

XXI

It needs no voice prophetic,—eye of seer
To read the fate of Empires grown supine.
On History's tablets it is written clear—
And bears the sanction of a law divine.
Shall Carthage cry in vain to rouse your fears,
And Rome the Conqueror no warning give,
That Unpreparedness is drowned in tears,
And that the Strong alone have right to live?
The Paradise of Fools lies on the brink,
And prone to depths of Tartarus must sink.