

He only does his Conquest difavow,  
And thinks too little what they found too much.

## CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay ;

No tender Thoughts of Home his Heart divide :  
Domestick Joys and Cares he puts away ;

For Realms are Houſholds which the Great muſt guide.

## CXXXIX.

As thoſe, who unripe Veins in Mines explore,

On the rich Bed again the warm Turf lay,

Till Time digeſts the yet imperfect Ore,

And know it will be Gold another Day :

## CXL.

So looks our Monarch on this early Fight,

Th' Eſſay, and Rudiments of great Succeſs :

Which all-maturing time muſt bring to Light,

While he, like Heav'n, does each Day's Labour bleſs.

## CXLI.

Heav'n ended not the firſt or ſecond Day,

Yet each was perfect to the Work deſign'd :

God and Kings work, when they their Work ſurvey,

A paſſive Aptneſs in all Subjects find.

## CXLII.

\* In burden'd Veffels, firſt, with ſpeedy Care,

His plenteous Stores do ſeaſon'd Timber ſend :

Thither the brawny Carpenters repair,

And, as the Surgeons of maim'd Ships, attend.

## CXLIII.

With Cord and Canvaſs from rich *Hamburg* ſent,

His Navies molted Wings he imps once more :

Tall *Norway* Fir their Maſts in Battle ſpent,

And *Engliſh* Oak ſprung Leaks and Planks reſtore.

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\* His Maſteſty repairs the Fleet.