

How BELGIA freed the Hero's Arm confess'd,
But trembl'd for the Courage which She blest.
Sigh'd, then, to see the Tyrant's pride,
O LOUIS, from this great Example know,
To be at once a Hero, and a Foe:
By sounding Trumpets, Hear, and rat'ling Drums,
When WILLIAM to the open Vengeance comes:
And See the Soldier plead the Monarch's Right,
Heading His Troops, and Foremost in the Fight,
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Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your Native Seats of Night repair.
And Thou, BELLONA, weep thy cruel Pride
Restrain'd, behind the Victor's Chariot ty'd
In brazen Knots, and everlasting Chains.
(So EUROPE's Peace, so WILLIAM's Fate ordains.)
While on the Iv'ry Chair, in happy State
He sits, Secure in Innocence, and Great
In regal Clemency; and views beneath
Averted Darts of Rage, and pointless Arms of Death.

To CLOE Weeping.

SEE, whilst Thou weep'st, fair CLOE, see A
The World in Sympathy with Thee! I grill'd
The cheerful Birds no longer sing, quiv'ring
Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing.
The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r.

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The Brooks beyond their Limits flow;
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares:
 They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears.
 Fantastic Nymph! that Grief should move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love.
 Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften All,
 But That dear Breast on which they fall.

TO
Mr. HOWARD:
An ODE.

DEAR HOWARD, from the soft Assaults of Love,
 Poets and Painters never are Secure:
 Can I untouched the Fair ones Passions move?
 Or Thou draw Beauty, and not feel its Pow'r?

II.

To Great APELLES when Young AMMON brought
 The darling Idol of his Captive Heart,
 And the pleas'd Nymph with kind Attention sat,
 To have Her Charms recorded by His Art:

III. The