

Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride;
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henry's rear,
 With Spartan fortitude, the British spear;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
 Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

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ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND,

AND

ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

BEING THE CONCLUDING COPY OF OXFORD VERSES.

BY THE SAME.

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
 The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
 So pure the vows which classic duty pays
 To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!—
 O Pitt! if chosen strains have power to steal
 Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
 If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
 Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent

On

On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew,
 Awhile with fond attention deign to view
 This ample wreath, which all th'assembled Nine
 With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
 Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
 The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
 Thy tongue well tutor'd in historic lore,
 Can speak her office and her use of yore:
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
 Her harp dispensed in Græcia's golden days;
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
 She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
 When virtuous Pindar, told with Tuscan gore
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
 Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd:
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd she sate,
 The decent hand-maid, not the slave of state;
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
 For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride,
 Obedience from dependance to divide:
 Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
 And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,

Where

Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
 At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
 To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
 Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
 Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
 Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
 Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
 Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
 As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
 Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state;
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
 For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
 To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
 In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
 One common cause, one common end prescribes;
 Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.
 O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
 And o'er the minister exalts the man,
 Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay;

For science still is justly fond to blend,
 With thine, her practice, principles, and end.
 'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
 At splendid Slavery's fordid shrine to fawn;
 Each native effort of the feeling breast
 To friends, to foes, in servile fear, suppress:
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew;
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times she woo'd Munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social band,
 To form, diffuse, and fix her high command:
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize,
 From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial muse
 From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
 In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
 Where first the form of British Liberty
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye:
 That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
 In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
 Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
 Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)

Her

Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
 The blessings of her visionary reign;
 That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
 Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
 But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
 In full reality this favour'd isle.



ON THE MARRIAGE OF KING GEORGE THE
 THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

BY THE SAME.

TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
 Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
 When Albion's isles, old ocean's peerless pride,
 Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
 What bright ideas of the new domain
 Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
 And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
 That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
 Lo! this the land where Freedom's sacred rage
 Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.

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