

THE

INTRODUCTION.



SPEAK Satyr, for there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis folly, pride, or knavery,
That makes this discontented land appear
Less happy now in times of peace than war ;
Why civil feuds disturb the nation more
Than all our bloody wars have done before.
Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in place,
And men are always honest in disgrace :
The court preferments make men knaves in course,
But they that would be in them, would be worse.
'Tis not at foreigners that we repine,
Would foreigners' their perquisites resign :
The grand convention's plainly to be seen.
To get some men put out, and some put in.
For this our S - - n - - t - - rs, make long harangues,
And florid M - - b - - whet their polish'd tongues,
Statesmen are always sick of one disease.
And a good pension gives them present ease ;
That's the specific makes them all content
With any KING, and any Government.
Good patriots at court abuses rail
And all the nation's grievances bewail :
But when the sovereign's balsam's since apply'd,
The zealot never fails to change his side ;
And when he must the golden key resign,
The railing spirit comes about again.