

Satyr, return to our unthankful Isle,
 Secur'd by Beaton's regard, and William's toil
 To both ungrateful, and to both untrue;
 Rebels to GOD, and to good nature too.

If e'er this nation be distress'd again,
 To whomsoever they cry, "they'll dry in vain,"
 To hear'n they cannot have the face to look:
 Or if they should it would but hear'n provoke:
 To hope for help from man, 'twould be too much,
 Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch;
 How they came here our freedom to maintain,
 Were paid and ow'd, and hurried home again.
 How by their aid we first dissolved our fears,
 And then our help requir'd for foreigners.
 'Tis not our English temper to do better,
 For Englishmen think every man their debtor.

'Tis worth observing that we ne'er complain'd
 Of foreigners, nor of the wealth they gain'd,
 'Till all their services were at an end,
 Wise men affirm it is the English way,
 Never to grumble till they come to pay;
 And then they always think (their temper's such)
 The work too little, and the pay too much.

As frighted patients, when they want a cure,
 Bid any price, and any pain endure;
 But when the Doctor's remedies appear,
 The cure's too easy, and the price too dear.

Great Portland ne'er was banters'd when he strove
 For us his master's kindest thoughts to move:
 We ne'er lampoon'd his conduct when employ'd
 King James's secret councils to divide;
 Then we careen'd him as the only man,
 Which could the doubtful oracle explain:
 The only Husham able to repel
 The dark designs of our Achitophel!
 Compar'd his master's courage to his sense:
 The ablest statesman and the bravest prince.