

In fact, my country, thou would'st be,  
     In my confirmed opinion,  
 Much better, wer't thou wholly free,  
     From this insane dominion.  
 Indeed, were I asked as a friend,  
     My best advice, in small,  
 To give thee now, 'twould be thus penned—  
     *No Government at all!*  
 For men of sense in most of nations,  
     Are now so sick of things  
 Which bears the name—*Administrations*,  
     As to sigh oft for wings,  
 To fly off to some other sphere,  
     To see if they can't find  
 A spot (for none existeth here,)  
     Where nothing of the kind,  
 Its grim Law shadow spreads, for there  
     They'd gladly perch, content,  
 To breathe in peace, pure Freedom's air,  
     *Forever free from Rent.*  
 But if, My native Isle, there be  
     A cranny in this earth,  
 Were the sweet breath of Liberty  
     Ne'er fans a human hearth,  
 That cranny, my dear native Isle,  
     Alas! must be *Thyself*—  
 For tho' it may provoke a smile,  
     Or e'en lay on the shelf—  
 Some luckless soul of mirthful mould,  
     With laughter at the thought,  
 When we the actual fact have told,  
     That thou *Earth's smallest spot*,  
 Can'st yet boast of a *Government*,  
     *Quite large enough to do*  
 The public work, (if worth a cent)  
     Of France and England too!