

" Ye martial sons, with noble spirits met,  
 " Like heroes ardent for their country's cause !  
 " Thus may you ever wake in perilous days,  
 " Thus stand the bulwark of assaulted right,  
 " And bear your fortune on the naked sword. 410  
 " In ancient times; when many a powerful band  
 " Of plundering Danes descended, or when Spain  
 " With Rome combin'd, sent out their mighty fleets,  
 " And mighty armies to devour the land; 414  
 " How, hero-like, the BRITISH soldier fought,  
 " And, pouring vengeance from the bloody sword,  
 " Still beat these daring robbers from the coast !  
 " Ambitious France, tho' now with hostile frown  
 " She looks more dreadful, never shall prevail.  
 " These arms, my sons, in many a bloody field,  
 " Terrific sound ! shall lift a great defence 421  
 " Around my pop'lous cities, and shall drive  
 " Each proud invader from the BRITISH shore.  
 " I see the horrors of the war at rest;  
 " And BRITAIN thron'd victorious on the deep :  
 " I see the happy reign with honor clos'd, 426  
 " The ROYAL YOUTH ascending like his Sire,  
 " To