

That pine are we !—lo ! the old crest it rears,  
 Thro' which have howl'd the blast of many years ;  
 Leafless and sapless where we grew, we fall !  
 Involve ye not in our's the fate of all.  
 No shield to you, no booty to the foe,  
 We tarry here,—but ye, our children, go !  
 Yes go !—for you ennobling prospects lie—  
 The past dims not the daring of your eye :  
 Yes ! go and move your young unconquer'd hands  
 For deeds a future, brighter day demands !"  
 Then gush'd afresh each exile's bleeding heart—  
 And must they too from father, mother part ?  
 Oh ! at those sounds what burning thoughts arise '  
 What peaceful visions fleet before their eyes !  
 The merry household ring—the blazing hearth,  
 Brighten'd by love too passionless for earth !  
 But tears may not the stern resolve recal—  
 Unmov'd their sires devote themselves to fall.  
 They could have seen those heads of silvery grey  
 Melt from their dwellings one by one away  
 As stars melt in the morn ;—they could have borne  
 To see them fall, as falls the ripen'd corn  
 Or mellow'd fruit, for then might they have sooth'd  
 Their waning hours, the rugged passage smooth'd  
 To the drear shades, and caught their parting breath,  
 Tending with rev'rence due the couch of death ;  
 But ah ! 'twas anguish to each clinging heart,  
 Thus from its clasp, so suddenly to part  
 Those, whose calm smile as mild as moonlight beam'd,  
 And for bold deeds a meed of worth was deem'd ;  
 Whose words so oft in simpleness, had cast  
 To their young minds, a magic o'er the past—  
 Painting in vivid lights tradition's lore,  
 Of heroes, and heroic deeds of yore ;  
 Of the bright hosts, and gleaming bands which shone  
 Along the sward of glorious Marathon,—