

If as you say, and as I hope no less,
 Your Sons will practise what your selves profess,
 What angry Pow'r prevents our present Peace?
 The *Lion*, studious of our common Good,
 Desires (and Kings Desires are ill withstood)
 To join our Nations in a lasting Love;
 The Bars betwixt are easy to remove;
 For sanguinary Laws were never made above.
 If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny,
 Whose Mandate forc'd your *Gallick* Friends to fly,
 Make not a worse Example of your own;
 Or cease to rail at causeless Rigour shown,
 And let the guiltless Person throw the Stone.
 His blunted Sword your suff'ring Brotherhood
 Have seldom felt; he stops it short of Blood:
 But you have ground the persecuting Knife,
 And set it to a Razor Edge on Life.
 Curs'd be the Wit, which Cruelty refines,
 Or to his Father's Rod the *Scorpion's* joins; [Loins.]
 Your Finger is more gross than the great Monarch's
 But you, perhaps, remove that bloody Note,
 And stick it on the first Reformers Coat.
 Oh let their Crime in long Oblivion sleep:
 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
 Unjust, or just, is all the Question now;
 'Tis plain, that not Repealing you Allow.
 To name the Test wou'd put you in a Rage;
 You charge not that on any former Age,
 But smile to think how innocent you stand,
 Arm'd by a Weapon put into your Hand.
 Yet still remember, that you wield a Sword
 Forg'd by your Foes against your Sov'reign Lord;
 Design'd to hew th' Imperial Cedar down,
 Defraud Succession, and dis-heir the Crown.