

Horatius

by Thomas Babington Macaulay

But the Consul's brow was sad, and the
Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and
darkly at the foe.

"Their van will be upon us before the
bridge goes down;
And if they once might win the bridge,
what hope to save the town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the
Captain of the Gate:

"To every man upon this earth, death
cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better than
facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, and the
temples of his Gods,

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with
all the speed ye may!

I, with two more to help me, will hold
the foe in play.

In yon strait path, a thousand may well
be stopped by three:

Now, who will stand on either hand and
keep the bridge with me?'

