

The bad with force they eagerly subdue;
 The good with constant clamours they pursue;
 And did king Charles reign, they'd murmur too.
 A discontented nation, and by far,
 "Harder to rule in times of peace than war;"
 Easily brought together by the cure;
 And full of senseless jealousies and fears:
 Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel;
 "And never are contented when they're well;"
 No government could ever please them long,
 Could tie their hands, or rectify their tongue,
 In this to ancient Israel well compar'd,
 Eternal murmurs are among them heard.
 It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
 Their rights invaded, and their laws suppress'd,
 "When nicely tender of their liberty,"
 Lord! what a "noise they made of slavery."
 In daily tumult shew'd their discontent,
 Lampoon'd their king and mock'd his government.
 And if in arms they did not first appear,
 'Twas want of force, and not for want of fear:
 In humbler tone than English us'd to do,
 At foreign hands, for foreign aid they sue.
 William, the great successor of Nassau,
 "Their prayers heard, and their oppression saw;"
 He saw and sav'd them; GOD and him they prais'd,
 To This their thanks, to That their trophies rais'd.
 But glutted with their own felicities,
 They soon their new deliverer despise:
 Say all their prayers back, their joy disown,
 Unsing their thanks, and pull their trophies down;
 "Their harps of praise" are on the willows hung;
 For Englishmen are ne'er contented long.
 The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd be thought,
 That they who had such non-resistance taught,
 "Should e'er to arms against their prince be brought!"
 Who up to heav'n did regal power advance;
 Subjecting English laws to modes of France;