

Their ample Gates unfold ; along the Strand
In silent Sorrow moves the vanquish'd Band,
While flush'd with Triumph and of Conquest vain
Pours tow'rd the captive Walls the British Train.

Thus from their Toil the glorious Heroes rest,
And peaceful Rapture swells in ev'ry Breast,
Save that as oft the glowing Tale they tell
Of such as bravely fought or greatly fell,
WOLFE's early Fate their pensive Mind employs,
And manly Sorrows check their rising Joys.

Illustrious Shade ! if artless Hands like mine
Could for an Heroe's Urn the Chaplet twine,
The Muse for thee should cull each op'ning Bloom,
And with unfading Garlands deck thy Tomb ;
For oh ! What Youth whose rev'rent Feet are led
To those sad Mansions of the mighty Dead
Where martial Trophies in rich Sculpture show
The sacred Ashes that repose below,
But kindling at the View for Glory burns
As on thy Name his sparkling Eyes he turns ?