

Scepters and Crowns were not thy Aim,
 But to thy mighty Deeds unfought Rewards became.
 Was ever Man so lov'd by Fate,
 That He must either be *Unjust* or *Great*?
 Since then the Fates our Hero's Favour woe,
 Justice and Wisdom bid us court Him too;
 Whose Glories so unshaken are,
 They their own Fame declare,
 They more for themselves can do,
 Than Poets in their Verse, tho' that's immortal too.
 What Fortune did attend your happy *English* Wars?
 Not stain'd with Christian Blood,
 By which we fear'd to be o'erflow'd.
 For Bloody is with you no Epithet to *Mars*;
 This special Gift she did preserve for Thee,
 The darling Favourite of Hers,
 Which yet she never dealt with Victory
 To the bravest Conquerors,
 For by thy gentle Temper well she knew
 The way to please Thee best, was to preserve thy Foe:
 For Laurels set in Blood do rarely, very rarely grow.

III.

One did, 'tis true, God's chosen People free
 From *Egyptian* Slavery:
 Guided by his wise Command,
 They view'd the Confines of the promis'd Land;
 But a Second led them on,
 And made the new discover'd Land their own:
 (Too great a Work to be perform'd by one)
 See Heaven's Favourites out-done by You,
 Our *Moses*, and our *Joshua* too,
 For You alone have done, what both of them could do.
England of late, till You did reign,
 Her Valour did at home confine;
 But now the World dreads her Alarms,
 The World has felt and trembles at her Arms:
 Secure of Death who dare oppose?
 But You are gentle to your prostrate Foes;
 Success shall triumph on your brandish'd Sword,
 And kind officious Victory wait your commanding Word;
 The hungry Fates shall you obey,
 Who dare do more than they?
 And frequently return you thanks for their desired Prey.
 Thy flaming Sword, like that the Angel bore,
 The Garden of *Lillies* shall secure,
 And water 't with a bloody Shower:
 The Sea shall swell with Blood till it invade the Land,
 And drown your flying Foes, who think to 'scape your Hand.
 But then what better with thy Praise shall suit,
 'T shall make that Land a Paradise without forbidden Fruit,
 And Thou thy self shalt be the Guardian Angel to't.