

The Lamented Loss and Death of the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M.P.

Britannia! Britannia! what makes thee complain,
 Or why so, in sorrow relenting,
 Old England is lost, we are borne 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 returns,
 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 bless'd 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 toss'd him,
 Upon the hard ground, to receive his death wound,
 Oh! mourn! mourn! Britannia, we've lost him;
 His equal again sure we never shall find,
 For every goodness possessed him,
 Britannia shall weep, by the tomb where he sleeps,
 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 run,
 To meet with his equal to morrow;

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 said, he'd by no one be led,
 No Government feared for to trust him,
 In every way he carried the sway,
 For the good of his Country, God rest him.

At sixty— years of age, cruel death did engage,
 Britannia to move from her station,
 From her councils and land, call'd that excellent 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 pain,
 He is gone, is Sir Robert, God rest him.

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;
 Though we part him with pain, its no use to complain,
 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 rest him.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
 Bloomsbury.

1850

