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# Free Philosophy.

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To the much Honoured

*Mr. Thomas Rowe.*

T H E

Director of my Youthful Studies.

I.

**C**USTOM, that Tyranness of Fools,  
That leads the Learned round the Schools  
In Magick Chains of Forms and Rules,

My Genius storms her Throne :

No more ye Slaves with Awe profound  
Beat the dull Track, nor dance the Round,  
Loose Hands, and quit th' Incharnted Ground,  
Knowledge invites us each alone.

## II.

I hate these Shackles of the Mind

    Forg'd by the haughty Wise ;

Souls were not born to be confin'd,

And led like *Sampson* Bound and Blind :

I love thy gentle Influence, *ROWE*,

    Who only dost Advise :

Thy gentle Influence like the Sun

Only dissolves the Frozen Snow,

Then bids our Thoughts like Rivers flow,

And chuse the Channels where they run.

## III.

Thoughts should be free as Fire or Wind ;

The Pinions of a Single Mind

    Will thro' all Nature fly :

But who can drag up to the Poles

Long fetter'd Ranks of Leaden Souls ?

My Genius which no Chain controuls

Roves with Delight, or deep or high :

Swift I survey the Globe around,

Dive to the Centre thro' the Solid Ground,

    Or travel o're the Sky.