

PARODY,
BY AN
Honest Englishman.

“ ROUSE *Britannia*---dangers call thee,
“ Awhile thy tranquil state resign,
“ Treach’rous friends and foes conspiring,
“ Now threat thy darling shores and mine.
“ *France*, so deeply plung’d in horrors,
“ Aims, with joy, the threat’ned blow,
“ Hopes at length for ample vengeance,
“ On her old, and deadly, foe.”
---Thus with grief and sorrow pining,
Did England’s Guardian Angel say,
Where in Laurel Grove reclining,
All our *ancient Heroes* lay.
RUSSEL, KEPPEL, HOWE, BOSCAWEN,
Former Guardians of the main,
MARLB’ROUGH, WOLFE, and ABERCROMBIE,
So distinguished on the plain.
In the hour when gentle slumbers
Seal in rest the guiltless mind,
Bonaparte’, sleep deserted,
Neither rest nor peace could find.
Round his couch stood Envy knowing,
Pale-fac’d Guilt, and black Despair,
Discord high her *fire-brand* throwing,
Cast around a dismal glare.
Then in council he sat working
Horror’s deeds, in *England’s woe*,
With his Myrmidons consulting,
How to give the *deadly blow*.
Fiends suggested acts of *Treason*,
Which revolted Angels tell,
As a crime of deepest colour,
Hurried them in chains to Hell.
When *two Forms* appear’d before him,
Clad in robes of *heav’nly light*,
VIRTUE, led by ENGLAND’S GENIUS,
Burst on his astonished sight.
---“ Stay, rash man, thy horrid purpose.”
Sternly thus the Phantom said,
“ Stay, rash man, ’tis *Virtue* bids thee,
“ Tho’, alas! to me thou ’rt dead.
“ Was thy youth for this so guarded?
“ Horror scarcely dares to tell,
“ How thy crimes, alas! would rival
“ All the *blackest* deeds of Hell.
“ Far, vain man, beyond thy malice
“ Mounts GREAT BRITAIN’S *glorious Name* ;
“ Hear how high it stands recorded,
“ Mark’d for *everlasting Fame* !
“ Long we’ll guard *Old England’s Glory*.
“ Envious, hear what I relate ;
“ While *thy* sicken’d soul lies grov’ling,
“ *Eternal Honours* ENGLAND wait.”

