

For such a change as this, must Justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one Man, or set of Men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen;
My Country ask'd, or seem'd to ask my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any Man do more?
And have not greater Patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any Man do less?)
Without a single blush, that change confess,
Confess it with a manly kind of Pride,
And quit the loosing for the winning side,
Granting, whilst virtuous SANDWICH holds the rein,
What BUTE for ages might have fought in vain.

Hail SANDWICH---nor shall WILKES repentment shew
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe---
Hail, SANDWICH---nor, thro' pride, shalt Thou refuse
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse---
SANDWICH, All Hail---when BUTE with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land,

When