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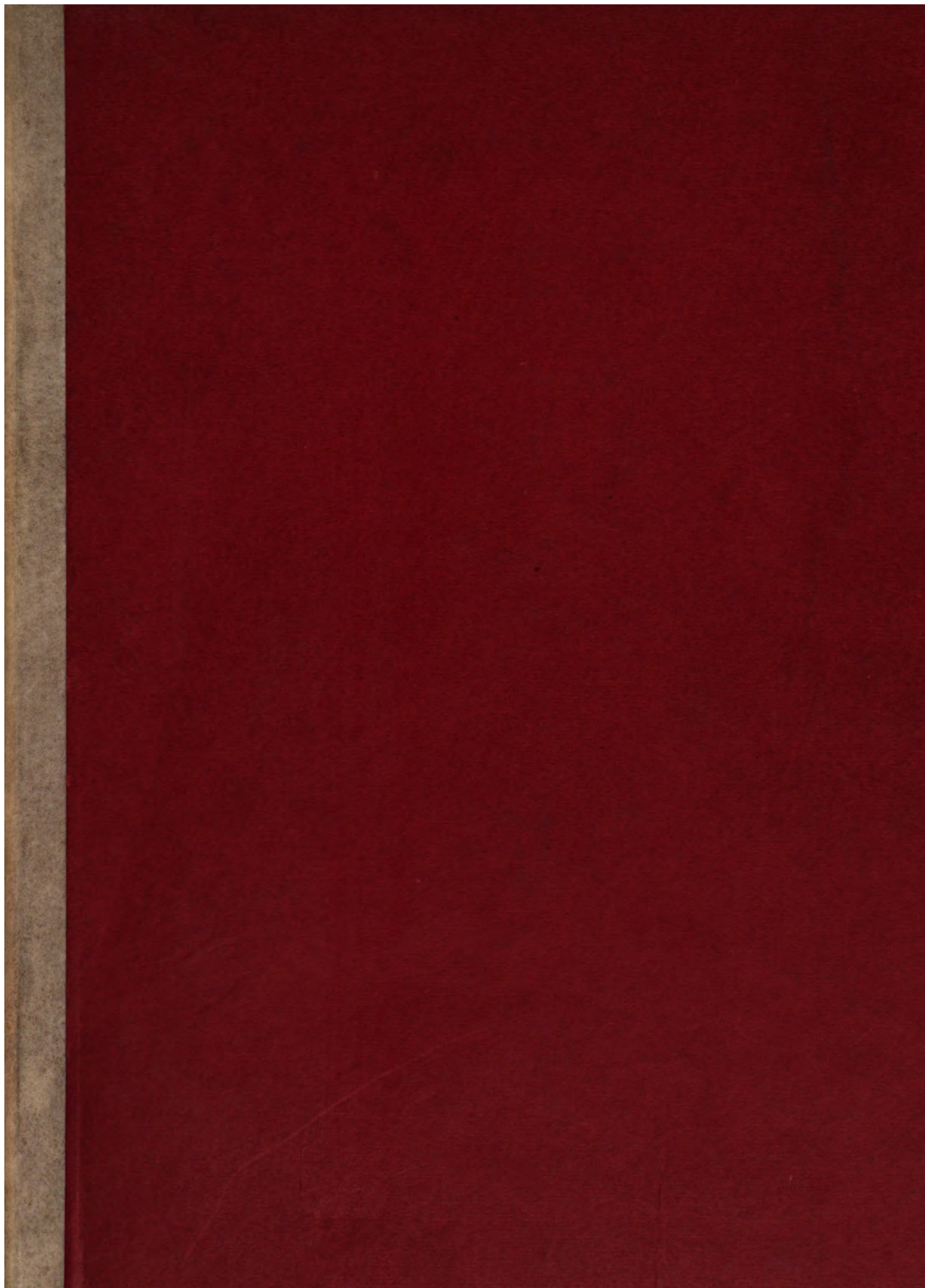
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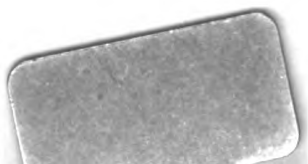
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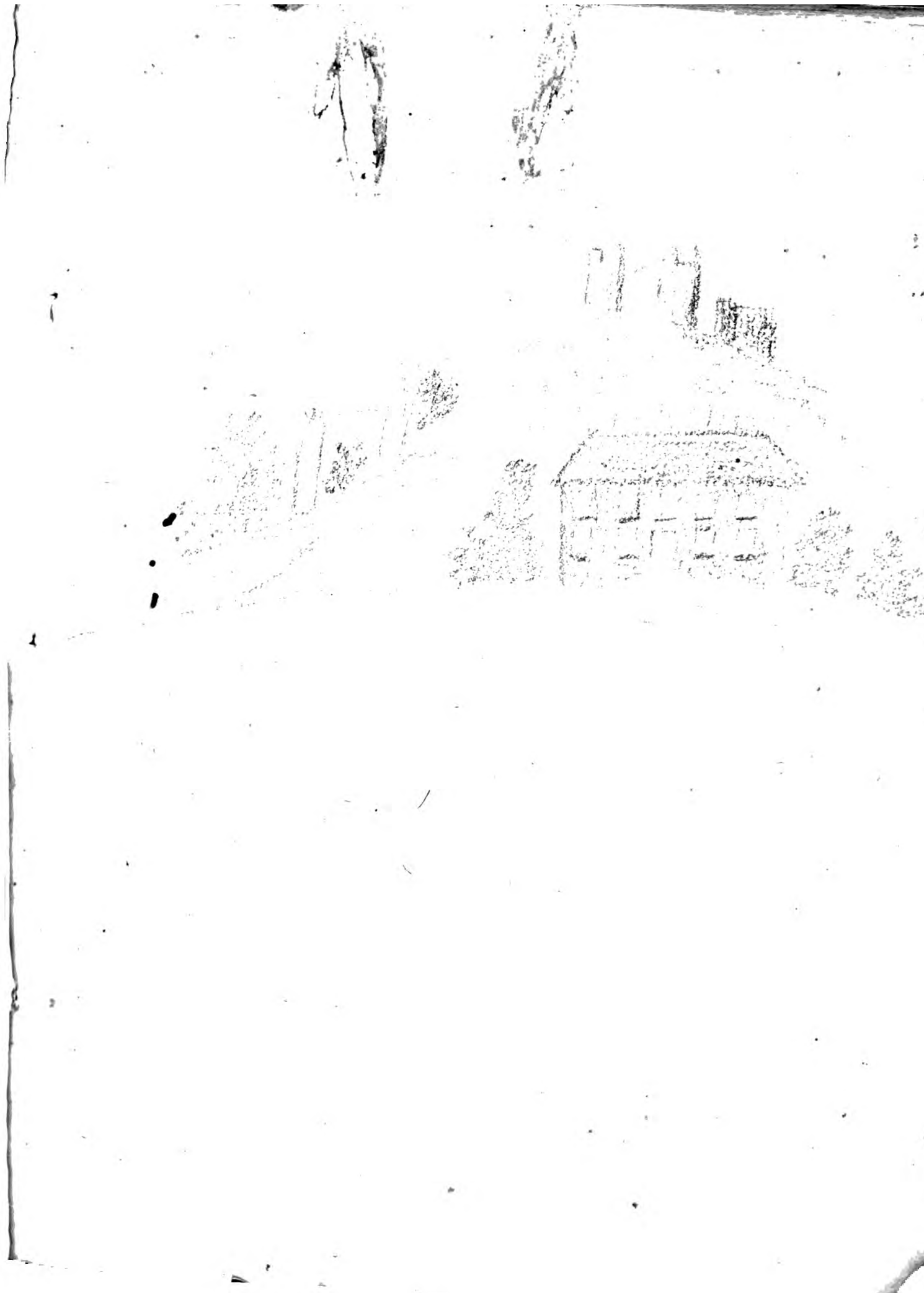
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June 21st

TRUTH,

IN

RHYME.



TRUTH,

IN

RHYME:

ADDRESSED TO

a certain NOBLE LORD.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXI.



Advertisement.

THE following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this. However unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the same time, be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning, on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these.

March

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

March 3, 1761.

* * * In consequence of the act passed in the reign of My late glorious Predecessor, King WILLIAM the Third, for settling the succession to the Crown in My Family, the commissions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour. But, notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the Crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened:

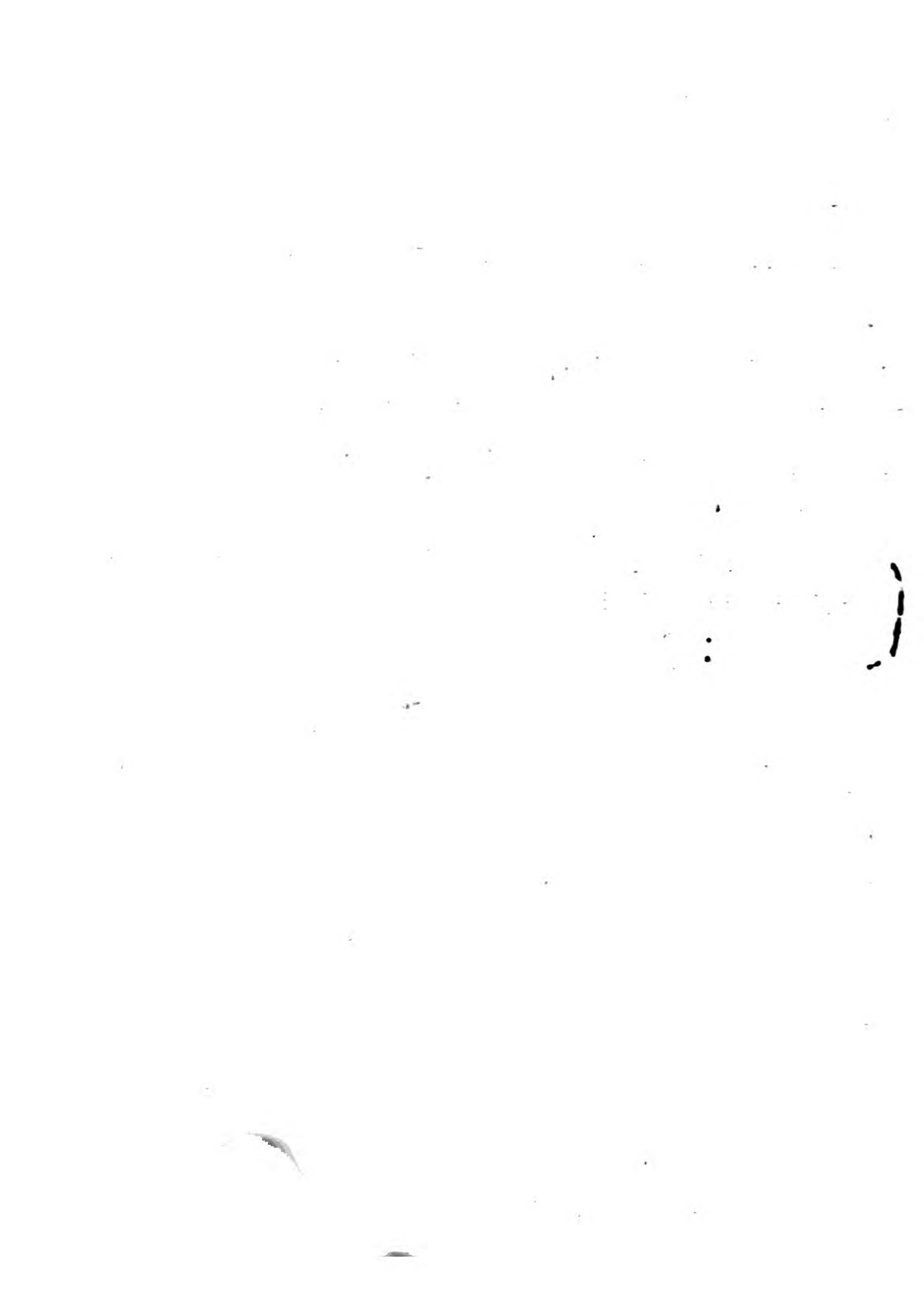
I look upon the independency and uprightness of the Judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of Justice; as one of the best securities to the rights and liberties of My
loving

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

loving subjects ; and as most conducive to the honor of the Crown. And I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament ; in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.

:

TRUTH,



T R U T H,

I N

R H Y M E.

A STREA, eldest born of JOVE,
Whom all the Gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there ;
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew.

B

There

There, station'd in the *Virgin-sign*,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine ;
Or if, at times, she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er *Britain's* favor'd isle.

FOR there — her eye with wonder fix'd !
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd !
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The PATRON of all worth and truth ;
Not where the virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court !
Not in a cottage, all-unknown ;
She found him seated on a throne !

What

What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found in fact ---- a *Patriot-King*!

BUT as a sight, so nobly new,
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view;
To where, by silver-streaming *Thames*,
Ascends the palace of *St. James*,
Swift thro' surrounding shades of night,
The Goddess shot her beamy flight.
She stop'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her Favorite, where he lay,
In sweet repose: o'er all his face,
Repose shed softer bloom and grace!

But fearful left her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.

IN all the silence of surprize,
She gaz'd him o'er! She saw arise,
For Gods can read the human breast,
Her own idea there imprest!
And that his plan, to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,

May

May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine thro nations yet unborn,
She calls URANIA to her aid.

AT once, the fair ethereal *Maid*,
Daughter of MEMORY and JOVE,
Descending quits her lawrel'd grove :
Loose to the gale her azure robe ;
Borne, in her left, a starry globe,
Where each superior son of fame
Will find inscrib'd his deathless name ;
Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,
To praise true merit, or inspire.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD ---- ASTREA thus began ----
The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reason see, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the soul of truth!
With love of justice, tender sense
For suffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign
On one sole maxim, wise and plain ----
Tho plain, how seldom understood!
That, to be great, he must be good.
His breast is open to your eye;
Approach, URANIA, mark, and try.
This bosom needs no thought to hide:
This virtue dares our search abide.

The

THE sacred fountains to secure
Of *Justice*, undisturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to stain their course ;
That *these* may flow serene and free,
The Law must independent be ;
Her Ministers, as in my sight,
And mine alone, dispensing right ;
With temper, firm, with spirit, sage,
The MANSFIELDS of each future age.

AND this prime blessing is to spring
From *Youth* in purple ! from a *King* !

Who,

Who, true to his imperial trust,
 His greatness founds in being just;
 Prepares, like yon ascending fun,
 His glorious race with joy to run;
 And, where his gracious eye appears,
 To bless the world he lights and cheers!

SUCH worth with equal voice to sing,
 URANIA, strike thy boldest string;
 And *Truth*, whose voice alone is praise,
 That here inspires, shall guide the lays.
 Begin! awake his gentle ear
 With sounds that monarchs rarely hear.

He

He merits, let him know our love,
 And you record, what I approve:

SHE ended; and the heaven-born *Maid*
 With soft surprize his form survey'd:
 The smile now glowing on his cheek,
 His God-like purpose seem'd to speak;
 But native chastity of thought
 Within his stainless bosom wrought.
 She paus'd; she fix'd her sober eye
 On earth; then offer'd this reply.

NOR pomp of song, nor paint of art,
 Such truths should to the world impart.

My task is but, in simple verse,
These promis'd wonders to rehearse:
And when on these our verse we raise,
The plainest is the noblest praise.

YET more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would such a Prince permit my strains?
Deserving, but still shunning fame,
The homage due he might disclaim.
A Prince, who rules, to save, mankind,
His praise would, in their virtue, find;
Would deem their strict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his best applause.

Then,

Then, *Britons*, your just tribute bring,
In *deeds*, to emulate your King;
In *virtues*, to redeem your age
From venal views and party rage.
On his example safely rest;
He calls, he courts you to be blest;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of *just* and *right*.

My part is last; if *Britain* yet
A *Lover* boasts of truth and wit,
To *Him* these grateful lays to send,
The *Monarch's* and the *Muse's* friend;

20 *TRUTH*, in *RHYME*.

And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
My voice may give to latest times.

SHE said; and after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a score,
To strike at once all scandal mute,
The Goddess found, and fix'd on *BUTE*.

T H E E N D.

2
This I hope will be an attain
ment for that on former progress
I hope not a wish to gain
wealth or pleasure of the night
tax

2
I hope for the best now soon
I think with the means of help
not
I think you are over (condition)
I think with the means of help
I think you are over (condition)
I think with the means of help
I think you are over (condition)

2
I hope
I hope
I hope

