

To the Memory of  
Col. Henry Clay Junr.

Who fell while bravely defending  
his Country's Rights, in the battle of  
Buena Vista.

---

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 hallowed mould,  
She there shall drop a sweeter sod,  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
She there shall dwell a Pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps her clay,  
And Freedom shall a while repair,  
To dwell a weeping Hermit there.

Written by Benjamin O. Tyler, formerly of the  
City of Washington, and presented to the Son  
of Col. Clay, now with his Grand Father Henry Clay,  
now at Newport R. I. City of New York August 29<sup>th</sup> 49