

Now cross the flood, Muse, stretch thy roving flight,
 And with green *Orleans* regale thy sight :
Orleans, the garden of the blue-eyed train,
 Who wanton sport here e'er they seek the main.
 Here corn and fruits, here herbage, roots, and flow'rs,
 Plenty, from her rich *cornucopia*, pours.
 Be thankful swains, *Britannia's* conqu'ring sword,
 Releas'd you from your ancient sov'reign lord,
 Beneath whose sway small tyrants held the rod,
 Each, in conceit, swell'd to some little god.
 Then the poor pittance of the scanty soil,
 Hard earn'd, became the prowling tyrant's spoil.
 The tawdry lord lawless the lash proud wields,
 Lowly his back the peasant patient yields :
 Such scenes no more disgrace the yielding soil,
 Safe is the product of the peasant's toil—
 Protecting laws alike to all extend,
 Not less the poor-man's than the rich-man's friend;
 Tenant and lord, noble and peasant, all,
 Within their influence undistinguish'd fall.
 Hence smiling peace and laughing plenty reign,
 And gay content, festive delights the plain.
 Grateful, ye peasants, own your mended state,
 And bless, beneath a *GEORGE*, your better fate.

The peopled town next calls my wand'ring sight,
 Whose cross-crown'd spires the distant eye invite;
 But e'er the muse thy arched gates pass through,
 Without the walls, still let her please her view;
 There make a lodgment on the covert-way,
 But let no secret mine her steps betray;
 She comes no foe thy streets with blood to fill,
 Her only weapon is a grey-goose quill :

With