Prince Butler's Tale:

Representing

The State of the Wool-Café, or the East-India Case

truly Stated.

The Argument.

Part I.

How Golden Fleece lay very dead;
How Act for Burying it was made;
And bow, if we were truly Wise,
We should their Trangums all despoil;
Our Money save, Employ our Poor,
From craving keep, and from our Door;
Who then could drink, Some Ale, Some Sherry,
And Laugh, and Quaff, and all be merry.

Bengals, and Silks, of Indians making,
Our Merchants then refused to take in,
Knowing it would their Country ruin,
And might prove to their own undoing.
Nor did they carry Goths or Bullion,
To fetch home what supplants our Woolen;
Nor were this Nation fond to wear
Such Indian Toys, which cost so dear:
Then were we clad in Woolen Stuff,
With Cambric Bands, and Lawn Ruffs,
Or else in Silk, which was imported,
For Woolen Goods, which we Exported;
Which Silk our English Weavers bought,
And into various Figures wrought.
Then scarce a Child was to be seen,
Without Stay Frock, that was of green,
Our Country's honour, so prevailing,
To Lords and Ladies, Dukes and Duchesses,
And all our Nation, as may be seen,
For which this Nation pays full dear.
And might prove to their Children's gain,
Which Plague-like soon spread o'er the Nation.
Their Children then were fickle,
And nothing then pleased their fancies,
After these Toys they ran a madding;
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