

Thro' ev'ry neighb'ring clime her martial praise : 75

Those laurels won in many a bloody field,

Heroic deeds, immortal, which the fiend

Of malice ~~stands~~ not, but hears rehears'd,

While monarchs shake with envy and with fear.

Great she appear'd, for vindicated truth 80

The mighty bulwark and defensive shield.

As where religion, undefil'd and pure

Illustrious exalts her rev'rend form,

The sacred oracles by holy hands

Display'd, wide opening, so that all may read : 85

Wide o'er the land ten thousand temples rise,

Where each returning week her crouding fons

Unto reveal'd divinity renew

The grand festival, hallow'd, nor profan'd

By papal rites or superstitious rage. 90

The sacred flame, thro' ages never quench'd,

Here burns unstain'd and mounts unto the skies,

Watch'd and protected by her guardian king,

The bulwark and avenger of her faith.

Not so the days when furious discord rag'd, 95

And war wide wasting round from shore to shore,

Thro'