

Victorious Hosts, which He to combat led,
 Whom living they ador'd, lamenting dead :
 Thro' crouded streets the sad Procession go,
 And Earth's Metropolis one scene of woe.

Pay grateful Honours to his sacred Shade ;
 Mourn, Parent *Britain* ! mourn your Hero dead.

Raise to his Memory, and deathless Name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.
 Show him like *Phæbus*, Patron of the bow,
 Graceful in Youth, like *Jove*'s his awful brow.
 How gazing armies fix on him their eyes,
 Resolv'd, like him, each foldier fights or dies.
 Show how the *French* and savage *Indians* fly
 The Thunders of his arm, and Lightnings of his eye ;
 How at his felt approach their City shakes ;
 Thro' all its hundred States their empire quakes,
 Resigns its forests, and submits its lakes.

Raise to his Memory, and deathless Name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.

Now