

on his Temple of
tempore.

and made his Actions
ies of his Line, (Shine,
n in these lays of thine,
rn his Urn,
bjeets all to mourn :
conscious Passion vent
common Nature meant
ce moving Tongue,
vinely Sung ;
xis too,
mightier you.
ill throw their Cypres
(down,
your victorious Crown,
ch Glories do receive, }
onours give, }
you'll for ever live.

On

111

On the Death of William III, King of
England.

YE mighty Nine, suspend your sacred Fire,
Strong Grieflike Love can coldest Breasts in-
Nor shall I want *Castilian* Waters here, (spire ;
For every line can Boast an ardent Tear.
But if the artless Sorrows of my Breaſt,
In numbers fail, my Sighs ſhall ſpeak the reſt ;
With untun'd Lyre, and ſlacken'd Nerves I Sing,
Yet with a Pious haſt, my humble Tribute bring
Of Grief immense, an equal Theme of Praise,
But oh ! what Pen can worthy Trophies raiſe.
Great *William* now our Annals proudeſt Boaſt,
Whoſe dawning Glories joy'd the *Belgick* Coaſt ;
When at *Senefſ*, he ſtem'd the impetuous Strife,
And Laurels flouriſh'd in th' Bloom of Life.
Nor did his Triumphs end where they begin,
Heaven gave freſh Scenes to aſt his Glories in ;
Ammon's nor *Cæſar's* Fame, muſt here contend,
The Valour had an avaricious End,
Thy fought to win the World, he to defend.
Britannia's Wrongs his willing Aid demand,
He hazards all, to ſave the ſinking Land ;

Not

&c.

Prince restrain,
Shining Plain:
can afford,
ing Sword.
oppressing Foe,
Heaven directs the

(Blow;

their guilty Post,
ne Field is lost.
Victor's Face,
brace;

l Seat obtain'd,
ur had regain'd.

oes,

ort repose;
nd to inflave,
r, as to save:)

ge moves,
y *Venus* Doves.

s the Royal freight,
mpatient wait,
their Nations fate.
the God of Arms,
y Souldier warms.

to

On the Death, &c.

113

In vain the *Boyne* would Victory delay,
Nor can its Streams their generous Heat allay;
Boldly they Plunge the bright propitious Flood,
And in the Waves like arm'd *Tryton* flood.
The amphibious Squadrons charge upon their Foes,
Nor in the Liquid Plain their ardor loose:

But with united force the Fight pursue,
Till Laurels load the daring Monarch's brow.
Soon as the Land was safe his Weapons cease,
With his victorious Hand, he seal'd their Peace;
Mourn all ye injur'd Realms your helpless Cause,
No Sword can Succour you like kind *Nassaus*,
And that's for ever sheath'd — no more can save,
That mighty Arm, lies useless in the Grave.

Come widdow'd *Belgia* with sad *Britain* join,
Unite your Tears and swell the gentle *Boyne*;
She'll rise in Silver heaps at *Nassau's* Name,
With Pride her Streams are conscious of his Fame,
And all her wondering Banks with Joy resound
(the same.)

But when your flowing Eyes declare his Death,
She will no more her sporting Waters heave;

†

But

To Mr. Tate, &c.

But sadly sink into her mournful Cell,
 In subteranean Murmurs haft to tell,
 At *Neptune's* Court how his great Master fell,
 Each *Neried* strait her Sea green Trestestares,
 And swells the Ocean with their flowing Tears:
 The *Trytons*

Unfinisht.

*To N. Tate, Esq; on his Poem on the
 Queen's Picture, Drawn by Closter-
 man.*

HAil mighty Poet, mighty Painter too,
 Since to thy strokes, his equal Lines we owe;
 The sister Arts, are now a Mistry
 And Painture here, has brought forth Poetry.
 Th' inspiring Shade, seems life itself refin'd,
 And all Heavens goodness copy'd in her Mind;
 So justly each performs his nicer Part,
 As speaks their Skill, yet Beauties without Art:
 The emulative Ink, bright as the Paint,
 This shows the Queen and that describes the Saint.

We

We priz
 But ye ha
 Speak gr
 Whether

Brib'd
 My Mus
 But must
 Who has
 And in hi
 But oh!
 Are justly
Britannia
 Till the I
 Declar'd v
 Her Glory
 So *Colin* o
 Long may
 Whilst she