

Celestial choir, enthron'd in realms of light;
Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I write...

The Goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel binds Her golden hair:
Wherever shines this native of the skies,
Unnumber'd charms and recent graces rise...

Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the Goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, WASHINGTON! Be thine.

-Phyllis Wheatley, "His Excellency General Washington" excerpt