

**THE WORKS OF THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE
LORD BYRON, IN SEVEN
VOLUMES, VOLUME 2**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649517381

The Works of the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in Seven Volumes, Volume 2 by Gordon Byron

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GORDON BYRON

**THE WORKS OF THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE
LORD BYRON, IN SEVEN
VOLUMES, VOLUME 2**

THE WORKS,

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BYRON,

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

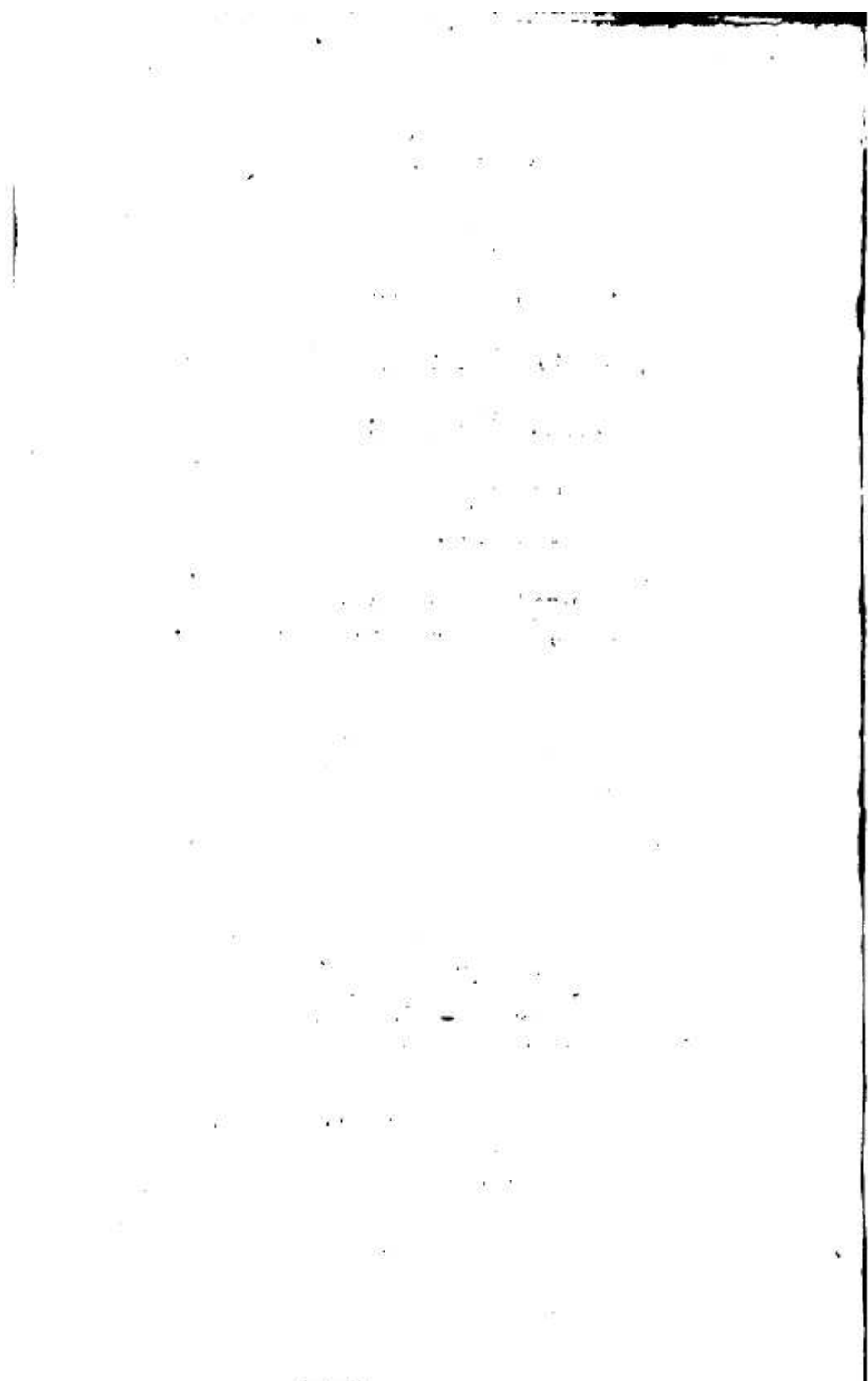
BEPPLO A VENETIAN STORY. — THE GLAOUR. — SUPPRESSED POEMS. —
THE CURSE OF MINERVA, AND ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BRUSSELS,

PUBLISHED AT THE ENGLISH REPOSITORY OF ARTS, N.° 602,
RUE DE L'IMPÉRATRICE.

PRINTED BY DEMANET, RUE DES ROGARDS.

1819.



BEPPLO,
A VENETIAN STORY.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a GOSBOLD.

As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. I.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is now -- the seat of all dissoluteness. S. A.

BEPP0.

I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clown, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;

All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
 All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
 But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,
 Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers ! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
 Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on
 A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
 Although you swore it only was in fun ;
 They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
 Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
 Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
 That boiled your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er
 You like by way of doublet, cape or cloak,
 Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
 Would rig you out in seriousness or joke ;
 And even in Italy such places are
 With prettier names in softer accents spoke,
 For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
 No place that's called « Piazza » in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
 Interpreted, implies « farewell to flesh : »
 So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,
 Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.

But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
 Is more than I can tell, although I guess
 'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
 In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid faréwell to carnal dishes,
 And solid meats, and highly spic'd ragoûts,
 To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
 Because they have no sauces to their stews,
 A thing which causes many « pooks » and « pishes »,
 And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
 From travellers accusom'd from a boy
 To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
 « The curious in fish-sauce, before they cross
 The sea, to bid their cook, or wife or friend,
 Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
 (Or if set out beforehand, these may send
 By any means least liable to loss),
 Ketchup, Soy Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
 Or, by the Lord ! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
 And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
 According to the proverb,—although no man,
 If foreign, is oblig'd to fast; and you,