

Greatness is fallen! See, ye sons of earth,  
 The conqueror conquered, even in the birth  
 Of lofty victory, and wonder at the change!  
 But yester-eve his thoughts on fields did range:  
 His eye was 'rapt in blaze, and freedom slept  
 Secure within its bosom, where she'd crept  
 For greater safety in the dreadful hour,  
 When wrathful tyranny unchained its power,  
 And bade her choose between submission's shame,  
 And loss of country, honor, and of name.  
 Now beams no more the eye's heroic light;  
 No more the pulse beats with a stern delight;  
 No more the sword directs the march of war;  
 Closed is the ear to the deep sullen roar  
 Of mighty combat—to th' exulting shout  
 Of marshalled vict'ry on the heels of rout—  
 He who in battle showed a Cæsar's skill,  
 A Bayard's fearlessness, a Cromwell's will,  
 But who surpassed them all in this—that crowned  
 With laurels such as never yet have bound  
 With greater beauty the triumphant head,  
 Gave all the praise to God—the God who led  
 Old Israel's hosts, when Pharaoh hemmed their way,  
 Thro' the dark waters unto Canaan's day—  
 He, too, is fallen!

Now the very breath  
 Of war seems hushed, astonished at the death,  
 Which its red hand has wrought upon the chief  
 Of all its daring spirits.

On the leaf  
 Where splendid actions and immortal names  
 Blend their rich colors in the midst of flames,  
 Behold in characters, which like the lightnings ran,  
 JACKSON, the hero, patriot, Christian, man!  
 Ages shall sing his praise: a nation weeps—  
 Behold, how still the spirit of the mighty sleeps!