
 T O

David Polhill Esq;

An Epistle.

Decemb 1702.

I.

LET uselefs Souls to Woods retreat,
POLHILL should leave a Country Seat
 When Vertue bids him dare be Great.

II.

Nor *Kent*, nor *Suffex* should have Charms
 While Liberty with Loud Alarms
 Calls you to Counfels and to Arms.

III.

Lewis by his own Slaves Ador'd
 Bids you receive a Base-born Lord :
 Awake your Cares! Awake your Sword!

IV.

IV.

Young *Tory* Votes to Rule the People
By High-Church; Can you Swear and Tipple,
And fetch Commissions from the Steeple?

V.

Thy Grandfire-shades with Jealous Eye
Frown down to see their Offspring lie
Careless, and let their Country die.

VI.

If *Trevia* fear to let you stand
Against the *Gaul* with Spear in Hand,
At least *Petition* for the Land.
