

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.