Unhappy Boston; see thy Sons deplore.
Thy hallowed Walks besmeared with guilty Gore
While Faithless P——r and his Savage Bands
With murderous Roncours stretch their bloody hands.
Like fierce Barbarians gloating over their Prey.
Approve the Carnage and enjoy the Day.

If shedding drops from Rage for August Writing
But know but Harmonies to that awful Goal.
Or if a weeping World can loudly appeal.
The piteous Griefs of Victims such as thee.
The Patriot's copious Tears for each are shed.
A solemn Tribute which entains the Dead.

The unhappy Sufferers were ——
Rall'd for nearest to two of them. (Christ. Monk & John Clark.) Mortality.