

Light among the vanished ages ;  
star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;  
Golden branch among the shadows,  
kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;

Now thy Forum roars no longer,  
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—  
Through thine ocean-roll of rhythm  
sound for ever of Imperial Rome.

Now the Rome of slaves has perished,  
And the Rome of freemen holds her place,  
I, from out the Northern Island  
sunder'd once from all the human race.

I salute thee, Mantovano,  
I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the stateliest measure  
ever moulded by the lips of man."