

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*  
**Canto II (XI-XIII)**

XI

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane  
On high, where Pallas lingered, loth to flee  
The latest relic of her ancient reign--  
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?  
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!  
England! I joy no child he was of thine:  
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;  
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,  
And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant brine.

XII

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,  
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared:  
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,  
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,  
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,  
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:  
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,  
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,  
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

XIII

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue  
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?  
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,  
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;  
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears  
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:  
Yes, she, whose generous aid her name endears,  
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,  
Which envious eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.