

Then lavish strews, with sad delight,  
Whate'er her consecrating power  
Reveres of herb, or fruit, or flower,  
And fondly weaves the various rite.

See! o'er Otaheite's plain  
Moves the long, funereal train;  
Slow the pallid corse they bear,  
Oft they breathe the solemn prayer:  
Where the ocean bathes the land  
Thrice, and thrice, with pious hand,  
The priest, when high the billow springs,  
From the wave unsullied, flings  
Waters pure, that, sprinkled near,  
Sanctify the hallow'd bier:  
But never may one drop profane  
The relics with forbidden stain!  
Now around the funeral shrine,  
Led in mystic mazes, twine  
Garlands, where the plantain weaves  
With the palm's luxuriant leaves;  
And o'er each sacred knot is spread  
The plant devoted to the dead.

Five pale moons with trembling light  
Shall gaze upon the lengthen'd rite;  
Shall see distracted Beauty tear  
The tresses of her flowing hair:  
Those shining locks, no longer dear,  
She wildly scatters o'er the bier;  
And careless gives the frequent wound  
That bathes in precious blood the ground.

When along the western sky,  
Day's reflected colours die,  
And Twilight rules the doubtful hour  
Ere slow paced Night resumes her power;  
Mark the cloud that lingers still  
Darkly on the hanging hill!  
There the disembodied mind  
Hears, upon the hollow wind,