Amidif the Growd hi Visude alone

A N Rein Cod book in the

EPITAPH

But when the Flan N Ohmiots come

King WILLLIAM III.

Of Glorious Memory,

Who Died March 8th. 1701.

I.

Beneath these Honours of a Tomb

GREATNESS in humble Ruine lies:

(How Earth confines in narrow Room

What Heroes leave below the Skies!)

II.

Preserve, Oh Venerable PILE,

Inviolate thy Sacred Trust;

To thy cold Arms the BRITTISH Isle

Weeping commits her Richest Dust.

King William III.

Attend the Monarch as he lies, and bid the Softest S L U M B E R S wait

With Silken Cords to bind his Eyes, I lo swa bod

IV.V

Rest his dear SWORD beneath his Head;
Round him his Faithful ARMS shall stand;
Fix his bright ENSIGNS on his Bed,
The Guards and Honors of our Land.

V.

Ye Sister Arts of PAINT and VERSE,

Place ALBION fainting by his Side,

Her Groans arising ore the Herse,

And BELGIA sinking when he Dy'd.

VI.

High o're the Grave RELIGION set
In Solemn Gold: pronounce the Ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
And plant her Guardian VERTUES round.

An Epitaph on VII.

Fair LIBERTY in Sables dreft Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn, WILLIAM, the Scourge of Tyrants past, And Awe of Princes yet Unborn.

VIII.

Sweet PEACE his Sacred Relicks keep With Olives blooming round her Head, And stretch her Wings across the Deep To bless the Nations with the Shade.

Stand on the Pile, Immortal FAME, Broad Stars adorn thy brightest Robe, Thy thousand Voices sound his Name In Silver Accents round the Globe. And BEAGO

X.

FLATTERY shall faint beneath the Sound, While Hoary TRUTH inspires the Song; ENVY grow pale and bite the Ground, DECTE And MALICE gnaw her Forky Tongue.

Rell his

Round b

Fix bis b

Ine Guard

Place MLD

XI.

NIGHT and the GRAVE remove your Gloom;
Darkness becomes the Vulgar Dead;
But GLORY bids the Royal Tomb
Disdain the Horrors of a Shade,

XII.

GLORY with all her Lamps shall burn, And watch the Warriors sleeping Clay, Till the last Trumpet rouze his Urn To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

FINIS.