

S O N G

For the TWENTY-NINTH of MAY 1781.

By a MEMBER of the ROYAL OAK SOCIETY.

I.

WHILST Userpers sit trembling in chariots of state,
And Treason's black-sting gnaws the soul of the great,
Let the smiling of Peace, like the dew of the Spring,
Support, and still nourish, each friend of our KING,

II.

With OAK spears our fathers triumphed in the field;
In distress our great MONARCH once found her a shield;
The emblem of justice, of wealth, and renown,
The foe of our foes, and the shield of our Crown.

III.

While trembling: weak shrubs from their roots lie all torn,
The OAK will exult and triumph o'er the storm;
The traveller will bless her, and under her wing
Escape the hot sun-beam, the Winter's fierce sting.

IV.

When History with TRUTH shall enlighten her page,
And with freedom drag forward the crimes of this age;
An exception stand, and the reader will see,
That a band of JUST men stood around the OAK TREE.

V.

No sycophants cringing for wealth, power, or place,
Who fly while the storm shakes his dim grizzly face;
But men who stood loyal, when virtues were crimes;
Nor shrunk tho' rebellion triumph'd in their times.

VI.

'Till exotic plants vanish before the rough wind,
Let the lovers of justice, together combin'd.
From the crimes of the nation declare themselves free,
And publish their loyalty round the OAK TREE.