

The Empress of this world unfold her gates,  
 And yield at last to *Britain's* better fates :  
 Our conqu'ring hosts pursue their destin'd rounds,  
 Pervade the Continent's extremest bounds ;  
 Rocks, lakes, and forests, all their strengths resign,  
 And this unmeasur'd world, O *Britain*, thine !

All hail, AMERICA ! the age of gold  
 Which *Greece* and *Italy* enjoy'd of old ;  
 When *Jove* was yet unborn, in *Saturn's* reign ;  
 E'er swords were forg'd, or sacrifices slain,  
 Or earth was wounded by the shining share ;  
 When fields were common, like their ambient air,  
 Nor hollow drums, nor trumpets angry breath,  
 In rushing armies rais'd the rage of death..

In this fair clime, reliev'd from civil rage,  
 Victorious WOLFE revives the golden age :  
 On naked rocks, unbidden roses blow,  
 On barren heaths, spontaneous harvests grow,  
 Swamps rear the olive, mountains feed the vine,  
 Our fields o'erflow with milk, our rivers run with wine.: