

A  
CONGRATULATORY  
P O E M

TO THE  
King's Most Sacred Majesty,

On the Happy BIRTH of the  
PRINCE of WALES.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

JOY to the *Greatest MONARCH* of the Earth!  
As many Joys as this *Illustrious BIRTH*  
Has Elevated Hearts! As Endless too,  
As are the VOWS we Offer up for You.  
"Oh Happy *KING!* to whom a *SON* is Born!  
"What more could *Heaven* for this *Bless'd Land* perform?"

Long with *Prophetick Fire*, Resolv'd and Bold,  
Your *Glorious FATE* and *FORTUNE* I foretold.  
I saw the *Stars* that did attend Your *REIGN*,  
And how they Triumph'd o'er Great *Charles's Wain*.  
Far off I saw this *HAPPT DAY* Appear;  
This *Jubilee*, not known this *Fifty Year*.  
This Day, foretold, (*Great SIR!*) that gives you more  
Than even Your *Glorious Virtues* did before.

No *MONARCH's Birth* was ever Ulter'd in  
With Signs so Fortunate as this has been.  
The (a) *Holy Trinity* his *BIRTH-DAY* claims, (a) *Trinity*  
Who to the World their best *Lord's Blessings* sends. *Sunday.*  
Guarded he comes, in Triumph over *FATE*,  
And all the *Shining HOST* around him wait.  
*Angels and Saints*, that do his *Train* Adorn,  
In Hallelujahs Sing, *A KING IS BORN!*  
Blest (b) *MARGARET*, Scotlands *Royal Saint* and *Queen*, (b) *St. Marge-*  
The last *Great Branch* of all the *Saxon Line*, *ret's Day.*  
A Waits

