

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron. 1788–1824

When We Two parted

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

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

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

In secret we met— ²⁵
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years, ³⁰
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.