

Dear friends tis thurs I will begin  
for friendship is a goodly thing  
a friend you've been in time of need  
Which proves you are a friend indeed  
O could I write a lively lay  
and touch it with the poet's fire  
of fishing or of hunting day  
for in these sports you never tire  
When through the woods we used to go  
for game we've often seen you knock  
it with our dogs for dogs we had  
as good as any ever known  
let others call them good or bad  
they can't find better for there's none  
such dogs as Bover's venture shall  
forget I'm sure I never shall  
but Bover's dead and Sal is gone  
you don't know where and as Bover  
has been hunting rabbits and caught one  
his hunting too is almost over  
for he's beginning to get old  
then good bye to our dogs as bold

02<sup>2</sup>  
yet spirit immortal the cannot bind thee  
for like thine own eagle that soared to the sun  
thou springest from bondage and leavest behind  
thee  
a name which before thee no mortal had won  
though nations may combat and wars thunders rattle  
no more on thy steel wilt thou sway o'er  
the plain  
thou sleepst thy last sleep thou hast  
fought thy last battle  
no sound