

BOOK SECOND :

Τίμῃ ἐν τῇ γὰρ ἔστι, &c.

What glorious praise the city shall bestow !
 What lasting wreaths to crown the warrior's brow,
 Who, by his country fir'd, in fields of fight,
 Maintains the combat, and defends her right !
 Not death itself shall reach the victor's name,
 Nor mar the flight of his triumphant fame.

BOOK THIRD :

Certa quidem tantis, &c.

Pride is the cause whence our disaster springs,
 And crimes which loud defy the King of kings.
 From luxury, the bane of nations, fly,
 And be more valiant as the danger's nigh :
 Pleasure subdu'd, each dreadful foe shall yield,
 And BRITAIN triumph in some glorious field.