Till famine cling thee."

73: Compare *The Prisoner of Chillon*, 249-50.

74: Compare "Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin. The suburbs shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy pilots. And all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea, shall come down from their ships, they shall stand upon the land; and shall cause their voice to be heard against thee, and shall cry bitterly, and shall cast up dust upon their heads, they shall wallow themselves in the ashes …" (Ezekiel 27-30).

75: The end of the poem recalls that of Pope's *Dunciad*, albeit in a different idiom.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Churchill's Grave. [MSS: undated draft, Princeton / Taylor; Claire Claremont's fair copy, JMA; unpublished prose note, Byron's and Mary Godwin's drafts, Princeton / Taylor.]

Monody on the Death of the Right Honourable R. B. Sheridan. Written July 17th *1816; first published anonymously by John Murray 9th September 1816* (two issues) 1817, 1818 [MSS: draft, Huntington; Claire Claremont's transcript, JMA.]

First edition 750 copies. Second edition 1,000 copies. Third edition 1,000 copies.

Translation. German (with *The Prophecy of Dante* and *The Dream*) as *Auf Sheridan* by Ph. Meyer, Frankfurt 1830

Reviewed. Augustan Review (November 1816); Eclectic Review (November 1816); Examiner (September 22nd 1816) by Leigh Hunt; Monthly Review (November 1816); New Monthly Magazine (December 1816); Theatrical Inquisitor (November 1817)

Criticism. Clubbe, John. Byron's *Monody on Sheridan*: the Poem in its Context, Papers on Language and Literature, Bäckmann and Kjellner (eds) 1985

Prometheus. *Drafted Diodati July 1816.* [MSS. Huntington, Claire Claremont's fair copy, JMA, Augusta's fair copy, Lovelace Bodleian.]

The Dream. [MSS: undated draft New York Berg, Claire Claremont's fair copy with lines 201-6 in Mary Godwin's hand, JMA.]

Boyes, Megan. *Queen of a Fantastic Realm*, 1988
Rawes, Alan. *"Tears, and Tortures, and the Touch of Joy"* in "The Dream", BJ 1999 82-89

Darkness. [MSS: undated draft, Princeton / Taylor, Claire Claremont's fair copy, JMA.] *Published separately, 1849.* Edition: Rudolf, Anthony. *Byron's Darkness: Lost Summer and Nuclear Winter.* Menard Press 1984. Includes English text and Russian translation by Turgenev, from Peterburgski Sbornik 1846.

Translations Georgian Sumerki (*Stixi: Darkness* only) by N Toxadze in Pirveli' sxivi No 13, Tbilisi 1978
German (*The Dream*, with *Monody on Sheridan* and *The Prophecy of Dante*) by Ph. Meyer, Frankfurt 1831
(*Darkness* and *The Dream*, with *Manfred*) by Er. Köpke, Berlin 1835
Italian 1830 (of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Darkness* and *Prometheus*, in prose: anon – by Carlo Bini)
Russian (*Darkness*: prose) by Mikhail Lermontov, 183?
(*Darkness* only) by I. Turgenev, Peterburgskii Sbornik 1846, p. 501
With *Palomnicestvo Chail'd Garolda, Korsar, Kain*, Perm 1988

Criticism. Clubbe, *John. The Tempest-Toss'd Summer of 1816: Mary Shelley's* Frankenstein, Byron Journal 19 (1991) pp 26-40.
Gvelesiani, Anzor. *Byron's Apocalyptic Clairvoyance*: Darkness *in Context*, NBSR July 2000, p 97
Paley, Morton D. *Envisioning Byron's* "Darkness", Romanticism 1.1 (1995) pp 1-14
Vail, Jeffery. 'The Bright Sun Was Extinguish'd': The Bologna Prophecy and Byron's 'Darkness.' Wordsworth Circle 28.3 (1997) 183-92