

# AN EPITAPH ON ADELAIDE DOWAGER QUEEN OF ENGLAND

BORN  
AUG. 13  
1792



AND DIED  
AT TWO  
O'CLOCK  
DEC. 2ND  
1849

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Tune—Tars of The Blanche.

AS the shamrock, the rose, and the thistle  
Conversing together did stand,  
Floods of tears for their loss they saw  
falling,

The glory and pride of the land.  
Too early had some thousands missed her  
Which caused them in grief to deplore,  
A summons from death had approached  
And Adelaide now is no more. her,

The wife of a true British sailor,  
She was of great fame and renown,  
Beloved by the peer and the peasant,  
An honour to England's crown,  
So greatly revered and respected,  
And adored by the rich and the poor,  
Female virtue by her was protected,  
And Adelaide now is no more.

Her royal old true British sailor,  
With Howe had stemmed many a wave,  
And he was the pride of the nation,  
So manly, courageous, and brave.  
By death he was called from his station,  
Left his widow in grief to deplore,  
Lamented all over the nation,  
And Adelaide now is no more.

Her heart was both noble and tender,  
Her purse she n'er kept out of sight,  
To bestow on the wretched her bounty,  
Was always her joy and delight.

Hodges, Printer, (from PITT'S) Toy Warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, 7 Dials.

She gladdened the heart of the orphan,  
The widow did her much adore,  
Soothed the sorrows of the afflicted,  
But Adelaide now is no more.

She hoarded not up golden treasure,  
The hungry she joyfully fed  
To her it was always a pleasure,  
To see there was none wanting bread.  
Now anguish is seen in the faces,  
And felt in the hearts of the poor,  
Sorrow says in various places,  
Oh, Adelaide now is no more.

But now she has gone to that heaven,  
From whence she can never return,  
Britannia in grief is complaining,  
And numbers in sorrow do mourn,  
And while in her tomb she is sleeping,  
Her virtues will England adore,  
While the widow and orphan say weeping  
Kind Adelaide now is no more.

Her good deeds on earth now are ended,  
May her virtues in glory bright shine,  
While she reigned she fulfilled the scrip-  
Benevolent, feeling, and kind, ture  
In the grave where there is no distinction,  
Alas, 'tween the rich and the poor,  
But she is gone, and none e'er will behold  
her,  
Queen Adelaide now is no more.

