

*Fowler's*

# ON THE HAPPY SITUATION OF THE BRITISH ISLE.

**B**less'd BRITISH Isle, by HEAVENS propitious Hand,  
Plac'd o'er the Mighty OCEAN to Command;  
Adapted so, like EDEN's Blissful Seat,  
Our little WORLD is, that we Rule the Great.  
To whose IMPERIAL FLAG all NATIONS bow,  
And to whose SOVEREIGN POWER their Safety owe.  
Whilst round the CONTINENT the Wars increase,  
Our HAPPY Isle securely rests in PEACE.  
Thus at our Pleasure we our Friends Protect,  
And from afar Insulting FOES Correct;  
Or Lov'd, or Dreaded, we're rever'd by All;  
And thus we Triumph round the SPACIOUS BALL.  
Under a QUEENS AUSPICIOUS GODLIKE SWAY,  
To Whom, and to Kind HEAVEN, We Grateful Offerings  
(Pay.

Our Fertile Soil, each Useful Product yields;  
We Traffick with the Surplus of our Fields:  
What ever's Rare, from Every CLIME we Gain,  
Becomes our Due as Tribute of the MAIN.  
ARABIAN Spice, and Healing Balms we bring;  
Free from those Sultry Beams, from whence they Spring,  
In PERSIAN Silk our Beautious Females shine;  
All Fruit we Taste, and Drink of every Vine.  
For GOLD we delve not with Laborious Toil,  
Both INDIES flow with Treasures to our ISLE.  
Thus every Sense is pleas'd with what's obtain'd,  
And Paradice its self, seems here regain'd.  
What can We happy BRITAINS wish for more?  
We Range the WORLD and Reap all Natures Store.  
What can compleat our Joys and make us still more bless'd?  
But Gratitude and Love in every HEART express'd.

