

What Virtue, *Tunbridge*, will in Thee be found,
If all thy Waters can assuage the Wound!

O the transcendent Charms! 'Tis Heav'n to gaze:
O the surpassing Themes! what Tongue can praise?
The Bard had These Consummate Nymphs in view,
(At least, ye Fair, 'tis best apply'd to you)
When in prophetic Verse that Truth he taught,
The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

Hail more than Mortal Sire! Thou Great in Wars!
Forbear to charge Injustice on thy Stars;
Tho' Envy dares her present Censure cast,
Yet Envy's self shall pay Respect at last,
And all the World must still consent to prize
The *Father's* Potent Arms, the *Daughters* Radiant Eyes.

L O N D O N:

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