

TO
King WILLIAM.

Written in the Year 1689.

By the Honourable Mr. LLOYD,

Then Batchelor of Arts, and Fellow
of *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*.

I.

WHEN *England* was not safe in its own Strength at home,
Unless upheld by *France* or *Rome*;
When We to foreign Counsels trust,
The once Just *James* can be no longer Just.
For the Statesman with his Counsel brings,
Or the Destruction or the Bliss of Kings;
With signal Service he supports the Throne,
Or else debases it to Scorn:
Which our Great Counsellor of late sufficiently hath done;
In all the hidden Paths of Mischief taught,
No Jesuit for nought,
No Bungler at his Trade,
But full of Treason leads a Monarch on,
Until his giddy Head could not support a Crown,
Bids him abdicate his Throne.
Then We, as *Adam*, could not be alone:
Sought a meet Help, and by Heaven's Aid,
What Heaven it self commanded, We have made.
Never was Nation found so happy yet,
As Heaven's Decrees with their Desires to meet,
Or Heaven their falt'ring Prayers to antedate.
Thus *England* shall, by Heaven and You restor'd,
Give the commanding Word
To suppliant Worlds; and rul'd by You,
Those who submit, protect; who dare resist, subdue.

II.

When *Liberty* and *Property* did lie,
Expecting which should first (or both together) die;
When gasping Laws foresaw their Doom,
A Sacrifice to greedy *Rome*,
Contented only with an Hecatomb:
Then *England* did thy Arms intreat,
And pray'd Thee for her Safety, not thy owa,
To fill an empty Throne;

Scepters

