

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
 Ye power and truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel 365
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thor transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
 I only would repress them to secure: 370
 For just experience tells in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those who toil;
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow; 375
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms: 380
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;
 Each vanton judge new penal statutes draw, 385
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
 The wealth of climes where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart; 390
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.