

Ye lonely isles! on ocean's bound
 Ye bloom'd through time's long flight unknown,
 Till Cook the untract'd billow pass'd,
 Till he along the surges cast
 Philanthropy's connecting zone,
 And spread her lovliest blessings round.
 Not like that murderous 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 dangerous 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 hase—with love's unwearied care:
 That spot in lavish flowers is dress'd,
 And fancy's dear inventive rite
 Still paid with fond observance there!

Ah no!—around his fatal grave,
 No lavish flowers were ever strew'd
 No votive gifts were ever laid—
 His blood a savage shore bedew'd!
 His mangled limbs, one hasty prayer,
 One pious tear by friendship, paid,
 Were cast upon the raging wave;