

## DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOKE,

OF "THE BELLEROPHON," KILLED IN THE SAME BATTLE.

WHEN anxious Spain, along her rocky shore,  
 From cliff to cliff returned the sea-fight's roar ;  
 When flash succeeding flash, tremendous broke  
 The haze incumbent, and the clouds of smoke,  
 As oft the volume rolled away, thy mien,  
 Thine eye, serenely terrible, was seen,  
 My gallant friend.—Hark ! the shrill bugle<sup>1</sup> calls,  
 Is the day won ! alas, he falls—he falls !  
 His soul from pain, from agony release !  
 Hear his last murmur, Let me die in peace !<sup>2</sup>

Yet still, brave Cooke, thy country's grateful tear,  
 Shall wet the bleeding laurel on thy bier.  
 But who shall wake to joy, through a long life  
 Of sadness, thy beloved and widowed wife,  
 Who now, perhaps, thinks how the green seas foam,  
 That bear thy victor ship impatient home !

Alas ! the well-known views,—the swelling plain,  
 Thy laurel-circled home, endeared in vain,  
 The brook, the church, those chestnuts darkly-green,<sup>3</sup>  
 Yon fir-crowned summit,<sup>4</sup> and the village scene,  
 Wardour's long sweep of woods, the nearer mill,  
 And high o'er all, the turrets of Font Hill :  
 These views, when summer comes, shall charm no more  
 Him o'er whose welt'ring corse the wild waves roar,

<sup>1</sup> He bore down into the thickest fight with a bugle-horn sounding. — <sup>2</sup> His own words, the last he spoke. If I have here been more particular in this description than in that of the great commander, it will be attributed to private friendship, Captain Cooke having lived in the same village. — <sup>3</sup> Portrait of Captain Cooke's place, at Donhead. — <sup>4</sup> Barker's Hill, near Donhead.

Enough : 'twas Honour's voice that awful cried,  
 Glory to him who for his country died !  
 Yet dreary is her solitude who bends  
 And mourns the best of husbands, fathers, friends !  
 Oh ! when she wakes at midnight, but to shed  
 Fresh tears of anguish on her lonely bed,  
 Thinking on him who is not ; then restrain  
 The tear, O God, and her sad heart sustain !

Giver of life, may she remember still  
 Thy chastening hand, and to thy sovereign will  
 Bow silently ; not hopeless, while her eye  
 She raises to a bright futurity,  
 And meekly trusts, in heaven, Thou wilt restore  
 That happiness the world can give no more !

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### BATTLE OF CORRUNA.

THE tide of fate rolls on !—heart-pierced and pale,  
 The gallant soldier lies,<sup>1</sup> nor aught avail,  
 The shield, the sword, the spirit of the brave,  
 From rapine's armed hand thy vales to save,  
 Land of illustrious heroes, who, of yore,  
 Drenched the same plains with the invader's gore,  
 Stood frowning, in the front of death, and hurled  
 Defiance to the conquerors<sup>2</sup> of the world !

Oh, when we hear the agonising tale  
 Of those who, faint, and fugitive, and pale,  
 Saw hourly, harassed through their long retreat,  
 Some worn companion sinking at their feet,

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Moore. — <sup>2</sup> “ Near Mount Medulio, the remains of a great native force destroyed themselves in sight of a Roman army, rather than submit to bondage.”—*Southey's Travels in Spain and Portugal*.