

Rous'd by the martial Thunder of the Field,
By fits his dim expiring Eyes unseal'd ;
Then sick'ning at the piercing Blaze of Light
Turn'd from the Ranks of War his aching Sight ;
Yet fondly anxious for his Country's Fame,
Long as the vital Spirit feeds its Flame,
Oft he requires of each attending Friend
O'er the wide Plain their careful View to send,
And mark if GAUL the conqu'ring Bands repell'd,
Or yet their flight the broken Legions held.
"Sweet Peace be thine, replied the Warrior Train,
"In this sad Hour and soften ev'ry Pain,
"For lo! thy TOWNSHEND at his People's Head
"Urges the Rout and conquers in thy Stead,
"Resistless bids the Tide of Slaughter flow,
"Scatters their Ranks and lays their Heroes low."
To whom the Chief; "I die, since this is giv'n,
"Content, and ask no other Boon of Heav'n."
He could no more; th' unfinish'd Accents hung
In Sounds imperfect on his falt'ring Tongue,
His mighty Spirit fled, and mix'd with Wind;
Yet Virtue left a conscious Smile behind.

Nor