

C an Albert unmov'd hear the dirge of the brave?
E nough!—he uncovers at Washington's grave.
O n history's page of the past we have read,
F or freedom America battled and bled;—
W ar sounded his blood-sprinkled trumpet around,
A nd wild Revolution awoke at the sound!
L ong struggled the brave in the terrible strife,
E ach blow was for freedom, for country, for life!
S hall Liberty triumph?—the sequel we see:
A "star-spangled banner" waves over the free!
T hat banner was Washington's cynosure bright,
T hat showed to Old England America's right,—
H e lived to maintain it,—now nobles agree,
E ntombed, there is not a more noble than he.
T he noblest must come to "earth's narrowest room!"
O bserve but that group at the Patriot's tomb;
'M id fashion full-blown and festivity gay,
B y the glare of the lamp and the light of the day,
O n! on, they have sported!—a galaxy bright!
F orgetting the past in the present delight,
W hile viol and lute have proclaimed their advance,
A nd quicken'd their steps in the maze of the dance.
S ee! now they have come to the shrine of the dead,—
H ow changed is their manner! how altered their tread!
I n view of the sepulchre gayety flies,—
N o place that for trifling where Washington lies!
G reat Britain concedes the respect which is due,—
T he son of her Queen, and her noblemen too,
O bserving, in silence, mortality's doom,
N ow stand all uncovered at Washington's Tomb!