

Who, by force or low deceit,
 Make those slaves, who made them great;
 For this have monarchs done, and thought a glorious
 feat :

Lewis, eleventh of the name,
 Shew'd kings to raise their pow'r, and sink their fame,
 To keep the base in arms, the brave unarm'd to tame.
 What are the whole despotic race ?
 What but robbers high in place :
 But meaner villains toil in chains,
 While the knave, who wears a crown,
 Pulls the shrine of freedom down,
 Plunders his slaves, ambitious wars maintains,
 And, murd'ring all around, magnificently reigns.

V.

'Twas thou, tyrannic Norman, thou
 Who gav'st the fatal blow,
 That laid the Mickle-Ghemot low,
 And to thy galling yoke mad'st Britain bow :
 Thou, bold usurper, to her coast
 Cam'st thund'ring with thy mighty host ;
 Leaders refulgent as the sunny day,
 Inferior chiefs, with plumage gay,
 And slaves, like errant knights, in fanciful array :

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