

Those fires that lend the dang'rous 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 haste—with love's unwearied care :  
 That spot in lavish flowers is drest,  
 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 !  
 Deep in the wild abyfs he lies,  
 Far from the cherish'd scene of home ;  
 Far, far from Her whose faithful sighs  
 A husband's trackless course pursue ;  
 Whose tender fancy loves to roam  
 With *Him* o'er lands and oceans new ;  
 And gilds with Hope's deluding form  
 The gloomy path-way of the storm.

Yet, Cook ! immortal wreaths are thine ! —  
 While Albion's grateful toil shall raise  
 The marble tomb, the trophied bust,  
 For ages faithful to its trust ;

While,