

1 2 1

Printed by J. Smith, at the ...

An Address to the Public.

PERHAPS what here is said in our defence,
May to a prosecution give pretence;
We'll therefore ask before we speak aloud---
Is no Informer sculking in the croud?
With art laconic noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head,
Prepared to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clamourous legions of the bar.
Is there none such? not one? then entre nous
We will a tale unfold, though strange, yet true:
The application must be made by you, }

At Athens once, fair Queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of mod'rate parts;
Hibernia claim'd him as her darling son,
Great on the Bench, much greater at a gun;
In rank a Colonel, and on horseback mounted,
Perform'd such deeds! as ought to be recounted,
Not much unlike that Knight renown'd in fame,
Who was a Squire, call'd Sancho Panz by name,
By him for Giants were once mistaken
The day, and barely saved his bacon.
The Grecian was the Picture of this Knight
Who he was only born to fight;
And drums, and all such Warlike geer,
He gave him self for half the year,
Which he had never fail'd
To do; and so he did;