

## P A R T II.

- 11 Why dost thou thus thy Slaves requite,  
And not regard our Cry?  
Lo! in the bitter Pangs of Death  
Does thy lov'd *High-Church* lie.
- 12 Her worthy Sons, (hard Fate!) from all  
Employments are displac'd;  
No hopes to rise again: And *Whigs*  
Are with their Honours Grac'd.
- 13 Strangers do Lord it over us;  
Oh hopeful Reformation!  
But where's a Prince to bless us with  
A second *Restoration*?
- 14 Thy Martyr'd Sire, and thou great *James*,  
Were wretchedly trapan'd,  
And exil'd Pensioners, thy Race,  
Are in a Foreign Land.
- 15 Was it for this thy Servants strove  
With so much Care and Toil,  
And Peace past Understanding made,  
For this their native Soil?
- 16 Was't all Religion Catholick,  
And the Right Line t'exclude  
They ventur'd Neck and all, and shall  
*Brunswick* on us intrude?
- 17 Quickly arise to our relief,  
Our Faith begins to fail us:  
For now the *Hanoverian*'s come,  
We fear the Rogues will Jail us.
- 18 *Passive-Obedience* backward shrinks,  
And *Non-Resistance* dies;  
Nature Rebels, and Fact declares  
Our Principles are Lies