

In vain young lovers vow for aye to part.
Tiberius half revives in Philip's heart.
The king detects the passion they suppress.
To him, the virtue makes the guilt no less.
In the same dungeon the same death they share :
Fate happier far than his who doomed them there.

A shout from myriads surging as the flood—
"All men are free! all equal! Bread or blood!"
There revolution raves, with song and dance,
And axe that drips with slaughter. Woe for France!
Yet no form fails, to law and freedom dear :
Still legislatures vote, tribunals hear :
But one man's breath inspires the doom they give.
Of him all ask how long has each to live.
Till one fair woman's courage shames their fear :
Tallien for her dares war with Robespierre.
Armed with dread words, they battle, life for life :
France guards the lists, and arbitrates the strife.
The scales long vibrate. Truth prevails at last.
Down with the tyrant! Terror's reign has past.
Dragged to the block he lies between the beams,
And Paris rings with Robespierre's last screams.