

A N  
E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A  
COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

WITH AN  
H Y M N

T O  
A D V E R S I T Y.

B Y  
Mr. G R A Y.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. JAMES in New-Bond-Street, 1762.





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**T**HE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;  
The plowman homewards plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

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

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tow'r  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her antient 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 shade,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed,

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy house-wife ply her ev'ning care :  
 No children run to lisp 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,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where thro' the long drawn ile 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 sooth 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 flow'r 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 forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd :  
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

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 learnt to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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

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 die.

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 enquire thy fate,

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

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 ' His littleless length at noon tide 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 would rove ;  
 ' Now drooping, woful man, like one forlorn,  
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'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 hue and sad array,  
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born,  
 ' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

## The EPI T A P H.

“ **H** E R E 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.”



## H Y M N to A D V E R S I T Y.

By the same.

**D** AUGHTER of J O V E, relentless pow'r.  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best!  
 Bound in thy adamant chain  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant mind.  
 Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore;  
 What sorrow was, thou badst her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd 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 receiv'd,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,  
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
 And melancholy, silent 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 hand,  
 (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 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.

F I N I S.