

XVII.

Thus dim-ey'd prejudice may cloud,
Your merit from the frantic crowd,
 Who rail and strangely rate you ;
But when they know your tranquil mind,
The plans which you for PEACE design'd,
 They surely will not hate you.

XVIII.

When sawcy *Pitt* propos'd, in vain,
To curb the pride of haughty Spain,
 Who impudently brav'd us ;
For *Reasons* which your *Lordship* knew,
You first oppos'd the plan in view,
 And very near had sav'd us.

XIX.

But discord fiend of hellish parts,
Had so inflam'd the Spaniards hearts,
 That war was all the cry ;
Then England took the field again,
To curb the insolence of Spain,
 And let her thunder fly.