

English though it was, stirred the war spirit, revived and invigorated the national feeling, and Greece at length threw off the Turkish yoke. His words burn into the national heart:—

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 Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A King sat 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?

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?

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—our fathers' blood.
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead.
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;