

VII.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

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VIII.

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no ; —the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

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IX.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

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X.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

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