



# ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISHMEN.

A PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

By JOHN MAYNE.

ENGLISH, SCOTS, and IRISHMEN,  
All that are in VALOUR's ken !  
Shield your KING ; and flock agen  
    Where his sacred Banners fly !  
Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
Frenchmen wou'd the Land devour—  
Will ye wait till they come o'er  
    To give ye Chains and Slavery ?

Who wou'd be a Frenchman's slave ?  
Who wou'd truckle to the knave ?  
Who wou'd shun a glorious grave  
    For worse than death, for—infamy ?  
To see your Liberties expire—  
Your Temples smoke, your Fleets on fire !  
That's a Frenchman's sole desire—  
    That's your fate, or—Liberty !

Robb'd of all that sweetens life,  
Tranquil home and happy wife !  
Reeking from the villain's knife,  
    Yonder harmless Peasant see—  
Prostrate near him on the heath,  
A ruin'd Daughter gasps for breath !  
Frenchmen riot in their death—  
    That's to them a luxury !

In fancy'd conquest over you,  
The Tyrant tells his tyger-crew—  
If chains will not your minds subdue,  
    Nor exile, stripes, and poverty,  
Then, when the Land is all defil'd,  
He'll butcher woman, man and child—  
He'll turn your gardens to a wild—  
    Your Courts, to caves of misery !

Mothers, Sisters, Sweethearts dear,  
All that VIRTUE gives us here !  
Can your Sons or Lovers fear  
    When Frenchmen threaten slavery ?  
O ! no !—In hosts of VOLUNTEERS,  
The GENIUS of the ISLE appears !  
With dauntless breast, BRITANNIA rears  
    Her arm, and points to VICTORY !

IRISH, SCOTS, and ENGLISHMEN,  
All that WORTH and VALOUR ken !  
Shield your KING ; and flock agen  
    Where his sacred Banners fly !  
Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
Frenchmen wou'd the Land devour—  
To arms ! to arms ! and make them cow'r,  
    Or meet their certain destiny !

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