

ON THE DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

LATE PREMIER OF ENGLAND.

A MIGHTY Leader, of a mighty race ;
A very Titan in the statesman's art ;
In whose rich tones and eloquence we trace
The charms that bound him to each Briton's heart.

His manly strength and beauty seemed to smile
In calm derision at the flight of time :
Brown locks were turned to white ; yet all the while.
The source of life seemed strong, as in its prime.

A triple crown of honor, wealth, and power,
Rests on that brow ! serene in majesty !
Still at the helm, unconscious of the hour,—
That awful hour ! so full of mystery.

Now, in the hall where British statesmen meet,
Sadly we gaze upon one vacant chair ;
And in the tones of stirring, keen debate,
The leading voice, and presence, is not there.

Oft in the surf of fierce, contending strife,
The Ship of State obeyed his powerful hand :
With all the energy and strength of life,
He strove to guard his glorious Father-land.

Rest in the transept (with thy great compeers,)
Of shady Westminster—the rich man's tomb—
Thy grave is water'd with a nation's tears,
And all the land is wrapped in sombre gloom.