

D E S I G N S

B Y

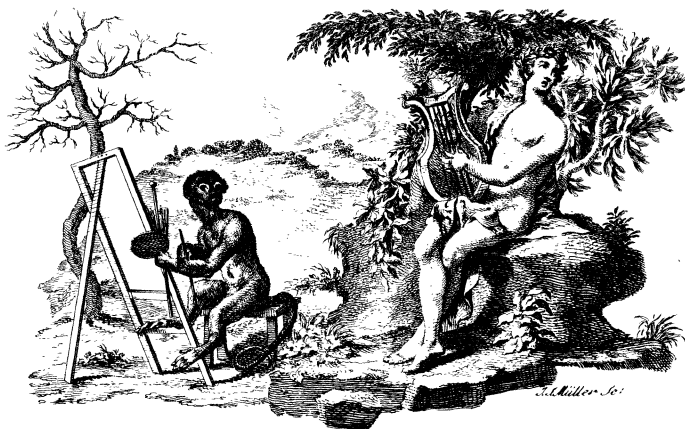
Mr. R. BENTLEY,

FOR SIX

P O E M S

B Y

Mr. T. GRAY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M D C C L I I I .

EXPLANATION

OF THE

PRINTS.

ODE on the SPRING.

FRONTISPIECE.

A Figure musing, &c. The ornaments allude to the chief subjects of the poems, as the altar, chaplet of flowers and rustic pipe, to this ode: a boy with a hobby-horse and a book, to that on Eton: a cat-Arion, or a cat with a lyre sitting on a dolphin's back, to that line on the death of a cat

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:

a monkey with a violin and lawyer's wig to my lord keeper Hatton's dancing, in the Long Story: a Roman sepulchral altar inscribed *Diis Manibus Sacrum*, with a spade and skull, to the elegy. The monkey painting, the lyre, the pen and crayon, are allusive to the poems and drawings.

HEADPIECE.] The Graces and Zephyrs sporting.

INITIAL LETTER.] Flowers.

TAILPIECE.] A landscape with herds reposing.

ODE

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

ODE on the Death of a Favourite CAT.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE cat standing on the brim of the tub, and endeavouring to catch a gold fish. Two cariatides of a river god stopping his ears to her cries, and Destiny cutting the nine threads of life, are on each side. Above, is a cat's head between two expiring lamps, and over that, two mouse-traps, between a mandarine-cat sitting before a Chinese pagoda, and angling for gold fish into a china jar; and another cat drawing up a net. At the bottom are mice enjoying themselves on the prospect of the cat's death; a lyre and pallet.

HEADPIECE.] The cat almost drowned in the tub. A standish on a table to write her elegy. Two cats as mourners with hatbands and staves. Dead birds, mice and fish hung up on each side.

INITIAL LETTER.] The cat, demurest of the tabby kind, dozing in an elbow chair.

TAILPIECE.] Charon ferrying over the ghost of the deceased cat, who sets up her back on seeing Cerberus on the shore.

ODE on the distant Prospect of ETON.

FRONTISPIECE.

BOYS at their sports, near the chapel of Eton, the god of the Thames sitting by: the passions, misfortunes, and diseases, coming down upon them. On either side, terms representing Jealousy and Madness. Above is a head of Folly: beneath, are play-things intermixed with thorns, a sword, a serpent and a scorpion.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

HEADPIECE.] Science adoring the shade of Henry VIth. Two angels bearing shields inscribed with that king's name support a Gothic building, in allusion to his foundations at Eton and Cambridge.

INITIAL LETTER.] Part of Windsor-castle.

TAILPIECE.] Two boys drest in watermen's cloaths, rowing another. A view of Eton college at a distance.



THE LONG STORY.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE Muses conveying the Poet under their hoops to a small closet in the garden. Fame in the shape of Mr. P---- is flying before ; and after him the two female warriors, as described in the verses. On one side is my lord keeper Hatton dancing ; and among the ornaments are the heads of the Pope and queen Elizabeth nodding at one another ; behind him is a papal bull, a phial of sublimate, a dagger and a crucifix ; behind her the cannon called queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol.

HEADPIECE.] A view of the house which formerly belonged to the earls of Huntingdon and lord keeper Hatton.

INITIAL LETTER.] A coronet, fan, muff and tippet, in the manner of Hollar.

TAILPIECE.] Ghosts of ancient ladies and old maids, peeping over the gallery.

HYMN

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

FRONTISPIECE.

JUPITER delivering infant Virtue to Adversity to be educated. Minerva and Hercules on each side.

HEADPIECE.] Adversity disturbing the Orgies of Folly, Noise and Laughter.

INITIAL LETTER.] A Gorgon's head, and instruments of punishment.

TAILPIECE.] Melancholy.



ELEGY Written in a Country Church-yard.

FRONTISPIECE.

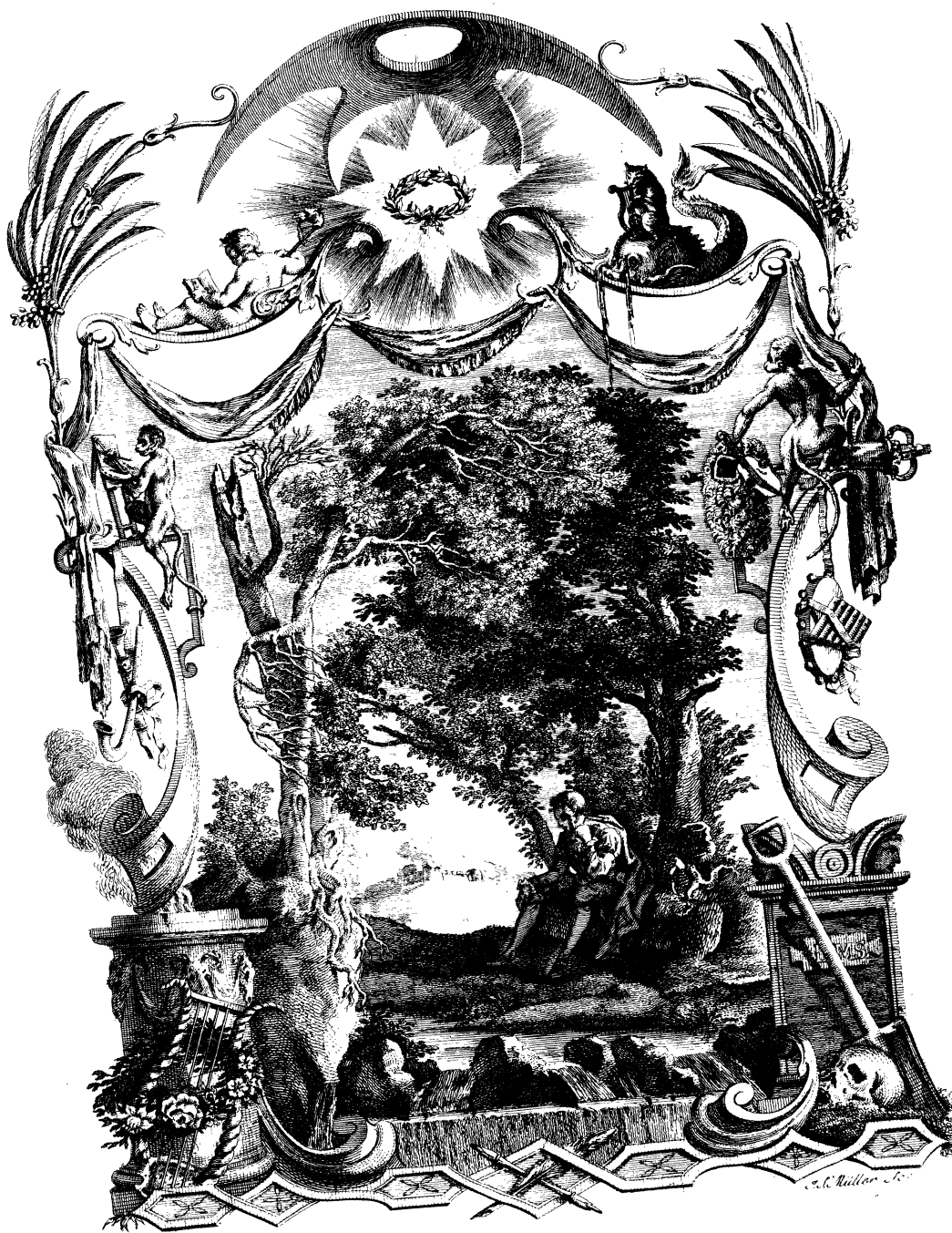
A Gothic gateway in ruins with the emblems of nobility on one side ; on the other, the implements and employments of the Poor. Thro' the arch appears a church-yard and village-church built out of the remains of an abbey. A countryman showing an epitaph to a passenger.

HEADPIECE.] Country-labours.

INITIAL LETTER.] An owl disturbed and flying from a ruinous tower.

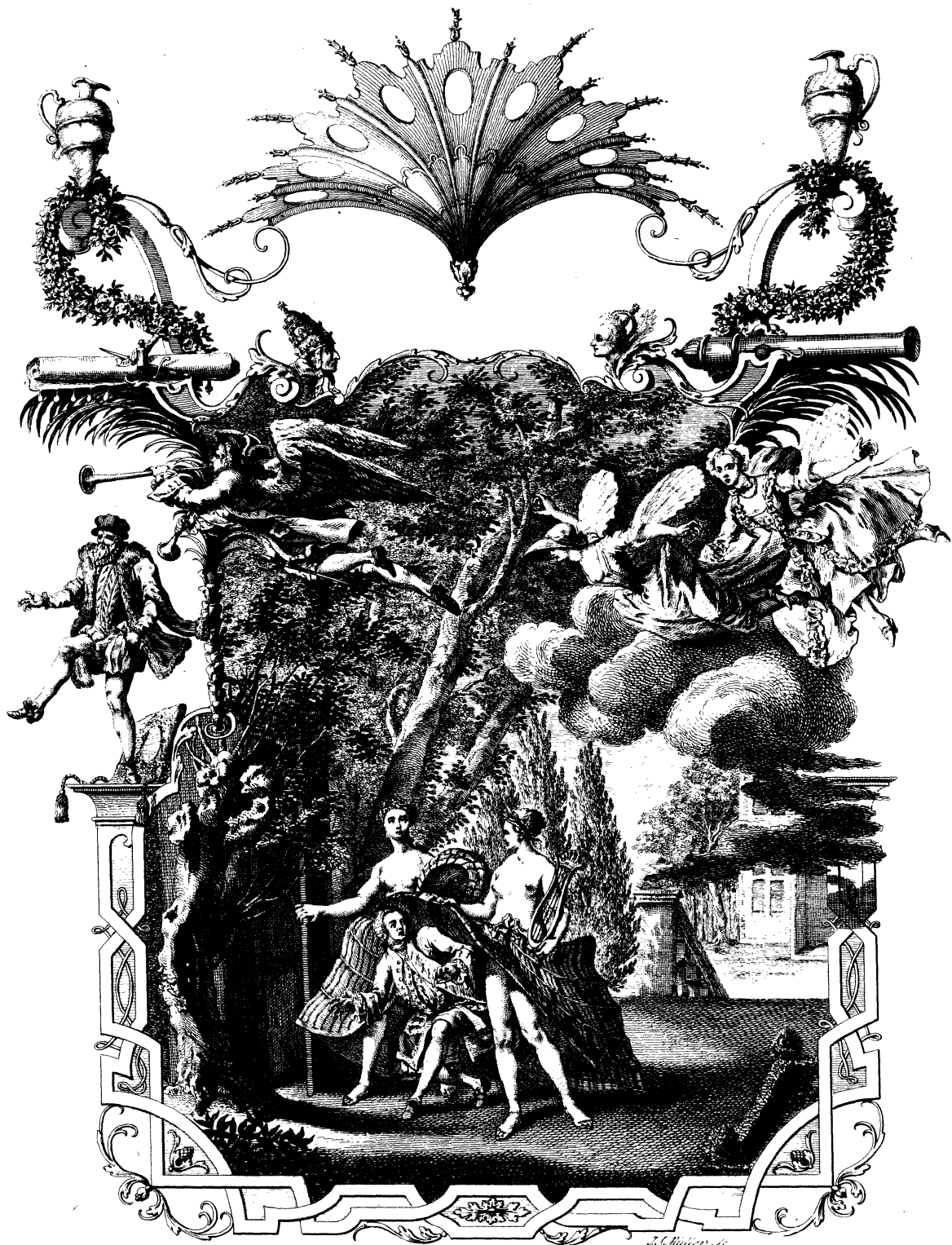
TAILPIECE.] A country burial. At bottom, a torch fallen into an ancient vault.

















O D E.



O! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair VENUS' train appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year !

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckow's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring :
 While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade ;
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade ;
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care :
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,

And

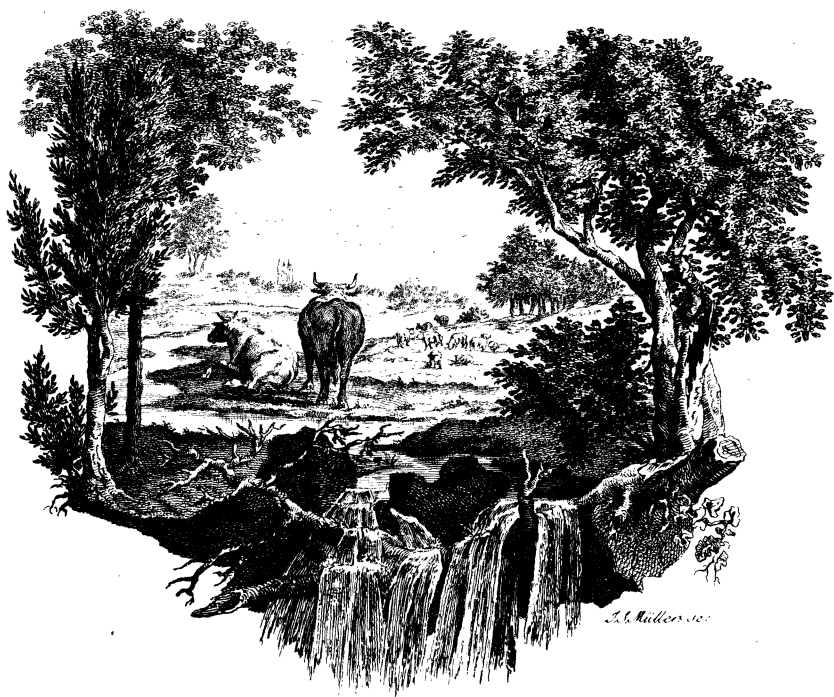
And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

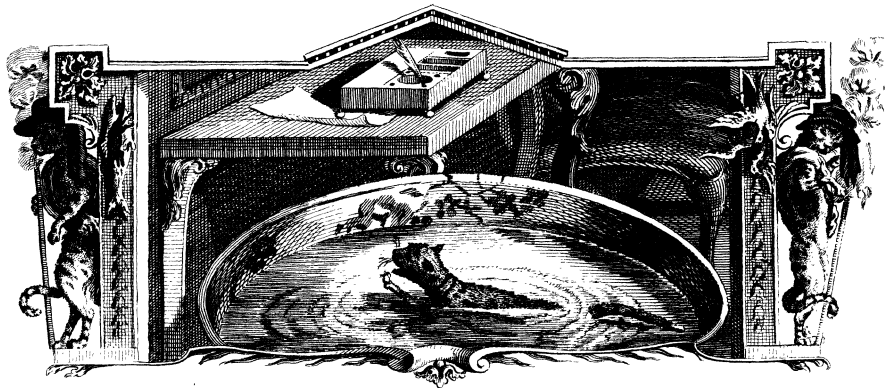
To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colours drest :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply :
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !

Thy

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone - - -
We frolick, while 'tis May.





O D E

On the Death of a Favourite C A T,
Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.



W A S on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still

Still had she gaz'd: but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream :

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue

Thro' richest purple to the view

Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder faw :

A whisker first and then a claw,

With many an ardent wish,

She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.

What female heart can gold despise ?

What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent

Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

Nor knew the gulf between.

(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)

The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,

She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood

She mew'd to ev'ry watry God,

Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel *Tom*, or *Susan* heard.

A Fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd
Know; one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize :
Nor all, that glisters, gold,





O D E

On a Distant Prospect of
ETON COLLEGE.



E distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY's holy Shade ;

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breath a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever-new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas,

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day:
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The Ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind;
 Or pineing Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grievly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain ;
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.





A LONG STORY.



N BRITAIN'S Isle, no matter where,
 An ancient pile of building stands ;
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

To raise the cieling's fretted height,
 Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full

Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave ^a Lord-Keeper led the Brawls :
 The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crown'd hat, and fatten-doublet,
 Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
 Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning !
 Shame of the verifying tribe !
 Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning ?
 Can you do nothing but describe ?

A House there is, (and that's enough)
 From whence one fatal morning issues
 A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
 But rustling in their filks and tiffues.

^a Hatton, prefer'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful Person and fine Dancing.

The first came cap-a-pee from France
 Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
 Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
 And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire :
 But COBHAM had the polish given,
 And tip'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air-----
 Coarse panegyricks would but teaze her.
 Melissâ is her Nom de Guerre.
 Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capucine,
 And aprons long they hid their armour,
 And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
 In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame

Fame in the shape of Mr. P---t
 (By this time all the Parish know it)
 Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
 A wicked Imp they call a Poet,

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
 Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
 And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
 Swore by her coronet and ermine,
 She'd issue out her high commission
 To rid the manour of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
 Thro' lanes unknown, o'erstiles they ventur'd,
 Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The

The trembling family they daunt,
 They flirt, they flog, they laugh, they tattle,
 Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
 And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
 Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
 Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
 And o'er the bed and tester clamber,

Into the Drawers and China pry,
 Papers and books, a huge Imbroglia !
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,
 Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
 The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
 Convey'd him underneath their hoops
 To a small closet in the garden.

So

So Rumor fays. (Who will, believe.)
 But that they left the door a-jarr,
 Where, fafe and laughing in his fleeve,
 He heard the diftant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,
 The power of Magick was no fable.
 Out of the window, whifk, they flew,
 And left a fpell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
 The Poet felt a ftrange diforder:
 Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
 And chains invifible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
 The powerful pothooks did fo move him,
 That, will he, nill he, to the Great-houfe
 He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phoebus he prefer'd his case,
And beg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was fate, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry
(^b *Styack* has often seen the fight)
Or at the chappel-door stand sentry ;

^b The HOUSE-KEEPER.

In

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peerefs comes. The Audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disproved the arguments of ^c*Squib*,
And all that ^d*Groom* could urge against him.

But soon his rhetorick forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor ^e*Maclean*.

^c *Groom of the Chambers.*

^d *The Steward.*

^e *A famous Highwayman hang'd the week before.*

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
 ‘ How in the park beneath an old-tree
 ‘ (Without design to hurt the butter,
 ‘ Or any malice to the poultry,)

‘ He once or twice had pen’d a sonnet ;
 ‘ Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon :
 ‘ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
 ‘ He ne’er was for a conj’rer taken.

The ghostly Prudes with hagg’d face
 Already had condemn’d the finner.
 My Lady rose, and with a grace ----
 She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

‘ Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,
 ‘ Why, what can the Vicountess mean ?
 (Cried the square Hoods in woful fidget)
 ‘ The times are alter’d quite and clean !

‘ Decorum’s

- ‘ Decorum’s turn’d to mere civility ;
- ‘ Her air and all her manners shew it.
- ‘ Commend me to her affability !
- ‘ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !

[*Here 500 Stanzas are lost.*]

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.





HYMN to ADVERSITY.



DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The Bad affright, afflict the Best !

Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
 And bad to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
[woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.
Wisdom

Wisdom in fable garb array'd
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, filent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With Justice to herself severe
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.
 Thy

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.





E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.



HE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mooping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lift their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to dye.

For

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
' Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ‘ His little length at noontide would he stretch,
 ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he wou’d rove,
 ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopelefs love.

‘ One morn I mis’d him on the custom’d hill,
 ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree ;
 ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
 ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him born.
 ‘ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,
 ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

The

The E P I T A P H.

*HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

