

And, tho' with godlike reason blest,
Each gen'rous thought is stifled in the breast,
Till brutaliz'd you sink, nor know you are oppress.

VI.

Distinguish'd Britain ! happy shore !
Where kings and priests can cheat no more ;
Where open'd minds mistake not false for true ;
But shew respect where most respect is due ;
And honour kings and priests alone who virtue's paths pursue :
In thy rich fields and flow'ry plains,
Lord of himself the peasant reigns ;
While some the vassals of proud masters live,
Whose av'rice scarce the means of life will give ;
Nay some, like sheep within their pen,
To lands are fix'd, for lords to fleece ;
Who prosper by the vast increase
Of pamper'd hogs, and famish'd men.
Thrice happy Gaul ! the golden age renew ;
Not the poetic, but the true ;
From Albion's honour'd isle the heav'nly plan you drew ;
Ere yet her state corruption stain'd,
When virtue bloom'd, and Alfred reign'd :

Y

Glorious