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R. W. Stone, del.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried,
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot, O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
 We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning, By the
 struggling moonbeams misty light. And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.
 Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 And we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hallow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread on his head,
 And we far away on the billow.
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done, When the clock tall'd the hour for retiring,
 And we knew by the distant and random gun, That the foe was suddenly firing;
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone, But we left him alone in his glory.

The Publisher embraces the opportunity which the republication of this number of the Lyre affords, to notice the individual who has enriched their highly finished pages, by composing for them the above beautiful melody. Like the subject of the song and its author, Robert Rowland, has also passed the Boorn, whence Hero, Poet, nor Composer ever returns. Stone is not raised, nor line either penciled or carved to his memory, nor will his name run down the stream of Time so far as the fame of those with whom we are now associating him; but for "a season" he will not be forgotten by those who knew his worth. His abilities as a Musician, & a Lithographic Printer were of a first rate order, and other qualifications had he, of which we have not space to write. His faults were few & far between, and his virtues such as his narrow sphere in Society, permitted him to exercise.

His other musical contributions to the Work are, "Over the Graves," "The Moon fringed with her silver Beams," & "Aunt Mary's Lullaby."

