

Yet, laying other arguments aside,
This thought must mortify our English pride,
That foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
And none but Englishmen have betray'd him.
They have our ships and merchants bought and sold,
And barter'd English blood for foreign gold.

First to the French they sold our Turkish slaves,
And injur'd Talmash next at Camaret;
The king himself is shelter'd from their enmity,
Not by his merit but the crown he wears.
Experience tells us, 'tis the English way
Their benefactors always to betray.

THE CONCLUSION.

THEN let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore,
In latent records of the ages past,
Behind the rear of time, in long oblivion plac'd,
For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with our families would end;
And intermixtures would most fatal grow;
And vice would be hereditary too:
The tainted blood would of necessity,
Involuntary wickedness convey.

Vice, like ill-nature for an age or two,
May seem a generation to pursue;
But virtue seldom does regard the breed;
Fools do the wise, and wise men fools succeed.

What is't to us what ancestors we had?
If good, what better? or what worse, if bad?
Examples are for imitation set,
Yet all men follow virtue with regret.