

S O N N E T.

To BRITANNIA.

BY THE SAME.

R Enown'd Britannia! lov'd parental land,
 Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye;
 Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand
 Wakes o'er thy vales the Poor's persuasive cry:

When Slaves in office Freemen's rights withstand,
 When Wealth enormous sets th' Oppressor high,
 And Bribes thy ductile Senators command ;
 Then mourn, for then thy Fate approacheth nigh.

Not from perfidious Gaul, or haughty Spain,
 Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
 Tho' leagu'd in war tremendous round thy shore,
 But from thyself, thy Ruin must proceed ;
 Nor boast thy Power, for know it is decreed,
 Thy Freedom gone, thy Power shall be no more.