

Italia! oh Italia, ^{still} thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral tower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy rights, and awe the robbers back, who press
To slay thy dead, and drink the tears of thy distress.

XIII.

Then mightiest thou more appal'd or less deprest,
Be homely ^{and} be peaceful, undisparag'd,
For thy destruction charms; then still, untiring,
Shouldst not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps; nor waver the hostile horde
Of many-headed spoilers from the lo
Erupt blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so
Victor for vanquish'd, than the star of friend or foe.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.
Men whom the luck of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who love honor — men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And show his treacherous flatteries without winking —
Free men, sun-crowned who love above the foe
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-down creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.