

Introductory to Spain
The Bull-fight
Lord Byron (1788–1824)

(From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage)

THE LISTS are oped, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moonstruck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.