

“Elegy On The Death Of Miss Sutton ” by **Elizabeth Carter**

Text: taken from *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a New Edition of Her Poems*, by the Rev. Montagu Pennington, 4th edition, 2nd vol., London: James Cawthorn, 1825. 111-112

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OB. NOV. 12, 1768.

YES, weak Humanity! thy tender tear
Sheds it's soft grief o'er Isabella's urn,
Laments the polish'd sense, the heart sincere,
The social charm which never must return.

Ah why with fond regret that fate lament, 5
Which she so oft as Heav'n's best gift implor'd?
Her morn of youth in joyless languor spent,
What better hope could added years afford.

In vain did Virtue guide, and Fortune smile, 10
The weight of Life hung heavy on her breast:
Her fainting spirit sunk beneath it's toil,
And sigh'd impatient for the hour of rest.

That hour is come: ere yet her sun declin'd, 15
The welcome shades of Death it's labours close,
Contract the date to human woes assign'd,
And call the weary mourner to repose.

Farewell, my much-lov'd friend! releas'd from pain, 20
Possess the quiet of thy wish'd abode:
There sleep till He, who “died and rose again,”
To joy shall wake thee “with the trump of God.”