

What woe-worn spectres I survey !
 Rais'd from the dungeons of despair,
 They faint, on breathing purer air,
 And grope, confounded at the flash of day,
 Like sailors in a storm, when forked light'nings play.

II.

To you, brave men, the praise is due ;
 Gaul her freedom owes to you :
 A great, a glorious change I see ;
 Warriors can serve, and yet be free ;
 The rugged sons of Mars have learnt philanthropy :
 False honour's call your noble hearts withstood,
 And shudder'd at the thought of shedding kindred
 blood.
 Thou, man of war, wherever born,
 To forge thy country's fetters scorn ;
 Of peace and freedom be the friend ;
 But when the martial trumpet blows,
 With zeal the patriot cause defend ;
 Bold deeds with bolder deeds oppose ;
 Then, then be more than man, and terrify thy foes :
 The battle won, this song of triumph sing ;
 " I conquer'd ; I obey'd the nation, law, and king ! "