

II.

Tho' sever'd from the world beside,
 Thy state provokes the Gallic pride,
 To crush thy liberty ;
 Tho' oft repuls'd, like Titan's race,
 Unheedful of their past disgrace,
 They point their darts at Thee.

III.

Again success has deign'd to smile,
 Again has conquest crown'd your toil,
 Upon the land and main ;
 Then be like Jove, exert your power,
 Now strike them in the lucky hour ;
 They ne'er shall rise again.

IV.

This, this is every patriot's voice,
 This would make every heart rejoice,
 Who love their native land ;
 But oh confusion — Hark ! the crowd,
 Of Scottish slaves for *Peace* aloud,
 Implore with cap in hand.

V.