
BOOK II.

Odes, Elegies and Epistles, &c.

SACRED TO

VERTUE, LOYALTY

AND

FRIENDSHIP.

TO

Her MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the Northern World, whose
gentle Sway

invites our Love, and binds our Hearts t' Obey :

I

Forgive

Forgive the Nation's Groan when *William* dy'd ;
 Lo, at thy Feet in all the Loyal Pride
 Of rising Joy Three Happy Realms appear,
 And *William's* Urn almost without a Tear
 Stands ; nor Complains : While from thy Gracious
 Tongue

Peace flows in Silver Streams amidst the Throng.
 Amazing Balm, that on those Lips was found
 To heal the Twinges of that Mortal Wound,
 The Danger, and the Scar ! Far-distant Lands
 Whose Lives lay trusted in *Nassovian* Hands
 Transfer their Souls, and live ; secure they Play
 In thy Mild Rays, and feel a growing Day.

Thy beamy Wing at once defends and warms
 Fainting Devotion ; whilst in various Forms
 Fair Piety shines thro' the *Brittish* Isles :
 Here at thy Side, and in thy kindest Smiles
 Blazing in Ornamental Gold she stands,
 To Bless thy Councils, and Assist thy Hands,
 And Crowds wait round her to receive Commands.

There

There at a Humble distance from the Throne
Beauteous She lies ; Her Lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd ; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows Suspicion, nor affects the Shade.
In Words of Solemn Form, or with a freer Cry
Warm as our Zeal for Thee, We Both address the Sky,
Vow for thy Safety Both, and live beneath thine Eye.

PRINCESS, the World already owns thy Name ;
Go, mount the Chariot of Immortal Fame,
Nor Die to be Renown'd : Fames loudest Breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an Angels Death.
The Thunder of thy Hand with general Joy
Shall crush Rebellion and the Rival Boy :
Thy Sounding Arms his *Gallick* Patron hears,
And speeds his Flight ; nor overtakes his Fears
Till hard Despair wring from the Tyrant's Soul
The Iron Tears out. Let thy Frown controul
Our Angry Jarrs at Home, till Wrath submit
Her Bloody Banners to thine Awful Feet.

Mad Zeal and Frenzy with their Murtherous Train
Flee these Blest Realms in thine Auspicious Reign,
Envy expire in Rage, and Treason bite the Chain.

Let no black Scenes affright the *Brittish* Stage,
Thy Thread of Life prolong our Golden Age,
Long blest the Earth : Then rise and shine on high
The fairest Glory of the Western Sky ;
There check the Rays of each Malignant Star,
Heal the dire Pestilence, forbid the War,
Warm the chill North, Sooth the two Rugged Bears,
And stretch thy Peaceful Influence to the Southern
Spheres.
