

# The Happy Contrast between Nov. 30. 1792, and April 30. 1814.

by George Sandeman M.D. London

*The following was sung at the St ANDREW'S Dinner, 1792, a few weeks before the cruel Murder of LOUIS XVI.*

Who would not be in love with Britain and Good Order?  
And join with glee to drive the Fiend of Discord from our border?  
For who can tell, if we sit still, what evils may engender?  
The Foe's at work ;—prepare with skill in season to defend her.

Shall Goths and Vandals rise with PAINE, to sweep away our senses?  
Shall Royal Blood our Palace stain, to save us from expenses?  
Shall gentle Peace to carnage yield, and lawless depredation?  
Shall Ruin her dread mansion build, to overturn the Nation?

Because our Blessings brimful flow, must we the cup dash over?  
Or suffer Gallic weeds to grow amongst our English clover?  
Such doctrines banish whence they came—be heart and hand united,  
To save, with Freedom, Britain's Fame, midst nations now benighted.

Thus we may check the bold design of Jacobins to plunder ;  
Thus we may quaff our gen'rous wine, nor dread the cannon's thunder.  
May cordial union long subsist betwixt King, Lords, and Commons,  
Then shall Great GEORGE our King be blest, and laugh at Despots' summons !

*The following intended for the Spring Meeting, 30th April 1814, eight days after LOUIS XVIII. left London to restore Happiness to France.*

Who would not be in love with Britain and Good Order?  
Whose energy hath pav'd the way of Peace to every border ;  
Nor Blood nor Treasure did she spare, to gain the good intended :  
Grateful to Providence, she hails the awful contest ended.

The Ignis-Fatuus which deceiv'd the Nations, while benighted,  
Has quickly vanish'd as a dream, and Foes as Friends united :  
No record can such wonders show but Sacred Revelation ;  
Since then no People half so blest as is our favour'd Nation.

The Foe of Man, like PHARAOH proud, the proffer'd Boon rejected ;  
His life, like CAIN's, prolonged is, to hear his Crimes detected.  
The Captive King, and Kings proscrib'd, recall'd to Regal Station,  
To share their happy Subjects' love, is Balm to every Nation.

The great Allies, who France reviv'd, no praise can reach their merit :  
Though Vict'ry crown'd their every step, Pacific was their spirit.  
May Concord form a lasting Peace, and Arts with Commerce nourish,  
May mutual benefits ensue, to make all Nations flourish !

Printed by D. Shaw & Son, Edinburgh.

