

A
Congratulatory Poem

To the Honourable
S^r CHARLES DUNCOMB, K^t
Sheriff of London.

WHere Providence has those vast Blessings given,
The Gratitude of a Rewarding Heaven;
Industrious MERIT to all Heights must rise:
Not one kind Star, but its best Smiles supplies.
Yes, thou great First-born Virtue, INDUSTRY,
In the fair *Eden Garden* 'twas to Thee
Th' IMMORTAL did his First Command dispense,
Thou Eldest Fav'rite of Omnipotence.
Rais'd t'all this Greatness by those Steps alone,
Where all the *Jacob's Ladder* was Your own;
Whilst proud *Augusta* sees her Happy Son,
Her DUNCOMB, to that Goal of Honour run;
Heav'ns, and her own lov'd Favorite. she calls,
To lend a publick Beam to those blest Walls;
In which nurst up the Heir of Fame, and Child
Of Fortune, ev'n his whole bright Dawn first smil'd.
Here, ith' full Zenith of his GLORY, chose,
His Noon shall warm, there where his Morning rose.
Th' Unrival'd Candidate! see where He stands
'Twixt th' echoing Shouts, and the uplifted Hands:
One Mouth of Joy-----In every humbler Choice,
There in the Popular divided Voice,
Parties and Factions have in Arms appear'd.-----
Parties and Factions here were Names unheard.
Such WORTH does with that publick Influence smile,
As ev'n Religious Zeal can reconcile.
Great DUNCOMB's Name that Undisputed Theme,
His Choice was more a Torrent than a Stream.
Not one resisting Hand his Claim t'oppose:
Nay, ev'n Dissenting Faith his Champion rose,
And in one Breath the Darling CHURCHMAN chose. }
But stay; his Glories fairer View to take,
Methinks, Great DUNCOMB, does his Entry make,
From that late VICTORY so Nobly won,
His Brows new-deckt with Garlands of his own.

With

