

V.

Ye venal ministerial elves,
 Who'd rob your country, for your selves,
 Or let our foes inflave us ;
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Deed is done,
 The glorious work is all your own,
 And heaven alone can save us.

VI.

'Tis done——and hark ! throughout the nation,
 How rumour bawls the proclamation,
 That PEACE again is coming ;
 Adieu Bellona's glorious lay,
 Adieu to conquest's loud huzza,
 To fighting, piping, drumming.

VII.

No more of war——a different scene,
 More soft, more lulling and serene,
 Invites the muse to soar :
 Now PEACE must spread her ample wing ;
 Of that the muse intends to sing,
 And Caledonian pow'r.

VIII.