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Ichabod!

Lost! All is lost, een honor.—France,
hide your head in shame.
Your honor 'mid the nations now
is but an idle name;
Your chivalry a broken sword, a
tarnished shield your fame.
Your Glory has departed.—Cry
Ichabod! and weep;
The sun of France is setting; o'er
your land the shadows creep.
The cap of Freedom, proudly worn,
fling from your crimsoned brow
The spotless Lilies, crushed and stained
are empty emblems now.
The Brotherhood you loudly boast your
fair Equality,
Are gilded chains that help to
slave your vaunted Liberty.
Fair Land, awake! Shake off your
Shame, stand boldly for the right,
E'er France from off the Nations'
roll be blotted out of sight.