

5
William

Dr. CROFTS's EXERCISE

Perform'd in the Theatre at Oxford, July 10. 1713.

O D E.

LAurus cruentas, & faciles nimis
Mori *Britannos* heu! fatis & super
Non cæde gaudentes Poetæ
Ambiguus cecinere plectris.

Nunc quotquot urget *Pierius* labor,
Feliciori ascendere spiritu

Jubent *Camenæ*, gratuletur

Ut melior *Lyra* mitiores

Pacis Triumphos. O! quis ad arduos

Sublimis ausus materiam valet

Æquare versu? Surge *Fama*

~~Irrequieta potuit~~ ANNÆ

Ministra. Justam dum regit *Arbitra*

Mundi Bilancem, Regnaque ponderat,

Felix *Olivæ*, diffitasque

Sola sciens sociare gentes;

Tu, *Fama*, reple *Buccinam*, & æream

Intende vocem; non regionibus

Audita solum, quas jacentes

Sub gelido videt *Axe* *Phœbus*;

Sed nota *Terris* Imperio additis

Ingentis ANNÆ, quas nova *Pax* dedit

Recens *Britannas*, & remoto

Oceanus lavat *Indus* Orbe.

J. Trapp.

O D E.

I.

WITH Noise of Cannon, and of Rattling Drums,
Our Songs of Triumph shall Resound no more;
Crouds shall no longer shout, *The Conqu'ror comes,*
Nor in our Verse shall warlike Thunder roar.
A milder, happier strain we now begin;
Tuning to Peace, and *Britain's* glorious Queen,
The softly-Breathing Flute, and sprightly Violin.

II.

Peace is the Song; in Peace our Airs conspire:
Let all harsh Notes, and jarring Discords cease;
And sure no Theme can better fit the Lyre,
The Soul of Musick is the Soul of Peace.
Nor will we ev'n the Martial Trumpet spare,
The Martial Trumpet shall our Consort share,
And sound the Joys of Peace with Harmony of War.

III.

Where, mighty ANNA, will Thy Glorys end?
Thou Great Composer of distracted States:
Thy Counsels Nations in suspense attend,
And Monarchs from thy Throne expect their Fates.
Nations, which, lately hostile, now resign
Their Cause to Thee, shall in Thy Praise combine,
And all th'agreeing World in one Grand Chorus join.