

Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
 Then hear aloof the human tempest beat,
 Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
 Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.



An O D E

To the Right Honourable

STEPHEN POYNTZ, Esq; &c. &c.

By the Honourable

Sir CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS, Kt. of the Bath.

Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles

Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus

Poffet —————

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,

Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

HOR. Od. 4. Lib. 4.

I.

WHILST William's deeds and William's praise
 Each English breast with transport raise,
 Each English tongue employ;
 Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart
 Assumes not a superior part,
 A larger share of joy?

II. But

II.

But that thy country's high affairs
 Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
 You shou'd renew your flight ;
 You only shou'd this theme pursue ——
 Who can for William feel like you ?
 Or who like you can write ?

III.

Then to rehearse the Hero's praise,
 To paint this sunshine of his days,
 The pleasing task be mine ——
 To think on all thy cares o'erpaid,
 To view the Hero you have made,
 That pleasing part be thine.

IV.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
 This youthful Prince's various worth,
 You had the publick voice ;
 Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
 To you, the culture of his mind,
 And England blest the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
 By martial deeds of courage shewn :
 From this, near Mona's flood,
 By his victorious Father led,
 He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed,
 And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
 With happiness and glory fraught,
 How her unshaken pow'r
 Is independent of success;
 That no defeat can make it less,
 No conquest make it more;

VII.

This, after Tournay's fatal day,
 'Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
 Brought calm, and sure relief;
 He scrutiniz'd his noble heart,
 Found Virtue had perform'd her part,
 And peaceful slept the Chief.

VIII.

From thee he early learnt to feel
 The Patriot's warmth for England's weal;
 (True Valour's noblest spring)
 To vindicate her Church distressed;
 To fight for Liberty oppress'd;
 To perish for his King.

IX.

Yet say, if in thy fondest scope
 Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope
 That bounteous heaven so soon
 Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
 Consenting bend to ev'ry pray'r,
 And all thy wishes crown?

X.

We saw a wretch with trait'rous aid,
 Our King's and Church's rights invade :
 And thine, fair Liberty !

We saw thy Hero fly to war,
 Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
 And set the nation free.

XI.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
 My rapture, vision, and my dream,
 Gilds the young Hero's days :
 Yet can there be one English heart
 That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
 And own thy share of praise ?

XII.

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
 For life's short date : when William's head,
 For victories to come,
 The frequent laurel shall receive :
 Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
 And hang 'em on thy tomb.