

On, on they haste, a pitiable crowd,
 With moans, and sobs, and sighs deep-drawn and loud :
 'Then female hearts out o'er their eyelids swell
 When to their hearths they breathe the last farewell,
 Kissing the thresholds in their burst of love
 As to the shore the sad processions move.

But who exhorts them on from yon high prow
 With the bright keen eye, and the lordly brow,
 His dark cluster'd hair sporting wide and free,
 As he beckons them onward to the sea ?
 —'Tis Cimon !—he—the brave, the fair, the young—
 Who from his free-born neck so nobly flung
 The yoke of vice, e'en while his lip began
 To wear the garb or give the tone of man ;
 And there he stands !—to play the dastard's part
 Would bid his father from his cerements start—
 Would he then leave his home without a blow ?
 'Twould joy him well to meet the coming foe,
 But duty strives with the fierce native fire
 Which stirs him on to emulate his sire.

The signal blast peals loud.—No voice, no word,
 Nought but the moan of weepers now is heard.
 In speechless grief they sink the sullen oar,
 And from their sight repel their country's shore :
 Songless and sad the measur'd time they keep—
 Sternly they plough the drear, the conscious deep,
 Still yearning eyes gaze on the length'ning track,
 Twa'rd's their dear home all tearful turning back,
 Where now in fitful gusts of vengeance broke
 The rolling columns of thick pitchy smoke,
 And flash'd the broad red flame up thro' the gloom,
 Sanguine with ruin—earnests of *their* doom.
 —But see ! far back, what rises on the waves,
 Buffets the waters, and the distance braves ?—
 —A dog !—blush, changeling man !—a faithful friend
 Whose bond of faith an ocean could not rend :
 The lord he loves the pole-star of his eye
 Which draws this proof of true fidelity :
 Still on he strives,—beats from his gen'rous breast
 The leaping wave which hides him in its crest ;
 Well his heart knows his master guides yon sail,
 And while that swells, ne'er will his courage quail :
 True to his aim, he near'd the destin'd shore,
 Plied his full strength,—alas ! he could no more,—