

Now that the River God, convinc'd, tho' late,
 And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
 Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
 In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides:

Enough of *States*, and such like trifling things;
 Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;
 Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd Statesmen lie;
 Spread the Court web, and catch the Patriot fly;
 Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroul'd
 By fear or shame; let Vice, secure and bold,
 Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
 Meets with compassion only from the Throne.

Enough of *Patriots*---all I ask of man
 Is only to be honest as he can.
 Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
 'Tis the Fool's curse at random to believe.
 Would those, who, by Opinion plac'd on high,
 Stand fair and perfect in their Country's eye,
 Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
 Hint this essential doctrine——*Persevere*.
 Should They (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
 Of some proud Courtier, or to gain a place,