

My Lord the Man a proper welcome gave,  
 But would not Fish, nor Wine, nor Rum receive ;  
 For, as he knew him charg'd with some Offence,  
 He would not byas'd be on no pretence.

A striving Muse inclines my teeming brain  
 At this Man's Character to try a strain ;  
 And sing the Heroe who does rule them all,  
 Having his Vassals at his ready call :

For to neglect his Honour clad in Furr,  
 Would, I believe, be deem'd a mighty Slur.

He is a Native of our Northern Clime,  
 And (JANUS like) hath chang'd with e'ery time ;  
 Was Tory staunch when he acquir'd that Post,  
 And daily did a foreign Int'rest toast ;  
 But, rather than from thence be sent away,  
 Did all his former Principles gainsay,  
 Acting just like the Vicar once at *Bray*.

A fullen Pride doth on his Brow appear ;  
 If any good he does, it's out of fear ;