

An ODE TO THE QUEEN.

I.

HIGH on a Throne of Glittering Ore
Exalted by Almighty Fate,

Out-shining the bright Jem she wore;

The gracious *Gloriana* sat.

II.

The dazling Beams of Majesty
Too fierce for mortal Eyes to see,

She veil'd, and with a smiling Brow,
Thus taught th' admiring World below.

III.

Virtue is still the chiefeſt good,
And power, ſhould only be her drefs,
State, is a Fever to the Blood;
Free Conſcience is the ſolid Blifs:

IV.

Glory is but a flattering Dream
Of Wealth, that is not, though it ſeem:
False viſion, whoſe vain Joys do make
Poor Mortals poorer, when they wake.

V.

The fawning Crowd of Slaves, that bow
With Praise, could n'er my Senſe controul;
Vaſt Pyramids of State ſeem low,
So much above it ſits my Soul.

VI.

She ſpake, whiſt Gods unſeen that ſtood,
Admiring one ſo great ſo good,

Flew straight to Heaven, and all along,
Bright Gloriana was their Song.

Returnel.

Bright Gloriana all along,

Bright Gloriana was their Song.

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