

With the long Shades of Calumny o'ercaſt,
Virtue ſo prov'd has even an *Ordeal* paſt,
 All great *Foundations* ſtill muſt bear ſome Shock :
 Some Storms muſt daſh, though but to try the Rock.
 The great *Alcides*, as his *Labours* Prize,
 Did to the Stars a *Conſtellation* riſe :
 But grapp'l'd *Monſters* firſt, before he reacht the Skies.

An *Angry Senate*, and *Litigious Bar*,
 How have they made their whole *Confed'rate War* ?
 Puſht all th' Attacks their *Rage* or *Spight* cou'd make ;
 Vain their falſe *Hopes* wou'd *DUNCOMB's* *Basis* ſhake :
 Whilſt Fortified with *Honours* beſt Defence,
 Bulwarkt with *TRUTH*, wall'd round with *INNOCENCE*,
 He view'd from far their threatning *Vengeance* lour,
 And *SINGLY* ſtood their whole *United Pow'r* :
 Till tir'd with their weak *Batteries* he ſaw
 His *Bluſhing Foes* their half-ſham'd *Siege* withdraw.
 Thus, Sir, with all the *Wreathes* of *Conqueſt* crown'd,
 All honeſt *Hearts* your *Io Peans* found.

Break forth in *Glory* then from that poor Shade,
 The ſhort-liv'd *Miſts* thoſe *Earth-born Vapours* made.
 The Nobleſt *Worth* from diſpell'd *Clouds* does riſe :
 The Brighteſt *Light* clears its own darken'd Skies.
 The *Tug* of *Virtue* founds the *Hero's* *Fame* :
 Surmounted *Dangers* build th' *Immortal Name*.

Battled, *Aſſayl'd*, *Surrounded* on each Hand,
 Boaſt, Sir, a *Triumph* only worthy *YOU* :
 (So ſtrong the *Cauſe* of *Truth*!) 'tis *Great* to ſtand

The *Univerſal Shock*, and *Greater* to ſubdue.
 Thus, Sir, at all your *Deſpis'd Enemies* ſmile ;
 And make their *Spight* your own rich *Diamonds* Foyle.
 Oh *Envy*, thou, who with malignant *Eyes*,
 All bloodſhot, ſeeſt exalted *Greatneſs* riſe ;
 What feeble *Forces* does thy *Malice* bring,
 Where thy *Snakes* hiſs, but want the *Pow'r* to ſting ?

With all theſe *Marks* of *HONOUR*, truly *Great*,
 Fill the proud *LONDON's* *Conſulary Seat*.
 There, *Sir*, outſhine, outſhine All that before
 In fair *Auguſta's* *Liſt* that *Title* bore.

Outſhine!-----And is that all we have to aſk ?
 That's the *Great DUNCOMB's* leaſt and eaſieſt *Task*.
DUNCOMB with all that *Grandeur*, all that *Port*,
 His *Poſt* ſo fill'd, ſhall raiſe his *CITY-COURT* :
 So throw out all the *Racers* of the *Chace* ;
 So plume in *Fame*, outſtrip with ſuch a *Grace* ;
 His *Luſtre* all their fainter *Beams* muſt ſhade-----
 Thus moves a *Coronation* *Cavalcade*.
 The *Humbler* *Glories* in the *Front* appear,
 Whilſt the *Laſt* *Great CROWN'D BROW* brings up the *Rear*.