



A POEM on the Princess AMELIA.

In Answer to DAMON, who invited the Nymphs
of *Bath*, to sing her Praise.

HARK! DAMON calls, I lead the Way ;
Ye Nymphs of *Bath*, come, aid my Lay,

Come, strike the trembling String :

AMELIA's Name so sweetly flows,

Her Face such wond'rous Goodness shows,

Who can refuse to sing ?

HER Presence, like the Sun benign,

Sheds Blessings where she deigns to shine ;

And brightens all the Place.

But when the Goddess disappears,

Our drooping Heads and Eyes in Tears

Will witness our Distress.

OH !

OH! wou'd the Muses aid my Wing,
APOLLO tune my Voice to sing!

I'd take the lovely Theme.

AMELIA's Name the Vale shou'd fill,
And echo back from Hill to Hill;

Sweet as her rising Fame.

WHILE envious Foes in vain repine,
May *Britain*, blest in BRUNSWIC's Line,

Still *Europe's* Balance sway!

Till Plenty, Liberty and Peace

Shall fill the World — till Faction cease,

And Earth resound the Joy.

