

To whom kind Heaven Valour and Prudence gave,
 Cool, but not Dull, and without Rashness, Brave.
 Stout like *Achilles*, like *Ulysses* wife,
 Who seeks not Danger, nor from Danger flies.
 A Life of so much Moment and Import,
 Should not be Chance's Trust, nor Fortune's Sport.

The Son of *Atrous*, whom beleagu'rd *Troy* —
 Did twice five Years in a long Siege employ,
 Wish'd for Ten *Nestors* to reduce the Place;
 Hadst Thou, Great Man! liv'd in those Antique Days,
 To lesser room he had his Wish confin'd
 Blest with Ten *Nestors* in Thy Single Mind.

Go, Dauntless Prince, and stem the Gallick Rage,
 Act in one Year the Business of an Age.
 Tho' small the Span of Life, yet courteous Fate,
 With greater Souls requites our shorter Date.
 Tho' no new Instance in the World appears
 Of *Pylvian* Age, and Patriarchal Years;
 Yet if our Time by Action number'd be,
 H' has liv'd Three Hundred, who has fought like Thee.

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