

Behold his chosen Chief our Patriot sends,
 On *France* the brandish'd thunderbolt descends.
 He comes; the Hero terrible in War
 I see, and hail his bright approach from far,
 Our world's restorer, and our Polar star.
 Glad beams of conquest round his temples play;
 The foes behold with terror and dismay,
 And from the fierce effulgence turn their eyes away.

Ye flocks and herds, along the meadows stray;
 By purling streams, ye lambs, securely play:
 Your flocks and herds in peace, O shepherd, tend,
 Your song may lengthen till the sun descend;
 Then back in safety to your cot repair,
 And hope to find your wife and children there:
 No ambush'd *Indian* lurks to rob of life
 Your tender children and your faithful wife.

In safety to the woods, ye hunters, go
 To chace the deer, and pierce the bounding roe;
 To peopled lakes explore the beaver's track,
 And strip the livery from his glossy back:

Then,