

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven! - but thou, alas, 1
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire -
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was, 3
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire: 5
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the drear sceptre and dominion dire 7
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow. 9

[1] From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* by Lord Byron

[3] She must have been very wise, demanding a uppercase W

[7] Very long poems can also be demanding