

What conflicts and what triumphs, have been thine ;
 For thee, what pangs the suffering world has borne,
 For thee, what millions yet are left to mourn !
 See hapless Poland, trampled in the mire,
 Despite her patriotic soul of fire ;
 Torn by the northern vulture, see her bleed,
 And none to aid her to avenge the deed.
 While sunbright Italy, long to the ground
 By Ducal chains, in slavish fetters bound ;
 Now, girds her sword on Garibaldi's thigh,
 And swears with him to conquer or to die.
 See her lift up her ancient shield again,
 And scourge the Tyrant from her fair domain ;
 See her, as if arisen from the dead,
 Fresh, in the paths of generous progress tread.
 Oh ! ever thus, beneath fair freedom's smile,
 Attendant happiness, is seen the while :
 Where equal laws, a people's rights secure,
 And guard alike the wealthy, and the poor :
 In unpropitious situations placed,
 How human energy, oft runs to waste,
 Where, vain the hope, to see its powers expand,
 As seek for verdure on an arid sand.
 But, as in some fair soil, with ample room,
 The bud expanding, ripens into bloom—
 So shall meek labor yield its timely fruits,
 Spread wide its branches and extend its roots.
 Cradled in want, see poor misfortune's child,
 Like Hagar's son, cast forth upon the wild ;
 Bowed down by poverty, and made to feel,
 The cruel impress of its iron heel.
 And is he doomed through life to hope no more,
 Than the same drudgeries which his fathers bore ;
 A sad entailment of their hapless lot,
 To live despised, and be in Death forgot,