

E'en now her sons like gods appear ;
For more than human pow'rs have they,
Whom Jove, decreeing freedom here,
Hath singled out to lead the way.
From heav'n it came,
The glorious flame ;
The ray divine
On all shall shine ;
Enthusiastic ardour fire the soul,
And one vast blaze of light extend from pole to pole.

VI.

We emulate the pow'rs above,
When millions meet in peace and love ;
And millions met on Seine's fair shore ;
In love they met, in love they swore
In virtue's sacred cause to vie,
To live in freedom, or in freedom die.
Thrice happy Gaul ! in thy sweet plains
No more the fiend Ambition reigns ;
That fiend, who nations has undone,
Who fancies millions made for one,
And dreams he honours man, whene'er he gilds his chains.
For