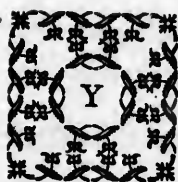


W A R:

A N

H E R O I C P O E M.



Ye patriots sage! who plann'd the
deep designs
Of war: 'midst which Britannia
dreadful shines!

(On whom she leans, with great exulting glow!
Where'er you point, she strikes the wasting blow!)
Ye mighty warriors! terrors of the world!
By whom, at land, and sea, our thunder's hurl'd!
To you this book is sent, with filial fear;
Craves fostering smiles; and begs paternal care.
You, who like David's worthies, round the throne
Of mighty GEORGE, form a tremendous zone!

From