

Let one poor sprig of Bay around my head
 Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
 Let It (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
 Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
 And when, on travel bound, some riming guest
 Roams thro' the church-yard, whilst his Dinner's dress'd
 Let It hold up this Comment to his eyes;
 Life to the last enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies;
 Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)
 Reading my Works, he cries---*here* Churchill lives,

Enough of *Satire*---in less harden'd times
 Great was her force, and mighty were her rimes.
 I've read of Men, beyond Man's daring brave,
 Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave,
 Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
 From her one line, than from a world in arms.
 When, in her faithful and immortal page,
 They saw transmitt'd down from age to age
 Recorded Villains, and each spotted name
 Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
 Succeeding Villains fought her as a friend,
 And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend: