

That spot in lavish flowers is drest,
And fancy's dear, inventive rite
Still paid with fond observance there!

Ah no!—around his fatal grave
No lavish flowers were ever strew'd,
No votive gifts were ever laid—
His blood a savage shore bedew'd!
His mangled limbs, one hasty prayer,
One pious tear by friendship paid,
Were cast upon the raging wave!
Deep in the wild abyss he lies,
Far from the cherish'd 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 path-way 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,