

# BRITANNIA'S CHARGE

TO THE  
SONS OF FREEDOM.

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By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

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THE Tyrant for destruction eager burns,  
Free passages and bloodless ways he scorns ;  
In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,  
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might ;  
Resistless through the widening breach to go,  
To burst the gate, to lay the bulwark low,  
To burn the villages, to waste the plains,  
And massacre the poor laborious swains.  
Abhorring Law, he chooses to offend,  
And blushes to be thought his Country's friend,

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Ye brave avengers of your Country's wrong,  
Who to England and Liberty belong,  
Whose hearts, your fathers' virtues truly warms,  
Whose hands the sacred Senate order arms,  
With cheerful ardour meet the coming fight,  
ASSUR'D THE GODS WILL SMILE UPON THE RIGHT,  
Behold the mournful view, Italia yields,  
Her flaming villages, and her wasted fields,  
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow,  
And scorn the boundaries of Alpine snow ;  
Already Gallia's sword is stain'd in blood,  
Be that, ye Gods, to us an omen good,  
That glory still be their peculiar care ;  
Let them begin, while we sustain the war,  
Yet call it not a war to which we go,  
We seek a malefactor, not a foe,  
BRITANNIA'S INJURED MAJESTY DEMANDS  
THE PUNISHMENT OF TRAITORS AT OUR HANDS,  
If this be war, then war was wag'd of old,  
By curst Cethegus, Catiline the bold,  
By ev'ry villain's hand, who durst conspire,  
In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.

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