

1820?
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INSCRIBED TO

THE THREE JURIES.

PRAISE, bid the angels, who beside thy throne
In shining order stand, and trumpet-tongued
Rehearse the deeds of those
Whom future time shall bless,
Spread their far-sounding wings, and from the caves,
Where Ocean steeps in silvery shells his pearls
Of purest whitest ray,
The chosen jewels cull ;
With thy own fingers string the glittering gems,
And coil twelve crowns—and twelve—and twelve again—
And on their noble brows
The' eternal guerdon bind,
Who now once more the holy gates unbar
Of Freedom's long-forbidden silent fane,
And to loud worship call
Rejoicing BRITAIN'S sons.



John Thelwall.