

22

While you rule with mighty sway,
Now, Britain, list to what I say:
You'll think of it some coming day,
When colonies are swept away;
And when your empire, proud and vast,
Is blotted from the light of day,
Some passing traveler will say,
"Here was an empire of renown,
That ruled and wore Britannia's crown;
But *she*, like other nations past,
Is crushed by her own guilt at last."

23

But she sinks not to oblivion shade,
Where fated Rome and Greece are laid;
But rises from her fallen state,
With sister nations to be great.
With tyranny no longer wed—
No longer bow to crowned head;
But freedom's living light now shed,
Where tyranny in darkness fled.
Now peace and plenty kindly smile
Where want and misery frowned erewhile.
How cheerful is each village clan,
The boon from God bestowed to man;
How happy then old England's shore,
When despots rule her courts no more!