

**To Toussaint L'Ouverture** (entire) – W. Wordsworth

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!  
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;  
O miserable chieftain! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not! Do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee, air, earth, and skies!  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee, thou hast great allies,  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

- **William Wordsworth**; ca.1802 (!?)

**THE ACADEMY AND THE CELLAR** (Song Receive[On Cellar In Modern] 1813

Sing: All along the river. The vault I dared strike; the wicked had known me wrong.

It's almost an academic circle, told me many a caustic wit. But what do I see good friends?

What a covered well mis-put together. Sit down said the company. No, no,

it's not like the academy.

It's not like the academy!

I saw myself for month. Power to compete in the voice of the people with impertinence.

A zeal on a nobleman or a beauty. But by half-way, you welcome me glass in hand.

By intrigue am forever banished. No! It's not like the Academy. No! It's not like the Academy!

Toussaint coughing, spitting. Fuck it then! In a superb long speech saying:

What an honour you do me! Gentleman, you are too honest; or something as strong.  
But as I appallingly wrong. Here we can show less genius. No! It's not like the Academy.  
No! It's not like the Academy!  
I thought I saw the President make yawn responding, Thy just lost a greater man  
than I'm worth, God knows how.

- **P. J. de Beranger** -- w/ help from Google Translate.