







ABS. 1. 80. 252 (1-10)



THE DEAD BEGGAR:

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE, ON SEE-
ING THE FUNERAL OF A PAUPER WHO PERISHED FOR WANT.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SWELLS, then, thy feeling Heart, and streams thine Eye
O'er the deserted Being, poor and old,
Whom cold, reluctant, parish-charity
Consigns to mingle with his kindred mould?

Mourn'st thou, that here the time-worn Sufferer ends
Those evil days that promis'd woes to come,
Here, where the friendless feel no want of Friends,
Where even the houseless Wanderer finds a home!

What tho' no Kindred crowd, in fable, forth,
And sigh, or seem to sigh, around the bier;
Tho' o'er his coffin, with the humid earth,
No Children drop the unavailing tear;

Rather rejoice, that *here his* sorrows cease,
Whom sickness, age, and poverty, oppress;
Where Death, the leveller, restores to peace
The Wretch who, living, knew not where to rest.

Ah! think that this poor Outcast, spurn'd by Fate,
Who a long race of pain and sorrow ran,
Is, in the Grave, even as the Rich and Great:—
Death vindicates th' *insulted Rights of Man*.

Rejoice! that tho' severe his earthly doom,
Though rude, and strewn with thorns, the path he trod,
Now (where unfeeling Fortune cannot come)
He rests upon "the bosom of his God!"

THE DEAD BINGO

AN EPIC

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BINGO' AND 'THE BINGO'...

THE BINGO

THE BINGO, THE BINGO, THE BINGO... THE BINGO, THE BINGO, THE BINGO... THE BINGO, THE BINGO, THE BINGO...







