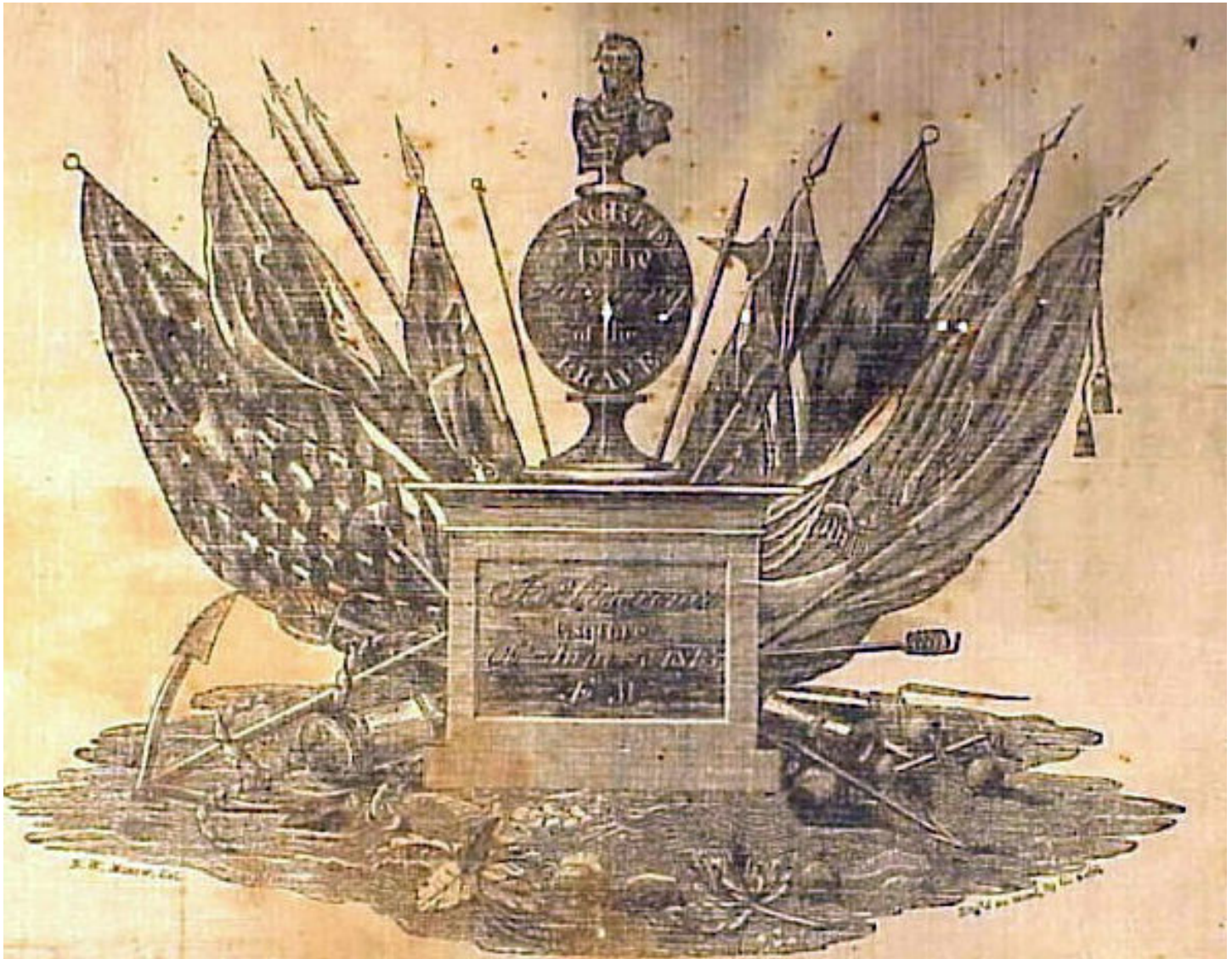


Contributed by Tommy Trampp



“HOW sleep the Brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest,  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould;  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Favor's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Hesper comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf which wraps their clay;  
And Fairy shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping Hermit there.”

---

## ELEGY

**ELEGY,**  
IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
**JAMES LAWRENCE, ESQUIRE :**

(LATE COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES' FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE.)

SPIRIT OF SYMPATHY! from Heaven descend!  
A NATION weeps! COLUMBIA mourns a friend.  
Hush'd be the sound of Pleasure's thrilling lyre—  
Quench'd be the flame of Passion's glowing fire;  
Let shouts of victory for laurels won,  
Give place to grief, for LAWRENCE, Valour's son.  
The Warrior who was e'er his country's pride,  
Has for that country, bravely, nobly died.  
O! ne'er to man did bounteous Heaven impart  
A purer spirit, a more generous heart:  
And in THAT HEART did Nature sweetly blend,  
The fearless Hero, and the faithful Friend.

Low in the dust now lies that godlike form;  
Cold is that hand, which in the battle-storm,  
With dauntless courage held the faithful blade,  
And deeds of Spartan valour there display'd.

As some fond mother who bewails her child,  
And vents her grief in mournful accents wild;  
So look'd COLUMBIA'S GENIUS when stern Death,  
Relentless Tyrant, snatch'd her favourite's breath.

"Ah! me," she cried, "would Heaven no longer save  
" My much-lov'd Hero from the silent grave?  
" Could not my prayers one little respite gain?  
" Were all my tears and supplications vain?  
" Must men like him be cropp'd in manhood's bloom,  
" To fill the dreary 'forest of the tomb?  
" Scarce had his glorious, bright career begun,  
" Ere from its stellar height declin'd his sun.  
" Yet long his virtues shall maintain their sway,  
" And fire the Heroes of the future day."

Now from the regions of Eternal Light,  
To where thy soul has wing'd its joyful flight,  
Witness the tears that for thy loss do flow,  
Behold a nation whelm'd in silent woe:  
The pearly drops which tremble in each eye,  
Shall sooth thy spirit 'thron'd above the sky.

BLEST SHADE! Farewell! thy memory, ever dear,  
Oft shall receive fair FREEDOM'S holy tear;  
In each fond heart shall live thy peerless name,  
And there shall rise thy MONUMENTS OF FAME.