

# The Siege of Valencia.pdf/43



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## LXXII.

But all is silence; and a gush of tears  
Alone replies!—He hath not been of those  
Who, fear'd by many, pine in secret fears  
Of all; th' environ'd but by slaves and foes,  
To whom day brings not safety, night repose,  
For they have *heard the voice cry "Sleep no more!"*  
Of them he hath not been, nor such, as close  
Their hearts to misery, till the time is o'er,

When it speaks low and kneels th' oppressor's throne  
before!

## LXXIII.

*He* hath been loved—but who may trust the love  
Of a degenerate race?—in other mould  
Are cast the free and lofty hearts, that prove  
Their faith through fiery trials.—Yet behold,  
And call him not forsaken!—Thoughts untold  
Have lent his aspect calmness, and his tread  
Moves firmly to the shrine.—What pomps unfold  
Within its precincts!—Isles and seas have shed  
Their gorgeous treasures there, around th' imperial dead.



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