

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE EARL OF DERBY.

Seal'd are the eyes, they have no battle lightning;

As in old days when Stanley sway'd the State;

We shall see never more within them bright'ning

The genius of the "Rupert of Debate."

Fond memory may retrace thine ancient glories,

The scholar's triumphs in our Oxford won

Yet it were pain to tell the day-break stories,

Remember'd after setting of the sun.

How shall we weep thee! Let the poor man's sorrow

Thinking on thee in Lancashire's dark days,

And mourning thee through all the long to-morrow,

Bear truer tribute than our words of praise.

Oh, noble!—not alone from proudly wearing

The ermine of a peer without a spot.

A stainless name with stainless honour bearing

Whom noble lineage could ennoble not.

Oh, scholar! whom the blind Greek's epic splendour

Cast such a glamour o'er, that thou could'st leave

The cares of statecraft, in sweet verse to render

How Helen smiled, and Paris could deceive!

Oh, statesman! all too soon those eyes have slumber'd

Our hope was once more thou would'st rule the realm;

Never our England, through the years unnumbered,

Shall know a wiser pilot at the helm.

Oh, singer of the old Homeric story!

Oh, hand, that in our need so greatly gave!

Thine is the noble's, scholar's, statesman's glory;

Thine is a nation's requiem o'er thy grave.