

MR. SECRETARY,

The following was not intended as a piece for the Medal; if you think it worth inserting among the collection, you are heartily welcome to it.

C.
M. L. S.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY 4th JUNE, 1809.

Ye Britons assume with Emotion the lyre,
To hail the gay morn that propitiously smiles,
On the age of the Monarch, the sage, and the sire,
Still dear to his People, still Lord of our Isles;
Tho' to troubles inur'd, yet firmly surrounded,
By men ever true, while his foes are confounded,
Then ye ministréle combine, in his virtues to shine,
And sing with enrapture the King of the brave,
Who lives but to govern, and governs to save.

To day, let the streamers triumphantly fly,
Dissention and vain animosity die,
Th'endearments of Freedom and Friendship we cherish:
For united we stand,
To defend our dear land,
And triumph with Britons or like Britons perish.

Lo! our standard triumphantly waves round the world,
See the Sceptre of Freedom, by Monarchy held;
While the Lightning of Gaul inoffensively hurld,
By the Bulwarks of Britain are stoutly repel'd;
Midst the Ruins of Europe unshaken he stands,
Extending to Princes his Fatherly hands,
While Britons with Pride, ever firm at his side,
Will triumph or sink with the King of the brave,
Who lives but to govern, and governs to save.

Ye Elders who saw his gay morning arise,
The rude gusts of his reign, his Meridian Skies,
Say, were not even his errors to virtue inclin'd?
Let the Trumpet of Fame
Over Europe proclaim,
That his Britons contend for the rights of Mankind.