

Mighty beasts and birds had fed—  
Mammals strange and Sauria's dread,  
Which had lived and passed away  
Long before that ancient day,  
When Eden's pathways Adam trod—  
The last and noblest work of God,  
Obedient to Divine behest,  
From north and south and east and west—  
From garden, orchard, harvest-field,  
Their choicest fruits and flowers yield.

Calm, as with consciousness of power;  
*Couchant*, as if prepared for war;  
Majestic in that grand repose,  
Which speaks his fearlessness of foes,  
The king of beasts is seen to fill,  
The honored post of *warder* still.  
While over his majestic head  
Proudly waves that banner red,  
As free from stain as e'er before,  
Since *Crescy's* field, or *Agincourt*.

What does that angry cloud portend  
Which veils the land from end to end,  
Whose boast once was, from sea to sea,  
It cradled infant liberty?  
Why leaps the lightning from on high?