

The royal perjurer's heart confess'd,
See the changed beast no courage show,
As if he sanctioned their behest—
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now.

Calmuc and Cossack get his gold,
That should for hours of need provide;
His debts are more than can be told,
His bonds unpaid on every side.
These tame him! What! so abject still,
No wrinkle on his faded brow,
To speak the indignant thwarted will?
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

Along the wild romantic Rhine,
The Vandal hordes are gathering fast;
Vainly may Hanoverians pine,
Poor infants to the Molochs cast!
King half of freemen, half of slave,
Is he, their Lord, who bids them bow;
But where's the champion that might save?
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

His wealth by Tories misapplied,
To job or set up Bourbon Kings;
The nation by their blunders tied,
Like bird with vainly fluttering wings.
By Whigs now ruled who temporize;
The roar is but the steer's weak low
That once in thunder shook the skies—
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

Belgium confides and is betrayed,
With promises they duped her sons;—
State-stranglers now they stand arrayed
'Gainst law and right with swords and guns.
And must the noble beast succumb,
Stifle free thought, strife disavow,
Crouch, flatter, fawn, and still be dumb!
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

Come Europe's Lord from Volga's waves,
Nero or Nicholas with thy knout;
Come Prussia, Austria, twin-slaves,
Change men to brutes, force knowledge out;
Drive back to ignorance man's mind,
Make your king's-paradise below!
The beast that might have saved mankind,
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!
