

Rt. Hon. Joseph Addison.

'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate;
And hold in balance each contending State!
To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with war;
And answer her afflicted neighbours' prayer!
The Dane and Swede, roused up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious Arms!
Soon as her Fleets appear, their terrors cease;
And all the Northern World lies hushed in peace!

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,
Her thunder aimed at his aspiring head;
And fain her Godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer, or divide;
Whom NASSAU's Arms defend, and counsels guide!

Fired with the name, while I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain!
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long;
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous Song;
My humble Verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream!
Unfit for Heroes! whom immortal Lays,
And lines like VIRGIL's, or like yours, should praise!