

Mortals, cease the pile to tread,
Leave to silence, leave the dead.

But where may she who loves to stray
Mid shadows of funereal gloom,
And courts the sadness of the tomb,
Where may she seek that proud Morai
Whose dear memorial points the place
Where fell the Friend of human race?—
Ye lonely Isles! on ocean's bound
Ye bloom'd, thro' time's long flight unknown,
Till Cook the untrack'd billow past,
Till he along the furies cast
Philanthropy's connecting zone,
And spread her loveliest blessings round.—
Not like that murd'rous band he came,
Who stain'd with blood the new-found West;
Nor as, with unrelenting breast,
From Britain's free, enlighten'd land;
Her sons now seek Angola's strand;
Each tie most sacred to unbind,
To load with chains a brother's frame,
And plunge a dagger in the mind;
Mock the sharp anguish bleeding there
Of Nature in her last despair!

Great Cook! Ambition's lofty flame,
So oft directed to destroy,
Led *Thee* to circle with thy name,
The smile of love, and hope, and joy!

Those