

Whom should we sing but WOLFE the bold and brave?
 Whose finish'd Virtue finds an early grave;
 Who, conqu'ring for his Country, smil'd in death,
 And worlds bequeath'd her with his parting breath.
 Then hear the artless verse I lately made;
 I'll sing him living, you lament him dead.

M E N A L C A S.

Begin the song, resound the Warrior's praise;
 Myself shall answer in no vulgar lays.
 Both worlds shall weep the Hero brave and young;
 The world he conquer'd, that from which he sprung.

D A P H N I S.

O native Land! long tofs'd in dire alarms!
 Too long a helpless prey to lawless arms!
 Rejoice! a golden period is begun:
 Rejoice! the fates a happier thread have spun;
 And blessing, as it runs, the sacred clue,
 Expose to future times a web of fairer hue.

Behold