

A N  
E L E G Y,

Occasion'd by the Death of Major-General JOSEPH WARREN, who fell fighting in Defence of the glorious Cause of his Country, at *Charlestown*, in *New-England*, on the memorable 17th Day of *June*, 1775.

O! Ev'ry mournful Muse inspire my Verse,  
Fill my young Breast with more than mortal Fire;  
For Notes alone befit great WARREN's Hearse  
Which list'ning Scraps, raptur'd, may admire.

Then darest a Pen like mine attempt to paint  
His matchless Character, His Virtues Show?  
And strive t'express what makes Description faint,  
Unless the Numbers with his Genius Glow?

Yet why should humble Grief e'er be deny'd,  
The copious flow of Woe-relieving Tears?  
Weep, weep mine Eyes, pour forth your swelling Tide,  
And let my means, Re-echo through the Spheres.

To see th'expanding Bud, which Science warms  
Disclose its rip'ning Intellectual Pow'rs,  
In full maturity to see its Charms  
Brought to Perfection, by time's genial showers;

And then to view Inexorable Fate  
Relentless snatch th' All-beautiful, Hopefull prize,  
And seize unpying on the Good and Great,  
Demands the Drops from all our grief-swoln Eyes.

Ah! What avails th' unfathom'd Depth of Thought  
The Keen-Ey'd Fancy, brilliant as the Sun,  
Which Nature's Hand to fair Perfection brought,  
While Education's work was scarcely done?

Ah! What avails that Magnitude of Soul,  
Which thro' a greatful and astonish'd Land  
Taught the Big bolts of Eloquence to Roll;  
Since Death on all has laid his icy Hand!

O! When we look with retrospective Sight  
And trace the Progress of this Glorious Star,  
Whose radiant Beams illum'd our gloomy Night,  
And smooch'd the horrid Front of Raging War.

Tumultuous Grief swells ev'ry feeling Breast,  
Alternate Passions fill the burthen'd Mind,  
O'erwhelming Pang forbid the Soul to rest  
And stagger'd Reason owns herself quite blind.

Ye worthy Patriots, Ornaments of Earth,  
Whose Names shall live till Time itself expire,  
Was not this Hero, from his Joyful Birth  
Ordain'd his Country's Patron, Friend, and Sire?

Well may we mourn, since Fate has snatch'd away  
This high, this just, this celebrated Name;  
And wrapt the joy of ev'ry Eye in Clay,  
And quench'd in Death his Patriotic Flame.

That God-like feeling for a Land distress'd  
Which actuates the self-applauding Mind,  
Was in each Period of thy Life express'd  
Thou Angel-man, thou Friend of human kind!

How oft the Midnight Taper chas'd the gloom,  
When Contemplation fill'd thy spacious Soul;  
While vast Events foreseen, (which shortly come)  
Big with the Fate of Empires o'er it Roll.

Prompted by Virtue, Heav'n descended Guest,  
Cælestial Inmate of the Good and Just,  
Thy glowing Bosom, with its Ardour Bless'd  
Fulfill'd thy double-delegated Trust.

Nor were the Duties of a Friend and Sire  
Neglected midst those busy Scenes of Life:  
Speak, speak thou Spark of bright immortal Fire,  
Who claim'd on Earth the tender name of Wife?

Say, did not soft Affection in him dwell?  
Was he not Faithful, Gentle and Sincere?  
Say, Partner of his Joys, for Thou canst tell—  
Count o'er his Virtues and not drop a Tear?

Did not his heaving Bosom melt at Woe,  
And sweet Compassion swell his feeling Heart;  
Did not his lib'ral Hand, with Joy bestow  
A due Reward, where'er he found Desert?

" Yes, yes, (methinks I hear the Saint reply)  
" All Virtues in my WARREN held a place;  
" These make him shine Conspicuous thro' the Sky,  
" These make him Glow with a Seraphic Grace."

Ye Orphan Babes, sweet Pledges of their Love,  
In hissing Accents speak his tender Care;  
Your Artless Tale must ev'ry Bosom move,  
And make each throbbing Heart its Grief declare.

And since he's gone, whose kind paternal Hand  
Supply'd each want, and watch'd your tender Age,  
May ev'ry Parent through th' extensive Land  
With grateful Thoughts in your Behalf engage.

O! May no Grief your little Hearts oppress,  
But calm Content sit smiling on each Face  
Till bounteous Heav'n your riper Years shall bless  
With all a Sire's, and all a Mother's Grace.

O WARREN! Could thy Country's Pray'rs prevail,  
And call thy Spirit from its Kindred Skies,  
In vain bright Cherubs might the loss bewail,  
Contending Mortals would unscal thine Eyes!

But shall weak Man presume thus to repine  
And murmur at th' Almighty's high Degree,  
Or wish to check th' unerring Hand Divine,  
Which snatch'd Thee hence to Immortality?

No, Rather let thy Great Example fire  
Each generous Breast to emulate thy fame,  
And so thy Vast, Unbounded Height aspire,  
To catch a spark from thy Cælestial Flame.



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