

III.

He, who for a tyrant fights,
Acts the fool as well as knave :
When his com-patriots lose their rights,
What arm from shame himself can save ?
His delegated pow'r
Is lost in one unlucky hour ;
Unpitied he repines, and sinks into the grave.
Tigers war not with their race ;
Bears with brother bears agree :
But haughty kings their birth disgrace,
Meanly human minds debase
And rage to find their fellow-men are free :
Gaul's good king is fit to reign,
Easy, gentle, and humane :
He shall his people love, his country's laws maintain.
O ! should the Gods a realm decree,
To one of daring hopes like me,
And bid me on my choice decide ;
The Gallic crown alone could sooth my pride ;
The Gallic crown would balance those of all the world
beside.

IV.

Wife Gaul, escap'd from mis'ry's brink,
Whose very foldiers think,

A great