On DR. FRANKLIN’S shedding a TEAR at signing the DEATH-WARRANT of his COUNTRY’S LIBERTIES.

The worn-out Sage too full his joy to speak,
The puerile tear stole down his wrinkl’ed cheek;
He paused a moment—but alas, too late,
He lent his Signet to his Country’s fate,
He grasped the trembling quil and signed his name,
And damn’d the Laurels of his former fame.

Boston, 12th Nov. 1787.

Original source: Ratification by the States, Volume IV: Massachusetts, No. 1