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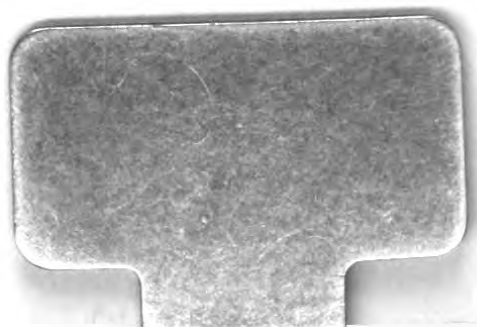
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A

Congratulatory P O E M

To His *Royal Highness*

Prince **G E O R G E**

O F

D E N M A R K,

Lord High Admiral of *Great Britain,*

U P O N T H E

Glorious Successes at Sea.

By N. T A T E Esq; Poet-Laureat to Her Majesty.

To which is added

A Mappy Memorable S O N G, on the
Fight near *Audenarde*, between the Duke of
Marlborough and *Vendome*, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *Henry Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Wa-
ter-side. 1708.

To His Royal Highness

The Most Illustrious

Prince **G E O R G E** of *Denmark*.

Bless'd *Prince!* in Whom the Graces seem combin'd
To raise the sinking Glories of Mankind ;
Our Iron Age with Vertues to Adorn,
Like th' infant World's, e'er Guilt and Grief were born
How dares a Rural Muse approach your Court,
From Vales, where home-bred Nymphs and Swains re-
There let her entertain the pensive Hours (soft
With sympathizing Songs, in shady Bow'rs ;
There let her act her Shepherdess's Part,
Where Innocence is Wit, and Nature Art.
To Villagers, in that forlorn Retreat,
Her Serious Antiquated Streins repeat,
And leave gay Rivals to caress the *Great*.

Pretending Poet, (the griev'd Muse replies)
With uncommision'd Boldness you advise:
Without Offence I pay Attendance here,
When 'tis on Duty's Summons I appear ;

For, tho' retir'd to solitary Groves,
 The Palace still my Sylvan Song approves:
ANNA and *GEORGE* indulge the gen'rous Lays
 I sing (Unrival'd) in poor *Virtue's* Praise.
 I love the Shades; but, from *Elysian* Bow'rs
 When Winter wreaths his hoary Head with Flow'rs;
 When starting Spring forestalls the Bloom of *May*,
 And Summer's Sweets, to crown the * Royal Day;
 Or when I hear our *British* Ocean roar
 His *GEORGE's* Conquest to the shouting Shoar,
 Must only I in shady Silence rest,
 And hear *my* Prince by all but me address?
 No, Shepherd; since such charming Themes invite,
 And I (tho' Rural) have a Muse's Right;
 Since sure Disgrace attends upon Despair,
 And nobly they may Do, who nobly Dare:
 Mounted on Rapture, and Devotion's Wing,
 I'll sally, and my Prince's Triumph sing.

When vying Arts their proud Memorials raise,
 Fanes, Arches, Trophies, Pyramids of Praise,
 That *Time* may in His doating Days repeat
 Invading *Gallia's* scandalous Defeat,
 Her Bold *Pretender*, and his Base Retreat:
 I'll fix my Pillar too, not wreath'd with Gold,
 But such a dazzling Verse, so justly bold,
 As in the Front of *Fame's* Records shall place
GEORGE's Renown, and *Lewis's* Disgrace;

* *The 6th of February, her Majesty's Birth-Day.*

His *Babel*-Project in Contusion hurl'd,
 And from *Ambition's* giddy Chariot, whirl'd
 The *Phaeton* he rais'd to fright and fire the World. }

Then think how graceful, how almost divine,
 The gen'rous Guardian's Character will shine!
 Therefore on Rapture, and Devotion's Wing,
 I'll sally, and the Best of Princes sing.

What's that? The Best of Princes did you say?
 See how your rustick Breeding you betray:
 That an Encomium for a Muse to pay?
 Give Him the Title to his Station due,
 The Best of Kings; yes, and of Emp'rors too;
 Supream without the Pageantries of State,
 Crowns, Scepters, that on vulgar Monarchs wait;
 For Heaven does to this Favourite impart
 The Noblest Empire,—That of *ANNA's* Heart;
 That *Vertue's* sacred Provinces contains;
 Where all the Bliss of Paradiſe remains,
 And of that *Eden* He sole Monarch Reigns. }
 Therefore proclaim Him (Muse) from Pole to Pole,
 Far as his Fleets can Sail, or Ocean rowl:
 Tell *Eastern* Courts, for Grandeur so renown'd,
Great Britain's *GEORGE* with *ANNA's* Love is crown'd.

Hail! Royal PAIR, (thus *Hymen's* heard to say;)
 Hail! happy PAIR, that keep my Garland gay }
 And flourishing, as on the Nuptial-Day.

Fresh Glories spring with each advancing Hour ;
 Peace, Amity, and ev'ry gentle Pow'r,
 For ever Smile, and Bless the Royal Bow'r.

Great Britain's Tutelary *G E O R G E* proclaim,
 Successor to Her Sacred Champion's Name,
 And more than a Successor to his Fame.
 The First did *Error's* creeping Serpent quell ;
Discord's wing'd Dragon by the Second fell :
 The First prevail'd by *Truth's* refulgent Arms,
 The next by *Truth's* and *Moderation's* Charms ;
 Charms, that with *ANNA's* Sov'reign Influence join'd,
 (Like Dew in some Coelestial Sphere refin'd)
 Distilling from the Balmy Wings of *Peace*,
 Made our Domestick Conflagrations cease.

O! *Fame*, no longer boast your *Gracian* Pow'rs,
 And mournful Fall of *Priam's* stately Tow'rs.
 Must Mischief a *Mæonion* Muse employ ?
 Then what should *Piety*, that quench'd our flaming *Troy* ?

This Triumph for his riper Years Remain'd,
 Whose Youth, in Field, the foremost Lawrels gain'd
 But 'tis not for a Past'ral Muse to sing
 The rescu'd Brother, and protested King.
 O *Courage* ! that *Bellona's* Self amaz'd,
 And startl'd *Mars* upon the Wonder gaz'd ;
 Applauding *Europe* Bless'd her *Northern* Star,
 The *Phosphor* to Her Just and Glorious War ;

The Leading Light, that fir'd Her Sons of Fame ;
 From Hence *Marlburian*, and *Eugenian* Flame.
 In Camps let those Illustrious Chiefs pursue
 Their Glorious Game, with Conquests still in View ;
 Storm Hostile Forts, Confed'rate Cities shield,
 But, *Britain*, to your *GEORGE*'s Conduct yield
 Your Floating Castles, and the Wat'ry Field.

Enamour'd *Thetis* courts Him with Success,
 And Victory, in ev'ry Change of Dress ;
 Sometimes She meets Him in Her Purple Pride,
 Her Azure Waves in Crimson Slaughter Dy'd :
 sometimes with Bloodless, Smiling Lawrels crown'd,
 Like Those our *Caledonian* * Coast renown'd.
 With prouder Pomp Old Ocean never swell'd,
 Than when the *British* Squadron He beheld ;
 No, not when *Venus*, with the Wat'ry Pow'rs,
 Sprang from the Cristal Cells, and Coral Bow'rs ;
 Whilst Glist'ring Gems did such a Luster dart
 As dazl'd Day, and made to Sun the start,
 But when He sends his awful Summons round,
Europe and *Africk* tremble at the Sound.
Fame's Pillars shake on Her *Atlantick* Shoar,
 To hear Our *GEORGE*'s Naval Thunder roar
 In fresh Exploits, where *Hercules* gave o'er.
 The Sea, that Barrier to *Alcides* Toils, († Spoils.
 Opens Her Guardian *GEORGE*, a new vast World of

* *The Chasing the French Fleet, &c. from the Coast of North Britain,*
 by Admiral Bing.

† *The Man of War, and Barks with Provisions, Ammunition, &c. lately*
taken from the French in the Mediterranean, by Admiral Leake : And the
rich Merchant-Ships, by the Lord Dursley, &c.

Yes, Muse, with such delightful Terror Blaz'd
 Our Furnish'd Fleet, and in an Instant Rais'd ;
 Nor sooner the bold *Leopard* did Advance,
 But Her first Broadside, from their flatt'ring Trance,
 Scar'd into shameful Flight the Threat'ning Fiends of
 (France.)

When Tyrant-Courts plot some enormous Crime, |
 The Prodigy must be the Work of *Time*.
 Law, Justice, Reason, Conscience, Honour, All
 Sad Victims to the Rising *Moloch* fall.
 But pious Princes, from Above are Taught }
 To give their Just Efforts the Speed of Thought,
 And Miracles are in a * Moment wrought.

Such Wonders wait on his Electing Skill }
 Of † *Council* and *Commanders*, to fulfill,
 With Faith and Fame, their Great Director's Will.

And You (replies the Muse) would here Retreat?
 No, Swain ; your Garland is but half Compleat :
 Arrears of Tribute you have yet to raise,
 Will rattle all your Flow'ry Fields of Praise :
 Your Elogy, to perfect this Essay,
 Must, with the *Prince*, the Glorious *Man* display,
 Besides Prerogatives of Pow'r and Birth,
 Vast Provinces of Independant Worth,

* The wonderful Expedition in setting forth that Fleet.

† Of the Admiralty.

Inherent Charms, that on His Person wait,
 With Genuine Grandeur, and Pacifick State.
 His Frame a graceful Palace, and design'd
 The Mansion of a Truly Royal Mind;
 Where Reason reigns, and Passions never move,
 But by adjusted Orders from above.
 Hence inward Peace the pious Prince enjoys,
 And with Success Abroad, His Thoughts employs;
 Taught by Superior Judgment to Advance
 Beyond the boasted Progresses of *France* :
 Yet *Policy*, to *Truth's* streight Course confines,
 By *Honour's* Compass steers his vast Designs;
 Shunning those Rocks, where shifting Statesmen split,
 With double Wreck of Honesty and Wit.
 While He, with fav'ring Gales of Fortune drives,
 And Prosp'rously at the wish'd Port arrives.

A close Spectator of the World's great Stage,
 Yet ne'er Transported with its Mirth or Rage;
 But from its Failures, Observation draws
 To act a Part that wins the World's Applause;
 Does Precedents to ev'ry Station give,
 How Monarchs ought to Reign, and Subjects Live;
 How Clemency can *Princely Port* maintain,
 And Sov'reignty, by Condescending, gain :
 In Court, more Morals has to Practice brought,
 Than *Cynick* Schools and Cloysters ever Taught.
 Only the Vertue's and the Grace's Train,
 Into His Favour can Admittance gain,
 While *Syren* Pleasures Sing, and Smile, in Vain.

}
 Where

Where Pride Controuls, Duty at distance stands,
 But a close Waiter on his just Commands;
 Pleas'd with his Mandates, to her Post she moves,
 Like *Zephyrs*, order'd to the Myrtle Groves.

On this lov'd Theme I could for ever dwell,
 Might I but here, as at my Rural Cell;
 Far from my *Prince's* Ear, in bold Effays
 Launch out on the wide Ocean of his Praise;
 (While *Philomel* forgets her Savage Wrong,
 And widow'd Turtles listen to my Song ;)
 But modest Merit, charm'd with just Applause,
 When paid to others, from its own withdraws.

Well ; I desist ; but my Devoted Heart
 Insists on Priviledge, and will not part ;
 She crys, 'tis Luke-warm Passion, that will press
 No longer than encourag'd to Address.
 But Raving Love will all Occasions seize,
 And sometimes bravely venture to displease :
 At least the Gen'rous *Queen* will intercede,
 And for a fond Offender's Pardon plead :
A N N A, the Gracious *A N N A*, will forgive,
 And kindly bid his poor Admirer live.

Why should he with extensive Lustre Shine,
 And think our Admiration to Confine ?
 Whose Presence, like the Sun, Our Grief beguiles,
 And sullen Care at his Appearance smiles :
 The Pride of Nature, and the World's delight,
 Admir'd *Vespatian* a less Charming Sight.
 As Citizens Besieg'd to Turrets throng,
 To see their succ'ring Champion march along ;

When

When he approaches, our rous'd Spirits rise,
 And wait him at the watch-tow'rs of our Eyes.
 The Stars, that with auspicious Aspect Blaze,
 Look down, and with delightful wonder gaze
 On Hours, might be in Royal Ease enjoy'd,
 So Gen'rously in publick cares employ'd!
 Yet as we see the vast Machine above
 Of Spheres and Stars, in tuneful order move,
 He works his Orb of Bus'ness in a Course
 Of charming movement, and harmonious force.

Such is my *Prince*, mild as a Morning Ray,
 As Ev'ning Calm, yet Active as the Day:
 In publick, for Majestick Grace Admir'd;
 But more; oh! more than Mortal when retir'd.

Might I his Closet's bless'd recess display,
 New Scenes of dazling Wonders you'd survey!
 O Swain! that Sanctu'ry unveil'd would show
 Descended Seraphs, and a *Heav'n* below.

There *Europe's* Patron her just Cause supports,
 By Correspondence with Celestial Courts.

'Tis there the prosp'rous Schemes——

——Rash Muse, forbear;

'Tis Hallow'd Ground, and you approach too near.

I know't: — Yet Zeal, fond Zeal, would still aspire;
 But Awful Rev'rence warns us to Retire,
 And at just Distance silently Admire.

P O S T S C R I P T.

[H E same Zeal and Veneration, that put the Muse on this Essay of his Royal Highness's *Character*, made her timorous of publishing her Performance, tho' sensible that a pourtrait of so Incomparable a *Prince* may be very short of the *Original*, yet an agreeable Picture.

And altho' 'twas impossible to come up to the Graces of the Life, she has set the most distinguishing Features in the foremost Light, and particularly His *Patronizing Piety* and *Publick Welfare*.

For, when we have Summ'd up the Atchievements of Heroes Renown'd by Antiquity, We shall find their effusive Praise All Centre in These Sovereign Vertues,

'Twas to These they Rais'd Statues and Temples; and not satisfi'd with those mouldring Monuments of *Fame*, perpetuated their Memory by ever-living Histories, *Panegyrics*, and *Poems*.

To which Honour nothing can be added, But that which transcends them all; that they are persuant to the principle and practice of the *Best of Queens, Her Majesty of Great Britain*.

Therefore, under so National a Happiness, 'tis the proper province of *Poets* to present the people with the best *Memorials* they can raise, to excite them to a thankful Remembrance of such Blessings, That being one of the only means of having them long continu'd.

And

And if on the present occasion, the delightfulness of the Subject has transported me beyond my usual Reservedness, I shall only repeat my plea already made for pardon from the worthy * *Person*, to whose Learning and Judgment I am most oblig'd, and therefore most accountable, in any matter of the *Muses*. * *Dr. Gibbons*.

Forgive me, great Director of my Song;
 Long may you live, that others may live long;
 Whose Skilful Search of Learning's Secret Store,
 Furnish'd my Favour'd Muse, and taught her more }
 Than *Horace* and *Roscommon* had before.
 Forgive, if now the Classic Road she quit,
 For Precipices of Advent'rous Wit:
 If Fancy has a Daring Flight Aspir'd,
 'Tis what the Theme, the Glorious Theme, requir'd.

To Celebrate the Worthies of her own Age and Nation, is certainly one of the usefulest Methods in which a Muse can employ her Talent; because it is doing Justice to living Merit, and Transmitting its Glorious Example to Posterity.

Mine, I confess, has but too much Reason to dread the difficulty of such Attempts; yet in this Effort of Duty and Respect to his *Royal Highness*, she can justly challenge that Ancient Priviledge for a Favourable Reception, *viz. In Magnis Rebus vel Conatus Laudari debet.*

Claudian has mention'd the two principal Pillars of Panegyric, which he thought singly sufficient to support his Prince's Encomium—*Ingenium Autoris vel Stiliconis Amor*. And however I may have fail'd in the former, I am assur'd, that no Person can surpass me in the latter.

In a Season of continu'd *Sun-shine*, 'tis Natural for Ha-lycons to exert their Harmony ; and in so bright a train of *Naval Successes*, as have, so early in the Year, Occasion'd a * double disappointment of the common Enemies Designs, together with a fresh and signal Vi-tory by the Conduct and Bravery of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*; in these prosperous and promi-sing Circumstances of speedily seeing the pious Endeavours, of our most Gracious *Queen* and *Prince* com-pleted in a happy Restauration of the Peace and Liber-y of *Europe*, 'Tis no wonder to hear the Congratulating *Muses* sing—.

Thro' Field and Flood our Royal pair maintain
 Pacifick Empire, just as here they Reign ;
 Make Foreign Courts by their decisive Doom,
 Practice the Justice which they act at home.
 Hence all with Joy their rising Glories see,
 Such Strength entrusted with such *Piety* ;
 While from their well-plac'd pow'r *Protection* flows,
 And with their Grandeur the World's *Welfare* grows.

* *In his intended Invasion of North-Britain, and breaking his Measures in Spain.*

F I N I S.

A

A Happy Memorable Ballad,

On the Fight near Audenarde, between the Duke of Marlborough, of Great-Britain, and the Duke of Vendome, of France. As also the strange and wonderful manner how the Princes of the Blood-Royal of France were found in a Wood. In allusion to the Unhappy Memorable Song commonly call'd Chevy-Chace.

GOD prosper long our gracious Queen,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
A woful Fight of late there did
Near *Audenard* befall.

To drive the *French* with Sword and Gun,
Brave *Marlborough* took his way,
Ah! wo the time that *France* beheld
The Fighting of that day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had swore
Vendome should pay full dear,
For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e're his Fame
Should reach his master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,
And chosen men of might,
He with the *French* began to wage
A sharp and bloody fight.

The Gallant *Britains* swiftly ran
The *French* away to chase,
On *Wednesday* they began to fight,
When Day-light did decrease.
And long before high-Night, they had
Ten thousand *Frenchmen* slain,
And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,
As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,
 The nimble *French* to take,
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
 And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,
 In hopes *Vendome* to meet,
 When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*
 Fell at his Grace's Feet :

Oh! gentle Duke forbear, forbear,
 Into that Wood to shoot;
 If ever pity mov'd your Grace,
 But turn your Eyes and look;

See where the Royal Line of *France*,
 Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie;
 And sure a Sight more piteous was
 Ne'er seen by mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,
 Like Wax before the Sun,
 To see their Glory at an end.
 E're yet it was begun.

When as our General found your Grace
 Wou'd needs begin to fight,
 As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,
 To see so fine a Sight,

He straitway sent them to the top
 Of yonder Church's Spire,
 Where they might see, and yet be safe
 From Swords, and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,
 And kiss'd them e're they went,
 Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,
 As if they knew the Event.

Then said, he would with speed return,
 Soon as the Fight was done,
 But when he saw his men give ground,
 Away he basely run,

And

And left these Children all alone,
 As Babes wanting Relief,
 And long they wandred up and down,
 No hopes to chear their grief.
 Thus hand in hand they walked, till
 At last this Wood they spy'd,
 And when they say the Night grow dark,
 They here lay down and cry'd.
 At this the Duke was inly mov'd,
 His Breast soft pity beat,
 And so he streightway ordered
 His men for to retreat.
 And now but that my Pen is blunt,
 I might with ease relate,
 How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,
 Besides what found their Fate.
 Nor shou'd the Prince of *Hanover*
 In Silence be forgot,
 Who like a Lyon fought on foot,
 After his Horse was shot.
 And what strange Chance likewise befel,
 Unto these Children dear,
 But that your Patience is too much
 Already tir'd I fear.
 And so God bless the Queen and Duke,
 And send a lasting Peace,
 That Wars and foul Debate henceforth
 In all the World may cease.

F I N I S.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHEREAS the Printer hereof did receive two Letters by the
 General Post from an unknown Hand; the last dated *July* the
 1st, 1708. If the Gentleman that sent them shall be pleased to
 communicate any such Copies as there mentioned, they shall be justly and
 faithfully Printed and Published, and the Favour most thankfully acknow-
 ledged, by
H. H.

the
the
to
and
we



