

The Athenians Answer.

THeir Name is Legion, grinning from a far
 Against the Throne, who wage unequal
 War;

Tho' nearer, on perpetual Guard, attends
 A far more numerous Host of brighter Friends:
 Around our Prince, Heav'n's Care, the sacred Band
 With fiery Arms in firm Battalia stand:
 To him mild Light, and Lambent Beams they
 show,

But Wrath and Terror to his harden'd Foe.
 See the black Phalanx melt, they melt away,
 As guilty Ghosts flink from approaching Day,
 Behold their Leaders, deckt in horrid State,
 Nor wonder why they Heav'n and Caesar hate.

First mark their haughty General, arm'd com-
 pleat

In Plates of glowing Steel! 'tis Lucifer the great!
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See his proud *Standard* o're his *Tent* enlarg'd!
With *bloated Toads*, an odious *Bearing*, charg'd.
The ancient *Arms* which once his *Shield* adorn'd,
Tho' 'tis of late to *Flour-de-Lis's* turn'd.

Blasphemous Belial! next thy *Squadrons* stand!
Lawless and *Lewd*, a baffled blasted band,
Each holds a kindled *Pamphlet* in his hand.

These make the *Gross*, the rest we may de-
despise,
(*Retailers* they of *Treason*, and of *Lies*)
Lucifer's Friends, and *Cesars Enemies*.

Ah were there *none* but these, who wou'd not be
Proud and *Ambitious* of their *Enmity!*

There's one small *party*, near, too near their *Line*,
Which *hover* yet, and scarce know which to
joyn.

No black, no ugly *marks* of *Sin* disgrace
Their nobler *Forms*, no *malice* in their *Face* :
A *Duskier Gleam* they wear then e're they fell,
Their *Plumes* just *scorcht*, too near *ally'd* to *Hell*.
What

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What mad *mistaken bravery* draws 'em in,
Where *Constancy's* no Virtue but a Sin?
How can they still their *fallen Prince* esteem?
When *false* to *Heaven*, why are they *true* to *him*?
O! must they *sink*! a glorious *Starry Race*!
They are almost too *good*, for that *sad place*.
That *waits* their *Fall*: It must not, *cannot* be,
If *err* we do, wee'l *err* with *Charity*,
Father! they may be *Sav'd!* we'll *joyn* with
Thee!

*Upon King William's passing the
Boyn, &c.*

WHat *mighty geniours* thus excites my
(Breast
With flames too great to manage or
(resist;
And prompts my humbler Muse at once to Sing,
(Unequal Task) the *Hero and the King.* Ob