

Impotent rebels, without fear or shame,—
Determined, free and in the face of death,
To carry to the grave their deathless hate.

And vainly was the power of Rome invoked ;
And vainly in her simple followers' ears,
The priest read out the fearful catalogue
Of pains reserved by God for stubborn souls ;
In vain exhausted all its awful threats ;
Nor threatenings nor sermons aught availed !
No ! said the vanquished ; we are Frenchmen still,
No man has power to set us up for sale !

At length the thunder from the pulpit came :
The Church to force her children to obey,
Struck with regret, but calmly resolute.

Five only braved the blow ;—but these resembled
In their proud folly, the unshaken rock ;
They let the thunder growl above their heads,
And in despite of insult and of fears,
Sublimely mad, in holy ignorance,
Refused to bow to any God but France !
Old age crept on them,—death came in its turn,—
And without priest, or cross, in that rough plot,
Close by the muddy road, where cattle browse
These stubborn souls lay down in turn to sleep.

One yet remained, a broken-down old man,
A shadow ; five and twenty years had passed
Since on his head the anathema had fallen.
Bowed on his trembling staff, with whited lip,
On the deserted road he oft was seen
At twilight, wandering in the rain and storm,
Spectre-like,—turning oft his eyes away,
To shun the child that pelted him with stones,