

M. BRENT.

ON THE INVASION OF ROME BY THE FRENCH.

[1849.]

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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.