

THE
ABANDONMENT OF ATHENS,
By its Inhabitants, after the Battle of Thermopylæ.

A woe to Athens ! yea, a fearful woe !
A frown of ire her Gods upon her throw :—
From hill and grove the bitter wail mounts up,
She drains the dregs of sorrow's fullest cup :
Yea ! she—the Queen of many cities—stoops !—
Stoops to a foe !—her aged prowess droops.
Upon her sons a vial of wrath is pour'd,
Throughout her land is sent a thirsting sword :
No busy trains of sacred maids are seen
With airy footstep, and a sylphlike mein ;
No youth surround the hoary sage's chair ;
No cheerful friends to social baths repair ;
From household fanes no voice of joy rings out,
No strain of mirth, no children's laughing shout ;
No guests surround the hospitable board,
No minstrel strikes the soul-subliming chord ;—
All, all is mute :—surmise, and doubt, and woe,
Rack men, as they like shadows come and go,—
To whispered words, some lend the list'ning ear,
And some stand still, in silent musing fear.

With tenfold passion clings to home their heart,
When from that home stern fate would bid them part :
A thousand images of youth arise,—
Of mutual love, of kindred sympathies :
'Twas there like flowrest of the soil they grew,
When earth was happy, and man's word seem'd true ;
There pass'd youth's morn away, so fondly bright !
And left a faithless world in its true light :