

The sunlight floods the golden sands
Gods ! 'Tis a dread—a glorious sight—
The wakening of the Persian bands,
The Orient arming for the fight !
List ! from the Satrap's glittering tent
A mighty trumpet voice is sent
And down the uprising lines, afar,
Answers each brazen tongue of war.
From fleet and camp the Persian pours
His bright ranks on the sounding shores ;
Wave upon wave—a sparkling flood
A mail'd and banner'd multitude—
To be after tribe—the hurrying lines
Press where each Chieftain's standard shines ;
First Persia—thine " Immortals " band
The veteran warriors of the land,
The " Great King's " guards, triumphant rear
The gold pomegranates on the spear*
Next in array the gallant Mede
Springs to the front with martial speed :
The Bactrian from his desert came
With swarthy brow and glance of flame ;
And Scythia from her forests pour'd
The Sacæ's fierce and restless horde
The Thracian came from Strymon's rills,
Chaldea from her starlit hills,
The Parthian fill'd his deadly quiver,
With reeds that waved by Oxus' river—
And Caspian lake and Euxine isles
Pour'd to the war their savage files,
There the Sagartian Shepherds band
The lasso whirl with deadly hand
Each vassal tribe its warriors sent,
From Cissian waste—from Arab tent—
Wild steed and wilder lord—
The Eastern world in arms !—to seek
On Attic soil the heroic Greek
The patriot's fearless sword !

* See Herodotus.