

An Austrian army awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come
Dealing destruction's devastating doom:
Every endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting ~ furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple, gracious God!
How Heaven honours heroic hardihood!
Infuriate – indiscriminate in ill –
Kinsmen kill kindred – kindred kinsmen kill:
Labour low levels loftiest, longest line,
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mines:
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought –
Poor patriots – partly purchased – partly press'd

Quite quaking, quickly 'Quarter! quarter!' quest:
Reasons returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds
Truce to thee, Turkey, triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory! Vanish, victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths, ye yeomen, yield your yell:
Zeno's, Zimmermann's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Again attract; arts against arms appeal!

Alaric A. Watts (1797-1864)