

The old man's eyes were full of tears,
His frame relaxed, his strength was gone,
His shoulders piled with weighty years,
His life unequal, nearly done—
Vicissitudes had crush'd a mind
Which Death alone could tame or bind!

I leave him here, and veil the rest,
Nor further picture England's shame,
Perhaps at Gratitude's request
I may reveal this hero's name.
Such is the tale! such the reward
That England gives her dauntless guard!
