

## XLIV.

No tomb uprose to mark their sombre grave,  
 No cypress waved its darkling leaves o'erhead ;  
 Their dirge is sounded as the wild winds rave,  
 And bear to Heaven the requiem of the dead ;  
 Moan, moan, ye winds and sigh each falling wave,  
 Ye snowflakes pillow soft their dreamless bed,  
 Better to lie 'neath Nature's kindly face  
 Than trust you to the marble's cold embrace.

## XLV.

Some day perchance the power of man will spread  
 Even o'er those climes—those climes so chill and drear,  
 And when our hearts have long been cold and dead,  
 When time has winged its flight through many a year,  
 A nation of the North shall lift its head,  
 And art, not nature, shall her trophies rear ;  
 So where man comes, the joys of nature fly,  
 And all her beauties wither 'neath his eye.

## XLVI.

How sad a sight to see so fair a clime  
 Lose half its charms before the gaze of men,  
 And the sweet blushes of its virgin prime.  
 Shrink as beneath some dark magician's wand ;  
 When innocence shall flee at touch of crime,  
 And Solitude shall yield her reign to *Pan* :  
 Oh may we never live to see this end,  
 Or this fair land to human tyrants bend.

## XLVII.

Yes ! so has fate been settled, and the earth  
 Was made for man, and man must thus prevail ;  
 And for his needs, his wishes and his mirth  
 She must provide, till all her plenties fail ;  
 And when one land yields nought but plague and death,  
 To one more fruitful must he stretch his sail,  
 Till all the world is held by him alone  
 And continents are footstools to his throne.