

Death heard her call—gave the alarm,  
And all the nations flew—to arm;  
Earth trembled at the tyrant's nod,  
Who thought to rank himself with God.

The cannons roared, the guns replied,  
Brave Belgians fell, like men they died,  
Into the very jaws of Hell  
They looked, nor faltered ere they fell.

Their blood cries reeking from the sod,  
"Shall one man claim the power of God?"  
A voice replied, "'Tis but a day,  
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

The tyrant nods and thousands fall,  
Earth drinks in blood, her tears are gall,  
The orphan's wail, the widows call  
On God, the Maker of us all.

The moon beholds a gruesome sight,  
O'er hosts of slain she sheds her light,  
The Earth groans, burdened with the dead,  
Mere shells, from which the souls have fled.