

TO THE CITIZENS.

AN D shall the *Patriot* who maintain'd your Cause,
From future *Ages*, only meet *Applause*,
Shall He, who timely rose t' his Country's *Aid*,
By her own *Sons*, her Guardians be betray'd!
Did *Heathen-Virtues* in your Hearts reside,
These Wretches had been Damn'd for *Parricide*.

Shou'd YOU behold, whilst Dreadful Armies threat,
The sure Destruction of an injur'd State,
Some *Hero* with Superiour Virtue blest'd,
Avert their Rage, and Succour the Distress'd ;
Inspir'd with Love of Glorious *Liberty*,
Do Wonders to preserve his Country free:
He like the *Guardian Shepherd* stands, and they
Like Lions spoil'd, of their expected *PREY*,
Each urging in his Rage the deadly Dart,
Resolv'd to Pierce the Generous Hero's Heart ;
Struck with the Sight, your SOULS would swell with Grief,
And dare ten thousand Deaths to his Relief,
But, if the *People* he preserv'd, should Cry
He went too far, and he Deserv'd to— Die,
Would not your Soul such Treachery detest,
And Indignation boil within your Breast,
Would not you wish that wretched State preserv'd
To feel the tenfold Ruine they Deserv'd.

If then *Oppression* has not quite Subdu'd
At once your *Prudence* and your Gratitude,
If you Yourself, conspire not your Undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down your Ruine,
If Yet to Virtue You have some Pretence,
If yet You are not lost to Common Sense,
Assist Your *Patriot* in Your own Defence:
That stupid Cant, *He too far*, despise,
And know that to be *Brave* is to be *Wise*:
Think how He Strugl'd for YOUR LIBERTY,
And give him *FREEDOM*, whilst your Selves are Free.

M. B.

