

Our guests so numerous and so humane.
 No pushing now for room, all bear a squeeze ;
 The more your neighbors crowd, the more they please.
 Thou white-robed, nymph, fair Charity, descend,
 Assist our stage, and to it be a friend.
 Humanity ! of virtues—thou the first,
 Dost clothe and feed the poor, and quench their thirst.
 Conspicuous here, in ranks, thou stand'st confessed,
 The welcome inmate of each honest breast.
 The prince, the patriot, statesman, magistrate,
 Should ever harbour thee, thou blest inmate !
 Then war and famine would no longer rage,
 The world would soon renew its golden age,
 And I'd no more speak prologues on the stage.
 On you, ye fair, I need not this impress,
 You're always ready to relieve distress :—
 Before your alms are asked, the deed is done,
 With purse in hand,—for pockets you wear none,
 But I'll not criticise upon your dress,—
 Before the poor should want—you'd e'en wear less.
 To change the subject, then, come let us sing,—
 Pray, strike up music, " God save George our King."

God save great George our King;
 To health restore our King.
 God save the King.
 Make him victorious,
 Happy as glorious,
 Still to reign over us,
 God save the King.
 May the Prince Regent's care,
 ("Till God his health repair)
 So do the thing
 For Portugal and Spain,
 That French attempts prove vain—
 Their lawful kings soon reign.
 Through George our King.