

While on each wind of heav'n his fame shall rise,  
 In endless incense to the smiling skies ;  
 THE ATTENDANT POWER, that bade his sails expand,  
 And waft her blessings to each barren land,  
 Now raptur'd bears him to th' immortal plains,  
 Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains ;  
 Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit free,  
 And angels choir him, while he waits for THEE.