

IV.

O shame ! O grief ! that earth
 Should give inhuman monsters birth !
 E'en now, before my waking eyes,
 The forms of tyrants rise ;
 Cortez, whose heart the furies fear'd,
 Pizzaro, with a fiend-like frown,
 Almagro all with blood besmear'd,
 Their naked victims mowing down :
 But O ! what eye the sight can brook
 Of that infernal priest Di Luc,
 Who eat his God, and, eating, swore,
 To roll in gold, and wade in gore ?
 Fancy, from horrors turn away,
 An Gallia's happy shores behold ;
 Her gen'rous sons for freedom pray,
 And leave to vulgar souls the thirst of gold.

V.

This is the great, auspicious morn,
 When Gaul performed her work divine :
 How many nations, yet unborn,
 Shall incense bring to Freedom's shrine ;
 Lutetia's plains the land of virtue call,
 And tell of demi-gods who dwelt in Gaul !

E'en