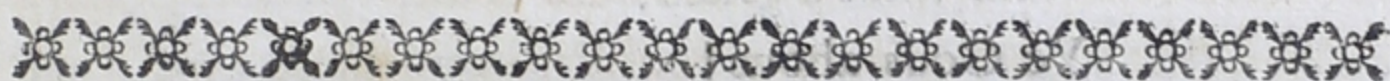


But sov'reign heav'n, whose ways are ever wise,
 || Just drew the glorious dawn before his eyes ;
 And for his happier son reserv'd the fight
 Of Brunswick's power in its meridian light.
 GEORGE shall in him prove honour, courage, truth,
 And find the father in the pregnant youth.

Thus the great leader of the Hebrew bands,
 Through opening billows and o'er burning sands,
 From Egypt's yoke, and haughty Pharaoh's chains,
 To Canaan's fruitful hills, and flow'ry plains,
 From Pisgah's height the promis'd land descry'd ;
 More was forbid ; he saw, rejoic'd, and dy'd.



PARAPHRASE upon a FRENCH SONG.

By the late WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

*Venge moy d'une ingrate maitresse,
 Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvresse.*

KIND relief in all my pain,
 Jolly Bacchus! hear my pray'r,
 Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair!
 In thy smiling cordial bowl,
 Drown the sorrows of my soul,
 All thy deity employ,
 Gild each gloomy thought with joy,

|| *He died a few months after the accession of GEORGE I.*

Jolly Bacchus! save, oh save
 From the deep devouring grave,
 A poor, despairing, dying swain.

Haste away,

Haste away,

Lash thy tigers do not stay,
 I'm undone if thou delay.
 If I view those eyes once more,
 Still shall love, and still adore,
 And be more wretched than before.
 See the glory round her face!

See her move!

With what a grace!

Ye Gods above!

Is she not one of your immortal race?

Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
 Dart like light'ning thro' the sky:
 You'd ye in marble temples dwell,
 The dear one to my arms compel;
 Bring her in bands of myrtle tied,
 Bid her forget, and bid her hide
 All her scorn and all her pride.
 Wou'd ye that your slave repay
 A smoking hecatomb each day,

O restore,

The beauteous Goddess I adore,
 O restore, with all her charms,
 The faithless vagrant to my arms.