

And Liberty's most wanton charms unfurl'd ?
Behold them now to shades of darkness hurl'd.

They boast their freedom, 'tis the ruthless reign
Of baser passions, blighting reason's light ;
The carrion eagle, fetter'd with a chain,
Forg'd in the depths of Pandemonian night.
Curs'd be the liberty—condemned the right
That laughs at justice, whom they mock as blind,
Tempting the idle and the base t' unite
Against a people, generous, brave, and kind,
Whose sacred laws their heaven-born virtues bind.

Where'er bright Phœbus guilds the morning sky,
From India's wilds to Greenland's ice-bound seas,
There the adventurous traveller may descry
Fair Albion's banners floating in the breeze ;—
Her ships are heaven's fingers to release
The fetter'd slave of every nation—name ;
And shall they dread degraded foes like these,
With whom even honoured warfare is a shame,
And Mars laments their noble victors' fame ?

What, what is human greatness ? what is power ?
All, all is vanity, the wise man saith ;
A bubble that a moment may devour,
That bursts in vapour 'neath the blast of death,
Or shrinks in misery from each adverse breath
That may be wafted from the fan of heaven ;—
And was't for this that honour, justice, faith,
With all the ennobling that to man is given,
Were from my blended soul forever driven.

And now my race is ended, let me rest
Where she may come who reigns within this breast ;
Beneath some sylvan umbrage let me lie,
Where she may come to heave the deep-drawn sigh ;