

Whence come all those dreadful ills,
Which like so many trickling rills
That noiseless and unheeded flow,
And only to importance grow,
When by rains untimely fed,
They raise the swelling river's bed,
Till o'er its ancient banks it leaps;
And though the hapless country sweeps
Resistless in its mad career;
Destruction dealing far and near?

Have the flames of civil war
Destroyed their constitution, or
Is their patriotism dead?
Has *virtue* from their bosoms fled?
Is "*attic faith*" a thing unknown
To those who hate the kingly crown?

Not so! Faith and courage both are left.
Of virtue they are not bereft.
But what can single arms avail,
When multitudes the state assail;
When fired by insatiate thirst,
Th' infuriate pop'lance thoughtless burst
Through all restraint, and drain the cup,
Of *license*, not dreaming, while they sup,
That *demagogues* have spread the board,
And o'er them hangs the *Tyrant's* sword.