C 146

Casper Morris notes -

MS 1994

The Great Pyramid

from the Italian of Petrocchi trans^d by C Strong

I asked of Time "To whom arose this high
Majestic pile, here mouldering in decay?"-
He answered not: but swiftly sped his way
With ceaseless pinions winnowing the sky -
To Fame I turned: "Speak thou whose sons defy
The waste of years: and deathless works essay."
She heaved a sigh, as one to grief a prey
And, silent, downward cast her tearful eye
Onward I passed, but sad & thoughtful grown

When, stern in aspect, o'er the ruined throne
I saw Oblivion stalk from stone to stone -
"Dread power" I cried, "tell me whose vast design"
He checked my further speech in sullen tone -
"Whose one I care not - now to me mine".