

'Tis nought to us what human blood be shed ;  
 Our spirits have been foster'd by her care,  
 And by her *guile* our willing hands were led,  
 The vengeance of earth's mightiest crown to dare ;  
 We stand or fall, her glorious name to share.

" Our cause is freedom, and in freedom's cause  
 Blood has been shed ; and, lo, our arms again  
 Are nerved with wrath, and unrestrained by laws,  
 Impell'd by hearts that scorn their slavish chain.  
 Why should the thoughts of carnage give us pain ?  
 Can you forget a Lount or Mathews' blood,  
 Or those who on the *Caroline* were slain,  
 Or quell the indignant thoughts with which you view'd  
 Her blazing wreck dash o'er Niagara's flood ?

" 'Tis sweet to find a thing that we have lost,  
 It seems possess'd of charms before unknown,  
 Though grievous troubles, toils, and tears it cost,  
 Our hearts rebound again to claim our own.  
 These joys be ours ; nor only these alone,  
 For sterner pleasure rises to our view ;  
 'Tis sweet to see a haughty foe o'erthrown,  
 And sweeter those who've triumph'd over you ;  
 Sweet is revenge—revenge shall have its due.

" Farewell, my friends,—but we shall meet again,  
 To enjoy the treasures that your deeds have won ;  
 O hapless fate, that I should here remain,  
 While you th' unfailing race of glory run,  
 I yield my honours to an abler one.  
 The dread of tyrants comes from distant lands,  
 (While I go forth to send more forces on),  
 Before you now Von Shoultz, your leader, stands,  
 To go and conquer. Do what he commands."