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THE CONQUEROR'S LAST SLEEP.

Words and Music

by Asahel Abhot.







Twas not to the roll of the stirring drum That his soul fled away with the dying; Twas not where the foemen to battle come With trumpets loudly braying; Twas not to the cannon's awful boom

Mid the smoke with flames dimly flashing; Twas not for the hero to meet his doom Where sword_blades and bayonets are clashing.

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But far from the sound of his battles he lay And breathd out his soul mid the living, As the sun bows his head at the close of the day, As the earth breathes her fragrance to heaven, How glorious the hour when the patriot dies, When the mighty in triumph reposes! Tho' lost on the earth he ascends to the skies When life's busy dream gently closes.

Then strew ye with flowers his narrow bed; Let the stripes and the stars wave o'er him; Bring laurels and bays for the mighty dead, Tho' with grief and wail we deplore him, The dirge shall be sung and the bell shall toll While brave men their sad watch are keeping; The cannon shall roar and the drum shall roll O'er the grave where our hero lies sleeping.

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