

Elegy supposed to be written in the cathedral on the occasion of the funeral of Wellington / by a graduate of the University of Oxford.

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
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E L E G Y

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN THE CATHEDRAL

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

FUNERAL OF

Wellington

BY A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1852

Y. E. F. Y.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

LABORATORY OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

CHICAGO, ILL.

1950

LONDON

WILLIAMSON, JR.

1950



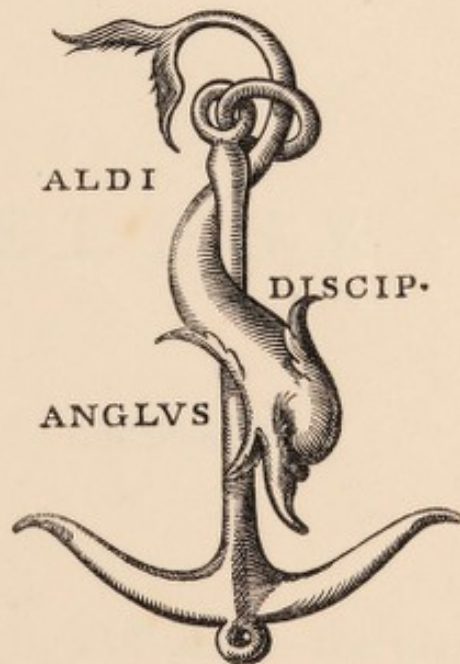
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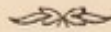
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ELEGY.



HEARD ye the sigh of grief—the plaintive sound
Of lamentation o'er the Mighty Dead—
The voice subdued of forrowing thousands round
The lifeless Form, that erst to victory led ?

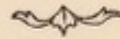


Behold yon hallowed spot, where that Great Chief
Beneath the stately Dome is laid!—e'en there
Sweet consolation mingles with our grief:—
'Tis joy to feel how *great* his Virtues were!

The Faithful there, while countless years roll past,
Shall congregate—there linger o'er the NAME—
This solemn Temple disappear at last,
But grateful Britons still record his fame.

He loved his Country—she her gallant Son,
Whose Deeds sublime—whose Heart upright and
true!

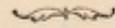
How oft for her he fought—how oft he won
How oft braved death, each Comrade-Soldier knew!



Ye Foreign Brave ! shall Britons not confess
Your hearts were stout—your prowess nobly blest,
When side by side with them ye grasped success,
By Heroes led, that all the World might rest ?

To you—to us—the Lord of hosts gave peace,
Whose paths are beautiful!—peace earned by war
Holy and just,—to crush the rank increase
Of human ill, and 'stablish righteous law !

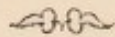
Deeds lofty !—bright with heaven's celestial rays !—
Records of virtue !—glorious signs to scan !—
Sublime memorials of OUR HERO'S days,
That teach, when God sustains, how great is man !



Wisdom, and energetic speech were given
To him abundantly. The People bent
Before his presence : well they knew from heaven
Gifts great as these to bless mankind are sent !


That homage was devout—the soul was there !
They bow not to the man, whate'er his power,
Whose deeds are dark—whose daily speech not fair,—
But scorn, when honour's dead, in that same hour !

And thou, fair Sovran-Ruler of the State,
With these thy faithful People dropp'ft a tear—
That solemn witness when affliction's great !—
That touching sign if woe hath drawn too near !



He served the Lord in spirit and in truth
Unto the end. Triumphantly he won
Imperishable fame, adored by youth,
Revered by age—IMMORTAL WELLINGTON!





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