17645



To His Royal Highness GEORGE PRINCE of WALES, Prince Regent of England,
The humble Petition of the Poor of Ireland,

By K. WEIR, Gent. Historical Poet.

To thee great Prince that represents our King Hibernia's Poor their Petition bring,
As thou, great Sire, governs our brave nation,
Our memorial fend from our appressed station; Superior good as you're superior great, To thee, great Prince, thus our oppression state; Coffins for dead us poor can't now afford, From tax on iron, window-glass each board; Even tobacco, fome comfort to us poor, From tax can't use upon our cottage floor, So that us poor scarcely now can live, Even tenth sheaf unto each Rector give; From our barley, hay, oats and flax, Great Prince we petition for general Land Tax; Thefe to thy Laws great Sovereign won't incline Tis they alone should pay the still fine; For these that won't thy laws obey, Severe the innocent for them should pay; From Tax on leather barefooted must go, Our naked feet this to the world doth shew; The more wealth on the River Thames Than in all Hibernia that the ocean kems; To redrefs those grievances on thee we call, Hope thou, great Prince, that you'll relieve us all, And to the Parliament this in full display, So for thee, great Prince, us poor shall constant pray.

Mr. WEIR, the Author, in this Iron Time, requests your Subscription, to continue his Works from his Printer's Office, in favour of his Country.

