

*Lines on the*  
**D E A T H**  
 OF  
**LORD BEACONSFIELD**

A great man his dead, and England is mourning,  
 For him who has borne, an illustrious name ;  
 For him the bright sun no more will be dawning,  
 He is now only known in the annals of fame.  
 As Lord Beaconsfield, or Benjamin Disraeli,  
 The world will remember the deeds he has done ;  
 His name will be mention'd hourly, and daily,  
 The honours he gained and the laurels he won.

Beaconsfield's dead, we shall never forget him,  
 He made us respected on every shore ;  
 His friends and his foes both will regret him.  
 Benjamin Disraeli, alas ! is no more.

History tells us he was born in London,  
 Twenty-first of December, eighteen hundred and four,  
 The work he has done can never be undone,  
 They will all miss Disraeli, now he is no more.  
 He fought his way upwards tho' some would not hear him,  
 But he told them some day his name would be known,  
 When the time come, he made them all fear him,  
 His strength and his power was very soon shown.

As Premier of England he made us respected,  
 Wherever the British flag was unfurled,  
 He was always stout hearted, and never dejected,  
 He made England feared all over the world.  
 The old Russian bear he kept in his quarters,  
 Their grasping and theiving he would not allow ;  
 His name will be spoken by our sons and daughters,  
 When the cold hand of death shall be laid on each brow

His country and Queen both have adored him,  
 How they will miss him now he is gone.  
 Wealthy or poor we all must deplore him,  
 He honors the country in which he was born.  
 He died as he lived with the heart of a lion,  
 With his friends stood around him grasping his hand,  
 We hope he is now in the bright land of Zion,  
 His equal is hard to find in the land.

Altho' we're possess'd of great wealth and power,  
 When death stands before us how heedless we are,  
 Coronets or crowns are gone in an hour,  
 Altho' ambition may be our guiding star,  
 Disraeli's a man who has cast aside trouble,  
 Tho' he was a man who once ruled the world.  
 At the last moment he found life a bubble,  
 Honor and riches to eternity hurled.

No one begrudges the praise he's obtaining,  
 Many kind wishes follow him to the grave,  
 The power of his intellect none are disdainning,  
 Justice to his memory is all that we crave.  
 In Westminster Abbey we hope they will lay him,  
 Where the bodies of Kings have long lay concealed,  
 It is the last tribute England can pay him,  
 Benjamin Disraeli, Earl Beaconsfield,

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