

Remembrances, not mournful, but most sweet ;
 May it, as oft beneath the sylvan shade
 Their honoured owner strays, come like the sound
 Of distant seraph harps, yet speaking clear!
 How poor is every sound of earthly things,
 When heaven's own music waits the just and pure !

DIRGE OF NELSON.

TOLL Nelson's knell ! a soul more brave
 Ne'er triumphed on the green-sea wave !
 Sad o'er the hero's honoured grave,
Toll Nelson's knell !

The ball of Death unerring flew ;
 His cheek has lost its ardent hue ;
 He sinks, amid his gallant crew !
Toll Nelson's knell !

Yet lift, brave chief, thy dying eyes ;
 Hark ! loud huzzas around thee rise ;
 Aloft the flag of conquest flies !
The day is won !

The day is won—peace to the brave !
 But whilst the joyous streamers wave,
 We'll think upon the victor's grave !
Peace to the brave !
