

To those who willingly have shed man's blood,
 Thy will be done, thou Just and Righteous God ;
 But those who spurned the soul-revolting crime,
 O spare thou them in thy appointed time ;
 Beneath thy vengeful rod our souls do quake,
 In mercy hear us, for thy mercy's sake."

'Twas then they all at once cried out, " We yield ;"
 And rush'd unarm'd upon the glowing field.
 But where's the death-defying Patriot now ?
 Where is the beam that gilds the Patriot's brow ?
 Before their injur'd foes the dastards kneel
 T' implore compassion, which THEY could not feel ;
 For mercy now the recreant reptiles cry,
 From those who they themselves had doomed to die ;
 And mercy over justice did prevail,
 Or that dread hour had closed the bloody tale.

But some befriending angels intercede,
 And they have fared as righteous heaven decreed ;
 A few have suffered for their murderous crimes,
 And some lament their fate in distant climes ;
 While others, now amongst their friends are free,
 A proof of British magnanimity ;
 Thy powers, Von Shoultz, deserved a nobler end,
 Ye nations, to his dying words attend.

SUPPOSED DYING WORDS OF VON SHOULTZ.

Shade of the mighty Washington arise,
 Start not proud spirit at thy country's shame ;
 If tears can flow from your immortal eyes,
 Weep for the crimes that blast thy country's name.
 Where are the potent spirits who did frame
 Laws to illume and renovate the world,
 Which o'er the earth like blazing stars did flame,