

Lurked the dark satanic spirit,
 Waiting with his purpose deep,
 To uplift the blow of horror,
 That will cause two lands to weep.
 O! What country flung his members
 First upon his native shore
 And what bosom fondly nursed him,
 Thus to stain his hands in gore.

Heinous is the deed of horror,
 It affronts our every power,
 That thus tore him from pedestals,
 Where his wings alone could tower.
 It has hushed the silvery music,
 That did warble in his song,
 And suspended flowing rivers,
 That burst often from his tongue.

Patrons are the fruitful fingers,
 That described us ancient lore,
 And imparted to our country
 Gifts we cannot boast of more.
 Deck the platform, clothe it deeply,
 In its ebon robes of pride,
 Call our country's sons and tell them,
 How its peerless champion died.

Tell them that his tongue of fire
 Never more will greet them here,
 Ask their classic taste to give us
 On his dust a pearly tear.
 Hush'd the eloquence that took them
 To nuptial realms of light,
 Brought their treasure neath his genius
 That pour'd on them lustre bright.

And their heart caught inspiration,
 Aim'd to clime the hill of fame,
 While he bore them on his pinions,
 To its brow to write their name.
 We shall bask within the radiance
 Of his eloquence no more,
 For his mighty spirit's left us
 For another boundless shore.