

Around it the noble, the wise, and the brave,
 Like planets revolve 'round a central star.
 That system is broken—and scattered its light ;
 'There is darkness to-day 'round the footstool of Might !

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The Bavarian is swept from the tottering bridge,
 The sword flashes out that is never to yield,
 The cheer of Marengo is heard on the ridge,
 As the legions rush down to the corpse-strewn field :
 The sands of the desert are scattered in air,
 The dead and the dying are heaped by the Nile,
 And centuries look down with the glance of despair
 From the dark-frowning top of the pyramid's pile.
 The sun has gone down in Egypt's dark night :
 There's a trophy to lay at the footstool of Might !

The Powers of old Europe are marshalled again,
 O'er the Village of Austerlitz rises the sun ;
 Ere the evening has come they are stark on the plain,
 And the field, by that hero, in glory was won.
 A year passes on, and by Olmutz' bright tents,
 The armies of Europe unite for an hour ;
 Over Iena their banners are scattered in rents,
 And the Genius of War has affirmed his power.
 Through thy aisles, Notre Dame, are the splendors of light ;
TeDeums ascend from the footstool of Might !

The Czar of the Russias, that despot of iron,
 On a raft receives peace from the terror of earth ;
 His bayonets the Bear of the snow-land environ :
 In the womb of what future his glory had birth !
 They bow to his word, as the trees to the blast,
 They hearken in peace, who are potent in war ;
 He has humbled them all, from the first to the last,
 And has chained their strong limbs to his thundering car.
 Both Heaven and Earth are as naught in his sight :
 Immutable seems now the foot-stool of Might !

His star now has reached its bright zenith of fame :
 It may flash, for a while, o'er an awe-stricken world ;
 But alas ! for the fuel to feed such a flame !