He leaves, he flights, he flights his precious

Rest, to force a restless Nation to be blest; Such

Valor, Prudence, Pity had'n spight of

Original in g-minor. The lyrics are by the Editor of the journal.

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He leaves, he flights

had spight of odds, like Britain, like Britain set 'em free, spight of odds, spight of odds like Britain set 'em free; but angry Heav'n, but angry Heav'n a while lets Discord rage, to scourge to scourge, to scourge an impious Age, to scourge an impious Age.