

Enter several soldiers bearing the body of Col. Talbot
on their shoulders, they lay him down on the stage.

JAM.—Oh!—his head—his head is all on fire,
Witness, ye gods!—his eyes are all on fire,
For liberty—his mouth is all on fire,
And tell, like Pompey, ye sons of villainy,
There lies a breathless corpse, whose soul has ex-
A thought but what was always just and true;
Look down from heaven, ye gods of peace and love,
Wait him with triumph to the throne above;
And oh! ye winged genii of the skies,
Tune your sweet harp, and sing his praises!
Good friends, stand off—let me embrace the ground
Whereon he lies—and bathe each mortal wound
With British tears, that like to torrents run
From these sad eyes, oh! heaven, I'm mad as
[Falls down on the body]

Enter Sir Charles Goffrey. He raises her:

SIR CHAR.—Why do these precious eyes, like foun-
tains flow,

To drown the radiant heaven that lies below?

Dry up your tears, I trust his soul ere this

Has reached the mansion of eternal bliss.

Soldier—bear hence the body out of sight!

[They bear him off.]

JAM.—Oh stay, ye murderers! cease to kill me quite:

[He holds her.]

Nec how he glows! and see again he dies!

The clouds fly open, and he mounts the skies!

Oh! see his blood, it shines so full and bright,

I see him yet—I cannot look him quite.

But still pursue him on, and love me quite.

SIR CHAR.—Foolishness, my love, cease these gushing

For ere your body by your side appears,

JAM.—The tree that grows at this fatal time,