

William Woods Wordsworth
1770 - 1850

On the Extinction of the Venetian
Republic.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
of Venice did not fall below her worth
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No smile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
those titles vanish, and that strength decay,
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life ~~had~~ ^{reached} its final day;
Men are we, and must grieve when ever the shade
of that which once was great is pass'd away.