

NEAR to the Sacred and Immortal Frame,
 Known by the *Gentiles* Great Apostle's Name,
 In Form Majestick *ANNA* seem'd to rise,
 And lift Her Shoulders to the distant Skies.
 Below, with Awe, Four Mighty Nations meet,
 To Worship, and do Homage at Her Feet:
 And as beneath the Marble Weight they stand,
Britannia, Ireland, and the Newfoundland
 Seem to rejoyce, and feel their Burthen light;
 Whilst gazing on Her Eyes they feed their Sight:
 But *France* alone, with Down-cast Look, is seen
 A Sad Spectator of so Good a QUEEN.
 Ungrateful Country! to forget so soon
 All that Great *ANNA* for her sake had done:
 When sworn the Kind Supporter of thy Cause,
 Spight of Her dear Religion, Spight of Laws.
 For thee She sheath'd the Terror of the Sword,
 For thee She broke her General and Her Word;
 For thee Her Will in Doubtful Words She told,
 And learn'd to speak like Oracles of Old;
 For thee She cuts the Cable of Her State,
 Gave to the Winds to blow, the Waves to beat;
 For thee, for thee alone, What could She more?
 She lost the Honour She had gain'd before,
 Such as no *British* Monarch ever bore:
 Disclaim'd Her Victories Her Arms had won,
 Such *Cæsar* never saw, nor *Philip's* Son;
 Resign'd the Glory of a Ten Years Reign,
 And such as none but *Marlbro's* Arm could gain.
 For thee in Annals She's content to shine,
 Like other Monarchs, in Her Ancient Line.

