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Addressed to Lewis the Sixteenth, King of the French.

I.

GREAT Lewis, heav'n's peculiar care,
 Born with the mildest virtues, which engage
 A polish'd and enlighten'd age,
 Happiest of all who sceptres bear,
 Thy meekness shall increase of honour bring,
 And all thy people hail their father and their king.
 What hath Gaul or Gaul's kings gain'd,
 By pow'r with arms maintain'd ?
 The people starv'd and bled, the monarch mourn'd and
 reign'd.
 The world is one great commonweal,
 And bairful of the patriot's zeal :
 Hark ! the brazen trumpets blow ;
 Glitt'ring in steel, what numbers come and go !
 Mars is rous'd, Rome's eagles fly ;
 To arms, and let the nations die ;

The