The Monument
A Poem
Sacred to the Immortal Memory
of William the Third.

Why are my Spirits chill'd, my Nerves un bent?
Why am I fad, as is the mornful Grave?
As if I never should know Comfort more.

H. A. T. sudden Damp has seiz'd upon my Soul.
Conscious Nature gives Preface that Death,
The Tyrant whom the Most abhors, draws near.
Ah woe! 'tis now too plain; for a worse Death of Libertie, has
The Monument.

Has happen'd than alas thou fondly thought it,
A Death in which the ruin'd World's concern'd,
Too plain, alas, I hear the doleful Sound,
The Godlike WILLIAM's dead!

Gone is his mighty Mind, for ever flown,
Gone is Great Providence's Watchful Viceroy,
And nought but his Immortal Name remains:
Gone is Great Soul that watch'd the Christian World,
As the good faithful Shepherd does his Sheep
Against the Prowings of the nightly Wolf.
Who shall now guard us from the bloody Foe?

Mourn then, my Soul, th' irreparable Loss,
And with the faithful Sons keep time,
Thou first and chief, forlorn Britannia, mourn,
With them too summon Human Kind to mourn,

And with the faithful Sons keep time
For thou and they, and all have lost in him
A Champion, Benefactor, Father, Friend.

THOU next, Britannia, mourn,
O let thy Eyes dilate into a Stream,
For thou hast loft—(O what hast thou not loft?)

Thy Bulwark, thy Defence, thy lofty Mound,
That kept our laws, keeping the Tyrants low,
Which, like the Ocean's now surround'd thy Tongue,
With dreadful Indignation threatening all.
EUROPA Beautiful, in fadnel's mount!
Thy Father, thy Defender's from thee torn,
And now the Lufiul Befial God once more
Has loudly threatned thee with flameful Rape.
Thofe martial Sons that were with WILLIAM join'd
With thee let all thy Royal Sons lament.
Who all your fervent Interests now unite?

AND thou, Celestial Charm'r, LAMBERT,
Daughter of Wifdom, and of Supreme Pow'r;
Silver of Reafon, and of Sovereign Law;
Now Goddes beat thy beautious Breathe, and rend
The flowing Ringelets of thy golden Hair;
To mourn thy Mighty Benem'or's Fate;
Thou and Religion here have room no more,
Thou art the darling Daughter of the Skies,
For WILLIAM's Fate, O Liberty, was thine:

AND thou, Religion, thou whole saving Eyes
Divine Religion, thou whole saving Eyes
Have always like perpetual Fountains stream'd
To morn th' Offences of a firlful World,
Let them pour a Deluge now of Tears
To wait the dismal Confluence of Sin,
To morn Great WILLIAM's and thy Flight to Heav'n.

He was thy Lover, and thy best belov'd,
The Monument.

He was thy Champion, and thy sole Defence.
Against the Tyrants both of Earth and Hell.
His flaming Zeal, O Goddess, rouz'd thy Friends,
To fight, O Goddess, and to die for thee.

And ye, O Angels and Archangels all,
Guardians of mighty Kingdoms, and of Kings,
Who could your Care's on William's Breast repose;
And cut with golden Wings your blissful Heav'n;
For he is to your upper Regions flown,
Who equal to your selves your Care's below supply'd.

THEN mourne, O Earth, and mourn, ye Heavens;
To melting Aysy Intelligences tune;
His Godlike Souls for ever from us flown,
Whole wondrous Zeal united Earth and Heav'n.

BUT let there be such Lamentation here
As never was known for any Fate before,
And let the Grief be general, as the Loss.
For Human Kind has lost by WILLIAM's Death,
His People mourn, his first and chiefest Care,
A Friend and Brother to the rest of Kings:
(Alas! few Kings are Friends, or meet with Friends.)
Sure twas some Angel who forsook the Skies,
And out of wondrous Love to wretched Men
Vouchsaf'd to dwell in Human Shape below.
For all his Life-time, he from Place to Place
Remov'd, dispensing Benefits to all;
And from their Gates the grand Destroyer drove.
For that alone he mov'd, he spoke, he thought.
As it th'o important Business of his Life
Had been to pacify his own Felicity
To that of wretched Men, his Great Design
Extended to his most inveterate Foes:
Because his Foes were still his Fellow Creatures,
From one Divine Original deriv'd.
And his inviolable Faith as firm
As are the unchangeable Decrees of Fate.
Made him feel, sympathize in all our Joys,
And mourn and suffer in the Woes we feel;
Tho he found something in his godlike Mind,
The Monument.

That answer'd to the Cries of the Distress'd,
And gave him Anguish, till they found Relief,
Which was the Source of all his wondrous Deeds,
And which distinguish'd his Heroick Life,
And set him far above all vulgar Heroes;
Yet was his Word so sacred and so pure,
He would not break it to preserve a World.

BUT when your vulgar Heroes we survey,
We find them the abhor'd Enemies of this.
They, by the Fever of Ambition fired,
Run frantically about the frighted World,
And think to grow by mighty Machinations,
While Horror marches in their dreadful Van,
Whole Towns they plunder, lay whole Countries waste,
With grinding Want they make void Kingdoms pite,
And Death and Slaughter in their bloody Train.
For their own Kingdoms loud they cry to Heaven,
If they make doubtful Peace or hollow Truce,
Then cast them from their Countreys, to their own.
And with their Thoughtless Foes,
With Friends deceitful, faithless to Allies,
Perfidious, servile to their in-born Slaves; and traitors to their Country.

Revenge.
The Monument.

Revengeful, cruel, bloody to Mankind: A Sea of guilty Blood they spill, a Sea of helpless Widows and of Orphans Tears, whose Subjects chiefly feel their barbarous Hands; for while they thus would more than Men appear, to their poor Subjects coolly they destroy. Their hateful Violences make them fret; and now the Wring, their Enemies they tear.

Abhor'd by God, by all good Men despis'd; their Breach of Faith, the wrongs they do each Hour, their laborious labours of fantastick Pride!

Only by Fools and Impious Men admired, their powerful Prince of all infernal Poets; mighty to act, sagacious to contrive, who with capacious comprehensive thought,

The grand Architect of Fraud; abhor'd by God, by all good Men despis'd; mighty to act, sagacious to contrive, who with capacious comprehensive thought, sits brooding o'er his dark and damned Design, of captivating all the Race of Men, and fixing Universal Monarchy, which he sometimes with violence and rage, sometimes with li's and hell-born arts pursues; but oft with secret Practice undermines, and fow's Diffusions to divide their Strength.
A dreadful and a dangerous Foe to all;  
But sure Perdition to his faithless Friends;  
And his Allies are lost, as are his Slaves;  
Who in Eternal Pains for ever howl.

THUS earthly Heroes copy him of Hell,  
Those Tyrants whom the thoughtless World calls Heroes:

Such was not happy WILLIAM, but a Friend  
To Men, and Servant of the most Supreme,  
The chief and godlike Purpose of his Soul,  
Was the reftoring Quiet, Order, Peace,  
And Universal Happiness to Men;

And like a faithful Servant to advance  
His Maker’s universal great Design.  
He loves the miserable Sons of Men;  
And with a Love fo ardent and fo high,  
As never can be thought by finite Man.

Next his was WILLIAM’s Love to all his Kind,  
For Friends and Tyrants only were his Foes;  
As curled Friends are Angels now no more,  
Fall’n from their Natures and their Names by Pride.  
He hated both, to both a mortal Foe;

For they make wretched all whom they make Slaves;  
For what can be fo dismal as to fee
The Monument.

Our Lives, our Fortunes, may our very Action, May ev'ry Virtue and Divine Religion, All in a feverish frantick Tyrant's pow'r, And to his boundless Passions all expos'd, He look'd with Indignation and Distrain

Upon't aspiring, vain, pretentious Wretch, Who thought it great to enslave his Fellow-Creatures, Dogs were not made to be control'd by Dogs, Nor Horses over Horses to inflict,

They rule not one another; nor ought Man To control Man; but God is to command, Who governs all by Reason and by Law.

He loves the Sons of Men, and leaves them free, As free as is his own Almighty Power. His Guide, And swears not from his own Eternal Laws.

Since our Great Maker then has left us free, On whom we live, and move, and even exist.

Kings who are God's Viceroys too must leave Whence who are under their Subjection, free.

And govern them by Reason, and by Law. Those who are to die are as Men; for they are Men.

And they must die like Men. So William rul'd, And look'd with Anger and with just Distrain

Upon the vain, the mortal, dying Wretch, Who dares to make them Slaves whom God makes free; Who
The Monument.

Who by his lawless boundless Passions sways,
And sacrifices to his Lust of Power,
A thousand greater worthier than Himself.
(For such are all the Good and truly Wise)
Which is renouncing Reason's sacred Rule,
Subverting th' Awful Government of God,
Deposing even the World's Perpetual King.
As far as lies within a Mortal's Power,
T'assert the direful Government of Hell.
For if good Kings are God's Viceregent, sure
A Tyrant is Hell's Viceroy, and as such
A Christian's bound by his Baptismal Vow
Against him to denounce perpetual War.
So WILLIAM did, and seem'd design'd by Fate,
T'assert the awful Government of God,
And Liberty of Man; and ne'er did Heav'n
Nor Fate do more for mortal Man than Him,
In giving him the Will to undertake,
And Power to execute the vast Design.

AND never was it known that mortal Man
More Noble, more Heroick Deeds perform'd,
Than WILLIAM in the Cause of God and Liberty.
The glaring Actions which the World calls Great,
From Passion chiefly, not from Virtue flow;
And of all Passions from Ambition most.
Pride which such dangerous Ravage wrought in Heaven

Among
Among th' Immortal Spirits of the Blest, 
May well destroy our frail Felicity, 
May well caufe dreadful Revolutions here.

To Pride 't Illustrious Romans ow'd their Fame,
Their Quarrels still were fpecious, feldom juft;
Yet not the greateft, first of Romans, Cæsar,
Darling of Story, Paramount of Fame,
Of whom the dotage talks, and he's third,
To fatisfy Ambition e'er perform'd
Deeds which display'd such Greatnefs in the Man,
As what Great William did for Liberty.

Methinks, ye Friends to Arbitrary Sway,
At this great Paradox I fee you fmile;
But hear ye wretched Slaves, e' opinion hear,
And then determine this important Caufe.

Caesar acquire'd his greateft Share of Fame
Against the Gauls, who were our William's Foes:
Against the Gauls, who were our William's Foes:
Yet Caesar fought with them divided, weak,
But Caesar fought with them divided, weak,
Doubful in Counsel, and in Action flow,
Doubtful in Counsel, and in Action flow,
Fell to each other, Traitors to themselves,
And the great Cause of dying Liberty,
And the great Cause of dying Liberty,
Vers'd in the Noble Science of the Field,
Vers'd in the Noble Science of the Field,
The dexterous Art of Fortifying Camps,
Or Rainging numerous Armies in Array.
No brave experience'd Officers to form
Their Troops, undisciplin'd, and rude to War;
Their Soldiers and Commanders all grown faint,
Dejected, spiritless with frequent Routs;
All dead and senseless to that Noble Fire
That to Illustrious Acts inflames the Brave.

UNDER these Disadvantages lay France,
In what Condition was great Caesar then?
Mature in Years, by long Experience Wise,
Awful for Eloquence and Martial Deeds;
Leading the Flow'r of Rome's Victorious Legions,
Back'd and supported by the Conquer'd World;
Valiant his Soldiers, Skilful, Disciplin'd;
Experienc'd their Commanders, Wise and Brave;
And Soldiers and Commanders, Romans all:
Inur'd to Dangers, made by Custom bold,
Exalted, spirited with long Success,
All eager in the burning Chase of Fame,
All faithful and united under Caesar,
And He Supreme and Absolute o're all.
Yet with all these Advantages Great Caesar
Ten tedious Years consum'd in Conquering France;
And now the Glory of his Conquest shares,
If the Distributors of Fame are just,
With his Wife, Valiant, his Victorious Friends,
Nay and with Fortune, with his very Foes.
The Monument.

For Falle and Traitors to the Common Cause,
Their Country hastily they betray'd and fold.

WE've shown what Caesar did for Pride, behold,
What WILLIAM for Fair Liberty perform'd.

And th' Actions in an equal Balance lay,
'TWAS in the fatal and recorded Year,
In which Battering the Defence and Mound
Of Faith, of Right, of finding Liberty;

Proud of a hundred Formidable Towns,
Whose lofty Bulwarks, and whose Stately Tows:

Are to the Storms of Arbitrary Pow'r,
What is Duges are to the Tempestuous Main:

For the wild roaring Torrent they refrain,
Which else would deluge all the Christian World;

And leave the Earth depopulate and bare:
Twas in the Year in which forborn Battering.

Invaded was, defenceless and surpriz'd,
And by two potent Enemies attack'd,

And faithless Gallia lightning on the Shore's.
While at the Horror of the Noife and Sight,

The Belgeck Lion trembling and ag'ft,
Paint in his Roar, and with unwined Paws,

Elew for Protection to the formy Main,
The Monument.

Whole unrelenting Rage he most abhors;
Twas in that fatal Year, in which the States
Their strongest Bulwarks forc'd, or else betray'd,
Their Country left to the insulting French.

The Crowd deplored all, divided, faint,
Divided, and amazed, and flayed, growled;
We were turn'd inflexible, infatuated, wild;
Astonish'd and amazed, and flayed, growled.

What shall I first admire, his dauntless Soul,
When all the Heav'n's look'd black, and all the Main,
Look'd dim, when the frantick Billows roll'd,
And loudly bellow'd o'er the dreadful Deep.

The Skillful Mariners confound'd, foil'd,
The Tempest roseg, the fork'd, the dreadful Deep.

In that amazing Hurricane of Fears,
Ever fear the Bloom of Youth proclaim'd him Man,
Heaven's edge black, and all the Main,
When all the Heav'n's look'd black, and all the Main.
The boldest trembling, dying with the Fright; By the $\ldots$

The linking Vessel, mornfull, and dead, Tho' at the Helm, deserted, Waving their Care; Abandoning to Winds and Waves their Deep before He who had never plough'd the Deep before, And dauntful in that dangerous Extreme, As is a God by destiny, secure.

When in some Storm that threatens general Wrack, He lifts above the Waves his fac'd Head! To calm his troubled Empire of the Main, And give the lab'ring Universe Repose.

OR his great Conduct shall I first admire, Without the advantage of Experience, wise, Exact, profound, unfathomably deep, Given by Fate. To countermine the dark Designs of Hell?

CAN ye behold Him, ye ungenerous Foes. To his Great Memory, his Deathless Name, Without extolling to the Stars his Fame, Appearing at the Head of flaming Troops, A wretched Handful, anticipated most, Bury with Peace, and littlest with Difuse.
The Monument.

The rest a vile tumultuous Crowd, in haste,
By fate necessity, not Choice, enroll'd,
Rude and untaught, and barbarous to War,
Unfit by Nature, and untrain'd by Art;
Dejected, drooping, infamous base,
The mere Subjects of all that's Great and Brave:
Their Leaders the base Scum of all the rest,
And for that reason universally
Rais'd by the boisting Fervent of the State,
Only for factional Diestress advanced,
And inbred Hatred to their Great Defender,
Can you behold him at the Head of these,
Informing, moving, animating all,
Changing their very Natures like a God;
His Bravery kindling thousands, with its Fire,
Spreading glorious Order thro' them, where
Trouble, Confusion, Chaos reign'd before?
Can you behold the conqu'ring Gods at Bay
Already on his first Appearance flipt,
In their precipitate wild Career?
Already meditating their Retreat,
Can ev'n his most inveterate Foes see this,
And not exalt such wondrous Worth to Heav'n?
The Monument.

WHAT a Man is to hearten fainting Hounds, To rouse their Vigour on the lifeless Chase, And guide them through the Mazes of the Field, That to his drooping Countrymen was He; A more Exalted, a Superior Being; Their Guardian Genius, and their God of War. His vaft Capacity supplied their Heads, Their abject and grov'ling Souls raise'd to the Heaven's, And to their trembling Hearts, and their Fear of Death, Or foul Retreat, So Pallas to the fainting Greeks appear'd, Shook her invincible, her dreadful Shield, And spread Celestial Vigour thro' the Field.

BEHOLD him by a Conduit, which surpriz'd The most illustrious and the Oldest Chiefs; The most experienced in the Art of War; Taking his poor Country to preserve it, And the fleeting Freedom of the World. Behold upon fair Bon's lofty Towers, The Guardian Angels of a hundred Forts, And with loud Welcome hail their Great Defender: For Bons taken set Batiot free.
The Monument.

And rent in twain th' opprobrious Bonds, prepar'd
To bind the Christian World: yet, under Heav'n,
That favour'd him with such peculiar Grace,
He owes th' Immortal Glory to Himself;
Not to the Valour of his fainting Troops,
Nor to the Skill of their unwearlike Leaders.
Their Bravery was his, for he inspir'd it,
And his their Conduct, which from him they drew:
Nor ous his Fame to Weakness of his Foes,
Or their Division, or their Want of Skill,
But the Profoundness of his vast Designs,
And his High Courage rais'd above Compare.

THE Gauls had all th' advantage o'er Naassau.
That Cæsar manfully had o'er Gaul.
Behold them strong, united, numberless;
Their warlike Chiefs experience'd and renown'd;
Their well-provided Squadrons, skilful, brave,
All fli'd and spirited with long Success;
Yet Wiliam at the Head of wretched Troops
Wretched at last, till rais'd and fit'd by Him.
In little more than one revolving Year
For'd his dread Foes to leave his Country free:
When Cæsar with the Flower of Roman Legions,
Scarcely conquer'd barbarous divided Gaul.
The Monument.

EV'N Fortune claims no share in his Renown,
In Human Actions, ruling all below,
Which Providence has wisely order'd, left
Frail Dust should grow intolerably vain,
And cry, upon Success, "Tis due to me,
But he so highly fav'rd was of Heav'n,
That still he brought about his vast Designs,
While she was known to afflict his mortal Foes.

Knew that his Noble Soul was truly Great,
So far above presumptuous Pride as Fear,
Nè'er could it own but its Great Maker's feat,
Not hence, but in his frail Condition,
And its Creator's high Omnipotence,
But then fo mindful of its frail Approach,
That it would with trembling still approach,
And with profound Humility adore,
And by that Lowliness and awful Fear
Confirm its Greater's, and its dauntless Courage.

THUS Fortune and the Gods were WILLSM's Foes,
Both He refil'd, and He conquer'd both,
And brought about his great and just Designs;
But cruel was the Conflict first, and long,
And oft the Goddes feemingly prevail'd, And oft at once collecting her whole Might, Took all Advantages of Time and Place, Prepar'd to crush him at a blow, when He With wondrous Art eludes that dreadful Day. While Heav'n ferene look'd down with all its Eyes, Can offer to the Skies; and that's a Man, A mortal Man, a March of Fortune's Pow'r. Her Pow'r, great Arbiter of all below, Till his Invincible, unshaken Soul, With Wisdom, Patience, Resignation arm'd, To conquer Gods, compel'd her to submit, And own her glorious Conqueror at the left.

NOR were her Smiles more powerful o'er his Soul: For upon him the faithfull Goddes smit'd Ev'n in the work of Times, that dreadful Hour, When raving as a Bechwald, and wild, She to new Slaughter lath'd on limping Fate, And led the Gods e' extricate loft Battell. A Kingdom with a hundred powerful Towns; Which he rejected with a Brave Dildain.
The Monument.

And chose to perish with his Country free,

Rather than found an Empire on its Bonds.

O Greatness, to be found on Earth no more!

Exalted far above all Royalty,

And far above the Rule of Fortune's Pow'r.

For when long after he embrac'd a Crown,

Jully confer'd by free Consent of tho'...
The Monument.

Thus he, deifying Royalty, acquired
A more extended and a Nobler Power.
Imperial Crowns, who saw to what a Height
Above all Human Greatness He was raised,
How far above all little selfish Thoughts,
Anxious about the Safety of the World,
But utterly regardless of his own;
Imperial Crowns, convinced of this, confided
An Excellence superior to their own;
Kings themselves grew subject to his Sway.
Him with Esteem and Wonder they beheld,
Defender of God and his most Sacred Truth,
And Great Protector of the Rights of Kings:
And they who gave to mighty Nations Laws,
Receiv'd them first from him, and justly thought
The Monument.

That only He who of Mankind took care,
By Nature was divell'd the Lord of All,
What but the Head, takes care of every Part?
What but the Soul? What but th' informing Soul,
Runs thro' all, that animates them all,
And in continuous Union all maintains;
And which diffus'd, to all brings Ease or Woe?

NOW He the Counsell of those Kings collects,
And all their different Interests reconciles;
Of all their thwartings, sel'ish, low Designs,
That seem'd impossible to all but Him.
But his rare Genius Expedients finds
To calm their Jealousies, and footh their Pride;
And all at leaf are satisfied in him,
The Tie and Bond of Union to them all.
And now behold him marching at the Head
Of all their Squadrons, German, Spanish, Dutch;
Now see them flying thro' thy narrow Ways,
Filling then Inglorious and obscure Senefla.
Now shining in the bright Records of Fame
Among the Glories of the Eternal Roll:
And lo the German and the Dutch have pass'd,
And the Proud Spaniard now prepares to pass,
When to Great Conque with his headlong Troops.
The Monument.

Comes pouring on them like a sounding Flood,
That by Destruction makes its noisy Way.
Upon the Wings of Fear the Spaniards fly,
And many a Furlong leave their Pride behind;
For Conde's Image haunts them in their Flight,
His awful Form still urging on their Speed,
More dreadful to them than his Numerous Host;
His awful Form presented to their View,
To their Remembrance calls his glorious Acts,
Their Friends defeated, and Themselves o'rethrown.
When e're Great Conde's Image they behold,
The bloody Plains of Lens are in their View;
And thou, O Friburg, with thy dismal Cliffs,
And the dire Fields of Norlingue and Rocroy,
A thousand Victories and High Exploits
Encompass him with dreadful Glory round;
About him like a Guard of Terrors march,
And arm him with Eternal Majesty.
These Fantoms goad the Spaniards in their Flight,
And now the Fury of that Shameful Flight
Proves fatal to the Forces of their Friends,
And the Battalions breaks and overwhelms.
That WILLIAM swiftly sends to their Relief,
The French drive on and no Resistance find,
Or else Triumphant force their way through all:
Outragious as a Flame that's driv'n by Winds,
And fiercer, stronger by Obstruction grown.
The Monument.

But now Heroick WILLIAM thund'ring comes
To turn the Fortune of the bloody Day;
Behold with what a Noble Rage h'attempts
T'arrest his Squadrons in their headlong Flight:
For his own Squadrons first He's forc'd t'attack.
With what a matchless Bravery he meets
Routed Battalions panting or'e the Plain!
Then with his flaming Sword in their Career
He stands, his Person to them all expos'd,
His Thundring Arm opposing to them all.
Now by the Torrent overborn, o'erwhelm'd,
Now stemmed with a dauntless Breast the Tide,
And now with desperate Vehemence turning all,
The Base with Blows corrects, with Words the Brave;
And some the sparkling Glories of his Eyes,
And some his Looks, and some his Voice inflames;
O whither run ye? O return, return!
O ye who had the Looks of Soldiers once,
I see ye always had the Hearts of Slaves,
The worst of Slaves, from Slaves themselves ye run;
You Cowards in defending Liberty,
They in augmenting their own Thraldom Brave.
For me my own right Hand, or else my Foes,
My Freedom and my Glory shall secure;
For Death or Victory bring both alike.
Ye few Great Souls, who Liberty and Fame
Prefer to wretched, shameful, slovish Life,
Come
Come on, be Death or Victory the Word.

THIS said, he breathing an Heroick Air,
As great as if Eternal Fame appear'd,
And to High Actions call'd her darling Sons.
And now their Shame prevails upon their Fear,
Firmly resolv'd to die a thousand Deaths,
And to forswear the World ever such a Leader.
And now he leads them furious to the Charge,
Now at their Head with a refit'd's Rage
He thro' the firmest French Battalions breaks,
And charging thro' and thro' their Squadrons mows,
Their Squadrons now conceal'd in Smoaky Clouds,
And now reveal'd in blazing Sheets of Fire,
And now the French grow fiercer by Defpair:
And with redoubled Voice Bellona raves,
And now the Trumpets kindle Mars with fiercer Sounds,
Death's Bugles in the dismal Chafe of Blood,
The Tempestuous Drums with thicker Streaks
Alarm the Foe of Nature. All the Heavens,
And now the joining Squadrons rend the Skies,
And all the Air appears conflicting Fire,
With hideous Outeries on each other ruff's
And make one gauntfult Channel of the Field,
And the ramping Plain with murdtung Volles rings,
The Monument.

And to the thundring Cannons mortal roar,
The Hills rebellow with a dreadful Sound,
That the dire Confort seems to deaf the World.
WILLIAM, the glorious Spirit of the War,
Is every where where Danger most prevails,
Correcting Fortune, and confronting Fate.
Like Mars himself, Fierce, Valiant, Raging, Young,
Among the thickest Foes his thundring Steed
He spurs, then brandishes his fatal Sword;
Terror severely sparkling in his Eyes,
Death like a Faulcon perch’d upon his Arm,
Watching the certain Signal of his Blow,
And then like Lightning darting at his Prey.
WILLIAM the desperat’st Champion of the Field,
In Feats of Arms and mortal Rage excels,
Surpassing in amazing Actions all
Whom Glory urges, or whom dire Despair,
The meanest Sentry less expos’d than he.
Frequent amidst the hottest of the Fire,
And oft surrounded, cover’d o’re with Flames;
And yet in Conduct oldest Chiefs excels,
To best Advantage ev’ry Motion makes,
Always exactly present to himself,
Spite of his furious executing Arm,
Spite of the Smoak, the Tumult, and the Noife:
The raging Trumpet and the storming Drum,
The Musquets Din, and thundring Cannons Roar;

Nay
The Monument.

Nay spite of Death, whom all his dreadful Guard
Of purple Terrors through the Field attend,
Who painting hideously his ghastly Face
With Dust and Blood, and leaping his pale Steed
O’er laughter’d Heaps, rides dismal thro’ the Plain.

Thus all the Day the God of Battle rag’d;
And the Sun sat in Horror and in Blood;
And then the lab’ring Moon beheld a Sight
That troubled her above Thetis’ Charms,
And made old Night look hideous to her View.

Now in their turns the mangled French recoil,
And doubt the Fortune of the dreadful Day:
And well they may recoil, and well may doubt,
When their Great Chief, th’ Heroick Conde doubts.
And the tormenting Confusion of his Worth,
Disturb his Generous Breast, and wrack his Soul.
Of yielding to a beardless Chief the Field.
But this is what torments and wrings him most.
That He, who now for thirty Glorious Years
Has with successive Victories been crown’d,
Himself the Noblest Wonder of them all,
Should see this Godlike Youth perform such things.
The Monument.

As force ev'n him t' admire; O mortal Shame!
He cries aloud, O Death to my Renown!

Twas He, 'tis manifest, 'twas none but He
That turn'd the Fortune of the Wondrous Day;
Thou my Divinity, Eternal Fame,
And Victory, thou Darling of my Soul:

My Mirths, that for Thirty Glorious Yeats
Halt fell been competent to my Noble Fire!

Will ye defy me for a Boy at last?
Is not my Deathless Pasion still the fame?
Have I for Naphtha courted you thus long?
For him were all the deprecate Fields I fought,

For him my accumulated Triumphs all;
With Rehies Days, and Sleeples Nights I won?

Which with my Lofs of Quiet, and of Blood,
Which with my Lofs of Quiet, and of Blood,

First let me perish, let me perish all!
For ever Syllables are mention'd more;
Be the very Name of Cando be forgot;

And ye vain Monuments of my Renown,
O let Seneca compleat th; Illustrious Lift;
Or may ye all neglected be by Fame;
And never shine in her Eternal Roll!
The Monument.

This said, He leads the French to certain Fate,
For now the Allies Invincible are grown,
Dauntless their Minds, Impregnable their Poffs,
Such is their Hero's Conduct and his Fire;
And now they pour a Storm of Iron Hall,
Whole Fury makes whole Squadrions fall, while they
Cover'd with Dust, and hott'd all with Blood;
And take new Spirit from that dismantled Sight.
And Conde resolves his Men shall perish all,
And all had fain a Victim to Delpair,
Had not pitt then withdrawn her Sickly Beams,
And Night her black'eft Mantle o're them thrown.
And now the Rage and Din of Battel ceafe,
Nor Noise nor Silence in the Field prevails,
But a low, hoarse and undiftinguifh'd Sound,
The dreadful Murmurs of declining Rage,
And now the French conceale'd in Night retire,
And to victorious W I L LIAM leave the Field,
And in the Height of Anguish and Delpair,
Praife his great Conduct and his matchles Fire.
The Monument.

HERE meanly his ungenerous Foes enquire,
Were all his Battles thus with Conquest crown'd?
What if they were not? they deli'ver'd it all,
And that was more than Victory to him;
What if they were not? they deli'ver'd it all,
He nobly chose to merit Victory,
Rather than have it poorly undeliver'd:
And from the Height of his exalted Soul,
Defend to Triumph by ignobler Ways:
Greater and more exalted in Difficulties;
Than the great Monarch in his happier Hours,
Looking with Scorn on Fortune and his Foes,
And all who prosper'd by ignoble Arts.
His Conquests all were Glorious, all were Just,
And gain'd while Heav'n and Earth look'd wondering on,
All fairly gain'd in the broad Eye of Heav'n,
Conquests indeed, not Robberies nor Fraud;
Nor Purchases nor Thefts, a Conqueror he!
Nor Traffickers for Countries and for Towns,
Nor double Dealer in the Trade of War.
Nor fond of Turner of his Gold for Gain,
A braver Army, or a nobler Chief?
Could
He conquer'd at Scye, and were his Foes
And to much Conduct join'd with so much Fire;
So wondrous when the God of Battle guide'd?
Heed who against great Conde found Success?
The Monument.

Could ne’re have miss’d it against meaner Chiefs;
Had he not by their Numbers been oppress’d,
Or by the Falseness of his own betray’d;
For to himself he always ow’d Success,
To his high Conduct, and his great Example,
His Losses to the Falshood, or the Sloth,
Or Impotence, or Factions of his Friends.
But yet when’re he lost th’ uncertain Day,
He lost but what was Fortune’s, not his own.
The towering Greatness of his Soul was His,
And that he never lost, that was Himself;
His very self; his Troops have been subdu’d,
But never He, He gain’d by their Defeat.
Since adverse Fortune shew’d him more himself
Of deeper Conduct, and more towering Mind,
More watchful Care, and more unwearied Toil;
Of Resolution never to be broke,
Of Constancy that triumph’d over Fate,
And kept Proud Fortune in severest Awe.
’Twas this that terrify’d his happier Foes,
Made Lewis in the Fields of Valenciennes
Poorly the Glorious proffer’d Fight refuse;
Afraid to trust his far more numerous Troops,
More Skilful, more Victorious, more Renown’d;
Doubting if they with Fortune’s stronger Power
Could guard him all from WILLIAM’s great Revenge.
This made the Proud and Haughty Monarch stoop,
And
And after all the Advantages he gain'd,
With Prudence doubt the last Event of War,
And in our Hero's Country sue for Peace.

AND now the World in faithless Peace lies lull'd,
Which more than War advances boundlesis Sway;
Fair Liberty sleeps on, and never dreams
That to her Heart her Murderer's Hand's fo near,
Till its too late to fear, too late to dream:
Till they may freely give the fatal Blow,
Now the Crown's totter on a hundred Heads,
And Europe's nodding Powers expect to fall,
For lo where bound forlorn Britannia lies,
Fin'd her Arms that once the Balance held,
And in due Poise fulfill'd the pondeous World.

Bound to her Rocks like Andromeda the lies:
Fair Liberty threes out aloud for Aid:
When WILLIAM on the Wings of all the Winds,
Like Perplex, nobly to their Rescue flies.

While the admiring World attentive stands,
Trembling in Expectation of the Event,
For WILLIAM's Fate the General Fate decides:
When Success above what Cæsar found,
(But Cæsar came t'enclave, and He to free)

The Happy Hero came, and conquer'd ere he saw.
O CONQUEST worthy Men and Angels praise!
How poor's the Triumph for extended Sway,
Compar'd to this? This Conquest over Hearts,
This Triumph over Souls, which leaves them free,
And makes the Vanquish'd happier than the Victors.
The Britons who were wretched Slaves before,
Who 'ad lost ev'n Hope, and who expected nought
But Life in Miseries, or Death in Flames,
When he approach'd grew Happy, Free, Secure:
So Happy that their Raptures knew no Bounds!
For hark how their tumultuous Joy grows loud!
Hark how their stormy Shouts ascend the Skies
To unknown Worlds; transporting WILLIAM's Fame!
Still, still the Sounds are in my ravish'd Ears,
And still methinks I hear the Nation's cry,
Hail thou Defender of unspotted Faith!
Renown'd Restorer of lost Freedom, hail!
Great Patron of the Christian World, all hail!
At thy Approach fierce Arbitrary Power,
And bloody Superstition disappear,
At thy Approach fair Liberty returns,
And smiling darts a lovely Glance so sweet,
As charms at once the Hearts of Gods and Men:
While Piety looks modestly assur'd,
And lifts its moving melting Eyes to Heaven;
O Happy, Happy above Millions, Thou,
The Monument.

Who haft made Millions blest; Their Times to come,
Thee Nations yet unborn shall. Happy call:
For the diffusive Good which flows from Thee
Thee Nations yet unborn shall. Happy call:

To ev'ry Age and Nation must extend.
But we th' ungrateful, and the work of Men,
Should we ever cease to celebrate thy Praife,
Then rose thy Voice, O Happy Island, raife,

Till Angels catch our Great Deliverer's Praife;
Let thy tempestuous Raptures tow'r to Heaven,
Ye Angels, to your deathless Lyes,
And let all Heaven attend th'enchanting Song.

Ye Angels, an Immortal Act, prepare!
May ye impatiently expect him long,
And for the lofty Theme,
Long may he deign to wear this earthly Crown,
Which now we place upon his Sacred Head.
A poor and mean Return for what we owe.

THIS was't assembl'd Nation's general Sense,
In these warm Sounds they express'd their Gratitude,
Yet scarce the immortal Moon return'd her Orb
Or never be belief'd by Times to come! Before
The Monument.

Before they chang'd their more inconstant Minds,
And murmur'd at their Great Deliverer.
Some envied ev'n the Crown they had bestowed,
And some, regretting their old Thralldom, cry'd:
For Egypt and its Vegetable Gods.
Others would be preserv'd, but not by Him;
Alas unfortunate, mistaken Men!
Who could preserve you possibly but He?
Hark how Hibernia rends with Shrees the Air,
And to Britannia cries aloud for Help.
In vain Great Schomberg marches to her Aid,
With his Brave Officers, his dauntless Troops,
With his own wondrous Skill in Feats of Arms.
For Superstition and wild lawless Power,
Stood both insulting by, and saw those Troops.
Consum'd insensibly without a Blow.
But WILLIAM's Presence on the wondering Boy,
Made his Foes tremble, cheer'd his fainting Friends,
Reviv'd them like their Universal Soul,
And quickly chang'd their hapless Isle's Fate;
As when the Sun above the Horizon mounts,
And with his Blaze of Glory fills the World:
Goblins, and Ghosts obscene, and Spirits damn'd,
That revel'd by the Stars uncertain Light;
Or the pale Glimpses of the Silver Moon,
Revere th' Effulgence of the Lord of Day,
And disappearing take their Flight to Hell,
The Monument.

So when the Light of all the Christian World
Mounted in Glory o'er the Banks of Boyne,
Unbounded Power, soon took its headlong Flight,
And frighted Superstition quickly shrunk.

Its hated Head within its gloomy Cell,
Hibernia refused by her Martial King,
Made thee, Britannia, more securely free.
What, dost thou murmur then, ungrateful Lie?

Why dost thou envy to the Rest of Kings
That Happiness which waits upon a Crown?
That thou thyself so freely hast bestowed,
So justly fix'd upon his Sacred Head?

That Happiness is all for Thee,
Alas, the Happiness is all for Thee.
Is that thy Cause of envious Content?
For thee, and not Himself, He wears that Crown.

The very best of Fathers and of Kings
Contentedly supports a wretched Life,
That He may make his much-lov'd Children blest;
For William in his Kingdoms is Himself!

Constrains to bear intolerable Care.
For he, the Man whom his Aurelius Reign
Not all the Rolls of Fame can flow a King.
Abroad beheld a formidable Foe!

Surpassing in his Numbers and his Strength,
The whole Alliance which our Hero formed,
Then that Alliance difficult to form,
And wondrous difficult to be maintain'd;
Some Weak, some Slow, some Jealous, Faction all,
And thwarting in their contrary Designs.

Who could at once refit the Common Foe,
And could enforce the Weakness of his Friends,
Quicken their Sloth, enrich their Factions reconcile.
At the same time at home, amongst his own,
Lurk'd his most mortal and most dangerous Foes,
Those Sons of Danks, who conceal'd in Night,
Sat brooding over their damnable Design.

To take away the very Life of Liberty,
In the mean while his faithful Friends at home,
More eager most each other to destroy,
More faithful grown to take just care of Him,
Than him their common Safety to defend.

Upon whose faithful Breasts he could discharge
Some part of his intolerable Load!
How few, alas, he found entirely true!
How few in whom he could entirely trust,
And others of themselves had too much care discharged
To be solicitous about their King.
Never had Prince such Hardships to surmount;
The Monument.

For in eternal Toil He past his Hours,
Walted with Action, or convers'd with Thought,
And twenty times He past the Stormy Main,
While we in Peace securely slept at home;
Yet against his Health, against his Life,
Past it for Us against his very Self:
That what his tender Body ne'er could bear;
In every Passage he almost expir'd,
Profile of his intolerable Life,
To fare and defend ungrateful Men.
And when the weary Tolls of hard Campaigns
Were overcome, alas He came not home,
Like other Conquerors, to indulge Himself.
In soft repose, or to enjoy the Fame,
Or the fair Confidence of his Noble Acts.
For always He return'd to endure new Tolls,
Contending with the envious RaGE of some,
And bear almost-inferrable Pains:
And when Godlike Patience he had born,
Beyond what Nature suffer'd him to bear,
The weary Marches, and the hard Fatigues
Of a laborious and a long Campaign,
At his return he always something found,
More difficult and grievous to be born,
Unjust Reproaches, unfeird Affronts.
The Monument.

From those whom with the hazard of his Life,
Whom with the lofs of Reft and Health, he ferv'd;
And yet with Patience he supported all,
Because he knew his Julf Reftention flow'n,
Would have confounded all his Great Dehigns.

Therefore that Julf Reftention pent within,
Like a devouring Flame that wants a Vent,
Confum'd and prey'd upon his Noble Heart,
Exhausting the beft Spirits of his Blood,
And richeft Purpofe of the Royal Flood.

Behold Him (and then murmur, if thou canst!)
O thou Repining and Ungrateful Tribe!
Lab'ring beneath this Weight, this World of Care,
Which his frail Body could endure no more.

He knew it, yet undauntedly went on,
Devoting his Infirmable Life,
And offering his Hearts-blood a Sacrifice
For the Felicity of wretched Men,
Firmly resolv'd, as far as fleeting Life
Would give him leave, in spite of e'en our felves.

To finish the great Work He had begun.

In this the Roman Deity He surpris'd;
They for their Country too themselves devov'd,
But what they did was probably the Effect.
The Monument.

Of wild Enthusiasm and of frantick Rage,
And sudden the Resolve, and short the Pain.
But WILLIAM's Action was th' effect of Thought,
Of a deliberate and long Design;
For sensibly his Life consum'd away,
And sunk beneath the Pressure of Affairs;
Yet He with indefatigable Soul,
And with almost Divine Resolve, went on,
And knowing He or Liberty must die,
By his eternal Care, eternal Toil,
To support that exhausted his Best Blood,
And sav'd it at th' expence of ev'n his Life.

AND if Success (O fond mistaken Men,
That judg of Human Actions by Success!)
Was sometimes wanting to his Great Designs;
Yet he deserv'd it still; and that's enough,
And greatest, when he miss'd it, still was found;
For then his firm and comprehensive Soul
In all the Lustre of its Virtue shone.
Yet he's unjustly laid to want Success,
Who by his matchless Conduct, in despite
Of Fortune's Favour, ruin'd his great Foe,
And near Perfection brought his own Designs;
In spite of Losses made his Kingdom thrive,
While France with all its Fortune was undone:
For by Himself, and not by Fortune Great,
G Great
Great *WILLIAM* found us wretched, left us blest
In spite of all her Malice, all her Rage:
But ill that King deserves the Name of Great,
Who found his Subjects wealthy, easy, blest,
And will be sure to leave them poor, starv'd, curst,
In spite of false Success and false Renown.

And thus to bless Mankind our Hero liv'd,
Twas the sole Business of his Godlike Life,
And great Employment of his dying Hours.
He knew he ne'er could better die employ'd
Than He had liv'd; he knew the very Best,
The Greatest, Holiest of Mankind were they
Who of their Maker most resemblance bear;
And that they best resemble the most High,
Who to Mankind do most diffusive good,
And who for future Ages best provide.
Nor could the King of Terror's awful Face
Turn his Attention from his Grand Design:
The grizly King no Terrors had for Him;
Calmly they met, and kindly they embrac'd,
As friendly Monarchs on their Frontiers meet.
His mighty Soul was so remote from Fear,
That He shew'd nothing like what's falsely Brave,
And nothing like what's falsely Good He shew'd,
No earnest vehement Devotion paid,
The effect of Terror and Astonishment;

But
The Monument.

But calm, resign'd, and charitably meet,
Briefly and mildly offer'd up that Soul
To the Great Judge of Kings who knew his Heart,
And the main Spring of all his Actions saw.
That done, again he of the World took care;
For his Religion in his Actions lay,
And not in fruitless Words and empty Sounds:
He look'd upon himself as sent by God
To advance the Happiness of Human Kind,
And as he past his whole Heroick Life,
He dy'd performing his Great Master's Will;
And as he knew no Fear, so Pain it self
Could not divert him from his Great Delight.
If we give Credit to the Sons of Art,
His latest Hours in sharpest Pains were spent,
Utter'd no loud Complaint, nor Piercing Groan;
Nor Mark of Torment on his Face appear'd,
And yet he shew'd no smallest Sign of Pain;
Only a more compassionating Look
For his Lord's People whom he left behind,
No Mark of Torment on his Children felt.
But for himself appear'd inflexible.
The best of Fathers for his Children was,
Yet his no fruitless vain Complaint was,
That dire impending Mischiefs might prevent,
And might our future Happiness secure.
O GREATNESS, never known to Man before!
Behold a Man, who dies in sharpest Pain,
Too great to be conceiv’d by Human Thought!
In his own Height of Mility intent
Upon providing Hapiness for all
In perfect Eafe and full Felicity:
Which makes the Iole Employement of a God,
As if his Business ceas’d not with his Life,
That Royal Shape, and would not leave his Charge,
As if our Guardian Angel had affirm’d;
But only disappear to Mortal Eyes.

NOT the least Trouble or Concern He shew’d,
That his Great Maker call’d him at a Time,
When the expecting World had all its Eyes,
When all his vaft Defigns were just reduc’d
Within a certain Prospect of Succes;
As never Human Glory role before.

Not in the least concern’d at being snatch’d:
From the tranporting Joy, the vast Applauze
Of all the Nations happy made by Him.

But the World’s Praise was what he could contenue.
He
The Monument.

Of all about him in that dreadful Hour
He was alone ferene, the mournful Ret
Of their bloodshot Eyes, and their distracted Looks
Their beneficent Spectators He
And brought that Relief which Virtue could not bring,

He like a faithful Servant had perfom'd
What his Great Master deign'd him to do;
And if dy'd, pleas'd with this Heroick Thought,
Alotted him a thousand times as much,
He would with Cheerfulness have done it all.
The Monument.

Thy strongeft and thy nobleft Faculties.

Yet whether mufT I fly e avoid that Grief?

All Europe catches the contagious Woe:
The Greateft Men on Earth his Fate deplores,
The dauntlesS Souls who always found their own:

Bunge for that Lofts not only grieve, but die.

Your loud Lamentations, y afflict us Nations cease;

But ceafe your Lamentations, O ye Kings cease;

Tis for your felves this vast Excels of Woe,

And not for Him, for He is fully bleft.

Never a greater Subject was of Woe;

But lofty Praise declares a Noble Mind.

And worthy to be offered up to Gods.

Then change your Voices all with one accord.

And worthy to be offered up to Gods.

Lift up your Voices all with one accord.

And change your mournful Notes,

And pray for the Great One in Men,

WILLIAM the Great, the Good, the Juff is gone;

Yet never, never shall He die entire;

As long as Gratitude remains in Men,

For WILLIAM was the Greateft, Beft of Kings.

That
The Monument.

That e'er was sent from Heaven to rule the Earth,
Or will be sent when Golden Times return:
Who, persecuted and oppressed by Fate,
Outnumber'd by the common Foe,
Defected by some Friends, betrayed by some,
Ill seconded by more, almost alone,
Did by a Conduct Matcher's and Divine
Deliver lost Britannia, Belgium saved.

New imp'd the Roman Eagles soaring, Wings,
To take a stronger and a nobler Flight;
He Supremacy's bloody Progress fop'd,
And check'd the Rage of Arbitrary Sway;
Religion reestablish'd, Right maintain'd,
And made Oppression tremble when he frown'd;
That every Part of his unequal'd Life
Was born and liv'd for the World's Happiness:
A Hero fill confect to all the World,
And died as great as he liv'd;
Who, to sum all Praises up in one,
Maintains ev'n dead the Freedom of the World,
Maintain'd in mutual League, by virtue;

And by the Wisdom of that Mighty Queen,
Both by his Conduct, which Coöperate Powers
With dying Arm for Liberty did more

That if the noblest Conquest he had gain'd;
Whole dying Arm for Liberty did more
And who, to sum all Praises up in one,
Maintains ev'n dead the Freedom of the World,
Maintain'd in mutual League, by virtue;

And by the Wisdom of that Mighty Queen,
The Monuments.

Who now adds Lucre to his Imperial Crown:
Her Wifdom and her Virtues are the Gifts
Which he upon the Happy Realms bestowed:
Had it not been for his Heroick Toils,
The Golden Scepter She for mildly sways,
And yet refit our Benefactor’s Praise?
Where is our Honour? Where our Gratitude?
Can we be foes to his Immortal Nativity?
Who gave us Her, who all his wondrous Steps
Perfuses, and secures all his vast Designs?
And may she second all, till she attains
The Happy Glorious End which He propounded.