

P O E M

O N

The Royal Company

O F

SCOTTISH ARCHERS.



A N any be with Envy so possess,
Not to Rejoice when now we see at last
The SCOTTISH ARCHERS once again appear;
Whose Martial Deeds our Hist'rys all declare
Gainst *England*, SUCH, of old, were the Barrier
Of *Roman* Conquests, SUCH stop'd the Career.

SUCH with their Lives, the Sov'raignty maintain'd,
Of SCOTLAND, and its Honour kept unstain'd
Thro' many Ages; to their Progenie
Deliv'ring down their Laws and Country free.

Behold of Gen'rous Friends a Noble Train,
Join'd not for vain Applause or hope of Gain:
But whom tried Truth, approv'd Honesty,
With a fix'd Purpose of Integrity,
Firmly unite in the best Amity.

They'll ne'er their PRINCE or Friends in Straits forsake,
Nor, by deceiving Fame, their Judgements make;
Always pursuing what is Just and Great,
Nor Fears, nor Hopes, can move them to retreat.

If IN DEFENCE of ALBION's Liberty,
The * RAMPANT LYON shall be rais'd on high; * *Royal Standard.*
Guarded with Armies of such Gallant Youth,
Whose Breasts are arm'd with Courage and with Truth,
Our Foes shall fly, or soon resign their Breath,
Such ARCHERS Arrows will give certain Death.

F I N I S.

C. 1700