

AN ELEGY

On the Death of the Duke of Sussex.



Old Albion may weep her bright hopes are all
clouded,

The friend of the people now is no more !
For Sussex's great Duke by death is enshrouded
His loss as a friend we must sadly deplore.
Mild was his heart tho' high was his station,
He reliev'd the distress'd without ostentation,
His loss will be felt throughout all the nation
For Sussex's great Duke alas, is no more !

Thy orders was great and glory repaid thee,
And brilliant indeed was thy spere ;
Grand Master thou wert & the Masons obeyed
thee.

Thy name they will always for ever revere,
Thy Lodges alas, are now deck'd with
mourning,

The lamps of their souls has now ceased its
burning, (returning,
He's fled to that home whence there's no
For Sussex's great Duke alas, is no more !

As Artillery Colonel thou thought not of danger
Thy valour so great lay dormant untried,
Of St James's & Hyde-park they made thee
the ranger,

With numerous titles bless'd was he beside
When merit oppress'd—its misery sketched,
With a tear in thy eye thy hand forth was
was stretched,

To succour the needy and sojace the wretched.
But now Sussex's Duke alas, is no more !

Institutions outnumbered thou hast patroniz'd
For Sussex's great name was so well known
The arts, thou encouraged by thee they were
prized,

The spirit that cheered them for ever is gone—
The prayers of the widow thy mild heart has
cheered,

The orphan with praises thy name has rever'd
And thousands haze blessed thee where'er
thou appear'd,

Now Sussex's great Duke alas, is no more

Then Sussex farewell thou lonely art sleeping
For sadly and silent now lies in his tomb,
Tho' friends they may mourn, and thy bride
she is weeping,

Thy laurels for ever in triumph shall bloom
Then slumber in peace with thy glories around
thee,

And Fame for thy virtues with garlands has
crowned thee,

The wretched in need, as friend always found
thee.

Then Sussex for ever, God rest him, fare vell

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