



Here lies BENJAMIN TREMLYN
Aged 92 Years
who died December 1 1829

A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown
Without a verse and this recording stone
Twas his in youth o'er distant lands to stray
Danger and death companions of his way
Here in his native village stealing age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage
Speak of the past of names of high renown
Or brave commanders long to dust gone down
His look with instant animation glow'd
Tho' ninety winters on his head had snow'd
His country while he liv'd a boon supplied
And faith her shield held o'er him when he died
Think Christian that his spirit lives with God
And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod
Where dust to dust beneath the chancel shade
Till the last trump a brave man's bones are laid

W. L. Bowles.

*Epitaph On Benjamin Tremlyn,
An Old Soldier,*

*Buried In Bremhill Churchyard
by William Lisle Bowles*

An Old Soldier, Buried In Bremhill Churchyard At The Age Of 92.

Benjamin Tremlyn died on 1st December 1822

A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse, and this recording stone.
'Twas his in youth o'er distant lands to stray,
Danger and death companions of his way.
Here in his native village, drooping, age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past, of names of high renown,
Or his brave comrades long to dust gone down,
His eye with instant animation glowed,
Though ninety winters on his head had snowed.
His country, whilst he lived, a boon supplied,
And faith her shield held o'er him when he died;
Hope, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,
And pluck the wild weeds from his lowly sod,
Where, dust to dust, beside the chancel's shade,
Till the last trumpet sounds, a brave man's bones are laid.

W L Bowles

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