

# The Siege of Valencia.pdf/21



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## XXVIII.

But strength is from the mightiest! There is one  
Still in the breach, and on the rampart seen,  
Whose cheek shows paler with each morning sun,  
And tells, in silence, how the night hath been,  
In kingly halls, a vigil: yet serene,  
The ray set deep within his thoughtful eye,  
And there is that in his collected mien,  
To which the hearts of noble men reply,

With fires, partaking not this frame's mortality!

## XXIX.

Yes! call it not of lofty minds the fate,  
To pass o'er earth in brightness, but alone;  
High power was made their birthright, to create  
A thousand thoughts responsive to their own!  
A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone  
Start into life, where'er their path may be,  
Still following fast; as when the wind hath blown  
O'er Indian groves<sup>7</sup>[\[1\]](#), a wanderer wild and free,

Kindling and bearing flames afar from tree to tree!

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1. [↑](#)



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