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I. I.

HENCE to thy Hell! thou fiend accurft,
Of Sin's incestuous brood, the worst
Whom to pale Death the spectre bore: *
Detraction hence! 'tis Truth's command,
She lanches, from her seraph hand,
The shaft that strikes thee to th' infernal shore.
Old England's Genius leads her on
To vindicate his darling son,
Whose fair, and veteran same
Thy venom'd tongue had dar'd defile;
The Goddess comes, and all the isle
Feels the warm influence of her heav'nly slame.

I. 2.

But chief in those, their country's pride,
Ordain'd, with steady helm, to guide
The floating bulwarks of her reign,
It glows, with unremitting ray,
Bright as the orb that gives the day,
Corruption spreads her murky mist in vain;

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To

^{*} Alluding to the well known allegory of Sin and Death in the fecond Book of Paradife Lost.

To Virtue, Valour, Glory true,

They keep their radiant prize in view

Ambitious sterling aim;

They know that titles, stars, and strings,

Bestow'd by Kings on slaves of Kings,

Are light as air when weigh'd with honest fame.

I. 3.

Hireling Courtiers, venal Peers,
View them with fastidious frown,
Yet the Muse's smile is theirs,
Theirs her amaranthine crown.
Yes, gallant Train, on your unsullied brows,
She sees the genuine English spirit shine,
Warm from a heart where antient Honour glows,
That scorns to bend the knee at Interest's shrine.

Lo! at your Poet's call,

To give prophetic fervor to his strain,

Forth from the mighty bosom of the main

A Giant Deity ascends;

Down his broad breast his hoary honours fall;

He wields the trident of th' Atlantic vast;

An awful calm around his Pomp is cast,

O'er many a league the glassy sleep extends.

He speaks; and distant Thunder, murmuring round,

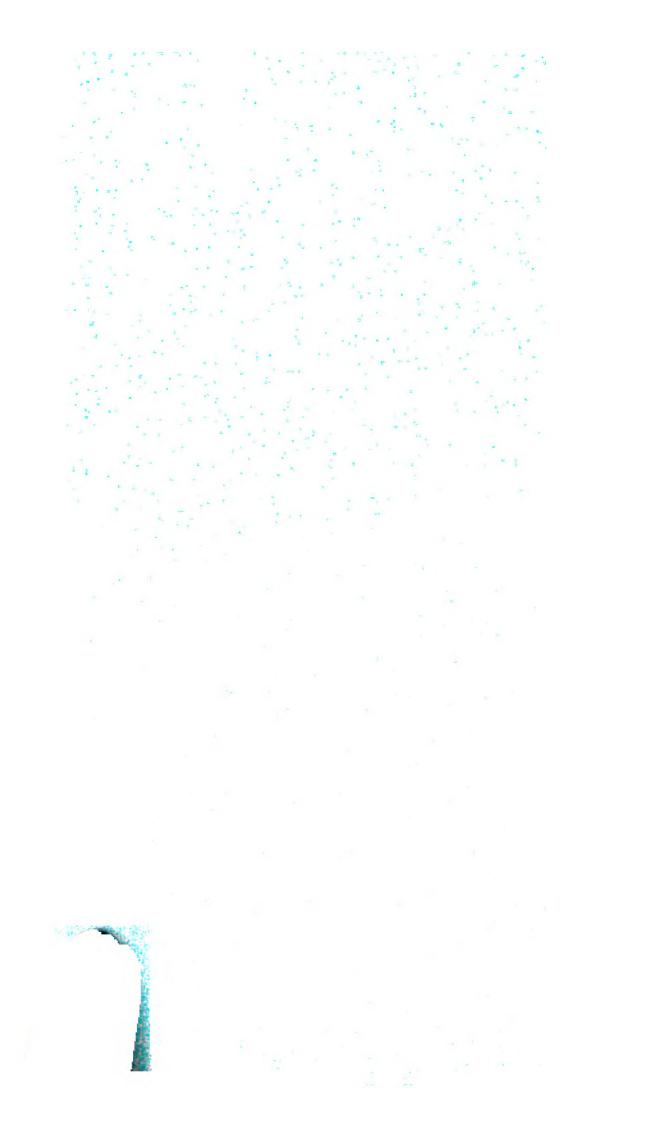
In long-drawn volly rolls a symphony profound.

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II. 3.

Sifter fov'reign of the wave! Turn from this ill-omen'd war: Turn to where the truly brave Will not blush thy wrath to bear; Swift on th' infulting Gaul, thy native foe (For he is Freedom's) let that wrath be hurl'd; To his perfidious ports direct thy prow, Arm every bark, be every fail unfurl'd; Seize this triumphant hour, When, bright as gold from the refining flame, Flows the clear current of thy KEPPEL's fame. Give, to the Hero's full command, Th' imperial Enfigns of thy naval power; So shall his own bold auspices prevail, Nor Fraud's infidious wiles, nor Envy pale Arrest the force of his victorious band. The Gaul subdued, fraternal strife shall cease, And firm, on Freedom's base, be fixt an Empire's Peace.

FINIS.

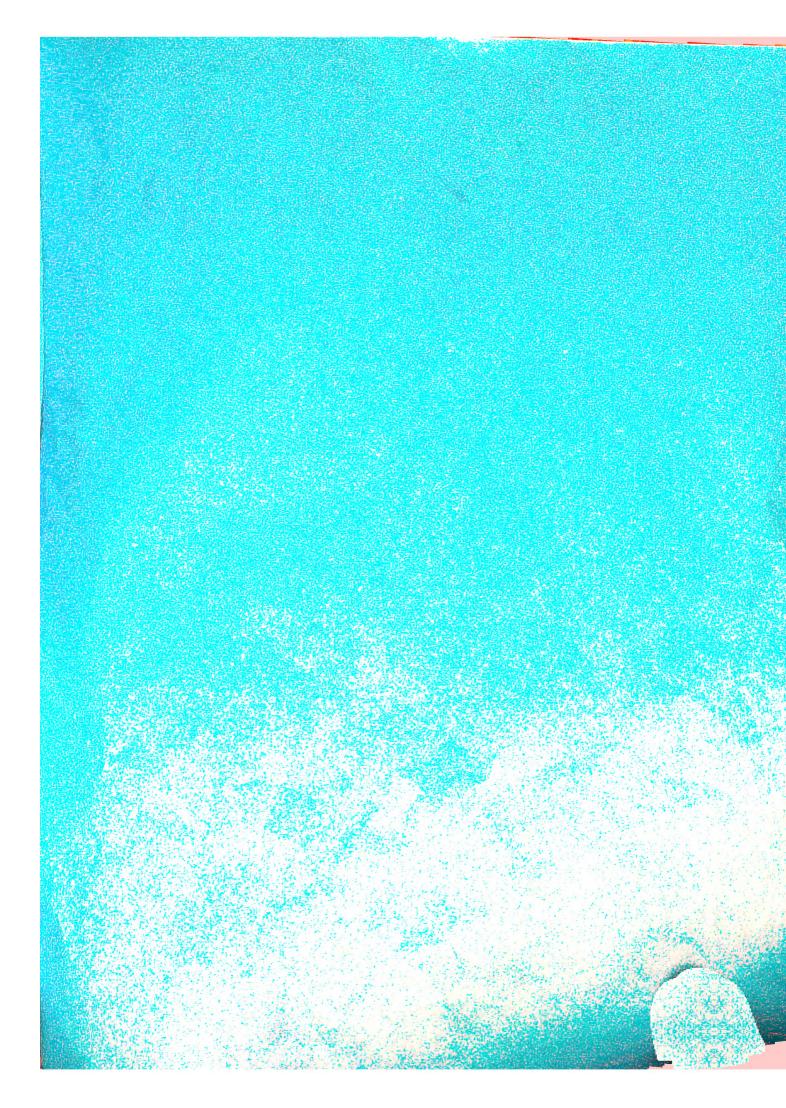










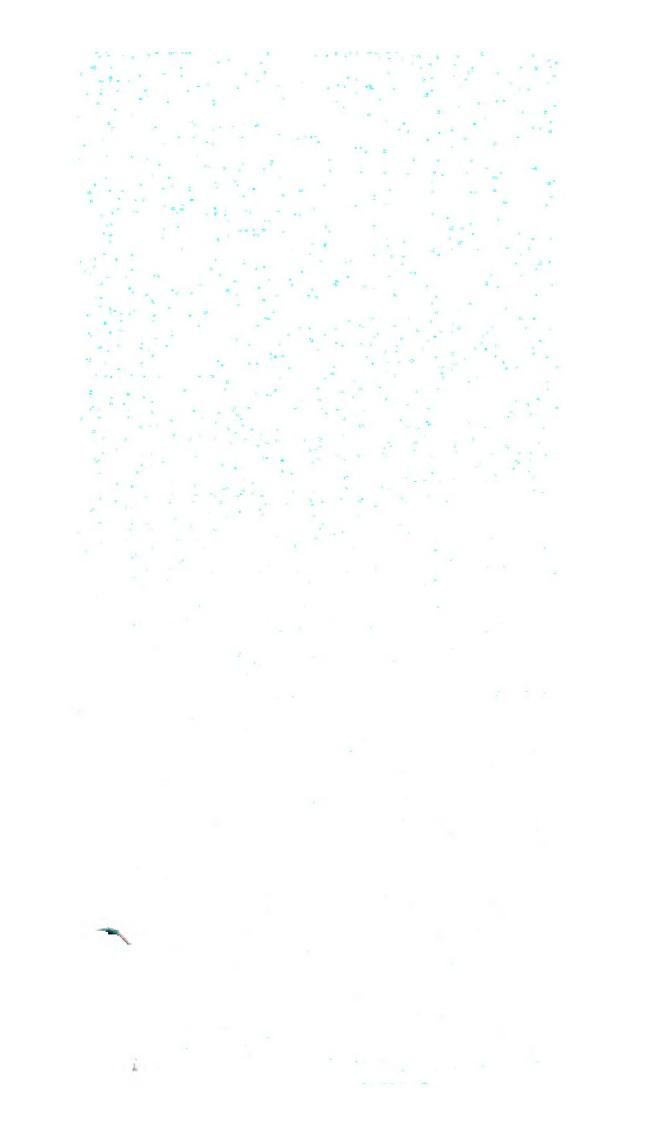












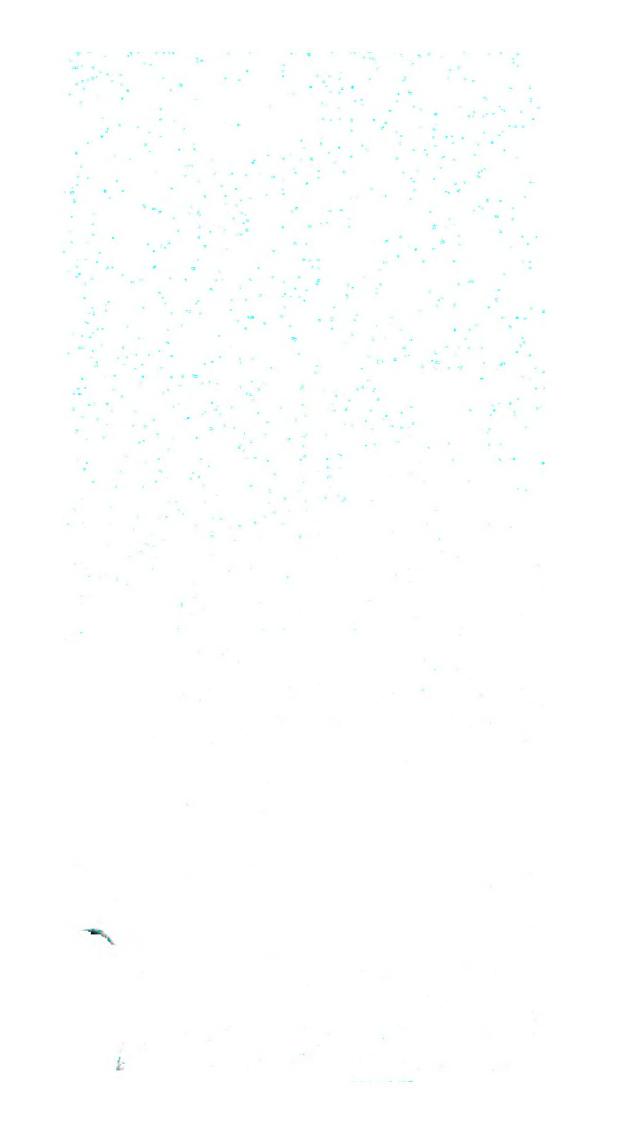














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