

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine.  
We will not think of themes like these,  
It made Anacreon's song divine;  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant—but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades.  
Oh, that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind,  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords and native ranks  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad.

These martial melodies appeal not  
alone to Greeks, but to all nations. Eng-  
land reads her own lesson therein. In  
the decadence of modern Greeks appear  
the dangers that beset this age of indo-  
lence and commerce. War is abhorrent,  
but war is a stern, an inevitable necessity.