

XXII

O FOOLISH generation and perverse!
Can no voice move you till one dead arise,
And the fell future's bloody scenes rehearse
Which shall befall you vanquished by surprise?
"Too late! Too late" will be your vain regret
Should Ruin fall upon a land once free.
Stir up our hearts and minds lest we forget
O God! the dues we owe for Liberty.
Oh England! Mother! of this fate beware
And teach each son his duty to Prepare!