

His wise conduct we deplored much,
And held him not the worse for being Dutch.
Nor was he valu'd more than he deserv'd,
Freely he serv'd, faithfully he serv'd,
In all King William's dangers he has shar'd,
The revolution first, and then the Boy'n;
In both his counsels and his conduct shine.

His martial valour, Flanders will confess,
And France regrets his managing the peace,
Faithful to England's interest, and her king,
"The greatest reason of our murmuring."

Ten years in English service he appear'd,
And gain'd his master's and the world's regard:
But 'tis not England's custom to reward.

The wars are over; England needs him not;
Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what.

Schomberg, the ablest soldier of his age,
With great Nassau did in our cause engage:
Both join'd for England's rescue and defence;
The greatest captain and the greatest prince.
With what applause his stories did we tell?
Stories which Europe's volumes largely swell.
We counted him an army in our aid;
Where he commanded, no man was afraid.

His actions with a constant conquest shine,
From Villa Vittoria to the Rhine;
France, Flanders, Germany his fame confess;
And all the world was fond of him but us.
Our turn first serv'd; we grac'd him the command,
Witness the grateful temper of the land!

We blame the King . . . that he relies too much
On Strangers, Germans, Hugonots, and Dutch;
And seldom does his great affairs of state,
To English counsellors communicate.

The fact might very well be answer'd thus;
He has so often been betray'd by us:
He must have been a madman to rely
On English G . . . as fidelity.

For
The
The
And
F
And
The
Not
Exp
The

T
Or
In
Beh
For
The
And
And
The
Inv
V
Ma
But
For
V
If
Ex
Ye