

90 VOICES OF THE PAST

The solemn voices of the past
Fall on our ears in accents low,
And many an ancient record tells
The frailty of all things below.

The proudest monuments of art,
Man fondly thought would live away,
When many a year shall pass, will fall,
And yield at length to sure decay.

Where is thy power, imperial Rome, --
The power which thou wert wont to boast,
When through thy streets in triumph marched
Thy generals with an armed host?

Eternal city! whose vast sway
Extended o'er a conquered world,
While every nation suppliant saw
Thy banner to the breeze unfurled!

No longer shall thy streets resound
With a victorious army's tread, --
No longer at thy chariot wheels
Shall foreign kings be suppliant led.

Gone is each vestige of thy pomp,
Thou wast, but art no longer great;
In thee we see of human pride
And human power the common fate.

Sources:

Pictorial National Library, June, 1849.

Alger Street, 1964.