

Sadly, yet soothing, o'er his aching breast.
 And thou, pale exile from thy native shores,¹
 Here drink,—oh, couldst thou!—as of Lethe's stream!
 Nor friends, nor bleeding country, nor the views
 Of hills or streams beloved, nor vesper bell,
 Heard in the twilight vale, remember more!

A CENOTAPH,

TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ISAAC, WHO
 DIED AT CAPE ST NICHOLA MOLE, 1797.

OH, hadst thou fall'n, brave youth! on that proud day,²
 When our victorious fleet o'er the red surge
 Rolled in terrific glory, thou hadst fall'n
 Most honoured; and Remembrance, while she thought
 Upon thy gallant end, had dried her tear!
 Now far beyond the huge Atlantic wave
 Thy bones decay; the withering pestilence,
 That swept the islands of the western world,
 Smote thee, untimely drooping to the tomb!
 But 'tis enough; whate'er a soldier's fate,
 That firm he hied him, where stern honour bade;
 Though with unequal strength, he sunk and died.

¹ French priests, who have a residence near. — ² The 1st of June 1794, when Colonel Isaac greatly distinguished himself as commander of the military on board Lord Howe's ship.