

## VIII.

To you she sings—to you my Lord—  
 No venal *Briton*, on my word,  
     But *English*, bold and daring,  
 Unplac'd, unbenefic'd her lays,  
 She scorns to sing a *Traitor's* praise,  
     To *England's* cause adhering.

## IX.

If here and there in my design,  
 Your Lordship finds an erring line,  
     Be candid not severe ;  
 For oft the Pegasean steed,  
 Without a curb, will stretch his speed,  
     And run the lord knows where.

## X.

But now the prospect opes to view,  
 The *tranquil* prospect drawn by you,  
     In whom our PEACE is center'd.  
 What mean those bags of Gallic ore ?  
 Are those the price of English gore,  
     Which English heroes ventur'd ?

## XI.