

B R I T A N N I A .

THE same of virtue, 'tis for which I sound,
And heroes with immortal honours crown'd,
Fame built on solid virtue, soars far flies
Than morning light can spread the eastern skies,
The gathering air returns the doubling sound,
And loud repeating thunders force it round ;
Echo's return from caverns of the deep ;
Old Chaos dreams on't in eternal sleep.

Time hands it forward to its latest urn,
From whence it never never shall return.
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long ;
'Tis heard by ev'ry ear, and spoke by ev'ry tongue.

My hero, with the sails of honour furl'd ;
Rises like the great genius of the world :
By fate and fame wisely prepar'd to be
The soul of war, and life of victory ;
He spreads the wings of virtue on the throne,
And ev'ry wind of glory fans them on :
Immortal trophies dwell upon his brow,
Fresh as the garlands he has won but now.

By different steps the high ascent he gains,
And differently that high ascent maintains.
Princes for pride, and lust of rule make war,
And struggle for the name of conqueror :
Some fight for fame, and some for victory ;
He fights to save, and conquers to set free.