

Whilst young ears on their firing accents dwelt,
 Till each cheek flush'd, and youthful bosom felt
 Its noble passions wake, warm, kindle, flame—
 Stirring within one burning thirst of fame !
 Thus memory now touch'd chords which long had slept—
 The exiles felt the tones, and for their fathers wept.

A woe to Athens !—Lo ! her children come
 Forth from each pillar'd hall, and lowly home :
 See from yon cot, green with the spreading vine,
 Where thro' the leaves rich clusters dimly shine,
 Where the tall olive dark and coolly waves,
 Whose mossy roots a murmuring streamlet laves,—
 See from this scene of peace and loveliness
 Its inmates haste borne on in deep distress,—
 A sire, a mother, and a cherub child,
 Which scarce has yet on kindred faces smiled :
 Here had their fathers spent the live long day,
 And here themselves had caroll'd life away :
 Wealth crown'd their toil.—the seasons came and went,
 And flowers and fruits with happiness seem'd blent ;
 And they had watch'd the sun's departing light,
 When all things were as glad as they were bright,
 But ah ! the view of that blest picture now,
 But stamps despair the deeper on each brow.

With flocks all shepherdless each valley bleats—
 Dogs, masterless howl thro' the empty streets :
 E'en senseless brutes their share of sorrow know,
 And join the universal voice of woe.
 Young mothers to their hearts their infants press,
 And bow'd in grief their offspring sadly bless :
 Sons clasp their sires in one quick, last, embrace,
 While manly tears stream down each cover'd face :
 Then were the hurried rush, the self control
 Which knows but owns not anguish in the soul,
 The firm plac'd step,—the pale, grief-sunken cheek,
 The inward conflict told by looks that speak :