

M. BRENT.

## ON THE INVASION OF ROME BY THE FRENCH.

[1849.]

Where wert thou, Freedom, that thou didst not stay  
 The coward arm that dared to strike at Rome?  
 Could not her woe-worn face bring back the day  
 When her Eternal City was thy home?  
 Inglorious siege! and France, too, struck the blow!  
 Welding the chains herself had just cast off  
 To bind the limbs that struggled to o'erthrow  
 The foe *she* vanquished!—France! the wide world's  
     scoff  
 Shalt thou become for this: the laurel-crown  
 Shall wither on thy brow; and Italy,  
 Groaning beneath thy heel, will yet be free,  
 For in the ashes of her old renown  
 The fire yet lives, though smothered, whose clear  
     flame  
 Shall light her glory and reveal thy shame.