

XLIX.

Let not incipient rebellion grow
To actual revolt, but trample down
Its very sign, and with a mighty blow,
Crush all who rise disloyal to the Crown.
Do this, but this alone will not suffice ;
A sterner duty yet before thee lies.

L.

Send forth the edict that the English tongue,
And it alone, shall be official here,
And teach the language everywhere among
The French in all the counties far and near.
Thus, and thus only, canst thou hope to see
Thy future self preserved in unity.

LI.

But what are these to me? A passing thought,
An evanescent stirring of the brain,
Which, for a time, forgetfulness has brought,
And temporary soothing of my pain.
But as I turn away, anew I feel
The burning sore which time can never heal.