



VI.

For a Column at R U N N Y M E D E.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou have bless'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born,