

And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the Eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast ?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell or fled along the plain ;
There be sure was MURAT charging ;
There he ne'er shall charge again !
O'er glories gone, the invaders march,
Weeps triumph o'er each levelled arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice ;
But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored.
France hath twice too well been taught
The " moral lesson " dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With CAPET or NAPOLEON ;
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth ;
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,