

Faint and worn out, he there his lord descried,
 Crawl'd to his feet, and lick'd his hand,—and died !
 On, onward from their homes the exiles speed—
 Again they gaze,—again their bosoms bleed :
 The sun in glory thron'd sank broad and fast,—
 The thought rush'd o'er them,—'twas their city's last !
 Each dim blue hill, grove, vine-yard, field, and fold
 Brightens and mellows in the flood of gold ;
 The parting rays yet linger but to kiss
 The hoary brows of old Acropolis,
 Whose graceful fanes, and shafted temples glow,
 And purer hues the Parian pillars shew.
 —Tint after tint now fades, like Hope, away,
 'Sorb'd in the splendor of the king of day,
 Who couch'd and curtain'd in the fiery west
 Down, downwards sinks, full royally to rest.
 Forth flies the evening on her dusk wings,
 And o'er the exiles' path her mantle flings,
 Along the waves as moonlight music dies
 So melted Athens from their lingering eyes.

Nor weep ye, exiles, for ye yet shall see
 Yourselves undrooping, and your city free ;
 As bows the cypress till the storm be past
 So Athens bows, but breaks not in the blast ;
 Yes ! tho' her plains be ravaged and defaced,
 Again shall they with towering piles be graced ;
 Again her fanes shall stand in sculptured pride,
 By genius rear'd, by virtue sanctified ;
 With richer gems again her brows around
 Dominion's bright tiara shall be bound ;
 Her sons shall guard each consecrated spot,
 Her sword shall rule, her power shall waver not ;
 More zealous youth Cephissus' shades among
 Shall catch Truth's essence from the sage's tongue ;
 The poet's lip shall glow with purer fire,
 When fame shall bid him wake his country's lyre ;
 And thus shall Athens from the passing night
 Rise like the sun in renovated light ;
 Yes ! thus shall Athens know a second birth,
 And still shine forth the glory of the earth !