

*Empson and Dudley! Star and Garter!—
A Knez! a Menzicoff! a Tartar!—*

Th' astonish'd Farmers all around
Stood gaping, at th' impetuous Sound;
The Dunghill in high Triumph lay,
And swore the Oak had nought to say.
His Work was done—The Farmers all
Might gather round, and see him fall.
Not so th' Event—The Oak was seen
To flourish more, in fuller Green.
By Scandal unprovok'd he stood,
And answer'd th'is the Heap of Mud.

When Folly, Noise, and Slander rage,
And Calumny reforms the Age,
They in the Wise no Passions raise,
Their Clamours turn to real Praise.
Yet sure, hard-fated is the Tree,
Reduc'd to spatter Dirt with thee.
Soon shou'd a Branch from off my Side
Chastise thy Insolence and Pride,
Did not the Wise obtain their Ends,
As well from Enemies, as Friends.
Thus some Encrease thy Heap receives,
Ev'n from the falling of my Leaves;
Which, like false Friends, when dropt from me
Assimulate, and turn to Thee.
But be they thine—New Seasons spread
New Honours, o'er my rising Head.

F I N I S.