

O'er ocean's space, my fancy wings its way;
 Where GEORGE, the second, rules with sov'reign
 fway:

Thro' Neptune's realm, pursues our dauntless tars,
 'Midst blust'ring storms, and dreadful naval wars!
 The genius of the nation, rous'd once more,
 With vengeful thunder arm'd, they shake the Gal-
 lic shore!

GEORGE, WILLIAM, EDWARD, swell the lofty strain;
 GEORGE, who commands upon the azure main.
 Like these, the lordly lions speed their way;
 The fire first roars, then sends his cubs to prey.
 Next these stands rank'd the skillful Ligonier!
 In battle brave! and to his sov'reign dear!
 At Dettingen, (like Hector in the field,) Hibernia's boast;
 Britannia's faithful shield!
 Fierce in assault! (when young) matur'd w'th age,
 A hoary hero! and a warlike sage!
 Our patriots names, and merits, I proclaim,
 To decorate the great heroic theme!
 Who stand unshock'd, amidst the glorious cause:
 The Gallic dread! the props of British laws.

Their