

To the Brazen-Head.

What Strepititious Noise is it that sounds
From Raised Banks, or from the Lower Grounds?
From Hollow Caverns, Labyrinths from afar,
Threatning Confusions of a Dreadful War?
What Dismal Cries of people in Despair
Fill the vast Region of the Troubled Air?
The Tune of Horror, or of what's as strange,
That strikes uneven like a World of Change,
With such a Bold Surprize attacks my Sense,
Beyond the Power of Counsel or Defence?
But tho' Blind Fortune rolls her turning Wheel
With a perpetual Motion, who can feel
This Surge of Fate, push't on with Fire and Steel?
You precious Moments of Serener Days!
When many Victories enlarg'd my Praise,
And all things ran in a most easie Stream,
Back unto me their Ocean and Supream.
Are you all vanish'd by the sudden Fright,
And left m' incompass'd with a Dismal Night?
By my own Subjects in suspicion held,
Murmurings, as bad as if they had Rebell'd?
You all Controuling Powers of things above!
Whose easier Dictates guide the World by Love!
Avert th' Impendent Miseries, and show
Us Earthly Gods to Govern here below!

The Answer.

'TIS well you've thought upon the chiefeft Cause;
Change nothing of Religion nor the Laws,
And then no Discontent shall here Invade,
For Thieves would enter out of a Bravade,
To rectify all wrongs, when their Intent
'S themselves t' enrich, and not the Government.
Let the Great Monarch this good Motto wear,
Not only in his Arms but every where.
Integer Vitæ, is my whole Defence,
Scelerisque purus, a most strong Defence;
Non eget Mauri, that no Forces need,
Jaculis nec Arcu, which Contentions breed:
Nec venenatis grvida Sagittis
Pharetra, to make Loyal his own Cities.

F I N I S.

