

THE
SHINING SISTERS.

Written at *Tunbridge*.

NOW, Happy Spring, retrieve thy sinking Name,
And more than vye with *Bladud's* Rival Stream;
Now dare thy Head above *Castalia's* raise,
Sacred to Muses, and renown'd in Lays.
Weak in Defence the Tuneful *Sisters* prove,
It yields, tho' guarded by the Race of *Jove*.

See! See the Conqu'ror *Marlbrô's* Conqu'ring Line!
How Gloriously these Suns of Beauty shine!
How they surprize the Sight, and strike the Heart!
Each Air's a Wonder, and each Look a Dart.

What

