

Till Cook the untrack'd billow past,
 Till he along the furlges cast
 Philanthropy's connecting zone,
 And spread her loveliest blessings round. —
 Not like that murd'rous band he came,
 Who stain'd with blood the new-found West;
 Nor as, with unrelenting breast,
 From Britain's free, enlighten'd land,
 Her sons now seek Angola's strand;
 Each tie most sacred to unbind,
 To load with chains a brother's frame,
 And plunge a dagger in the mind;
 Mock the sharp anguish bleeding there
 Of Nature in her last despair!

Great Cook! Ambition's lofty flame,
 So oft directed to destroy,
 Led *Thee* to circle with thy name,
 The smile of love, and hope, and joy!
 Those fires that lend the dang'rous blaze
 The devious comet trails afar,
 Might form the pure, benignant rays
 That gild the morning's gentle star —
 Sure, where the Hero's ashes rest,
 The nations late emerg'd from night
 Still haste — with love's unwearied care: