

Deep in the wild abyss he lies,
Far from the cherished scene of home ;
Far, far from Her whose faithful sighs
A husband's trackless course pursue ;
Whose tender fancy loves to roam
With *him* o'er lands and oceans new .
And gilds with Hope's deluding form
The gloomy pathway of the storm.

Yet, COOK ! immortal wreaths are thine !—
While Albion's grateful toil shall raise
The marble tomb, the trophied bust,
For ages faithful to its trust ;
While, eager to record thy praise,
She bids the Muse of History twine
The chaplet of undying fame,
And tell each polish'd land thy worth :
The ruder natives of the earth
Shall oft repeat thy honour'd name ;
While infants catch the frequent sound,
And learn to lisp the oral tale ;
Whose fond remembrance shall prevail
Till Time has reach'd his destined bound.

FINIS.