

To tell their recklessness of virtue's laws,
Which on their heads Heaven's fearful vengeance draws.

Their chief arose : a man of pigmean size ;
The stamp of age was furrow'd on his brow ;
A fire spirit sparkled in his eyes,
That seem'd to reign in every bosom now,
All were enraptured, yet they knew not how ;
For when he rais'd his unharmonious voice,
Each heart was drawn like a distended bow,
Till at its utmost stretch the arrow flies,
So *twangs* the string like their applauding noise.

Thus he began : “ Men, Patriots, Exiles, Friends,
Shall I recount your past disasters ? No ;
For fortune in our cup of sorrow blends
Reviving thoughts t'exterminate our woe.
Why should we all our brilliant hopes forego ?
True—we are banished—driven from our homes,
Spoiled and insulted by a hated foe ;
But soon the day of retribution comes,
When we shall meet, and with them change our doom.

“ What boots it ? Distant from my place of birth,
The world's my home ; it matters not to me ;
But if there is a fairer spot on earth,
Give me the land where I can say, I'm free.
We're here, by fate's immutable decree,
That we might learn base tyranny to shun,
And see in others what ourselves might be ;
And now our race of glory is begun,
Nor rest we till the mighty work is done.

“ See fair Columbia ready at our back,
To avenge her heroes who for freedom bled,
Whose free-born hosts shall follow in our track,
To hurl destruction at the oppressor's head.