

How blood, and tears, and sorrow, surging beat ;
 He cannot hear, above that sullen roar,
 The curse of heaven swelling evermore ;
 He cannot feel how earth and air grow dark ;
 His eye can only gaze, his spirit only hark.

The spell is wound. With cadence grand and slow,
 Deep as the music of a thousand spheres,
 Majestic as the funeral march of years,
 His song is poured. Flow on, stern music, flow !
 Sweep on thy destined path of wrath and woe.
 Aye, lift thy face, thou son of impious France,
 And bathe thee in yon warlike planet's glance ;
 From his fierce eye thy soul with ardour fire ;
 Strike grander chords o'er Freedom's funeral pyre.
 " *Allons enfans !*" Oh, children of the land !
 Heed not that shout—lift not the red right hand ;
 The lurid flush of Terror's dawn swims nigh ;
 Hear ye the shrieks that rend the lowering sky ?
 Behold the place of skulls, how red the sod,
 With martyrs' blood, that cries aloud to God !
 See the keen axe, around whose ghastly throne,
 The yells of thousands hush the gasp of one ;
 Where human tigers, with unceasing roar,
 Cool the hot heart and hand in seas of gore ;
 Where woman fair and pure, and childhood gay,
 Lend the weak hand to war, and lead the fray ;
 Where the fierce father spurns the once-loved son,
 And brother laughs o'er brother's murder done ;
 Where silent temples cease to pray, and stand,
 With fast closed doors against the unhallowed band,
 Or ope the sacred gates at their wild cry,
 Who fill the house of prayer with revelry ;
 A land, upon whose sad and darkening path,
 Stream out the vials of Almighty wrath.
 Still high and clear above the hell beneath
 Soars thy proud voice, thou swelling song of death.
 Cease, cease, wild dream ! nor rouse with echoing tread,
 The hallowed slumbers of the peaceful dead.
 Let not sad memories of bygone strife,
 Spring from the dust, and burn with fiercer life.
 The poet, with a power unearthly fraught,
 Nerved his high soul to voice his country's thought.
 The music waked upon his swelling lyre,
 Rose with the passion of an age of fire.
 He sang and ceased—his destined work was o'er ;
 His song went forth to guide the whirlwind's roar.
 He sang and ceased ; *and men from sea to sea,*
Curse thee, thou siren-chaunt of Liberty.