ODE. To the Judges.

The law divine,
By which men are directed to reign
Their reason, confidence, and fathom things,
To the safe custody of priests and kings,
Had human carcasses, do what he will,
With whose fable bleating flock,
To bind the fowls of heaven,
To sit in answer to the multitude,
That agrimony of fowls, that vile grunting brute.

MY LORDS, you must have seen, I'm sure you must,
A pair of biggins, mark'd the drones
Humming forth till the glass be答え
As the profusely disharg'd its ferment gush,
Two drones, and one just twice as long,
(The king of pipes) pour out the rum
But chattering along the metal fongs,
What matter though the other three were dumb! The ches is a Mulliner, 'tis clear,
But who can bungle,
That he the fellows blows and fills the bag;
Or whom the drones deplo, does not appear,
But this is certain,
Great things are done by fowls behind the curtain.
Sometimes, my Lord, I know you go to church,
Though not for miracles to pray,
Of leaves and fishes every day,
But left God leave fame monarch in the lurch.
There you have heard solemn and slow,
An orchestra composed, the deep-ton'd organ blow,
Wond'rous machine! who's varied sound
Now floats in curve of air, now shakes the ground.
Nice its construction, for harmonic rows
Of vocal pipes, its tuneful frame compose.
Of equal dignity each in its place
The brilliant trills, or the deep as bals,
United all in one majestic whole,
The swell of harmony they roll,
Fleeble aye, yet powerful they join,
To swell the chorus of a strain divine.
Pouring th' united note, full, clear, and strong
A Commendation of harmony and song.

Similes for your Lordship's consideration—
Figurines of my loyal generation.

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