

Voices of the Past

Horatio Alger

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VOICES OF THE PAST
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The solemn voices of the past
Fall on our ear in accent low,
And many an ancient record tells
The frailty of all things below

The proudest monument of art,
Man fondly thought would live away,
When many a year shall pass, will fall
And yield at length to sure decay.

Where is thy power, imperial Rome, —
The power which thou wert wont to boast,
When through thy street in triumph marched
Thy generals win an armed host?

Eternal city! whose vast sway
Extended o'er a conquered world,
While every nation suppliant saw
Thy banner to the breeze unfurled!

No longer shall they streets resound
With a victorious army's tread, —
No longer at they chariot wheels
Shall foreign kings be suppliant led.

Gone is each vestige of thy pomp,
Thou wast, but art no longer great:
In thee we see of human pride
And human power the common fate.