

of Rome, too, time-hallowed Rome, once the mistress
of the world, enthroned upon her seven hills and
overlooking the waters of the Tiber - they may talk of
her grandeur - and her power - of her ancient splendor -
of her fountains, her churches and her amphitheatres,
yet still will I speak of thy beauty, Florence of thee,
that was surnamed the Fair - Nature and art
have combined to stamp upon thee their own bright
signet - mellow are the sunbeams that gild thy lofty
turrets and thy glittering spires - soft and balmy
are the breezes that steal through thy bowers of
oranges and myrtle - bright is the starlight that bathes
thy streets! Gentle and refreshing are the dews that
moisten thy delicate blossoms and sweet-scented
shrubs - pure are the fountains that gush up from
thy green turf - clear is the river that floats by thy
walls! There is a mystic spell linked with thy
loveliness - 'tis the charm which the genius of thy
children has woven around thee, and it floats
like a magic banner over thy soil! Highest on fame's
crowded list have thy gifted sons written their names;