

THE LAMENTED LOSS AND DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# SIR ROBERT PEEL,

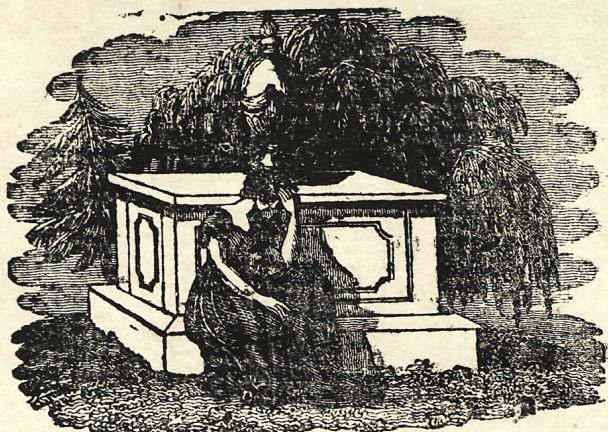
BART. M.P.



BORN

FEBRUARY 5,

1788,



AND DIED

AT ELEVEN P.M.

JULY 2, 1850.

AGED 62.

E. HODGES, Printer, (from the late J. Pitt.  
Wholesale Toy Warehouse, 31, Dudley-st.  
Seven Dials.

**B**ritannia! Britannia! what makes thee com-  
plain,

O why so, in sorrow-renting, [pain  
Old England is lost, we are borne down in  
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.

The rich and the poor all did him adore,  
Admired, beloved, and respected,  
For 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, [him,  
From health, strength, and vigour had tossed  
Upon the hard ground, to receive his death  
wound, [him,

Oh, mourn! mourn! Britannia, we've lost  
His equal again sure he never shall find.

For every goodness possessed him, [sleeps,  
Britannia shall weep by the tomb where he  
The patriot, Sir Robert, God rest him.

Our Queen sighed in tears, when the tidings  
she heard;

And her children with hearts full of sorrow,

Saying, England is done, oh! where shall we  
To meet with his equal to-morrow. [fun.  
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  
wit,

And all who upheld that high station,  
Oh! been there has ne'er 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 sway,

For the good of his country, God rest him,

At sixty-two years of age, cruel death did en-  
gage,

Britannia to move from her station;  
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's  
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. [pain

In the tomb where he sleeps many thousands  
will weep,

And his virtuous deeds lay before ye,  
And he will receive in the regions of bliss,  
A coronet braided with glory, (complain

Though 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.