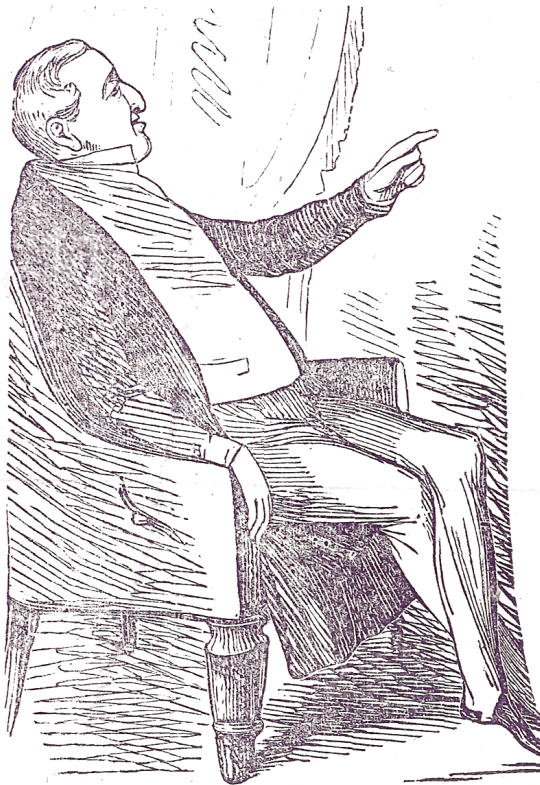


AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF  
**Sir Robert Peel:**

DIED JULY 2nd, 1850, AGED 62.

AIR.—“Queen God bless Her.”



**B**BRITANNIA! Britannia! what makes thee complain,  
O 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 bless him.

The rich and the poor all did him adore,  
Admired, beloved, and respected  
To his country's right, he struggled with might,  
And nothing was by him 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,  
Oh mourn! mourn! Brittainia, 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 talent 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,  
For 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 engage,  
Britannia to move from her station,  
From her councils and land, called 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 with him in pain, it's no use to complain,  
He is for ever gone and we've missed him,  
In peace may he sleep, while Britannia daes weep,  
For her servant, Sir Robert, God bless him.

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