

1. Theodosia Garrow,¹ “The English Heart to the Roman Pontiff,” *The Tuscan Athenæum* (November 20, 1847), 28.

I

Sovereign Pontiff!² Gracious Ruler!
When we view thee from afar,
Waving back the mists of error,
Strengthening faith, dispelling terror,
Patient as the angels are
With man’s fretful waywardness,
Radiant seem’st thou, thron’d in power
On the World’s proud beacon tower,
Born to succour, and to bless.

II

Sovereign Pontiff! great Reformer!
Nearer when we view the soil,
Parched and squalid, thankless, sterile,
Overgrown with pain and peril,
Where thy weary hands must toil;
Like an Alchymist of old
High in faith and solemn musing,
Seem’st thou, viler nature fusing
Day by day, in search of gold.

III

Sovereign Pontiff! Christian martyr!
Like a hermit of the waste,
Full of stern and watchful sadness
Grows thy brow of many gladness,
Whilst thou’rt threatened, mocked, caressed
’Mid thy lonely vigil prayer,
By the fiends, that whisper treason
To thy sense, thy heart, thy reason,
Visions foul, or loathly fair.

IV

Distant lands may bid thee prosper;
But beside thee.....scarce a friend!
Youthful ardour, misdirected,

¹ Theodosia Garrow (1825-65), whom EBB met in Torquay in 1839, moved to Florence in the early 1840s. In April 1848 she married Thomas Adolphus Trollope, brother of the novelist Anthony Trollope and editor of *The Tuscan Athenæum*, a weekly English newspaper produced in Florence for only 13 issues (30 October 1847 to 22 January 1848). She wrote essays on the Italian situation for the London *Athenæum* and translated patriotic Italian poets. On Garrow’s own political poetry, see Chapman (“Expatriate Poetess” 2003).

² Addressed to Pope Pius IX (1792-1878), in response to progressive reforms he instituted after becoming Pope in 1846. See the headnote to *Casa Guidi Windows*.

Aid uncouth, and praise suspected
Hem thy path.—Is *this* the end?—
Prince of suffering! he who soars
To the clouds of sunset, findeth
Tempest, rain, and gloom that blindeth,
On their gold and purple floors.

V
But the rain descends in blessings;
And the tempest cools the sky;
E'en the gloom, the dread, the shiver,
Are good gifts, which praise the giver,
In a sun-burst passing by.
Father! half the race is won!
Good increases; ills diminish;
Thou beginn'st what God shall finish
Bravely be the mission done!

VI
Shaven crown and blood-red mantle
Stubbornly may bide the shock.
For with these grey Custom sideth.—
O'er their falseness knowledge glideth
As the rain-drop o'er the rock.
Father! other sons are thine,
Bold and true, with progress nourished,
Bred where Liberty hath flourished
Near the throne,—around the shrine.

VII
Though we kneel at other altars,
Island children of the sea—³
Yet with eager kindred feeling,
Thousand hands for combat thrilling
Turn, Promethean soul! to thee.—
Speak! and we will swell thy band
Own one banner floating o'er us
Charge amid one thundering chorus,
“Progress! Light! for every land!”

³Island children of the sea] i.e., English supporters of Italian nationhood.