

A
P O E M

Humbly Dedicated to the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM Lord COWPER, &c.

SINCE *Britains* Seals to other Hands are gone,
Britain has had the loss, but YOU have none;
 O Great in all Mens Eyes, except your own.
 They must, O Cowper, in *Commission* be,
 For what ONE MAN will dare to follow THEE,
 Whose Univerfal *Genius* does exceed
 Most that have gone before, and *All* that can succeed?

With Wife GODOLPHIN You your Place Resign;
 Your *different Orbs* with the *same Glories* shine,
 Both fitted, *Atlas-like*, a Weight to bear
 Too heavy for a less *Illustrious Pair*.
 And Heav'n, that Watches Nations, rarely sends
 Uncommon Men, but for Uncommon Ends.

But Adverse Fortune and Disastrous Fate
 Have broke our Peace, disturb'd our happy State,
 And made our ISLAND now less FORTUNATE.
 By Crafty Leaders Thoughtless crowds Care's'd
 For a new Senate, and new Statesmen press'd;
 Rabbles themselves for CHANGES have Address'd.

By such as these born down the Brave give way,
 As we the Winds, and Waves, and Storms Obey.
 When Torrents and Impetuous Tides are sent,
 Wise Men stand by, till their mad Furies spent.
 And popular Rage no more can be withstood,
 Than the wild Sallies of a Rapid flood.

