

But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
 The world cannot liken thee there ;
 Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
 Beyond the low reach of compare ;
 Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
 A proverb, a bye-word, for treach'ry and crime !

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
 And welcom'd the torrent of blood ;
 Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
 Till Fortune deserted his car ;
 Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray !

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The to. borne in thy cause ;
 Thou turned'st a ship a new rising sun,
 And waft other songs of applause ;
 But the storm was beginning to lour,
 Adversity clouded his beam :
 And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream :
 To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restored ;
 And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that ador'd !