

Then, safe return'd with trophies of the chace,
Your lovely nymphs with furs and fables grace.

Wield the broad axe, lay groaning forests bare :

Ye swains, on cedar beams your mansions rear ;

Inclose the planted grounds ; securely throw

The seed in earth, it shall securely grow :

Your rural seats expect your glad return,

Your hospitable hearths again shall burn.

The great Deliv'rer comes, in armour drest,

With terror plum'd, and conquest on his crest.

At his foreseen approach already fly

The *Gauls*, their *Indians* raise the barb'rous cry.

Ye sailors, launch your ships, and loose your sails,

Catch the first favours of the springing gales ;

Desert the shore, secure with every breeze,

Yours are the treasures of the peopled seas :

And yours the ports. The *ROYAL ISLAND* falls ;

He plants the standard on the batter'd walls,

Which, like a meteor blazing in mid-air,

Denounces conquest, and successful war.

Then,

But