

May the rude Rabble's insolence despise,  
their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries.  
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And with superior greatness smiles.

وبايرون جعلها :

The man of firm and noble soul  
No factious clamours can control.  
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow  
Can swerve him from his just intent.  
Gales to curb the adriatic main,  
Would awe his fixed, determined mine in vain.

وقد صارت على يد غلادسترن :

The just man in his purpose strong  
No madding srowd can bend to wrong.  
The forceful tyran's brow and word,  
Rude auster, fickle adria's lord  
His firm-set spirit cannot move,  
Nor the grest hand of thund'ring jove.

إن المؤشرات الحالية تدل أنه سيبقى كتاباً مغلقاً إلا عن المتضلعين  
باللاتينية . وقد ذهب أحد المعجبين به عقب وفاته مباشرة إلى أن «سعادته