

**ROME**

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Rome by Charles J. Peterson

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**CHARLES J. PETERSON**

# **ROME**



To  
Mrs Ann S. Stephens  
from her old friend  
Chas. S. Percey

Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> 1823

*Handwritten notes:*  
D. 10. 1. 1. 1.  
11/10/1883

# ROME.

BY

CHARLES J. PETERSON.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
1883.

*Handwritten:* 11/10/1883

TO

MY WIFE.

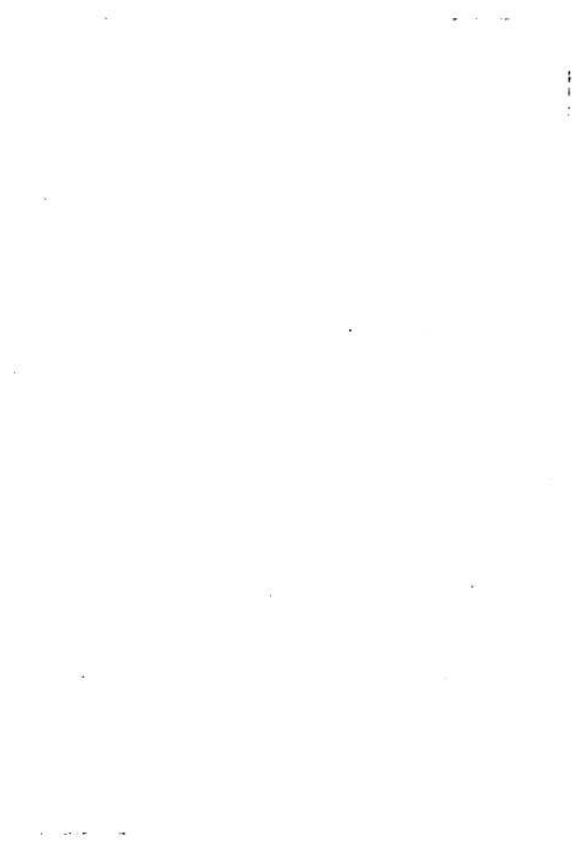
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## THE BORGHESE GARDENS.

Pan is not dead! These are the very places,  
Where once his pipe was heard.  
Here dwelt his fauns; you look yet for their faces,  
When bush or brake is stirr'd.

These are the glades, where dryads crowned with flowers  
Danced in the early morn.  
Here nymphs and cupids kissed in fragrant bowers,  
Ere Rome itself was born.

This is the antique pool, where naiads twining  
Their arms in sportive show,  
Leaped laughing in and swam, their round limbs shining  
White as Soracte's snow.

The groves of ilex, from whose dim recesses,  
Fresher than dews at dawn,  
Tripped Dian with her maids, their virgin dresses  
Chaste flutt'ring on the lawn.

The cool, green walk, with tall trees overhanging,  
Where bright Apollo stood.  
Triumphant, bow in hand, its silver twanging  
Still ringing through the wood.

Here rode the panther god, with bacchants dancing,  
His pathway lotus-strewn,  
The cymbals clashing, and the sunlight glancing  
On loosened hair and zone.

The band is on the Pincian. Rising, falling,  
Its music floods the air;  
Or echoes through the glades, till fanns seem calling  
And answering everywhere.