

O! why draw pictures of the starry'd, and I do
 While earth with breathless awe is cramm'd,
 While hoary sages creep apace, and
 And pilfer in the house of God, and
 While affections are bought and sold,
 And consciences exchanged for gold,
 While wickedness sits watching vice,
 Leagu'd with her brother avarice,
 While black robed knaves set up their gods,
 To frighten and to fish the mob,
 While bigotry doth forge her chains,
 To bound man's intellect and range,
 While brutish ignorance and pride,
 Stalk elevated side by side,
 While credulous, boundless charity,
 Is but a mere necessity,
 While stars and garters, crowns and kings,
 And war's mad glories are the things
 The crowd adore, the virtuous breast
 Where love and hope have built their nest,
 Must oft with indignation swell,
 And call this world sufficient hell,
 I have received the fable's shout;
 Then, like a roe-buck, hunted out
 Of mine own land, I sought a den
 Far, far from the speckles of men,
 Where my sick soul might never see
 Man's strokeless humanity,
 Yet from me happiness still fled,
 For I've been unto misery led;
 And if sorrow is still my fate,
 Then I can quit a wretched state.