

Here, shines Religion's clear, unclouded light,  
*Free from Fanatic fogs, and Popish night;*  
 Here, daring Science wings her loftiest flight,  
 Here, Learning, Genius, all their charms unite.  
 Thine is a manly race of generous youth,  
 The pink of Courtesy, the flower of Truth:  
 And Wisdom, with the dignity of Age,  
 Dwells on the brow of thy maturer Sage:  
 Here, Mars and Venus happily combine,  
 And blend their *pow'r* to make thy triumphs shine.  
 Here, cultivation with laborious hand,  
 Spreads smiling plenty o'er the fertile land;  
 With golden Ceres thy fair vales abound,  
 With pregnant flocks thy verdant hills are crown'd;  
 The guardian oaks in lofty triumph stand;  
 At once the wealth and bulwark of the land,  
 As far as seas can roll, or winds can blow,  
 On spreading sails the union crosses go;  
 Far as the rising and the setting sun,  
 Thy tides of commerce still increasing run;  
 Thy soldiers bold, with martial ardour glow,  
 Thy sailors roll their thunder on the foe:  
 The bravest warriors on the tented plain,  
 The hardiest seamen on the stormy main.

Such *was* Britannia *once!* and such is *now*  
 Her laurel, *fresh* and *blooming* on her brow.  
 Curse on the *wretch* who wou'd her peace destroy;  
 Curse on the *wretch* who dares his pen employ  
 To blast her fame, confusion to create,  
 And shake the fabric loth of Church and State.  
 Curse on the Quacks and Quixotes of Reform,  
 Who promise sunshine, but intend a storm.  
 Come, Panegyrick, pour the smoothest strain,  
 Cull the best flower from ev'ry chosen reign;  
 Take good and virtuous Alfred's patriot merit,  
 Take the First Edward's bold and generous spirit;  
 From the Fifth *Hal*, select his *better part*;  
 Forget the rake and gay mercurial heart;  
 Take James's intellect, but lay aside  
 His creed despotic, and pedantic pride;  
 Take Charles's conjugal, domestic plan,  
 Drop the proud King, take all the honest man;  
 Take William's love of freedom; but his spleen,  
 His uncouth manners, and ungracious mien  
 Omit; adorn'd with these, a garland bring,  
 And crown with triumph England's best liv'd King.  
 Obedience to the Law is all he craves,  
 And *none*, excepts his passions, are his slaves.  
 Humanity hath mark'd him for her own,  
 And never fate so graceful on her throne;  
 The only luxury that warms his blood,  
 That best of luxuries, the doing good.