

When madd'ning princes flung the sceptre down,
 And rul'd their subjects with a rod of iron ;
 Their laws, their liberties, and lives the prey
 Of fierce tyrannic power : the muses fled, 100
 And science trembl'd for her sacred lore.
 As when the impious SARACEN o'erwhelm'd
 Her pillar'd domes with sacrilegious fire ;
 Commerce forsook th' inhospitable shores,
 And all supporting industry, forgot, 105
 Lay buried deep amidst the general wreck.
 Cruelty and want, and famine's dismal train,
 Took place : then hellish persecution roar'd,
 With wrath satannic, blasphemous, accurs'd,
 The foe of God and man : the fury rode 110
 Impatient for destruction ; when she frown'd
 Death follow'd fast ; her glaring eyes, which blaz'd
 Like comets, rain'd infernal poison down,
 Engend'ring cruelty and thirst of blood.
 Before her chariot, wild for ruin, rush'd 115
 Grim death, and merc'less hate, and Stygian fiends,
 A horrid band, with blazing torches arm'd.
 Behind her jarring wheels, deep dy'd in blood,

Follow'd