

Learn, too, their heritage, in promise rich,  
 The Roman name, loved with a jealous love  
 By those who kept it noble, and who charged  
 Their sons to guard its honour jealously.  
 And once again the heaven-enkindled flame,  
 The love of freedom burns in Roman hearts,  
 Whose quickened pulses tingle with new life  
 At each new triumph won by peaceful arts,  
 Once more a happy people lives in peace  
 Amid the olive groves of Italy,  
 And deep enthroned in the people's hearts,  
 Rienzi rules as Tribune ; his the task  
 To weld the Roman people, and to blend  
 All lawless factions in the name of Rome.  
 Yet vain the hope—for Freedom's rising beam,  
 Flooding the eastern heavens, flashes swift  
 A meteoric gleam—and all is dark.  
 And 'mid the thickening darkness, sinks alone  
 Rienzi, last of the Tribunes, and appalled  
 At the wreck of empire, passionate I cry :  
 "Thou that didst drink with rapture at the spring  
 Whence Petrarch poured his soul in living verse,  
 Did'st thou then fondly dream would live again  
 The pristine glory of Imperial Rome ?  
 Or did thy mind's clear vision view afar  
 The onward hastening of the Golden Age,  
 Once sung by him who tuned the Mantuan lyre ?  
 'Twas truly sung, for Phoenix-like, arose  
 Ev'n from the ashes of her buried hopes,  
 A younger, sunnier, happier Italy.  
 Nor did thy lofty spirit burn in vain,  
 Since, like to thine, upon a later day  
 A mind as keen, a heart as pure, sincere,  
 Wrought freedom for the children of old Rome ;  
 And while loved Italy is Freedom's home,  
 Thy memory, with Garibaldi's name,  
 The uncrowned sovereign of Caprea's isle,  
 Shall live in virgin freshness, storied names."

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My dream was over ; still around me played  
 The soft Italian air, in sportive mood,  
 Amid the branches straying fitfully ;  
 Still stood the pillars in their grim decay,  
 Hoar relics of the past, while Tiber rolled  
 His many white-winged burdens to the sea,  
 As ever-busy commerce filled the marts  
 Of far-off nations ; and thy forum still  
 Reverb'ing with the echoes of the tones  
 Of vanished years, O Italy, breathes now  
 A grander freedom than Rienzi dreamed,  
 And from our Northern Isle, the north wind bears,