

Where the mighty whales are straying,
 And the burnish'd dolphins playing,
 There, with tremulous light, thou charmest
 Nations basking in thy gleam ;
 And e'en there thy earth thou warmest
 With thy mild prolific beam :
 From the dwarf coral, with his vermeil horns,
 Or sea-moss, matted round her briny caves,
 To the broad oak, that Albion's cliff adorns,
 And bears her sons triumphant o'er the waves ;
 Each stem, root, leaf, fair fruit, and flowret bright,
 Lustre and fragrance drink from thy all-cheering light.

IV.

Remov'd from its more ardent ray,
 In grassy Albion's deep umbrageous vales,
 Thou bid'st them bloom in soft array,
 And breathe sweet incense on her vernal gales.
 Thy red Morn blushes on her shores,
 And liquid gems profusely pours ;

Thy