

ADELPHI  
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IV.

I've seen the grandeur of a mighty state,  
And heard the beatings of a nation's heart ;  
Unrolled the histories of the high and great,  
Of honours won which never may depart ;  
Yet yearn I for a spot more desolate,  
Where wonder and deep thought can blend their art,  
And dwelling be more sweet within a clime,  
Where foot hath never trodden, save of time.

V.

So dare I then address thee, gentle muse,  
And summon thee once more from Parnas height ;  
And if the numbers thou would'st grant refuse  
To yield to one of less than sovran might ;  
Yet may they into these poor lines infuse  
Some ardour, but to echo scenes which sight  
Alone can shew in all its best array,  
And memory serves but feebly to display.

VI.

'Tis not for one who never yet has seen  
Those distant regions to depict their glory  
Yet others too, whose lot has never been  
To tread the field of battle red and gory,  
Have writ the horrors of that moving scene  
Of clashing arms and heroes great in story,  
And vent'rous fancies seldom miss the mark  
Which to the timid mind is veiled in dark.

VII.

First would these notes with solemn strain recall  
The spirits of the heroes which have fled,  
In seeking for that far off object, all  
Now numbered in the ranks of mightiest dead,  
Whose memories to oblivion ne'er shall fall,  
Mourned in the tears already for them shed,  
Yes, shed for those who found a common grave  
While following still the lodestar of the brave.