

36-19

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A N
O D E,
IN IMITATION OF CALLISTRATUS,
Sung by Mr. WEBB, at the Shakespeare Tavern,
On TUESDAY the 14th Day of MAY, 1782,
AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER
OF THE
Society for Constitutional Information.

VERDANT myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreath:
Soon shall grace each manly side,
Tubes that speak, and points that breathe.

Thus, *Harmodius*, shone thy blade!
Thus, *Aristogiton*, thine!
Whose, when BRITAIN sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine?

Dearest youths, in islands blest,
Not, like recreant idlers, dead;
You with fleet *Pelides* rest,
And with godlike *Diomed*.

Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade entwine:
Such, *Harmodius*, deck'd thy side!
Such, *Aristogiton*, thine!

They the base *Hipparchus* flew,
At the feast for *Pallas* crown'd;
Gods! how swift their poniards flew!
How the monster ting'd the ground!

Then,

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Then, in *Athens*, all was Peace,
 Equal Laws and Liberty :
 Nurse of Arts, and eye of *Greece* !
 People valiant, firm, and free !

Not less glorious was thy deed,
Wentworth, fix'd in Virtue's cause ;
 Nor less brilliant be thy meed,
Lenox, friend to Equal Laws !

High in Freedom's temple rais'd,
 See *Fitz-Maurice* beaming stand,
 For collected Virtues prais'd,
 Wisdom's voice, and Valour's hand !

Ne'er shall Fate their eyelids close ;
 They, in blooming regions blest,
 With *Harmodius* shall repose,
 With *Aristogiton* rest.

Noblest Chiefs, a Hero's crown
 Let the *Athenian* patriots claim ;
 You less fiercely won renown ;
 You assum'd a milder name.

They through blood for glory strove,
 You more blissful tidings bring ;
 They to death a *Tyrant* drove,
 You to fame restor'd a KING.

Rise, BRITANNIA, dauntless rise !
 Cheer'd with triple Harmony,
 Monarch good, and Nobles wife,
 People valiant, firm, and FREE !