

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 Caprera'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,