

The gracious Landlord joy'd to see,
 The prosperous Vigour of his Tree,
 And oftén sought when in Distress,
 This Oak's oracular Redress,
 Sprung from the old *Dodonian* Grove,
 Which told to Men the Will of *Jove*.
 His Boughs he oft with Chaplets crown'd,
 With *azure Ribbons* girt them round,
 And there, in Golden Letters, wrought,
Ill to the Man, who Evil Thought.
 With envious rage, the Dunghill view'd
 Merit with Honour thus pursu'd,
 Th' Injustice of the Times he moan'd,
 With inward Jealousy he groan'd,
 A Voice at length pierc'd thro' the Smoke,
 And thus the Patriot Dunghill spoke.

If a proud Look fore-run a Fall,
 And Insolence for Vengeance call,
 Dost thou not dread insulting Oak!
 The just th' impending Hatcher's Stroke?
 When all the Farmers of the Town,
 Shall come with Joy to pull thee down,
 And wear thy Leaves all blythe and gay,
 Some happy RESTORATION Day.
 For 'tis reserved to those good Times,
 To punish all thy matchless Crimes.
 Beyond the *Alps*, my Mind now sees
 The Man, in all fell such Traitor Trees.
 To Heav'n 'tis true thy Branches grow,
 But thy Roots stretch to Hell below.
 Oh! that my Utterance cou'd keep Pace
 In cursing thee and all thy Race!
 Thou Plunderer! grown rich by Crimes,
 Thou *Wolsey* of these modern Times!
 Thou curst *Sejanus* of the Plain!
 Thou Slave of a *Tiberian* Reign!

Empson