



On the Report of a WOODEN BRIDGE to be
built at Westminster.

By the Same.

BY Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the Genius of the river rose,
And thus exclaim'd-----“ Have I, ye British swains,
“ Have I, for ages, lav'd your fertile plains ?
“ Given herds, and flocks, and villages increase,
“ And fed a richer than the Golden Fleece ?
“ Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,
“ Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride ?
“ Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil ?
“ Made every climate your's, and every soil ?
“ Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,
“ Yet must a Wooden Bridge my waves disgrace ?
“ Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,
“ And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale.”
He said;---and plunging to his crystal dome,
White o'er his head the circling waters foam.