

Drunk'ness has been the darling of the realm,
 E'er since a drunken pilot had the helm.
 In their religion they are so uneven,
 That each man goes his own by-way to heaven :
 Tenacious of mistakes to that degree,
 That ev'ry man pursues it sep'rateely,
 And fancies none to find the way but he,
 So shy of one another they are grown,
 As if they strove to get to heav'n alone :
 Rigid and zealous positive and grave,
 And ev'ry grace but charity they have :
 This makes them so ill natur'd and uncivil.
 That all men think an Englishman the Devil.
 Surly to strangers, froward to their friend ;
 Submit to love with a reluctant mind ;
 Resolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
 If by necessity reduc'd to ask,
 The giver has the difficultest task ;
 For what's bestow'd, they awkwardly receive,
 And always take less freely than they give :
 The obligation is their highest grief ;
 And never love where they accept relief.
 So sullen in their sorrows, that 'tis known,
 They'll rather die than their afflictions own :
 And if reliev'd it is too often true,
 That they'll abuse their benefactors too :
 For in distress their mighty stomach's such,
 They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much.
 Seldom contented, often in the wrong :
 Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.
 If your mistakes their ill opinion gain,
 No merit can their favour re-obtain :
 And if they're not vindictive in their fury,
 'Tis their inconstant temper does secure ye :
 Their brain so cool, their passion seldom burns,
 For all's condens'd before the flame returns ;
 The fermentation of so weak a matter,
 The humid damps the fume, and runs it all to water.