



A N

# E L E G Y,

On the much lamented Death of

## NORTON POWLETT Esq;

Who departed this life at Petersfield June the 4th 1741.



FROM Scenes of Woe and dismal Shades of  
[grief]

The pensive Muse at length attempts relief;  
 From Sorrow's boundless Abyss wou'd arise  
 To follow noble Powlett to the Skies,  
 Did not the cry of those he left behind,  
 To mournful Accents her Sad thoughts confine;  
 To all both rich and Poor his worth was known,  
 Whose heavy hearts the Publick los's bemoan,  
 And cry, the good, the Generous Powlett's gone!  
 Who while he liv'd employ'd his bounteous Store  
 To Serve his Country and relieve the Poor:  
 His noble Soul design'd for liberty,  
 Scorn'd with time Serving Wretches to comply;  
 He thirty Years together bravely Stood  
 Supporting justice and his Country's good.

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This glorious truth let Petersfield proclaim,  
 When he to be elected Burgefs came,  
 But nobly loft what others got with Shame :  
 In great defigns his useful life did end ;  
 While here we mourn the Patriot and the Friend ;  
 Whofe liberal hand Supply'd the Poor with bread,  
 Widows and Orphans on his bounty fed.  
 No Funeral Pomp he needs his Fame to raife,  
 Nor mourning Elegy to fpeak his praife ;  
 Nor lofty Monument nor flattering Art,  
 His Memory lives in every honeft heart,  
 Altho' his body in the Tomb muft lie,  
 Yet Powlett's honour'd Name fhall never die,  
 But live with Fame to late Pofterity :  
 While men of Virtue here his Death deplore,  
 His Soul's triumphing on the Heav'nly Shore,  
 Where radiant Seraphims their voices Strain,  
 To Celebrate with joy his glorious reign ;  
 Where he, in Confort, fhall for ever Sing,  
 Loud Hallelujahs to their Heavenly King ;  
 Forever fix'd in blifful realms of light,  
 Beyond the reach of Perjur'd Villains Spight :  
 Then let us ceafe our tears and bravely try  
 Once more to gain our Ancient liberty ;  
 Rememb'ring Still that Noble Powlett's Strife  
 To fave our freedom ended with his life.

Spectator