

Woodstock her lov'd *Plantagenet* no more
 Laments, when *Marlbrough* shall her State restore ;
 She for whom *Chaucer's* Tuneful Lyre was strung,
 And *Wilmot's* Muse in softer Transport sung,
 From lonely *Bowers* her lofty Head shall rear,
 And Cheerful, like her Conquering Lord, appear.
 Thro' her cool Glades on ev'ry verdant Plain,
 Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure Reign :
 High on her Walls, *Imperial Eagles* tell,
 By bolder Hands how fierce *Bavarians* fell ;
 Here we behold, by *Verrio's* Pencil wrought,
 The num'rous Spoils from *Swabian* Conquests brought ;
 How o'er th' opposing *Schellenberg* he run,
 Which none before but Great *Gustavus* won.
 Here, Camps Assaulted, and a City Storm'd ;
 There, on expanded Plains the Battle form'd ;
 Thro' Seas of Blood the fiery Coursers Fly,
 And Rapid Streams, and Thundring Brass defy ;
 While Ecchoing Clifts and Sylvan Heights around,
 With Groans and Shouts alternately resound.
 Surrendring Squadrons with their *Lillies* Torn,
 And Haughty Chiefs before his Prowess born ;
 In exile *One*, and *One* beneath his Chain,
 Strive for a *Crown*, and *Liberty* in Vain.
 Gild his Victorious Carr, bold Artist, draw
Albion Rejoycing and the World in Awe ;
 Paint in full Splendor, all his Acts that claim
 Triumphant Laurels and Immortal Fame.
 Make him *Gaul's* glitt'ring *Flowers* in Homage yeild,
 To fix 'em faster in *Britannia's* Shield ;
 Let *Austria's* sacred Branch in State descend,
 To view the Victor and applaud the Friend ;
 Let your Great Genius on the Canvass show,
 How the Swift *Rhine*, and how the *Danube* flow,
 How Eastward *This*, in Streaming Purple stray's,
 How *That*, his Captives to our Coast convey's ;
 How *Thus* the Tropheys he at once has won,
 Haste to the Rising and the Setting Sun.

F I N I S.