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O N  
Her Majesty's G R A N T  
O F  
Woodstock Park, &c.  
T O  
His Grace the D U K E  
O F  
MARLBOROUGH,  
1 7 0 4.

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In a LETTER to Signior Antonio Verrio at Hampton-Court.

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**R**Enown'd in Arms, when Mighty *Heroes* rise,  
Th' Immortal *Muse* in lasting Numbers try's,  
To future Ages to transmit their Fame,  
And give 'em after Death a Living Name.  
The *Fields of Bliss* below, the Shady Grove,  
Were the Reward of all their Toils above ;  
The *Mantuan Swain* has fill'd the Solemn Place,  
With the wreath'd Worthys of his *Roman Race* ;  
While greater *Marlborough* disdains to wait,  
Mature for Fame, the flow approach of Fate :  
But Reaps that Glorious Harvest whilst he Lives,  
Which Time, to all his Ancient Hero's, gives.  
*Elysian* Shades shall now no more be sought,  
The Gay Creation of the *Poets* Thought ;  
The *Royal Gift* display's a nobler View,  
No feign'd *Elysium* can exceed the True.

Woodstock

