



An O D E,

On the much lamented Death of the
Right Honourable *WILLIAM*
BECKFORD, twice Lord
Mayor of the City of London.

COME mourn with me ye sons of
freedom,
And pray listen to my song,
We've lost a pillar of the city,
For alas! great BECKFORD's gone;
Know grim death that king of terrors,
When his dart he does display,
King's and princes to him's but trifles,
They like great Beckford must obey.

How his name will shine in story,
When your children does it read,
How he strove for Freedom's glory,
But alas! it was decreed,
That he with us must be no longer,
But to heaven above must go,
For our rights none could plead stronger,
Than great Beckford you all do know,

He was the man on all occasions,
The Livery they well do know,
With Remonstrance or Petitions
When desir'd did boldly go;
The frowns of young men he'd despise,
Their jeering language he did defy,
Nor could they stop the man we priz'd,
Who was resolv'd to make reply.

O how the poor are all lamenting
Because their benefactor's dead,
Some hundreds was each day depending
On him for their daily bread
But now he's gone to be rewarded,
For his goodness to great and small,
Few like him will be recorded,
Who from his word did never fall.

So don't rejoice ye foes to freedom
Because a lover of it's gone.
Death is sure pray all remember,
You must follow ere't be long,
But some their is now left behind him,
Will support what he's begun
May they like Beckford shine in glory,
And die like him Britannia's son.

