

Had shorten'd his right arm :—enthrall'd
The miracles of Thought.

O! with a thought my life unclos'd,
And weary it became ;—
A thought my wretchedness expos'd,
Another wrought my shame.
A thought begot repentance dear,
A thought salvation spoke ;
And one proclaims a father near,
To bind the reed he *broke*.

Yes! I must by *example*, shew
These minions of the soil,
That all the grace to thee I owe,
Is not forbidden spoil :—
To hide, or haply to reveal
The villain—wo is me!
And, stamp'd with thine infernal seal,
Thou damn'd hypocrisy!

For that I cannot quote thy laws,
In antiquated phrase ;
Where mem'ry only wins applause,
Or guilt securely plays.