

From all that made her glorious and great
And raised her lo her proud estate—
From truth and honor, and her wise belief
In justice, of all virtues chief.
For, walking humbly in the eyes of God,
France aye held Empire's rod ;
And kneeling, reverent, at Our Lady's feet
And drawing thence all heavenly virtue sweet,
France aye has been the France of high renown,
Sceptered with love and wearing honor's crown.

From that bright place of glory thou hast won,
Rapt in the vision of the Sire and Son,
In this dark hour that menaces thy land,
Above her hearthstones stretch protecting hand ?
'Gainst impious men who forth from school and shrine
Would scourge thy Christ and in the fields of France,
Would raze thy Christ's sweet empery divine,
Oh, gird thee now with new deliverance !
Thy virtues emulating and thy fame
By hearths that burn with Chastity's pure flame,
The maids and matrons of thy land beseech
Thee o'er their homes thy shield of love to reach.
For blest that land and armor'd against ill
Where civic virtues wait on woman's will,
Where reverent manhood worships wife or maid
Queen-like in holy purity arrayed.
She, fenced around by chivalry, perchance
May suffer, but she cannot suffer long,
Nor, wronged, be victim of enduring wrong.
Such happy land in France.
And, lifting high thruth's oriflamme, behold
Her phalanx'd daughters, God-inspired, stand,
As thou 'gainst tyrant England didst of old,
To drive dishonor from their honored land.
And, patient long and kindling slow
To wrath, their hearts for Christ aglow,
About His altars menaced by the law,
At woman's 'hest her sons devoted draw.
While these love virtue, oh, she cannot fall,
Mother of Chivalry, beloved Gaul.