

And from their diff'rent forms of empire
Are seiz'd with ev'ry deep distemper.
Some states high fevers have made head in,
Which nought could cure but copious bleeding;
While others have grown dull and dozy,
Or fix'd in helpless idiocy;
Or turn'd demoniacs to belabour
Each peaceful habitant and neighbour;
Or vex't with hypocondriac fits,
Have broke their strength and lost their wits.

Thus now while hoary years prevail,
Good Mother Britain seem'd to fail;
Her back bent, crippled with the weight
Of age and debts and cares of state:
For debts she ow'd, and those so large,
As twice her wealth could not discharge,
And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,
She'd break and come upon the town³²;
Her arms, of nations once the dread,
She scarce could lift above her head;
Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
The final trump perhaps might ope,

So