

Rt. Hon. Joseph Addison.

O, LIBERTY! thou Goddess heavenly bright!
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign;
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train!
Eased of her load, Subjection grows more light;
And Poverty looks cheerful in 'hy sight!
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay;
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day!

Thee, Goddess! Thee, BRITANNIA'S Isle adores!
How has she oft exhausted all her stores!
How oft, in Fields of Death, thy presence sought;
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine!
With citron groves adorn a distant soil;
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil!

We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns BRITANNIA'S Isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile!

Others with tow'ring Piles may please the sight;
And in their proud aspiring Domes delight!
A nicer touch to the stretched canvas give;
Or teach their animated rocks to live!