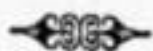


He went, scorning the tyrants, where free men breathe.  
Soon will he return at the head of the brave,  
the noble brow crowned with the laurel-wreath,  
the tyrants to crush, and his country to save.

O joy, when the town will resound with his name,  
and all loocks but to him and all hearts will fly !  
But forgetting all others, unmindful of fame,  
he will only to me turn his heart and his eye.



ANOTHER PASSAGE OF THE SAME DRAMA

He is dead, he is gone ! Men of Athens, his freinds !  
his eyes have no rays and his lips have no breath.  
Death tinges with palor the brow that it bends,  
and his heart, once so tender, is clasped by death !

I call'd him, but silent and cold was his face ;  
and his fatherly heart against mine I press'd.  
But his hand did not move to a loving caress,  
and his heart, . . . it had ceased to throb in his breast.

His lips are still smiling, and their smile is so mild !  
Why does he not speak ? He loves me no more ?  
You depart from my side, you abandon your child,  
an orphan, shipwrecked on this desolate shore.

On his bosom how happy I used to lie ;  
and now we must part ! O gods that we must !  
that nothing to me will remain but his dust,  
a desert on earth, and dark night in the sky !

My father I want. O, who vill sustain,  
who will guide my steps on my search of thee ?  
From whom shall I ask my father ?— I see.  
The sharp blade of this sword will unite us again.

