

For when as some rich honest Farmer dies,
 Leaving behind him Lands, and Legacies,
 His brainless Off-Spring by their Vice allur'd,
 Destroy the Crop, which he with care manur'd;
 His Garden's fruitless, and his Vineyard bleeds,
 Th' one yields no Grapes, the other only weeds:
 So *Rome*, her pious Farmer being gone,
 Is left to her lewd Race to be undone.

To the K I N G:

An O D E on his Birth Day.

CLowdy *Saturnia* drives her Steeds apace,
 Heaven-born *Aurora* presses to her place;
 And all the new-dress'd Planets of the Night,
 Dance their gay Measures with unusual grace,
 To usher in the happy Morning's Light,
 To usher in, &c.

Now blest, *Britannia*, let thy Head be crown'd
 Now let thy joyful Trumpets found,
 Into the late enslav'd * *Augusta's* Ears,

* *London.*

The Triumphs of a Day renown'd,
 Beyond the Glories of all former years,
 A Day when eastern Kings to kneel forbore,
 And end the Worship they begun,
 Dazled with rising Glories from the *British* shore,
 No longer they ador'd the Sun,

Chorus. A Day when, &c.

Second Movement.

The Belgick Sages saw from far,
 The glittering Regal Star,
 That blest the happy Morn,

When Great *Nassau* was born;

They heard besides a Cherub sing,

Haste, Haste, without delay,

To *Albion* haste away,

Revenge their Wrongs, and be a King,

Before thy Sword, and awful frown;

Rome Pagan Gods shall tumble down:

Haste to oppose, *Britannia's* Foes,

And then to wear her Crown.

And now the day is come,
 So dreadful to Proud *Rome*,
 The day when *Gallia* shakes,
 And *Englands* Genius wakes,
 To call her Sons to fight,
 And guard * *Eusebia's* Right :

Hark, hark, I hear their loud Alarms,
 And what was sold, for tempting Gold,
 Retriev'd again by Arms.

Chorus. Guard, Guard *Eusebia's* Right,

Call, call, her Sons to fight. Hark, hark, &c.

Third Movement.

Go on, admir'd *Nassau*, go on,
 To Fame and Victory go on,
 Recover *Britains* long lost Glory,
 Reflect on former Battels won,
 And what by *English* Monarchs done,
 In *Edward's*, and Great *Henry's* Story;
 Whilst we in lofty Song, and tuneful Mirth,
 Each year sing loud to celebrate his Birth,
 Whom bounteous Heaven, with Paternal hand,
 Sent as a second Saviour to this groaning Land.

* *The Church.*

Chorus

Chorus of all.

Glad Albion, let thy Joy appear,
 Restor'd is now thy happy State,
 The greatest blessings are most dear,
 When we atchieve 'em late.
 And whilst in a Jubile Triumph we sing,
 All Hail, Great *Nassau*, all Joy to the King,
 Let a Chorus of Thunder in the loud Consort play,
 To inform the vast Globe this is *Cesar's* Birth day.

The Scotch VIRAGO.

A SONG Sung to the Queen at Kensington.

The Words made to a pretty New Scotch Tune.

V Alliant Jockey's march'd away,
 To fight the Foe with brave *Mackay*,
 Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
 To Curse the hour when I was born;
 But, I've sworn I'll follow too,
 And dearest Jockey's Fate pursue,