

“The Great Invincible.”

“And so you've lost everything?” Such was the sneer,
With a look of bold triumph, a smile—half a leer;
“Your churches and palaces, wrought by the hand
Of that architect, Time, as he swept o'er your land,
Are smouldering ruins—the finest is dust,
And the Cross at its altar is crusted with rust.
Your once peaceful homesteads are lurid with flame;
What care I if the dying shriek Death to my name?
You have lost all your kingdom—your people as well,
For what odds can matter, although it were Hell?
When I and my army proclaim your defeat,
You will learn like a dog to lick dust round my feet.”