

Follow'd hell-fire, and curs'd converting arts,
 And savage bondage, arm'd with rattling chains.
 Descending from her car, the monster stood 121
 Proud in her black tribunal, impious nam'd
 The glorious court of God's triumphant church;
 She stood and wav'd her arm, which reek'd with ^{blood}
 Condemning loud by thousands who oppos'd 125
 Her horrid faith, and ev'ry doom was death.
 105 Nor could plebeian blood her vengeance fate,
 For sacred primates, deans and nobles burn
 In curs'd devouring flame : Thus rag'd the fiend
 With wrath infuriate, and implacable; 130
 And still had rag'd, for hell can hold no bounds,
 Had not th' Almighty, when her cup was full,
 In vengeance banish'd the rebellious rout;
 Then crown'd his own Anointed to preside,
 To heal the wounds which superstition made, 135
 And deep enchain the struggling fury down.
 115 A race of kings, reflecting each his fire,
 Follow'd, till royal BRUNSWIC's line assum'd
 Imperial power, DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.
 Think, BRITAIN, think what blessings you have ^{share'd}
 Follow'd
 How