

Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden when she fears
 For him the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

H.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Son of the Ocean Isle!
 Where sleep your mighty dead?
 Show me what high and stately pile
 Is reared o'er glory's bed?
 Go, stranger! track the deep,
 Free, free, the white sail spread,
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's Dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
 By the Pyramid o'ersway'd,
 With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
 And the palm-tree yields no shade.

But let the angry sun
 From Heaven look fiercely red,
 Unfelt by those whose task is done!
 There slumber England's Dead.

The hurricane hath might,
 Along the Indian shore,
 And far by Ganges' banks by night
 Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
 It hath no tone of dread,
 For those that from their toils have gone;
 There slumber England's Dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods,
 The Western wilds among,
 And free in green Columbia's woods,
 The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
 Let the arrow's flight be sped!
 Why should they reck, whose task is done,
 There slumber England's Dead.