

ON THE BIRTH OF GEORGE PRINCE OF
WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER AN INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR,

MDCCLXII.

BY THE SAME.

Imperial dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Tho' now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Tho' knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more,
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, stately dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!

Him,

Him, the bold pattern of his patriot fire,
 Shall fill with early fame immortal fire :
 In life's fresh spring, e'er buds the promis'd prime
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime :
 The patriot fire shall catch with sure presage
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In stripling beauty's bloom the princely boy ;
 There firmly wreath the braid of heavenly die,
 True Valour's badge around his tender thigh.
 Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,
 In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
 Vast images of Albion's elder days.
 While, as around his eager glance explores
 Thy chambers rough with war's constructed stores,
 Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
 Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils ;
 Amid the dusky trappings hung on high,
 Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye :
 Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
 With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers ;
 On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
 His own victorious monument to place.
 Nor can a fairer kindred title move
 His emulative age to glory's love,
 Than Edward, laureat prince. In letter'd truth,
 Oxford, sage mother, school'd this studious youth :

Her

Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
 The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
 Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
 The moonlight cloyster's checquer'd floor to trace;
 Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,
 Stream thro' the storied window's holy hue.
 And O, young prince, be thine his moral praise;
 Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
 War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
 When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
 O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
 And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
 When now no dangers of the deathful day
 Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
 Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
 The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
 Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
 Stalks yet unseen along the gleamy van.
 May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray
 Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.
 Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
 Be thine the scepter wreath'd with many a palm,
 Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
 The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!
 Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
 Bid rising arts display their mimic charms:
 Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
 Record the past, and rouse to future praise:

Before

Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
 And thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
 Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
 And cloath with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient boast,
 Thy tournaments, and list'd combats lost!
 From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
 Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn!
 Those elixir charms, that held in magic night
 Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
 At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
 And the bright order bursts to purer day:
 The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
 On virtue's base its rescued glory rears;
 Sees civil prowess mightier acts achieve,
 Sees meek humanity distress relieve;
 Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
 And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

