



## V E R S E S

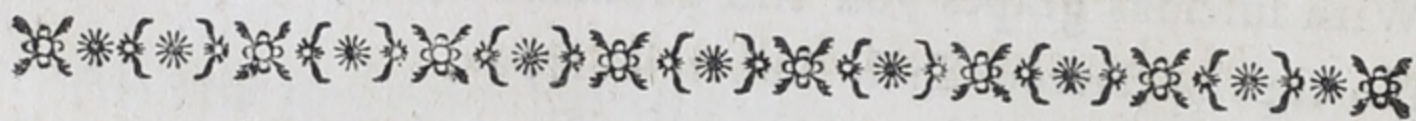
Written at MOUNTAUBAN in FRANCE, 1750.

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

**T**ARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,  
 But ah! they fructify a land of slaves!  
 In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants hide  
 With luscious grapes yon' hill's romantic side;  
 No cups nectareous shall their toils repay,  
 The priest's, the soldier's, and the fermier's prey:  
 Vain glows this sun in cloudless glory drest,  
 That strikes fresh vigour thro' the pining breast;  
 Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,  
 My soul's best, only pleasure, LIBERTY!  
 What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood<sup>b</sup>  
 When the red papal tyrant cry'd out——“ Blood!  
 Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,  
 That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.  
 Be warn'd ye nations round; and trembling see  
 Dire superstition quench humanity!

<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the persecutions of the protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the Southern provinces of France.

By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost ;  
 By wise and virtuous ALFRED's awful ghost ;  
 By old GALGACUS' scythed, iron car,  
 That swiftly whirling thro' the walks of war,  
 Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign throngs :  
 By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs ;  
 By fierce BONDUCA's shield, and foaming steeds ;  
 By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads ;  
 By the fifth HENRY's helm, and lightning spear,  
 O LIBERTY, my warm petition hear ;  
 Be ALBION still thy joy ! with her remain,  
 Long as the furge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain !



## The Revenge of AMERICA.

By the Same.

**W**HEN fierce PISARRO's legions flew  
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,  
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,  
 Old India's awful Genius rose.  
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,  
 And heard a thousand nations groan ;  
 For grief his feathery crown he tore,  
 To see huge PLATA foam with gore ;

He