

By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand, 330
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control;
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here, 335
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
 But, foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy.
 That independence Britons prize too high
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie; 340
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar, 345
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore;
 Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzied fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway, 350
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms, 355
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, dishonour'd die. 360