
But selfish freedom is a jest ;
Freedom cannot make us blest,
Unless the love of man possess the breast.
With British liberty, indulgent heav'n,
To me thy better grace be giv'n,
That loveliest virtue, Charity bestow ;
O ! humanize my heart, to bleed at others' woe,
And for emancipated Gaul with floods of joy o'er-flow.