

Then learn, what you expect, to give,
And let the name of others live.

Inpartial justice lifts her scale,
Approach her bar, and there prevail ;
If royal faults so great are grown,
Against his errors weigh thy own.
But spare our much-lov'd King and Queen,
Nor shame their House in prints obscene :
This, this, remember, when you sing,
Your fav'rite air—" God save the King."

And now my son and I repair,
The soul-delighting feast to share :
Sweet Handel's master-piece of sound,
MESSIAH great in glory crown'd !
Grand was the music and supreme,
As well befits so high a theme :
When Bland and Dickons lent their aid,
And Braham wond'rous pow'r display'd ;
Such harmony to Heav'n belongs,
Angels might listen to their songs.

Now from my child I soon must part,
Yet not without an hopeful heart,
A friend, I found, however rare,
Who took him to his guardian care ;
May Heav'n reward him here below,
With bliss that guardian angels know.