

Ev'n the great Patriot grieves, concern'd to find  
 The work too well perform'd which he so well design'd :  
 But hoarding Vengeance in his conscious breast,  
 This firm resolve the rising grief repress'd :

He vows, THE WORLD THAT CAUS'D THE FATAL STRIFE,  
 SHALL PAY THE FORFEIT OF SO BRAVE A LIFE.

Whilst our great Monarch equals all his cares,  
 Approves his Purpose, and his Sorrow shares.  
 Genius of *Britain* ! Guardian God ! allow

The promis'd vengeance, and fulfil the vow !

Be reverence to your King and Patriot paid ;  
 Mourn, *Britons* ! and with them revenge your Hero dead.

The fatal rumour reach'd his Mother's ears ;  
 In ev'ry breath his Fame and Fate she hears.  
 No more a Mother ; furious with despair,  
 She rends her garments, and she tears her Hair ;  
 And oft in frenzy calls upon her Son,  
 Whose race of Glory is so swiftly run.

Revere the Matron, from whose sacred womb  
 Sprung such a Hero, lost by such a doom.

Drown