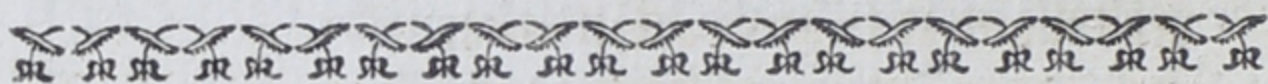


Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest beds of *England's* peers.

Thus the great eagle, when heav'n's wars are o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with those of *Venus* burns,
To his forsaken mate and shades returns ;
On some proud tree, more sacred than the rest,
With curious art he builds his spacious nest ;
In the warm sun lies basking all the day,
While round their fire the gen'rous eaglets play ;
Their fire, well-pleas'd to see the noble brood
Fill all the loftiest cedars of the wood.



An ODE on Miss HARRIET HANBURY
at Six Years old.

By Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

I.

WHY shou'd I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue ?
Why shou'd I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue ?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain,
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces :
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces.

III.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel;
Those charms their pow'rful sway shall find:
Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

Then when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms;
My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the victories of your charms.

V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
At least while verse like mine endures:
And future HANBURYs shall boast,
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
Since scarce another house can shew,
A poet, that can sing like me;
A beauty, that can charm like you.

