



# Her MAJESTIES

WELCOME TO  
St. Paul's CATHEDRAL.

A POEM.

**O** Glorious Show! See *England's* Queen appears,  
Attended by a Grateful Train of Peers,  
In God's own House to pay their thankful Pray'rs,

Welcome as Vict'ry, to a Generals Ear,  
Welcome as Peace to States, brought low by War,  
Welcome to us, as to the Church your Care.

Let others Flush't with Conquer'd spoils Provoke,  
By base neglect, that God who gave the Stroke,  
And the Oppressors force, asunder broke.

Whilst you, Great *Anna*, thankfully repair  
(Your Person Arm'd with Guards, Your heart with Pray'r,  
For a Successful just and Glorious War.)

To *London's* Fam'd Cathedral, there to Pay  
A Pious Tribute, for that Glorious day,  
Wherein your Foes in Blood all weltering lay.

Crouding Spectators view the pleasing show,  
The City Bands attend you here below,  
Whilst hovering Angels guard them as you go.

*Lewis* no more shall Fright us with Alarms,  
No more annoy our Coasts with glittering Arms,  
Since *Anna's* Pray'rs avert intended Harms.

And may Kind Heaven bless Your Isle with Peace,  
As it has Crown'd Your Army with Success,  
When *Malborough* Fights we may Expect no less.