

Thy shrine I fought, I pray'd---but wanton air,  
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;  
E'en at thy altars whilst I took my stand,  
The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,  
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,  
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,  
Whilst, HAYTER brought too quickly to his end,  
I lost a Subject, and Mankind a friend.

Come PANEGYRICK---bending at thy throne,  
Thee and thy Pow'r my soul is proud to own,  
Be Thou my kind Protector, Thou my Guide,  
And lead me safe thro' passes yet untry'd,  
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,  
Which to the house of *Satire* leads mankind;  
Narrow, and unfrequented are the ways,  
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to Praise,

What tho' no theme I chuse of vulgar note  
Nor wish to write as Brother Bards have wrote,  
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem  
Afraid to wake their Patrons from a dream,  
What tho' a theme I chuse, which might demand  
The nicest touches of a Master's hand,