



The Death of the Princess Charlotte,

Tune—CRAZY JANE,

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FARE thee well endearing treasure,
Britons mourn the loss of thee,
Thou who was their wish'd for pleasure,
Must for ever from them flee.
still we hop'd that ev'ry morrow,
Would announce some news of joy,
but our joy is turn'd to sorrow,
Mother's dead and lovely boy,

Mirth alas! is turn'd to mourning,
since we hear thy hapless fate,
Thy sweet smiles no more returning,
Nor thy tender heart shall beat,
All the needy shall bewail thee,
Mourn thy sad and early death,
But the seraphims shall hail thee,
And crown thee with an holy wreath,

Tho' Physicians could not save thee,
Tho' thy partner weeps for thee,
Tho' the needy still shall crave thee,
This rejoicing must not be.
While the Heralds all were waiting,
Fame to sound the Trump with joy,
But these joys alas! were fleeting,
Death strikes the Mother and the boy,

All attendants waiting round thee,
Preparing all for mirth and glee,
But ah! the fatal arrow found thee
Turn'd their mirth to misery,
Tune your lays with strains of sorrow,
Harbour not one thought of joy,
How gloomy nows seems ev'ry morrow,
since thou art dead, and lovely Boy,

Nymph with sweet affection glowing,
sympathizing angel fair,
Whose heart delighted in bestow'ng,
Deign thy Lilly Robes to wear,
May the Holy guardian spirits,
Bear thee to the Realms above,
And record thy worth and merits,
Thy benevolence and love,

