

While half the ravaged globe was arm'd in vain,
Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!
Nor war's vast art alone adorn'd thy fame,
'But mild philosophy endear'd thy name.'
Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?
To bend the arch, to bid the column rise,
And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies,
The awful scene magnificently great,
With pictur'd pomp to grace, and sculptur'd state,
This science taught; on Greece each science shone,
Here the bold statue started from the stone;
Here warm with life the swelling canvas glow'd;
Here big with thought the poet's raptures flow'd;
Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tun'd her amorous lyre;
Here bold Tyrtæus roused the enervate throng,
Awak'd to glory by th' inspiring song;
Here Pindar soar'd a nobler, loftier sway,
And brave Alcæus scorned a tyrant's sway;
Here gorgeous tragedy with great controul
Touch'd every feeling of the impassion'd soul;
While in soft measure tripping to the song
Her comic sister lightly danc'd along—
This was thy state! but oh! how changed thy fame;
And all thy glories fading into shame.
What! that thy bold, thy freedom breathing land
Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command?
That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Asia's millions once opposed in vain;
Who could have thought? who sees without a groan,
Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'erthrown.
That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,
Now moss grown ruins strew the ravag'd plain,
And unobserv'd but by the traveller's eye,
Proud, vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,
And the fall'n column on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.
Thy sons (sad change) in abject bondage sigh;
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die,
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glitt'ring tyranny of Othman sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,
Has awed their servile spirits into fear,
Spurn'd by the foot they tremble and revere.
The day of labour, night's sad, sleepless hour,
The inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice) the bowstring or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.
Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh;
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.
So some tall rock, whose bare, broad bosom high,
Towers from the earth, and braves th' inclement sky;
On whose vast top the black'ning deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thund'ring ocean roars;
In conscious pride its tall gigantic form
Surveys imperious and defies the storm,
Till worn by age, and mould'ring to decay,
Th' insidious waters wash its base away,
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.