

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 *Phœbus*, 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 ſoldier 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.