



MOURN ENGLAND MOURN.

(AN)
ELEGY

Written & Composed

ON THE LAMENTABLE DEMISE

of
Her Royal Highness
THE
Princess Charlotte of Wales.

BY

JOHN PARRY.

Ent^d at Stationers.

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*Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, Consort of the Prince
Saxe Coburg, died at Claremont about half past 2 o'clock, on Thursday
morning Nov^r 6. 1817. Aged 21 Years & 10 months, Having given Birth to
a still born Son, about 9 o'clock the preceding Evening.*

LONDON.

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LENTO



Mourn England mourn, thy lovely Rose is

dead. Its beauties faded and its fragrance shed, Bri-

tannia's bright-est Hope, and Al-bion's pride

Fled and blighted when Cambria's Princess died!

Espress:

What heart but feels? what breast but heaves a sigh?

What sto-ic seen with-out a tear-ful eye? But

ah! what must thy Pa-rents, Hus-band feel?

Their grief is more than lan-guage can re-

veal!

pp

SECOND VERSE.

Fare-well blest shade, thy saint-ed soul has flown, To

realms of bliss to mor-tal man un-known Long

long shall England's sons thy death de- _-plore, And

wish their prayers could thy life re- store Thy Cherub

Espress:

Infant in thine arms as- cends To that de- light- ful

bourn where sor- row ends. The heavn- ly choir by God's di-

vine be- _-hest Will hail thy spi- rit

to e- _-ter- nal rest!

Dim:

pp