

III.

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

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IV.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?

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V.

And where are they ? and where art thou
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

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VI.

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

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