

When *Scots*, or slaves to *Scotsmen* steer'd the helm,
When Peace, inglorious Peace, disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust, and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;
But when (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd,
When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a *MARS* (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw Thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect Connoisseur in Statemanship;
When, like another *MACHIAVEL*, we saw
Thy fingers twisting, and untwisting law,
Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy Mercy, pleas'd to spare,
Saw Thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What Virtues such as thine must needs produce.

Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,