

Such Labours with Success her Hopes may crown,
 And shame to Manners an incorrigible Town.

While this Design her eager Thought pursues,
 Such various Virtues all around she views,
 She knows not where to fix, or which to chuse.
 Yet still ambitious of the daring Flight,
 ONE only awes her with Superior Light.
 From that Attempt the Conscious Muse retires,
 Nor to Inimitable Worth aspires;
 But secretly Applauds, and silently Admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial Ray
 That first enliven'd this Auspicious Day:
 On that Bright Star, to whose Indulgent Power
 We owe the Blessings of the Present Hour.
 Concurring Omens of propitious Fate
 Bore, with One Sacred Birth, an equal Date;
 Whence we derive whatever we possess,
 By Foreign Conquest, or Domestick Peace.

Then, *Britain*, then thy Dawn of Bliss begun!
 Then broke the Morn that lighted up this Sun!
 Then was it doom'd whose Councils should succeed;
 And by whose Arm the Christian World be freed;
 Then the fierce Foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
 And then the Battel won at *BLENNHEIM'S* Glorious Field.

F I N I S.

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