

Who of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed ?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated
 Till lone tyranny commanded ?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King ?
 Then he fell—so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall !
 And thou too of the snow-white plume !
 Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb ;*
 Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name ;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.—
 Little didst thou deem when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks,
 Like a stream which bursts its banks,
 While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,
 Shone and shivered fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee !
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow ?
 Once it onward bore the brave,
 Like foam upon the highest wave.—
 * *Murat's remains are said to have been torn from
 the grave and burnt,*