
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
1788–1824

When we two parted

I

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
5 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

2

The dew of the morning
10 Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
15 I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

3

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
20 Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

4

25 In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee
30 After long years,
How should I greet thee!—
With silence and tears.

1815

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