

Whose children rebels, now are wont
 To point the pains that they should blunt. 220
 They can't help ; nature would allay
 His griefs, but not his voice obey.
 Then too, pains of the heart afflict,
 Where duty stern and love conflict ;
 A match unequal to be sure,
 For cuffs many, love can endure,
 And struggle stout to gain the field
 By faith sacred, sworn not to yield.
 In Matilda it won the day ;
 The Ensign with her ran away, 230
 While o'er them expectation bright
 Hovered, to perch, and then took flight.
 Promotion scant the soldier got :
 Black disappointment was his lot.
 A family large now surround
 The dying husband, father, found
 Stretched on a pallet made of straw ;
 A meaner one I never saw,
 Nor one so ill supplied with clothes.
 Tis too unseemly I suppose, 240
 An officer there should repose,
 In peaceful life, and at the close
 Of his once promising career.
 To the dying man I draw near,
 (Labouring the tears to repel,)
 To take of him my last farewell.
 The countenance, of Grecian cast,
 Is military to the last,
 Tho' misery, care, grief and pain,
 On it for tedious months have lain. 250

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