

CCXXVII.

Thus the good Queen and Philanthrope,
Will shine on hist'ry's page;
And live through rolling centuries,
As noblest of their age.

CCXXVIII.

And now with hush'd and muffled tread,
We bear him to the tomb,
His star ascends, its brilliant light
Dispels for aye our gloom.

CCXXIX.

Columbia bending o'er his grave,
Clasping Victoria's hand,
Hopes thus she'll reign forevermore
Within our favor'd land.