

The king now Fancy quickly led,
 Where lie the honourable dead,
 In venerable Westminster Hall :
 Then Death arose and drew the pall.
 The life of the dead of each one,
 Devotion read to Solomon,
 Standing at Sir Isaac's monument ;
 When suddenly all the tombs were rent,
 And gave up unto life their trust ;
 Bones, blood and flesh assum'd the dust. 130
 He sternly viewed the trembling crowd :
 Kings, Queens, Statesmen, poor Poets bowed,
 As thus, he with an indignant look,
 The foundations of Westminster shook.
 " Honoured of the earth ! disentombed,
 You that in rankest sin had bloomed :
 You rioted in wealth and pride,
 Whilst few, alas, in virtue died.
 With iron rule, and high and strong,
 On man you have inflicted wrong. 140
 Darkest crimes, in my day unknown,
 Have been committed on your throne.
 Infidels and deists too, you were,
 Nor did God nor man in anger spare.
 Winebibbers and perjurers too,
 Public robbers, were not a few.
 Is this the temple of your fame ?
 To the land that has raised it, shame.
 Those tyrants foul I see afar,
 A cloud on her religion are. 150
 Their names to preserve, if she deign,
 They should be in a pagan fane,