

What tumult thus burthens the air,  
 What throng thus encircles his throne ?  
 'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear  
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.  
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal,  
 Misfortune shall hallow his name,  
 And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel  
 How quenchless the spirit and flame  
 That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on  
 fire,  
 For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire !

Their hero has rushed to the field ;  
 His laurels are cover'd with shade—  
 But where is the spirit that never should yield,  
 The loyalty never to fade !  
 In a moment desertion and guile  
 Abandon'd him up to the foe ;  
 The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,  
 Forsook and renounced him in woe ;  
 And the millions that swore they would perish to save,  
 Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave !

The Savage all wild in his glen  
 Is nobler and better than thou ;  
 Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,  
 Such perfidy blackens thy brow !  
 If thou wert the place of my birth,  
 At once from thy arms would I sever ;

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