

Fir'd with the lust of pow'r, thy barons led
 Their tinsel'd myrmidons to hunt for bread;
 Destruction mark'd their way, and all the ruin'd natives
 fled.

So, when rich harvests wave o'er Egypt's foil,
 Locusts seize the golden spoil;
 O'er all the land the sable squadrons spread,
 And Nilus, starting from his oozy bed,
 Shakes the terrific honours of his dripping head.
 Hail, monarch of the French from slav'ry freed;
 No violence or falsehood thou shalt need;
 Reign, Lewis, in thy people's hearts, and be a king indeed.

IV.

Ye British souls of finest mould,
 Who, not your country's woes alone,
 But all mankind's afflictions moan,
 Whose probity was never sold,
 Could your benevolent and godlike zeal
 Purge our corrupted commonweal?
 All useless placemen drive away,
 For whose repose starv'd lab'ers pay;
 If the fair fabric Alfred rear'd
 From Norman filth and rubbish could be clear'd;
 Then Gaul and Britain, rival pow'rs, but kind,
 In virtue rigid, and in arts refin'd,
 Like two accomplish'd sisters, might delight mankind:

Then