

Their volant fingers o'er the chorded lyre,
With modulating touch the artists ply;
Pursuing still to animate desire,
Strains that in thrilling undulations die.

And every cheek with deep suffusion glow'd,
Denoting thought inflam'd, and troubled breast,
And passion in seducing sighs avow'd
Mutual, yet still by decency repress.

But soon excess to madding riot led,
Ensuing meaning jest, and licence bold;
Till comely Order from the banquet fled,
Asham'd the lustful orgies to behold.

A youth exalted high above the rest,
In bad pre-eminence conspicuous shone!
And blind submission to his lewd behest,
Unrivall'd lewdness from them all had won.

And deeply was he skill'd in wanton lore,
With fertile thought suggesting every art,
To make impurer, fires impure before,
Tainting at once the manners and the heart.

Pleasing proportion, youthful Beauty's aid,
And bland complacency and winning smile,
And wit diffusive tempting to persuade,
Maintain'd his power, and held him in the toil.

Ambitious Cæsar saw thee fair,
(What will not proud Ambition dare!)
And strait he courts thee as his own,
Fond to possess thy splendid throne.
Albion submits, tho' not to chains,
But ever uncontroul'd th' imperial virgin reigns.

The Roman eagle shrunk his head,
Before th' invited Saxons fled;
Aspiring nations shook her state,
(Dread consequence of being great)
Wild Heptarchy began her reign,
Till overaw'd she yields her scepter to the Dane.

Awhile in ignorance she lay,
The pagan worlds obscur'd her day;
The Goths, a wild barbarian train,
And savage Vandals, sweep her plain:
Soon of herself thro' clouds she shone,
And brighten'd once again a strong meridian sun

The royal Alfred, greatly born,
Britain to govern and adorn,
His kingdom's honour, subjects' good,
This well preserv'd, that understood,
Court'd Astræa to his throne;
Oppression sunk disarm'd, nor more his people groan.

The happy prince nor rested here ;
His ships to different regions steer,
And in Britannia's lap unlade
The sweet reward of gainful trade ;
Far distant India's burning shore
Beheld his floating strength, and wonder'd at his power.

Commerce advance ! by heaven design'd
To polish, and enrich mankind ;
Old Maja's daughter, Albion's care,
Advance, and breathe thy native air !
Here dwell, and fix thy sweet resort,
Nations shall hither flock, to pay their eager court.

Thou gavest to hidden knowledge birth ;
By thee, the limits of the earth
Greatly enlarg'd, show'd worlds unknown,
The frigid and the torrid zone ;
Guided and influenc'd by thee,
We first were taught to learn divine Astronomy.

To thee her silk rich Persia brings,
The proud magnificence of kings,
Arabia's spice and India's mine,
Peru's vast golden womb is thine ;
Behold the costly pillars rise,
And swell thy lofty seats, and temples to the skies.

Seated along th' Aonian spring,
 No more the vocal Sisters sing :
 Oxford, the seat of learning now,
 Crowns with her bay Apollo's brow ;
 Again refreshing Science streams,
 Pæonian Phæbus hence, sends forth his warmer beams,

Next Cambridge rear'd her awful head,
 Whence Arts from Danish arms had fled ;
 Virgil and Homer here retir'd,
 And pleas'd her studious sons inspir'd ;
 Philosophy shone heavenly bright,
 The thickening clouds dispers'd, and all was wondrous light,

Favour'd of God, here Newton saw
 Errors obscuring Nature's law ;
 He saw, and clear'd the gloomy way,
 And shew'd mankind eternal day :
 He shew'd, and worlds beheld with joy
 Labours which distant time nor envy shall destroy.

Innately bright the diamond shines,
 Tho' deep conceal'd in Indian mines ;
 The lapidary's nicer art
 Luxuriant flames on every part ;
 Till then, false jewels we admire,
 Behold their tinsel blaze, and artificial fire.

Priests thus with shew enslav'd the mind,
 To shew, the human eye inclin'd ;
 To papal power our princes bend,
 Nor see the errors they defend,
 While monkish artifices long
 Dazzled implicit worlds, and led a bigot throng.

Religion trembled at their crimes,
 But pleas'd, foresaw succeeding times ;
 Succeeding times when she alone
 Shou'd govern Britain's royal throne ;
 With undisturb'd and downy rest
 Baffled the sons of Rome, but all her children blest,

Edward the happy theme began,
 A glorious and immortal plan !
 Skies azure-opening greet his day,
 The Reformation points the way ;
 By Reason and by Virtue led,
 Behold her beauteous form, and mark her solemn tread !

Not so imperious Mary fways,
 Blind zeal again obscur'd her blaze,
 Disgrac'd, Religion mournful stood,
 While Persecution smil'd in blood :
 Heaven saw, enrag'd, the horrid deed,
 Shorten'd her tyrant reign, no more her subjects bleed.

Eliza shone serenely bright,
And on her throne reflected light;
Her royal brother's will maintain'd:
For this, the virgin princess reign'd,
Reign'd most supremely wise and great,
And neighb'ring realms preserv'd, and sav'd her sinking state.

When Spanish fleets her coasts alarm,
Eliza rais'd her mighty arm,
Her people's darling, she secure,
Smiling (of easy conquest sure),
Quell'd like a Jove their giant rage,
Her thunders burst aloud, nor dare the foe engage.

As when the sun darts forth his beams,
Whence trembling light refulgent streams,
And kindly gladdens for a while,
Alike adorns, and aids our toil,
A sudden cloud o'erspreads his rays,
Destroys our flattering hopes, and dims our golden days;

So when eclips'd Eliza's reign,
And heaven recall'd the saint again,
Too happy to be long admir'd,
With her our short-liv'd blifs retir'd:
Darkness returns, the light disdains
To shine on a foul series of inglorious reigns.

Thou

Thou awful shade of Pope, inspire,
And give expression to my lyre !
Lend harmony to every line,
And teach my verse to flow like thine !
Maria's wonderous charms I'd sing,
Would'st thou, lov'd poet, dictate to the silver string.

Her William saw Britannia's grief,
And swift he flew to her relief,
With noble resolution draws
The sword vindictive in her cause ;
The glorious cause demands his sword,
Religion once again, and Liberty restor'd.

With horror he beheld the state
Oppress'd beneath the papal weight ;
He kindled not War's fiercer flame,
But like a guardian angel came,
(Britannia's best and surest friend)
To save the fading honours of a groaning land.

The grand event, the bold design,
Th' immortal task, Nassau, were thine ;
The British lion, rous'd by thee,
First broke his chain, and dar'd be free ;
The royal line of great Nassau
Was sent mankind by heaven to keep the world in awe.

The dark horizon clear'd again,
 And shone propitious on his reign ;
 Fair Liberty assum'd her seat,
 And crush'd Oppression at her feet :
 Religion triumph'd, Albion smiles,
 Once more the first of states, again the queen of isles.

Inspir'd by heaven, the wise Nassau
 Her rising greatness well foresaw
 Rising from royal Brunswick's care,
 Brunswick by senates mark'd his heir ;
 Britons rejoicing shout applause,
 By him secur'd our faith, our property, our laws.

But first our powerful realms obey,
 Illustrious Anne, thy easy sway.
 Check'd by thy power, insulting Gaul
 Beheld with grief his legions fall :
 They fell, for Malbro' drew the sword,
 Pre eminent in arms, victorious, and ador'd.

Gallia beholds with treacherous eyes
 Sophia's high-born offspring rise
 To glory, empire, and renown,
 Deck'd with Britannia's glittering crown :
 Again she dar'd the isle engage,
 And stir intestine war, and raise seditious rage.

The rancorous hate of France in vain
 Threatens Mavortian Brunswick's reign ;
 Guardian of liberty and peace,
 He bids rebellious Discord cease ;
 The injur'd monarch soon forgives,
 And by his nod, again th' offending rebel lives.

With distant conquests he extends
 The throne his royal son ascends ;
 Imperial dignity and grace
 Serenely smile upon his face :
 Brunswick to martial honour bred,
 Governs, by Virtue counsell'd, and by Glory led.

Trade, Arts, and Science, flourish here,
 And bless each fair revolving year ;
 Gay-smiling Plenty reigns around,
 And golden harvests load the ground :
 So Liberty, and George, and Britons should be crown'd !

While Brunswick Europe's rights maintains,
 And fights her cause on Flandria's plains,
 Proud Gallia, treacherously brave,
 Calls coward Treason from her cave,
 Tho' Agincourt and Blenheim tell,
 How all her valour sunk, and boasting heroes fell.

Fam'd Dettingen still reeks with blood,
Where like a God great Brunswick stood ;
Triumphant Fame on filken wing
Rode smiling on before the king ;
Like Mars he shook the pointed spear,
The Gauls retreat, and all their battle shrunk with fear.

Tremendous Death and Horror stride
Close by intrepid William's side :
William, he bled, and soldiers griev'd ;
" Revenge (they cry) the wound receiv'd" !
Bright Venus mourn'd her favourite care,
And quick she bid her nymphs the healing drugs prepare.

The Cyprian goddess stood confest,
As when Æneas' wound she dress'd :
Her weeping nymphs around her wait,
Impatient for the prince's fate ;
With healing herbs, and balmy sweets,
The Dioncean queen the cannons rage defeats.

Who are these base, these dastard foes,
That dare their country's laws oppose !
Their lives and fortunes not their own,
But given in mercy from the throne :
Do they, ungrateful men, presume
To act the scheme of France, or play the part of Rome ?
Discord

Discord and Horror stalk along,
 With pale Rebellion in the throng ;
 Bellona stains the purple field,
 And Mars displays his brazen shield ;
 William his brother-god appears,
 To curb the traitorous war, and ease Britannia's fears.

He comes, the hero comes, and ftrait
 Conscious Rebellion knows her fate ;
 His troops, with manly rage inspir'd,
 Rush on, by his example fir'd ;
 His name strikes terror to the foe,
 Precipitate they fly, nor wait th' impending blow.

Brave Huske and Hawley strive in vain
 To animate th' embattled plain ;
 Train'd up in arms, the warriors fly
 From rank to rank, resolv'd to die,
 Or conquer, in their country's cause ;
 But heaven to Cumberland decrees the crown'd applause.

Hence worthless slaves, and wear the chain
 Of punick France, and haughty Spain ;
 Blinded by Rome, your ruin court,
 And be your very masters' sport ;
 Like Cain roam, of bliss bereft,
 No clime, no country yours, no friendly shelter left.

Shall Gauls insult the wide domain,
When Neptune views them with disdain?
Shall they with dark invasive schemes
(The mere result of idle dreams)
Threaten Britannia's guarded shore,
Nor dread the angry god, nor fear his cannons' roar?

Proud boasters hence, and learn to know,
Our Albion dreads no foreign foe;
Her fleets but ask propitious gales,
But ask, and Conquest swells her sails;
France strikes the flag, our colours near,
Whitens her golden flowers, and shrinks with coward fear.

Britons, united by their laws,
Can never swerve from Freedom's cause;
Blest in great George, we guard his reign,
And Gallic insolence disdain!
Well may we guard th' imperial throne,
Which every Briton's voice, and Virtue made his own!

Calm as a god, behold him there,
Express his soft paternal care;
Mercy fits mourning on his face,
To see severer Law take place;
And whilst rebellious subjects die,
Sighs swell his royal breast, and tears his pitying eye.

Such

Such Brunswick is who rules our land !
Such is the monarch we defend !
Blessing and blest'd ! (a mutual good,
By Britons only understood)
Late may he England's scepter wield,
Protect our laws at home, and guard us in the field !

A long illustrious race of kings
From Frederick and Augusta springs ;
This Brunswick views with joyous eye,
And knows in them he ne'er shall die ;
He sees his royal offspring smile,
The grace of future worlds, and honour of their isle.

HEAVEN.