

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT PEELE

BART, M P, BORN FEBRUARY, 1788, DIED JULY 2, 1850, AGED 62.



BRITANNIA! Britannia! what makes thee complain,

O why so in sorrow relenting,
 Old England is lost, we are born down in pain
 And the nation in grief is lamenting,
 That excellent man—the pride of the land,
 Whom every virtue possessed him,
 Is gone to that Home, from whence no one re-
 turns,

Our dear friend, Sir Robert, God rest him.

He rich and the poor all did him adore,
 Admired, beloved, and respected,
 To his country's right, he struggled with might
 And nothing by him was neglected,
 He nobly guided the helm of State,

The poor long has praised and blessed him,
 Now tears wet each eye, while in sorrow they
 sigh,

He is gone, is Sir Robert, God rest him.

Sad, sad was the day when misfortune that way

From health, strength, and vigour had tossed
 him,

Upon the hard ground to receive his death
 wound, (him)

Oh mourn!! mourn! Britannia, we've lost

His equal again sure we never shall find,

For every goodness possessed him,

Britannia shall weep by the tomb where he

The patriot, Sir Robert, God rest him (sleep)

Our Queen sighed in tears, when the tidings
 were heard,

And her children with hearts full of sorrow,

Saying, England is done, oh! where shall we

To meet with his equal to-morrow, (run)

He is not to be found upon England's ground,

Already, already, we've missed him,

Britannia deplore, we'll behold him no more,

The Glory of England, God rest him.

Talk of Canning and Pitt for their talents and
 And all who upheld that high station. (with)

Oh! been there has never such a noble Premier

As Sir Robert before in the nation,

He'd by no one be led, he'd by no one be said

No Government feared to trust him,

In every way he carried the way,

For the good of his country, God rest him,

At sixty-two years of age, cruel death did en-
 Britannia to move from her station, (rage)

From her councils and land, called that excel-
 lent man,

Sir Robert the pride of the nation,

Oh! the tears that were shed, by Sir Robert
 death bed,

Some hours before life had left him,

Caused hearts to complain in grief, sorrow, and

He is gone, is Sir Robert God rest him (pail)

In the tomb where he sleeps many thousand
 will weep,

And his virtuous deeds lay before ye.

And he will receive in the regions of bliss,

A coronet braided with glory, (complain)

Enough we part him with pain, its no use to

He is for ever gone and we've missed him,

In peace may he sleep, while Britannia does
 weep,

For her servant, Sir Robert, God bless him.

E. HODGES (from PITTS), wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, 7 Dials.

1850

