

The patriot murders for his country's good :
To triumphe ! bring the victor's meed ;
 Barbarian carcasses the vultures feed,
 And seamen dip their oars in tides of human blood.

II.

But now the martial brags shall cease,
 Lewis, thou shalt rule in peace ;
 Long be thy reign, great prince, and still thy fame
 encrease :
 Commerce and credit shall revive,
 The finer arts improve, and manufactures thrive.
 The tyrant may in war excel ;
 But Alfred thought, and govern'd well :
 His system learn, which few have understood :
 A princely skill, a godlike art,
 Which tames the will, and mends the heart ;
 An art, which makes us blest, because it makes us good.
 The fall'n patrician, proud and brave,
 Royalty's and beauty's slave,
 Shall quit the soldier's barb'rous trade,
 And to a plough-share turn the murd'ring blade ;
 Then, while the dresser prunes the vine,
 Caressing on his knee his little son,
 There the wide-spreading branches twine,

Shall