

TYROL

Some men are lost to every sense of shame :
They use to call their country by its name.
Abhorred offence ! it was indeed high time
For Mussolini to suppress the crime.
Perish the wretch whose Tyrolean soul
Fails to blot out the accurséd name — Tyrol !

Ah Mussolini ! you have yet to learn
What quality of flame is wont to burn
In mountain air. 'Twere wiser not to risk
Meeting the glacier breed of Basilisk.
Tempt not the spirit of the Storm ! Mine eye
Sees through the darkness of futurity,
The modern Gessler meet a modern Tell —
Tyrol ! hunt Mussolini home to hell !