

**ITALY: A POEM.  
PART THE FIRST**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649617036

Italy: A Poem. Part the First by Samuel Rogers

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**SAMUEL ROGERS**

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A Poem.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

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London:

JOHN MURRAY.

1823.



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I.

**D**AY glimmered in the east, and the white Moon  
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky,  
Yet visible, when on my way I went,  
Thy gates, GENEVA, swinging heavily,  
Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut;  
As on that Sabbath-eve when he arrived,\*  
Whose name is now thy glory, now by thee  
Inscribed to consecrate (such virtue dwells  
In those small syllables) the narrow street,  
His birth-place—when, but one short step too late,

\* Rousseau.

He sat him down and wept—wept till the morning;  
Then rose to go—a wanderer thro' the world.

'Tis not a tale that every hour brings with it.  
Yet at a City-gate, from time to time,  
Much might be learnt; and most of all at thine,  
LONDON—thy hive the busiest, greatest, still  
Attracting more and more. Let us stand by,  
And note who passes. Here comes one, a Youth,  
Glowing with pride, the pride of conscious power,  
A Chatterton—in thought admired, caressed,  
And crowned like Petrarch in the Capitol;  
Ere long to die—to fall by his own hand,  
And fester with the vilest. Here come two,  
Less feverish, less exalted—soon to part,  
A Garrick and a Johnson; Wealth and Fame  
Awaiting one—even at the gate, Neglect  
And Want the other. But what multitudes,