

(1)

•• Oh, France, brave France! No monarch great,

•• Thy army now declares, "I am the State!"

A monster which devours thy fairest sons,

A strange and cabal above the law,

Whose "honor" serves as screen for all

Shortcomings; whom t'is crime to blame,

Self-constituted guardian of a nation's fame!

• poor France! that struggling to be free,

Is fettered by a dream of liberty,

That first republic not misnamed,

• "The Terror", with its product famed,

The Corsican whose genius bore,

Thy eagles to a height undreamed before!

Who used the inspiration Freedom gave

To make thy arms invincible, and drive

(2)

Princes and monarchs to admit thy sway!

With crowns and kingdoms toyed--a boy at play!

Who left the halo of a matchless fame,

Eclipsed at Waterloo and urned in shame,

At red Sedan.

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(3)

• No monarch mourns thy fate to-day

But that insatiate ogre she hails L'Armee,

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A million and more of her patient sons,

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Serves with her colors and mans her guns

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In this era of peace while three millions more,~~

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Are bound to respond to the battles uproar:

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With a debt no civilized nation has known,

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With colonial failurs in each circling zone,

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With her trade falling off and the grave claiming more

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Than the hearth and the cradle each year can restore,~~

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France struggles with heroic defiance of doom,~~

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To gather fresh laurels by heaping the tomb;

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To carve with the sword a new temple of Fane,

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With some unfought Marengo to blot out her shame.

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