

XXX.

But, founded on another base than this,
That monarch's might shall surely pass away;
No kingdom is so strong that it can miss
This destiny. A premature decay
Has greeted, and will ever greet, that land
Whose weak foundation trembles in the sand.

XXXI.

The sword is mighty ; by its bloody might
Empires have risen—risen but to fall.
A nation built in blood must ever fight,
Or lose its name and power. 'Tis not all
To conquer once ; an enemy subdued
Waits but a happy chance for further feud.

XXXII.

Nor will the nation nurtured by the sword,
If undisturbed by subjugated foes,
Remain in peace and rest ; one murmured word
Of discontent will plunge it in the throes
Of fratricidal warfare ; and not long
That word remains uncalled for by some wrong.