

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

'Tis the last of the great that has gone to his rest,
And the death-note is heard o'er the billows afar—
The nations where liberty stands now confest
Weep sadly the loss of this meteor-star.

And Albion sighs while she points to the spot,
That bears now inscribed her loved patriot's name—
Her CANNING !—that statesman who never forgot
What is due to mankind, and his country's fame.

Now Liberty's torch shall illumine his urn,
And Erin her incense around it shall fling,
Whilst praying for freedom !—and still to it turn,
With a faith that incites her pure off'rings to bring.