

POLAND.

("Seule au pied de la tour.")

[IX., September, 1833.]

Alone, beneath the tower whence thunder forth  
The mandates of the Tyrant of the North,  
Poland's sad genius kneels, absorbed in tears,  
Bound, vanquished, pallid with her fears--  
Alas! the crucifix is all that's left  
To her, of freedom and her sons bereft;  
And on her royal robe foul marks are seen  
Where Russian hectors' scornful feet have been.  
Anon she hears the clank of murd'rous arms,--  
The swordsmen come once more to spread alarms!  
And while she weeps against the prison walls,  
And waves her bleeding arm until it falls,  
To France she hopeless turns her glazing eyes,  
And sues her sister's succor ere she dies.

G.W.M. REYNOLDS.