

## ROME

Oh! how thou art changed, thou proud daughter of fame,  
Since that hour of ripe glory, when empire was thine,  
When earth's purple rulers, kings, quailed at thy name,  
And thy capitol worshipped as Liberty's shrine.

In the day of thy pride, when thy crest was untamed,  
And the red star of conquest was bright on thy path.  
When the meteor of death thy stern falchion's edge flamed,  
And earth trembled when burst the dark storm of thy wrath.

But Rome thou art fallen! the memory of yore,  
Only serves to reproach thee with what thou art now:  
The joy of thy triumph for ever is o'er,  
And sorrow and shame set their seal on thy brow.

Like the wind shaken reed, thy degenerate race,  
The children of those once the brave and the free—  
Ah, who can the page of thy history trace,  
Nor blush, thou lost city, blush deeply for thee!

Could the graves yield their dead, and thy warriors arise,  
And see thy blades rusted, thy war banners furl'd,  
Would they know the proud eagle that soared thro' the skies,  
Whose glance lightened over a terror struck world?

Yet e'en in disgrace, in thy sadness and gloom,  
An halo of splendour is over thee cast :  
It is but the death-light that reddens the tomb,  
And calls to remembrance the glories long past.

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