

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

BORN

May 1
1769.



DIED.

Sept. 14.
1852.



O Britons give ear to these lines I relate,
There was never a General more bolder
The leader in war, the pilot in state,
A noble and gallant old soldier ;
Respected, revered, beloved too & feared
No tyrant did e'er dare molest him,
He is gone, he is dead, his bold spirit hath
 fled,
The Duke of Wellington's gone and God
 rest him.

In the councils of state, of old England's
Our Queen he did oft call upon her (fate
He is gone we may see aged near 83,
Full of age full of glory and honour,
He fought and he conquer'd in France, &
 in Spain,

No power on earth could molest him,
And at great Waterloo, he made Boney to
 rue

But he now is no more and God rest him
He at Walmar did die, in his shroud he
 doth lie

The glory and pride of Britannia,
He made tyrants to quake and the world
 for to shake,

Our gallant and noble commander ;
He was neves seen fret death and danger
 he met

And the friends of Britannia oft bless'd
 him (return
He has gone to that home where he'll never
Our gallant old Duke, God rest him.

He never fear'd wars alams when the drum
 beat to arms
He acted bold upright and steady
He in glory would rage, the foe to engage
To conquer or die he was ready
A true gallant soldier of fame and renown
As a General well did adore him
He made tyrants relent wherev r he went
And Emperor's trembled before him.
Death sent him a summons to call him away
From the Castle of Walmer near Dover
he resign'd when it came all his honour &
 fame

And said now the battle is over :
The enemies weapons he boldly defied,
They trembled and fear'd to molest him
In honour he lived in glory he died,
The Duke he has gone, God rest him

In sad anguish so deep, Victoria did weep
When the tidings Britannia sad told her
She in grief did deplore, and she said nev
 er more,

Will Britannia behold her old soldier,
Long in famed history, he recorded shall
 be, (him

In the garment of death they have laid
In glory & fame he'll no more march again
Our noble old Duke, God rest him

E Hodges, Printer 31, Dudley Street
SEVEN DIALS

