

The Briton's Prayer.

" O Eternal King,
Of Gods and Mortals, elevate our Minds!
Each low and partial Passion thence dispel,
Till this great Truth in ev'ry Heart be known;
That none, *but those who aid the Public Cause,*
Can shield their *Country*, or themselves, from Chains!*"†

" My Friends, reject all mean and dangerous Counsels, which will blast your long-established Glories, and assist the proud Invader!††

Address to the VOLUNTEERS of GREAT BRITAIN, armed in Defence of their RELIGION, their COUNTRY, and their KING.

THIS Day, O Britons! Countrymen! and Friends!
Your Wives, your Offspring, your paternal Seats,
Your Fathers, Country, Liberty, and Laws,
Have sent you hither——
Vers'd in the various Discipline of Mars,
Laborious, Active, Virtuous, Brave, and Free,
To match your Valour with ignoble Foes,
—— Nature's basest dross;
The Foes of all Utility and Worth,
And thence a Wretch's mercenary Slaves;
With Spirits broke by Servitude and Want;
With Minds debauched by Vices, uninspir'd
By all th' endearing Cares in FREE-BORN HEARTS!
Who, cold and drooping, fight without a Cause,
To whom *Defeat is neither Grief nor Shame!*
Who seek no *Fruit* from Victory but *Spoil*.
These are the *Flow'r* of France's Host. The rest,
Who fill *their boasted Numbers*, are a Crowd,
Forc'd from their Dwellings to the bloody Field;
These are the People, taught, with patient Grief,
To bear the Rapine, Cruelty, and Spurns,
Of BUONO's mercenary Bands, and pine
In servitude to Slaves.——

With Terror sounds the Trumpet's clangour in *their* trembling Ears.

But ev'ry Eye
Flames with impatient Ardour, and your Breasts
Too long their swelling Spirit have confin'd.

Go, then, ye Sons of Liberty, and sweep
These Bondmen from the Field.
Resistless, rend the Standard from their servile Hands.

—— Hurl to the Ground
Their ignominious Heads, the Warrior's Helm profaning.——

Think, the Shades of your Forefathers rear their sacred Brows——here to enjoy the Glory of their Sons!!!§

The Spartan Dames ascend
The loftiest Domes, and, thronging o'er the Roofs,
Gaze on their Sons and Husbands as they march.

You, my valiant Friends,
Now rouse the generous Spirit which inflames
Your Hearts; now prove the Vigour of your Arms;
That your recorded Actions may survive,
Within the Breasts of all the Brave and Free,
And sound delightful in the Ear of Time,
As long as Neptune beats the BRITISH SHORE,
Or those tall Cliffs erect their shaggy Tops
So near to Heav'n, YOUR MONUMENTS OF FAME.

* *Vide* Leonidas.

† *Ibid.*

§ *Ibid.* varied.

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