

While, eager to record thy praise,
She bids the Muse of History twine
The chaplet of undying fame,
And tell each polish'd land thy worth;
The ruder natives of the earth
Shall oft repeat thy honour'd name;
While infants catch the frequent sound,
And learn to lisp the oral tale;
Whose fond remembrance shall prevail
Till Time has reach'd his destin'd bound.

F I N I S