

TO GARIBALDI.

Cheifstain of Italy, O blame us not ;

Fain would we keep thee in our Island home,
Though not so dear to thee as that lone spot
Where by the deep blue sea thou lovedst to roam
But we would seek thee out some calm retreat
Where time should pass along with noiseless feet.

Thy fame, thy virtues, thy heroic deeds,
Thy burning zeal to set thy country free—
Alas ! while Rome and Venice happily bleeds
No cloudless smile upon thy face we see—
These trophies of thy noble patriot heart
Shall never with thy footsteps hence depart.

We've worshipp'd rank and Mammon and success,
And shut our ears too much 'gainst tales of woe ;
Well, thou hast come, with burning words to bless
And thank us, and our pent-up feelings flow
Around thee with a gush of tender love,
And prayers in thy behalf to Him above.

Not by the Pope-King on his tottering throne,
Nor the crown'd despots who the world enslave ;
No ; not by these the magic spell is known
Which captivates the good and true and brave,
Making the best of men rejoice to be
Co-workers in fair freedom's cause with thee.

Is not thy presence sunshine to our hearts ?
Thy speech as music sounding in our ears ?
Thy friendly grasp a something which imparts
A thrill of joy that even calls forth tears ?
Thus would we keep thee prisoner of our love,
The soaring Eagle changed into a dove.

But if, O conqueror, thou canst not remain
Longer amongst us, and thy soul is drawn
Back to Italia with a viewless chain,
Where truth and freedom now are in their dawn,
Then, may the God of truth thy footsteps guide,
Shield and protect thee, battling on His side.

H.