

BALLADE OF THE TYRANNY OF A  
COMMERCIAL EMPIRE

IT is a funny thing  
That now and then we see  
A poor and harmless king  
A-getting up a tree  
As fast as he can flee ;  
Much faster than his liking ;  
And you explain to me—  
“ That’s Freedom’s Eagle striking ! ”

A poet cannot sing  
When lofty liberty  
Conceals beneath her wing  
Such lots of misery.  
Though labourers drink tea  
And all the girls are biking,  
I’m not so sure that we  
See Freedom’s Eagle striking !

Philosophers may bring  
Their logic—I may be  
A fool or anything  
An out-of-date, a he  
Behind the century,  
And blind to modern psyching ;  
But are we really free ?  
Is Freedom’s Eagle striking ?

L’ENVOI

Prince, this retort I fling  
When trouting or when piking  
In rivers with a string

For truth (which comes for spiking) :—  
“ I wish the Shipping Ring  
Felt Freedom’s Eagle striking.”