

Written in the early times of the  
French Revolution

TH/19/1122

Foolish (1830)

1  
When Man was engrossed by Love, Hunger, & Fury  
And ranked amongst animals "ferre natura,"  
Each plundering Tribe followed him for their Chief,  
Who excell'd all the rest as Man-Butcher & Thief.

2  
If the Warrior thus rais'd to superior condition  
To personal prowess join'd art & ambition,  
To gain Sov'reign power he no practices spares,  
He succeeds — & entails the tam'd Herd on his  
heirs

3  
As the rough stormy night brings a still set-  
tled morn-  
So ferocity's exit was slavery's dawn;  
Nor could men uninstructed together unite  
To wrest off their chains, & assert nature's right.

4  
Then the aid of Religion was quickly call'd in  
And Priests paid for teaching all change to be sin.  
For tyrannical Priests their own power to support  
For'd mandates from God, to make int'rest at Court.

But when printing at length had discover'd the way  
How Man might to Man his ideas convey,  
Mind with mind in collision from Truth struck a spark  
Just sufficient to shew them a glimpse thro' the dark.

Her political Pile then old England look'd round,  
And some pillars of Slavery she pull'd to the ground;  
But in clearing ~~the~~ Rubbish away she was mild,  
For political Knowledge was then but a Child.

But in progress of time when 'twas found that the plan  
Of these old Gothic Piles was unfriendly to Man,  
Boldly France pull'd down Her's, & midst Nature's applause  
Transfer'd Sovereign power from the king to the Laws.

A new plan she produc'd with more symmetry grac'd,  
Less expensive & heavy — more simple & chaste.  
Where as faults still remain no decree she has past  
That the Structure for ever unalter'd shall last.

Each Despot foreboding his power's diminution  
Beheld with dismay this August Revolution —  
Each Despot conspir'd Freedom's Throne to pull down,  
Harri'd by the tettering He felt in his own.

But the Genius of France from her fetters unbound  
The Cause still maintains 'gainst the Nations around;  
And in vain Mighty Monarchs attempt to erase  
The Fabric, that's rais'd on Equality's Base.