

*A Poetical Question concerning the Jacobites, sent to the Athenians.*

**T** *Was nobly thought, and worthy--still;*

*So I resolv' t' employ my Loyal Quill.*

*Virtue, and our unequal'd Heroes praise!*

*What Theams more glorious can exact my Lays*

*William! A Name my Lines grow proud to bear!*

*A Prince as Great, and wondrous Good, as e're*

*The sacred Burden of a Crown did wear.*

*Resolve me, then, Athenians, what are those,*

*( Can there be any such ? ) You call his Foes?*

*His Foes, Curst word, and why they'd pierce his breast,*

*Ungrateful Vipers! where they warmly rest?*