

And in his upturned eye reveals itself,
And says, "How mighty are thy works, oh God!"
Gentle he was, yet still he could be brave.
'Mong friends he was a man, 'mong storms a hero.
Such was the young and generous BELLOT.
His fatherland was France: a worthy son
From that bright home of chivalry. His soul
Disdained the hostile thoughts which but too long
Imperial Gaul had borne to Britain's sons.
Tho' Franklin was a Briton, that to him
Was nought. He hears that some large hearted men
Will sail in search of him they fear is lost.
And eagerly this noble stranger pleads
To share with them the dangers and the toil.

Ere long a gallant ship from England's shores
Glides swiftly onward to the regions where
No summer sweets are known—no larks are heard
To sing the natal song of infant day—
No July sun ere comes with genial glow