

GIORDANO BRUNO

THE Monk of Nola is indeed no more;
His cell is empty, and the threefold cord
Hangs with its cowl beside Saint Peter's sword!
Vainly the Vatican leans on the lore
Of Councils; what was everywhere of yore
Held by the faithful, and with one accord,
Yields to the moment of his mighty word,
Who looked not always after but before.

Rise from your ashes where yon statue stands
In Campo di fiora! Bruno, speak
That word of thunder to the world abroad:
Man is the Sacrament made by Christ's hands;
He is, of life's ascending slope, the peak—
The crown—the consummation of his God!