

T H E
Song for the New-Year 1708.

Set by Mr. Eccles Master of Her Majesty's Musick.

The Words
By Mr. TATE POET-LAUREAT to Her MAJESTY.

SEE how the New-Born Season Springs!
High Ent'ring in auspicious State,
On Smiling UNION's Golden Wings;
See the Blessings that He brings,
EUROPE's Freedom, Tyrants Fate.

Trophies and Triumphant Spoils,
Due to our ANNA's Royal Cares,
Due to our ANNA's pious Pray'rs;
And MARLBOROUGH's Martial Toils.

Fresh Lawrels shall Adorn his Brow,
Like those of *Blenheim's* and *Ramillia's* Plain;
Nor less Renown'd his last Campaign;
Fame and the *Flying* Foe must This allow,
Their Troops He Conquer'd Then, their Heart and Courage Now.

Thus Tyrants, Haughty in Success,
Like Cowards in Distress,
With shameful Shifts comply;
In Pain prolong their wretched Breath,
Rather than meet a Glorious Death,
Tho' Sure at Last to Die:
Chor. Yes; and the doleful Day draws Nigh.

Then shall the Drum and Trumpet sleep,
The Weary World have Rest;
The Seas Pacific Silence keep,
Calm as their Guardian GEORGE's Brest.

Nor in those Halcyon Days of Peace
Shall Glorious ANNA's Triumphs cease;

Grand Chorus.

New Wonders of Glory
Unrival'd in Story,
New Scenes of Applause, shall her Annals Adorn,
With a Harvest of Blessings for Ages Unborn.

F I N I S.

