

13

A N
E L E G Y
O N
M O D E R A T I O N .

OFFSPRING Divine! Parent of Peace and Love!
Delight of Heav'n, whose Joys thou can't improve!
To Men for Comfort sent, like the *C E L E S T I A L* DOVE.

Drooping and Sad with thy fair bending Head,
Thou to that Blest Society art fled.

A S T R E A so, with just Resentment fir'd,
Wearied with Vice, from Men to Gods retir'd.

Why, Lovely Virtue, hast thou *B R I T A I N* left,
In *T H E E* of its Chief Ornament bereft?
With Modern Raging Zeal ill cou'dst *T H O U* dwell,
And the Fierce Spirit of *S a c h e d e r e l l*.

Who, tho' his Master Meekneis did require,
Like Stern *E L I J A H* wou'd Convert by Fire.
Ill cou'dst *T H O U* such Mock-Loyalty endure,
As would Rebellion by Rebellion cure.

Ill cou'dst *T H O U* Crouds and Factious Rabbles bear,
Who with rude Noise disturb the peaceful Air;
The Lowly and the Gentle are *T H Y* Care.
L O Y D, *B U R N E T*, *F O W L E R*, humble *T E N I S O N*,
T A L B O T and *W A K E*, and *T R I M N E L* are thy own;
And Sweet-Tongued *F L E E T W O O D*, Glories of the Gown.

W I L L I S and *K E N N E T*, in a lower Sphere,
And *B R A D F O R D* in that Glorious Train appear.
Ill cou'dst *T H O U* dwell, where the sworn Foes of Peace
And angry *S o n s* of Thunder *o n e l y* please.

Where Fire and Brimstone from the Pulpits hurl'd
By our young *Phaetons*, inflame the World.
Unlike th' Almighty, in a *small still Voice*
Descending, not in Earthquakes, Wind or Noise.

O Q U E E N of Virtues! pity us once more,
And visit those thy Absence who deplore.

B R I T A I N no more *T H E* HAPPY ISLE will be,
And the Worlds Envy, if forfook by *T H E E*.

Without *T H E E* Churches into Parties run,
Faction prevails, and Kingdoms are undone.

With *T H E E* successful Years rowl round again,
Love, Joy, and blooming Plenty are thy Train.

Credit without *T H E E* sinks, and Trade decays:
T H O U canst again their Heads triumphant raise.

Ev'n Treasures in thy Absence disappear,
Nor will be seen again, till *T H O U* art here.

And if *W E* may be Prophets and divine,
T H O U wilt once more on Blest *B R I T A N N I A* shine.

Favour'd by Heav'n a People must be Great,
And flourish: — *W H O* can Providence defeat?

Bit by *Tarantulas* we long have rav'd,
By Pow'rs unseen scarce from Self-Murther sav'd.

T H Y Tuneful Voice, like Musick, can revive
Expiring States, and once more bid 'em live.

F I N I S .

