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

[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