



*Ofte have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away;  
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.*

*Grays Elegy.*

*J. Thurston del.*

*Chas. Heath sculp.*

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS GRAY.

With an  
*ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS*  
OF  
THE AUTHOR.

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# LIFE

## OF

### THOMAS GRAY.

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**T**HOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, in the city of London, on the 26th of December, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener. Our author received his classical education at Eton school, under Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, who directed his nephew to those pursuits which laid the foundation of his future literary fame.

He left Eton school in 1734, and went to Cambridge, and entered a pensioner at Peterhouse, at the recommendation of his uncle Antrobus. It is said that, from his effeminacy and fair complexion, he acquired among his fellow students the appellation of *Miss Gray*, to which the delicacy of his manners seem not a little to have contributed. Mr. Walpole was at that time a fellow-commoner of King's College, in the same University; a fortunate circumstance, which afforded Gray frequent opportunities of intercourse with his honourable friend.

Gray, having imbibed a taste for poetry, did not relish those abstruse studies which generally occupy the minds of students at college; and therefore, as he found very little gratification from academical pursuits, he left Cambridge in 1738, and returned to London, intending to apply himself to the study of the law; but this intention was soon laid aside, upon an invitation given him by Mr. Walpole, to accompany him in his travels abroad.

They set out together for France, and visited most of the places worthy of notice in that country: from thence they proceeded to Italy, where an unfortunate dispute taking place between them, a separation en-

sued upon their arrival at Florence. Mr. Walpole, afterwards, with great candour and liberality, took upon himself the blame of the quarrel; we may be induced to conclude that Gray, from a conscious superiority of ability, might have claimed a deference to his opinion and judgment, which his honourable Friend was not at that time disposed to admit: the rupture, however, was very unpleasant to both parties.

Gray pursued his journey to Venice on a plan suitable to the circumscribed state of his finances; and having continued there some weeks, returned to England in September, 1741. He appears, from his letters published by Mr. Mason, to have paid attention to every object worthy of notice. His descriptions are lively and picturesque, and bear particular marks of his genius and disposition. We admire the sublimity of his ideas when he ascends the stupendous heights of the Alps, and are charmed with his display of nature, decked in all the beauties of vegetation. Indeed, abundant information, as well as entertainment, may be derived from his letters.

In about two months after his arrival in England, he lost his father, who, by an indiscreet profusion, had so impaired his fortune, as not to admit of his son's prosecuting the study of the law with that degree of respectability which the nature of the profession requires, without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt. To obviate, therefore, their importunities on the subject, he went to Cambridge, and took his bachelor's degree in civil law.

But the inconveniencies and distress attached to a scanty fortune, were not the only ills our Poet had to encounter at this time; he had not only lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad, but poor West, the partner of his heart, fell a victim to complicated maladies, brought on by family misfortunes.

The degree in which his mind was agitated for the loss of his friend, will appear from the following beautiful sonnet:

“ In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
“ And redd’ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:  
“ The birds in vain their am’rous descant join,  
“ Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:  
“ These ears, alas! for other notes repine;  
“ A different object do these eyes require;  
“ My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,  
“ And in my breast th’ imperfect joys expire;  
“ Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
“ And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;  
“ The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;  
“ To warm their little loves the birds complain:  
“ I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear;  
“ And weep the more because I weep in vain.”

Mr. Gray now applied his mind very sedulously to poetical composition: his Ode to Spring was written early in June to his friend Mr. West, before he received the melancholy news of his death: how our Poet’s mind was affected by that melancholy incident, is evidently demonstrated by the lines quoted; the impression, indeed, appears to have been too deep to be soon effaced; and the tenor of the subjects which called for the exertions of his poetical talents subsequent to the production of this Ode, corroborates that observation; these were his Prospect of Eton, and his Ode to Adversity. It is also supposed, that he began his Elegy in a Country Church-yard about the same time. He passed some weeks at Stoke, near Windsor, where his mother and aunt resided, and in that pleasing retirement finished several of his most celebrated Poems.

From thence he returned to Cambridge, which from this period was his chief residence during the remainder of his life.

In 1742, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor in the Civil Law. His attention to the classics did not wholly engross his time; for he found leisure to advert to the ignorance and dulness with which he



was surrounded, though situated in the centre of learning. There is only a fragment remaining of what he had written on this subject, from which it may be inferred, that it was intended as an Hymn to Ignorance; many of the lines are so pointed in signification, and harmonious in versification, that they will be admitted to display his poetical talents with more brilliancy than appears in many of his lyric productions.

Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,  
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers!  
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood  
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:  
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign:  
Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again.  
But chiefly thee, whose influence breath'd from high,  
Augments the native darkness of the sky;  
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary pow'r!  
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.  
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,  
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace,  
Oh, say, successful dost thou still oppose  
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?  
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,  
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line?  
And dews Lethean thro' the land dispense,  
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?  
If any spark of wit's delusive ray  
Break out, and flash a momentary day,  
With damp cold touch forbid it to aspire,  
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.  
Oh, say,—She hears me not, but, careless grown,  
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.  
Goddess! awake, arise: alas! my fears!  
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?  
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,  
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world:  
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might;  
And all was ignorance, and all was night:

Oh sacred age! Oh times for ever lost!  
 (The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast,)

For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,

Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,

And bring the buried ages back to view.

High on her car, behold the grandam ride,

Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;

\*\*\*\*\* a team of harness'd monarchs bend.

\*\*\*\*\*

In 1744 he seems to have given up his attention to the Muses. Mr. Walpole, desirous of preserving what he had already written, as well as perpetuating the merit of their deceased friend West, endeavoured to prevail with Gray, to whom he had previously become reconciled, to publish his own Poems, together with those of West; but Gray declined it, conceiving their productions united, would not suffice to fill even a small volume.

In 1747 Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College, and afterwards Fellow of Pembroke-Hall. Mr. Mason, who was a man of great learning and ingenuity, had written the year before, his "Monody on the death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoso," and "Il Pacefico;" and Gray revised these pieces at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of a friendship that terminated but with life: and Mr. Mason, after the death of Gray, testified his regard for him, by superintending the publication of his works.

The same year he wrote a little Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat of Mr. Walpole's: the following year he produced an effort of much more importance; the Fragment of an Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government.

In 1750 he put the finishing stroke to his Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, which was communicated first to his friend Mr. Walpole, and by him to many persons of rank and distinction. This beautiful production introduced the author to the

favour of Lady Cobham, and gave occasion to a singular composition, called, *A Long Story*: in which various effusions of wit and humour are very happily interspersed.

The Elegy having found its way into the "Magazine of Magazines," the author wrote to Mr. Walpole, requesting he would put it in the hands of Mr. Dodsley, and order him to print it immediately, in order to rescue it from the disgrace it might have incurred by its appearance in a Magazine. The Elegy was the most popular of all our author's productions; it ran through eleven editions, and was translated into Latin by Anstey and Roberts; and in the same year a version of it was published by Lloyd.

Gray finished his *Ode on the Progress of Poetry* early in 1755. The Bard also was begun about the same time; and the following beautiful Fragment on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude, the next year. The merit of the two former pieces was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Lloyd and Colman wrote, in concert, two Odes, to "Oblivion" and "Obscurity," in which they were ridiculed with much ingenuity.

" Now the golden morn aloft  
" Waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
" With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,  
" She wooes the tardy spring;  
" Till April starts, and calls around  
" The sleeping fragrance from the ground,  
" And lightly o'er the living scene  
" Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

" New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
" Frisking ply their feeble feet;  
" Forgetful of their wintry trance,  
" The birds his presence greet:  
" But chief the sky-lark warbles high  
" His trembling, thrilling ecstasy;

" And, less'ning from the dazzled sight,  
" Melts into air and liquid light.

" Yesterday the sullen year  
" Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;  
" Mute was the music of the air,  
" The herd stood drooping by :  
" The raptures now that wildly flow,  
" No yesterday nor morrow know ;  
" 'Tis man alone that joy describes  
" With forward and reverted eyes.

" Smiles on past misfortune's brow  
" Soft reflection's hand can trace,  
" And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw  
" A melancholy grace :  
" While hope prolongs our happier hour ;  
" Our deepest shades, that dimly lower,  
" And blacken round our weary way,  
" Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

" Still where rosy pleasure leads,  
" See a kindred grief pursue,  
" Behind the steps that misery treads  
" Approaching comfort view :  
" The hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
" Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe ;  
" And blended form, with artful strife,  
" The strength and harmony of life.

" See the wretch that long has tost  
" On the thorny bed of pain,  
" At length repair his vigour lost,  
" And breathe and walk again.  
" The meanest flow'ret of the vale,  
" The simplest note that swells the gale,  
" The common sun, the air, the skies,  
" To him are opening Paradise."

Our author's reputation as a poet was so high, that

on the death of Colley Cibber, 1757, he had the honour of refusing the office of Poet Laureat, to which he was probably induced by the disgrace brought upon it through the inability of some who had filled it.

In 1762, on the death of Mr. Turner, Professor of Modern Languages and History, at Cambridge, he was, according to his own expression, "cockered and spirited up" to apply to Lord Bute for the succession. His Lordship refused him with all the politeness of a courtier, the office having been previously promised to Mr. Bocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His health being on the decline, in 1765 he undertook a journey to Scotland, conceiving he should derive benefit from exercise and change of situation. His account of that country, as far as it extends, is curious and elegant; for as his mind was comprehensive, it was employed in the contemplation of all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events.

During his stay in Scotland, he contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, in whom he found, as he himself expresses it, a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. The Marischal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which he thought it decent to decline, having omitted to take it at Cambridge.

In December 1767, Dr. Beattie, still desirous that his country should leave a memento of its regard to the merit of our Poet, solicited his permission to print, at the University of Glasgow, an elegant edition of his works, but Gray could not comply with his friend's request, as he had given his promise to Mr. Dodsley. However, as a compliment to them both, he presented them with a copy, containing a few notes, and the imitations of the old Norwegian poetry, intended to supplant the Long Story, which was printed at first to illustrate Mr. Bentley's designs.

In 1768 our Author obtained that office without solicitation, for which he had before applied without effect. The Professorship of Languages and History again became vacant, and he received an

offer of it from the Duke of Grafton, who had succeeded Lord Bute in office. The place was valuable in itself, the salary being 400*l.* a year; but it was rendered peculiarly acceptable to Mr. Gray, as he obtained it without solicitation.

Soon after he succeeded to this office, the impaired state of his health rendered another journey necessary; and he visited, in 1769, the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. His remarks on the wonderful scenery which these northern regions display, he transmitted in epistolary journals to his friend Dr. Wharton, which abound, according to Mr. Mason's elegant diction, with all the wildness of Salvator, and the softness of Claude.

Towards the close of May 1771, he removed from Cambridge to London, after having suffered violent attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject; notwithstanding he had observed the most rigid abstemiousness throughout the whole course of his life. By the advice of his physicians, he removed from London to Kensington; the air of which place proved so salutary, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, whence he designed to make a visit to his friend Dr. Wharton, at Old Park, near Durham; indulging a fond hope that the excursion would tend to the reestablishment of his health: but, alas! that hope proved delusive. On the 24th of July he was seized, while at dinner in the college-hall, with a sudden nausea, which obliged him to retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his stomach in such a degree, as to resist all the powers of medicine. On the 29th he was attacked with a strong convulsion, which returned with increased violence the ensuing day; and on the evening of the 31st of May, 1771, he departed this life, in the 55th year of his age.

From the narrative of his friend, Mr. Mason, it appears that Gray was actuated by motives of self-improvement, and self-gratification, in his application to the Muses, rather than any view to pecuniary emolu-

ment. His pursuits were in general disinterested; and as he was free from avarice on the one hand, so was he from extravagance on the other. Mr. Mason adds, that he was induced to decline taking any advantage of his literary productions by a degree of pride, which influenced him to disdain the idea of being thought an author by profession.

Gray made considerable progress in the study of architecture, particularly the Gothic. He endeavoured to trace this branch of the science, from the period of its commencement, through its various changes, till it arrived at its perfection in the time of Henry VIII. He applied himself also to the study of heraldry, of which he obtained a very competent knowledge.

But the favourite study of Gray for the last two years of his life was natural history, which he rather resumed than began, as he had acquired some knowledge of botany in early life, while he was under the tuition of his uncle Antrebus. He wrote copious marginal notes to the works of Linnæus, and other writers in the three kingdoms of nature: and Mr. Mason observes, that, excepting pure mathematics, and the studies dependent on that science, there was hardly any part of human learning in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them a consummate mastery.

Mr. Mason has declined drawing any formal character of him; but has adopted one from a letter to James Boswell, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Rector of St. Glauvias, in Cornwall, first printed anonymously in the London Magazine.

“Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, and politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages, and

travels of all sorts, were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining: but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve: though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial but a few Poems? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was, to others, at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably, he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shewn to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

Mr. Mason has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected most before those whom he did not wish to please; and that he is unjustly charged with making knowledge his sole reason of preference, as he paid his esteem to none whom he did not likewise believe to be good.

Dr. Johnson makes the following observations :.....  
"What has occurred to me, from the slight inspec-



tion of his letters, in which my undertaking has engaged me, is, that his mind had made a large grasp; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all; but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism and infidelity. His short account of Shaftesbury I will insert.

“You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: first, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners: vanity is no longer interested in the matter; for a new road is become an old one.”

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments.

As a Poet, he stands high in the estimation of the candid and judicious. His works are not numerous; but they bear the marks of intense application and careful revision. The Elegy in the Church-yard is deemed his master-piece; the subject is interesting, the sentiments simple and pathetic, and the versification charmingly melodious. This beautiful composition has been often selected by orators for the display of their rhetorical talents. But as the most finished productions of the human mind have not escaped

censure, the works of our Author have undergone illiberal comments. His Elegy has been supposed defective in want of plan. Dr. Knox, in his Essays, has observed, "that it is thought by some to be no more than a confused heap of splendid ideas, thrown together without order and without proportion." Some passages have been censured by Kelly in the Babblers; and imitations of different authors have been pointed out by other critics. But these imitations cannot be ascertained, as there are numberless instances of coincidence of ideas; so that it is difficult to say, with precision, what is or is not a designed or accidental imitation.

Gray, in his Elegy in the Church-yard, has great merit in adverting to the most interesting passions of the human mind; yet his genius is not marked alone by the tender sensibility so conspicuous in that elegant piece; but there is a sublimity which gives it an equal claim to universal admiration.

His Odes on the Progress of Poetry, and of the Bard, according to Mr. Mason's account, "breathe the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous; the language full of fire and force; and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. They have been accused of obscurity: but the one can be obscure to those only who have not read Pindar; and the other, only to those who are unacquainted with the history of their own nation."

Of his other lyric pieces, Mr. Wakefield, a learned and ingenious commentator, observes, that, though like all other human productions, they are not without their defects, yet the spirit of poetry, and exquisite charms of the verse, are more than a compensation for those defects. The Ode on Eton College abounds with sentiments natural and consonant to the feelings of humanity, exhibited with perspicuity of method, and in elegant, intelligible, and expressive language. The Sonnet on the Death of West, and the Epitaph on Sir William Williams, are as

perfect compositions of the kind as any in our language.

Dr. Johnson's partial and uncandid mode of criticism, in his remarks on the writings of Gray, has given to liberal minds great and just offence. According to Mr. Mason's account, he has subjected Gray's poetry to the most rigorous examination. Declining all consideration of the general plan and conduct of the pieces, he has confined himself solely to strictures on words and forms of expression; and Mr. Mason very pertinently adds, that verbal criticism is an ordeal which the most perfect composition cannot pass without injury.

He has also fallen under Mr. Wakefield's severest censure. This commentator affirms, that "he thinks a refutation of his strictures upon Gray a necessary service to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence upon the national taste. His censure, however, is too general, and expressed with too much vehemence; and his remarks betray, upon the whole, an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, and an unbecoming illiberality of spirit. He appears to have turned an unwilling eye upon the beauties of Gray, because his jealousy would not suffer him to see such superlative merit in a cotemporary." These remarks of Mr. Wakefield appear to be well founded; and it has been observed, by another writer, that Dr. Johnson, being strongly influenced by his political and religious principles, was inclined to treat with the utmost severity some of the productions of our best writers; to which may be imputed that severity with which he censures the lyric performances of Gray. It is highly probable that no one poetical reader will universally subscribe to his decision, though all may admire his vast intuitive knowledge, and power of discrimination.

In the first copy of this exquisite Poem, Mr. Mason observes, the conclusion was different from that which the Author afterwards composed; and though his after-thought was unquestionably the best, yet there

is a pathetic melancholy in the four stanzas that were rejected, following, "With incense kindled at the Muses' flame," which highly claim preservation.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,  
 Exalt the brave, and idolize success;  
 But more to innocence their safety owe,  
 Than pow'r or genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
 Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,  
 By night and lonely contemplation led,  
 To wander in the gloomy walks of fate;

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,  
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
 In still small accents whispering from the ground,  
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason and thyself at strife,  
 Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;  
 But, through the cool sequester'd vale of life,  
 Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

In one instance, the Doctor's inconsistency, and deviation from his general character, does him honour. After having commented with the most rigid severity on the poetical works of Gray, as if conscious of the injustice done him, he seems to apologize by the following declaration, which concludes his Criticism, and shall conclude the Memoirs of our Author:

"In the character of his Elegy (says Johnson) I rejoice and concur with the common reader; for, by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The Church-yard abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom re-

turns an echo. The four stanzas beginning, Yet e'en these bones, are to me original; I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS GRAY.

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ODES.

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ODE I.

ON THE SPRING.

L O! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
Fair Venus' train, appear,  
Disclose the long expected flowers,  
And wake the purple year,  
The attic warbler pours her throat  
Responsive to the cuckoo'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 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

\* ----- a bank  
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine.  
*[Shakesp. Mids. Night's Dream.]*

## ODES.

(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 honey'd spring,  
 And float amid the liquid noon\*;  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some shew their gaily 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 joys no glitt'ring female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

\* Nare per æstatem liquidam. *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

† ———— sporting with quick glance,  
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost, b. 7.*

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.  
*Mr. Green in the Grotto. Dodsley's Miscellanies,*  
 vol. v. p. 161.

No painted plumage to display:  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone....  
 We frolic while 'tis May.

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## ODE II.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

*Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.*

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
 The azure flow'rs that blow,  
 Demurest of the tabby kind,  
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,  
 Gaz'd 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 em'rald eyes,  
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

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 saw:  
 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?



## ODES.

Presumpt'ous 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 wat'ry god  
 Some speedy aid to send.  
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,  
 Nor cruel Tom nor 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.

---

 ODE III.

## A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

**Y**E distant Spires! ye antique Tow'rs!  
 That crown the wat'ry 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:

\* King Henry VI. founder of the College.

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 breathe 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 some, on earnest business bent,  
 Their murm'ring labours ply  
 Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,  
 To sweeten liberty;  
 Some hold 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 ev'ry 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;

\* And bees their honey redolent of spring.  
*Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.*

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! 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 murd'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 skulks behind;  
 Or pining 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 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 woes.

\* And madness laughing in his ireful mood.

*Dryden's Fable of Palemon and Arcite.*

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen:  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That ev'ry lab'ring 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 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.

---

## ODE IV.

## TO ADVERSITY.

**D**AUGHTER of Jove, 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 adamantine chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain;  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heavenly 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 learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 With 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 sable 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 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 form benign, O 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.

## ODE V.

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY. Pindarie.

## Advertisement.

*When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes, but he had too much respect for the Understanding of his Readers to take that Liberty.*

## I. 1.

**A** WAKE, Æolian lyre! awake\*,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take;  
 The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;  
 Now rolling down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous see it pour;  
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

## I. 2.

Oh! Sov'reign† of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.  
 On Thracia's hills, the Lord of War  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:  
 Perching on the sceptred hand‡

\* Awake, my glory! awake, lute and harp.  
*David's Psalms.*

† Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

‡ This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same Ode.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

## I. 3.

Thee\* the voice, the dance obey,  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay!  
 O'er Idalia's velvet green  
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
 On Cytherea's day,  
 With antic Sports and blue-ey'd Pleasures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures:  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet;  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare;  
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay:  
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
 The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

## II. 1:

Man's feeble race what ills await†!  
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!  
 The fond complaint, my Song! disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,

\* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky,  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar\*  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

## II. 2.

In climes † beyond the Solar Road ‡,  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode;  
 And oft beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
 In loose numbers, wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs and dusky loves.  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,  
 Th' unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

## II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep‡,  
 Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,  
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In ling'ring lab'rins creep,

\* Or seen the morning's well-appointed star,  
 Come marching up the eastern hills afar. *Cowley.*

† Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and uncivilized nations; its connexion with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments; the Lapland and American Songs, &c.]

‡ Extra anni solisque vias. *Virgil.*  
 Tutta lontana dal camin del sole. *Petrarch, canz. 2.*

‡ Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there: Spenser imitated the Italian writers,



How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute but to the voice of Anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breath'd around,  
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound,  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Pow'r  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

## III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale;  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling \* laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy,  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

## III. 2.

Nor second he† that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy,  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time‡:

Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon  
 after the Restoration, and a new one arose, on the French  
 model, which has subsisted ever since.

\* Shakespeare.

† Milton.

‡ . . . . . flammantia mœnia mundi. *Lucretius*.

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze\*,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw, but blasted with excess of light,  
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 Two coursers of etherial race†,  
 With necks in thunder cloth'd‡ and long resounding  
 pace.

## III. 3.

Hark! his hands the lyre explore!  
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
 Thoughts that breathe and words that burn‡;  
 But ah! 'tis heard no more||....  
 Oh, lyre divine! what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now; tho' he inherit  
 Nor the pride nor ample pinion  
 That the Theban eagle bear¶,

\* For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.  
 And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was  
 the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire  
 stone.....

This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

*Ezekiel*, i. 20, 26, 28.

† Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy  
 of Dryden's rhymes.

‡ Hast thou cloth'd his neck with thunder? *Job*.

‡ Words that weep and tears that speak. *Cowley*.

|| We have had in our language no other odes of the  
 sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day;  
 for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style,  
 and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy  
 of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has  
 touched the true chords, and, with a masterly hand, in some  
 of his chorusses....above all, in the last of Caractacus;

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

¶ Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies  
 to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it  
 pursues its flight regardless of their noise.

Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Thro' the azure deep of air,  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms as glitter in the Muses' ray  
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the good how far . . . but far above the great.

## ODE VI.

## THE BARD. Pindaric.

## Advertisement.

*The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.*

## I. 1.

' **R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
 ' Confusion on thy banners wait;  
 ' Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 ' They mock the air with idle state\*.  
 ' Helm nor hauberk's † twisted mail,  
 ' Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail  
 ' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears;  
 ' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride ‡  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side §  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array:

\* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

*Shakesp. King John.*

† The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

‡ The crested adder's pride. *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

§ Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous track which the Welsh themselves call Cragian-

Stout Gloster\* stood aghast in speechless trance:  
To arms! cry'd Mortimer†, and couch'd his quiv'ring  
lance.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair‡  
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air,)  
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
' Hark how each giant oak and desert cave  
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
' O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,  
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
' To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

eryri: it included all the high lands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the Castle of Conway, built by King Edward I. says, *Adortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery*; and Matthew of Westminster. [*ad an. 1283*] *Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonice fecit erigi castrum forte.*

\* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

‡ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed original; one at Florence, the other at Paris.

§ Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

## I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 ' That hush'd the stormy main;  
 ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:  
 ' Mountains! ye mourn in vain  
 ' Modred, whose magic song  
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.  
 ' On dreary Arvon's\* shore they lie,  
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;  
 ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,  
 ' The famish'd eagle† screams and passes by.  
 ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 ' Dear‡ as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 ' Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries....  
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep:  
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 ' I see them sit; they linger yet,  
 ' Avengers of their native land;  
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 ' And weave‡ with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

## II. 1.

" Weave the warp and weave the woof,  
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race;

\* The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named, by the Welsh, Craigian eryri, or the Craggs of the Eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [*See Willoughby's Ornithol.* published by Ray.]

‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart... *Shakesp. Julius Cæsar.*

‡ See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

" Give ample room and verge enough  
 " The characters of hell to trace.  
 " Mark the year, and mark the night  
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 " The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,  
 " Shrieks of an agonizing king\*!  
 " She-wolf of France†, with unrelenting fangs  
 " That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 " From thee‡ be born who o'er thy country hangs  
 " The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him  
     wait!  
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,  
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

## II. 2.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord,  
 " Low on his fun'ral couch he lies§!  
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 " A tear to grace his obsequies!  
 " Is the sable warrior|| fled?  
 " Thy son is gone; he rests among the dead.  
 " The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,  
 " Gone to salute the rising morn:  
 " Fair laughs the morn¶, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 " While proudly riding, o'er the azure realm,  
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
 " Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm,  
 " Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 " That hush'd in grim repose expects his ev'ning prey.

\* Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

† Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

§ Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

|| Edward the Black Prince died some time before his father.

¶ Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froissard and other contemporary writers.

## II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl\*,  
 " The rich repast prepare;  
 " Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.  
 " Close by the regal chair  
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray†,  
 " Lance to lance and horse to horse?  
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,  
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
 " Ye Tow'rs of Julius‡! London's lasting shame!  
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 " Revere his consort's§ faith, his father's|| fame,  
 " And spare the meek usurper's¶ holy head.  
 " Above, below, the Rose of snow\*\*,  
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread;  
 " The bristled Boar†† in infant gore  
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 " Now, brothers! bending o'er the accursed loom,  
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

\* Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, and the confederate Lords, in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by St. Piers of Exton is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

§ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

|| Henry V.

¶ Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

\*\* The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

†† The silver Boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

## III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 " (Weave we the woof; the thread is spun)  
 " Half of thy heart\* we consecrate;  
 " (The web is wove; the work is done.)"  
 ' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
 ' Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd here to mourn.  
 ' In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,  
 ' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 ' But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,  
 ' Descending slow, their glitt'ring skirts unrol!  
 ' Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,  
 ' Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!  
 ' No more our long-lost Arthurt we bewail:  
 ' All hail, ye genuine Kings‡, Britannia's issue, hail!

## III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold  
 ' Sublime their starry fronts they rear,  
 ' And gorgeous dames and statesmen old  
 ' In bearded majesty appear;  
 ' In the midst a form divine,  
 ' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line,  
 ' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
 ' Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace‡.

\* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

† It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and would return again to reign over Britain.

‡ Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

§ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus



- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talliessin\*! hear!
- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

## III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
  - ‘ Fierce War, and Faithful Love †,
  - ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
  - ‘ In buskin’d measures move ‡
  - ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
  - ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
  - ‘ A voice § as of the cherub-choir
  - ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear,
  - ‘ And distant warblings || lessen on my ear,
  - ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
  - ‘ Fond impious man! think’st thou yon sanguine cloud
  - ‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of day?
  - ‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
  - ‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
  - ‘ Enough for me: with joy I see
  - ‘ The different doom our Fates assign!
  - ‘ Be thine despair and sceptred care;
  - ‘ To triumph and to die are mine.’
- He spoke, and, headlong from the mountain’s height,  
Deep, in the roaring tide, he plung’d to endless night.

“ she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less  
“ with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with  
“ the tartness of her princelie checkes.”

\* Talliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

† Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.  
*Spenser’s Proem to the Fairy Queen.*

‡ Shakespeare.

§ Milton.

|| The succession of Poets after Milton’s time.

## ODE VII.

## THE FATAL SISTERS.

From the Norse Tongue.

## PREFACE.

*In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of Sictryg with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, king of Dublin. The earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful song, which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and each taking her portion, galloped six to the north and as many to the south.*

**N**OW the storm begins to low'r,  
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)  
 Iron-sleet of arrowy show'r\*  
 Hurtles† in the darken'd air.

\* How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r... *Milt. Par. Reg.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air. *Shak. Jul. Cæs.*

*Note*—The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Wodin) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the Slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands, and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalia, (the Hall of Odin, or Paradise of the Brave) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
Orkney's woe and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow,  
( 'Tis of human entrails made )  
And the weights that play below  
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipp'd in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along;  
Sword that once a monarch bore,  
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black, terrific maid !  
Sangrida and Hilda see,  
Join the wayward work to aid ;  
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set  
Pikes must shiver, jav'lins sing,  
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,  
Hauberk clash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)  
Let us go, and let us fly,  
Where our friends the conflict share,  
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,  
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,  
Gondula and Geira, spread  
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill and ours to spare;  
Spite of danger he shall live ;  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once the desert beach  
Pent within its bleak domain,  
Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,  
Gor'd with many a gaping wound;  
Fate demands a nobler head;  
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin \* weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see;  
Long her strains in sorrow steep,  
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,  
Clouds of carnage blot the sun:  
Sisters, weave the web of death!  
Sisters, cease! the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!  
Songs of joy and triumph sing;  
Joy to the victorious bands,  
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,  
Learn the tenor of our song;  
Scotland! thro' each winding vale  
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters! hence with spurs of speed;  
Each her thund'ring falchion wield;  
Each bestride her sable steed:  
Hurry, hurry, to the field.

\* Ireland.

## ODE VIII.

## THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

From the Norse Tongue.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,  
 And saddled straight his coal-black steed;  
 Down the yawning steep he rode  
 That leads to Hela's\* drear abode.  
 Him the Dog of Darkness spy'd;  
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,  
 While from his jaws with carnage fill'd,  
 Foam and human gore distill'd:  
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
 Eyes that glow and fangs that grin,  
 And long pursues with fruitless yell  
 The father of the pow'rful spell.  
 Onward still his way he takes,  
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes)  
 Till full before his fearless eyes  
 The portals nine of hell arise.  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 By the moss-grown pile he sate,  
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
 The dust of the prophetic maid.  
 Facing to the northern clime,  
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme,  
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead,  
 Till from out the hollow ground  
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

*Proph.* What call unknown, what charms presume  
 To break the quiet of the tomb?

\* Nifheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: over it presided Hela, the goddess of Death.

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
And drags me from the realms of night?  
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews and driving rain!  
Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he, with voice unblest,  
That calls me from the bed of rest?

*Odin.* A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
Thou the deeds of light shalt know:  
Tell me what is done below,  
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,  
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

*Proph.* Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure beverage of the bee,  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:  
Balder's head to death is given;  
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!  
Unwilling I my lips unclose;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

*Odin.* Once again my call obey:  
Prophetess! arise and say,  
What dangers Odin's child await,  
Who the author of his fate?

*Proph.* In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

*Odin.* Prophetess! my spell obey;  
Once again arise, and say,  
Who th' avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

*Proph.* In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace compest,  
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile  
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.

Now my weary lips I close;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

*Odin.* Yet awhile my call obey;  
Prophetess! awake and say,  
What virgins these in speechless woe,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils that float in air?  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose,  
Then I leave thee to repose.

*Proph.* Ha! no traveller art thou;  
King of Men, I know thee now;  
Mightiest of a mighty line—

*Odin.* No boding maid of skill divine  
Art thou, no prophetess of good,  
But mother of the giant-brood!

*Proph.* Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall enquirer come  
To break my iron sleep again  
Till Lok\* has burst his tenfold chain;  
Never till substantial Night  
Has re-assum'd her ancient right,  
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

\* Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear, the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see *Introduction a l'Histoire de Danemarck, par Monsieur Mallet*, 1755, 4to. or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled *Northern Antiquities*, in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

## ODE IX.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

*A Fragment.*

Advertisement.

*Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the Principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120: this battle was near forty years afterwards.*

OWEN's praise demands my song,  
 Owen swift and Owen strong,  
 Fairest flower of Rod'rick's stem,  
 Gwyneth's \* shield and Britain's gem.  
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,  
 Nor on all profusely pours,  
 Lord of every regal art,  
 Lib'ral hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
 Squadrons three against him came;  
 This the force of Eirin hiding;  
 Side by side as proudly riding  
 On her shadow long and gay  
 Lochlin † plows the wat'ry way;  
 There the Norman sails afar  
 Catch the winds and join the war;  
 Black and huge along they sweep,  
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
 The Dragon son ‡ of Mona stands;  
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,  
 High he rears his ruby crest:  
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,  
 There the press, and there the din,

\* North Wales.

† Denmark.

‡ The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.



Talymalfra's rocky shore  
 Echoing to the battle's roar.  
 Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,  
 Backward Menai rolls his flood,  
 While, heap'd his master's feet around,  
 Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.  
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
 Thousand banners round him burn;  
 Where he points his purple spear,  
 Hasty, hasty rout is there;  
 Marking, with indignant eye,  
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly:  
 There Confusion, Terror's child,  
 Conflict fierce and Ruin wild,  
 Agony, that pants for breath,  
 Despair, and honourable Death.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ODE X.

### THE DEATH OF HOEL.

*From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards.*

He flourished about the Time of Talliessin,  
 A. D. 570.

**H**AD I but the torrent's might,  
 With headlong rage, and wild affright,  
 Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,  
 To rush and sweep them from the world!  
 Too, too secure in youthful pride,  
 By them my friend, my Hoel, died,  
 Great Cian's son; of Madoc old,  
 He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;  
 Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,  
 He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,  
 Twice two hundred warriors go:  
 Every warrior's manly neck  
 Chains of regal honour deck,  
 Wreath'd in many a golden link:  
 From the golden cup they drink  
 Nectar that the bees produce,  
 Or the grape's ecstatic juice.  
 Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn,  
 But none from Cattraeth's vale return,  
 Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,  
 (Bursting thro' the bloody throng)  
 And I, the meanest of them all,  
 That live to weep, and sing their fall.

## ODE XI.

## FOR MUSIC.

*Performed in the Senate House, Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at  
 the Installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy,  
 Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.*

## I.

" **H**ENCE, avaunt! ('tis holy ground)  
 " Comus and his midnight crew,  
 " And Ignorance with looks profound,  
 " And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,  
 " Mad Sedition's cry profane,  
 " Servitude that hugs her chain,  
 " Nor in these consecrated bow'rs,  
 " Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flow'rs,  
 " Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,  
 " Dare the Muse's walk to stain,  
 " While bright-ey'd Science watches round:  
 " Hence, away! 'tis holy ground."

## ODES.

## II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay;  
 There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,  
 The few whom Genius gave to shine  
 Thro' ev'ry unborn age and undiscover'd clime.  
 Rapt in celestial transport they,  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy,  
 To bless the place where on their op'ning soul  
 First the genuine ardour stole.  
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,  
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,  
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

## III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves!  
 "That Contemplation loves,  
 "Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,  
 "Oft at the blush of dawn  
 "I trod your level lawn,  
 "Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
 "In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
 "With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melan-  
 "choly."

## IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,  
 With solemn steps and slow,  
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,  
 And mitred fathers, in long order go:  
 Great Edward with the lilies on his brow \*  
 From haughty Gallia torn,  
 And sad Chatillon †, on her bridal morn,

\* Edward III. who added the *Fleur de Lys* of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity-college.

† Maria de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Compté de St. Paul in France, of whom

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare\*,  
 And Anjou's Heroine†, and the paler Rose‡,  
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes,  
 And either Henry§ there,  
 The murder'd saint and the majestic lord,  
 That broke the bonds of Rome.  
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
 Their human passions now no more,  
 Save charity, that glows beyond the tomb)  
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
 And bade those awful fanes and turrets rise  
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come  
 And thus they speak in soft accord  
 The liquid language of the skies:

## V.

- “ What is grandeur, what is power?  
 “ Heavier toil, superior pain.  
 “ What the bright reward we gain?  
 “ The grateful memory of the good.

tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke-college or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

\* Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gubert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward I. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of princely. She founded Clare-hall.

† Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen's-college. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former Ode.

‡ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward IV. (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

§ Henry VI. and VIII. the former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity-college.

" Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,  
 " The bee's collected treasure sweet,  
 " Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet  
 " The still small voice of gratitude."

## VI.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,  
 The venerable Marg'ret \* see!  
 " Welcome, my noble son!" she cries aloud,  
 " To this thy kindred train and me:  
 " Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace  
 " A Tudor's † fire, a Beaufort's grace.  
 " Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,  
 " The flow'r unheeded shall descry,  
 " And bid it round heaven's altars shed  
 " The fragrance of its blushing head;  
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem  
 " To glitter on the diadem.

## VII.

" Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band;  
 " Nor obvious, nor obtrusive, she  
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings,  
 " Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd  
 " Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:  
 " She reveres herself and thee,  
 " With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow  
 " The laureate wreath that Cecil ‡ wore she brings,  
 " And to thy just thy gentle hand  
 " Submits the fasces of her sway;  
 " While spirits blest above, and men below,  
 " Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

\* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. foundress of St. John's and Christ's colleges.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

‡ Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

## VIII.

"Thro' the wild waves, as they roar,  
 "With watchful eye, and dauntless mien,  
 "Thy steady course of honour keep,  
 "Nor fear the rocks nor seek the shore:  
 "The star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
 "And gilds the horrors of the deep."

## MISCELLANIES.

## A LONG STORY.

## Advertisement.

*Mr. GRAY's Elegy, previous to its publication, was handed about in MS. and had, amongst other admirers, the Lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house at Stoke Pogis. The performance inducing her to wish for the Author's acquaintance, Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to introduce her to it. These two ladies waited upon the Author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided, and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humorous and lively account of it which the Long Story contains.*

**I**N Britain's isle, no matter where,  
 An ancient pile of building stands\*;  
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
 Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands.

\* The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic man-

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

Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave 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 satin 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 versifying 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 silks and tissues.

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.

ners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

\* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls were a sort of figure dance then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles.

† The reader is already apprised who these ladies were: the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza.

The other Amazon kind heav'n  
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire !  
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,  
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air....  
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;  
Melissa is her *nom du guerre*;  
Alas! who would not wish to please her?

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

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 prowld the country far and near,  
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,  
Dry'd 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 manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task ;  
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,  
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,  
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,  
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,  
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,  
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

\* I have been told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name, yet surely without any great reason.



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

Into the drawers and china pry,  
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!  
Under a tea-cup he might lie,  
Or creas'd like dog's-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 Rumour says; (who will believe?)  
But that they left the door a-jar,  
Where safe, and laughing in his sleeve,  
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy: he little knew  
The power of magic was no fable;  
Out of the window whisk they flew,  
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,  
The Poet felt a strange disorder;  
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,  
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,  
The pow'rful pot-hooks did so move him,  
That will-he, nill-he, to the great house  
He went as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,  
For folks in fear are apt to pray)  
To Phœbus he preferred his case,  
And begg'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 sat, 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,  
 (Styack\* has often seen the sight)  
 Or at the chapel-door stand sentry;

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 peeress comes: the audience stare,  
 And doff their hats with due submission;  
 She curt'sies, as she takes her chair,  
 To all the people of condition.

The bard with many an artful fib  
 Had in imagination fenc'd him,  
 Disprov'd the arguments of Squib †,  
 And all that Groom ‡ could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him  
 When he the solemn hall had seen ;  
 A sudden fit of ague shook him;  
 He stood as mute as poor Macleanell.

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 penn'd a sonnet,  
 "Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon:  
 "Numbers would give their oaths upon it,  
 "He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

\* The housekeeper.

† The steward.

‡ Groom of the chamber.

§ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

The ghostly prudes, with hagged \* face,  
 Already had condemn'd the sinner:  
 My Lady rose, and with a grace—  
 She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner †.

“ Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,  
 “ Why, what can the Viscountess mean!”  
 Cry'd the square hoods, in woeful fidget;  
 “ The times are alter'd quite and clean!

“ 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.

### ELEGY.

*Written in a Country Church-Yard.*

THE curfew tolls‡ the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

\* Hagged, *i. e.* the face of a witch or hag. The epithet *hagard* has been sometimes mistaken as conveying the same idea, but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an Hagard.

† Here the story finishes; the exclamation of the ghosts, which follows, is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 stanzas said to be lost, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expostulation.

‡ ——— squilla di lontano  
 Che paila'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

*Dante, Purgat. l. 8.*

Now fades the glimm'ring 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 moping 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 strill 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 housewife ply her ev'ning care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the env'y'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle 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 aisle 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 ecstasy 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 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 learn'd to stray;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

\* This part of the Elegy differs from the first copy. The following stanza was excluded with the other alteration.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores 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;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes \* live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the 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 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 listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,  
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

\* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,  
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi  
Rimaner droppo noi pien di faville.

*Petrarch, Son. 160.*

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
 " Now drooping, woeful wan! 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 due, in sad array,  
 " Slow thro' the churchway-path we saw him borne:  
 " Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn †."

## THE EPITAPH.

**H**ERE 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 recompense 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 further 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.

\* Mr. Gray forgot, when he displaced, by the preceding stanza, his beautiful description of the evening haunt, the reference to it which he had here left:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,  
 While o'er the heath we hy'd, our labour done,  
 Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,  
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

‡ In the early editions the following lines were added, but the parenthesis was thought too long:

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
 By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found;  
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

‡ ——— Paventosa speme. *Petrarch*, Son. 114.

## EPITAPH

## ON MRS. MARY CLARKE \*.

**L**O! where this silent marble weeps,  
 A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;  
 A heart, within whose sacred cell  
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell;  
 Affection warm, and faith sincere,  
 And soft humanity were there.  
 In agony, in death resign'd,  
 She felt the wounds she left behind.  
 Her infant image here below  
 Sits smiling on a father's woe,  
 Whom what awaits while yet he strays  
 Along the lonely vale of days?  
 A pang to secret sorrow dear,  
 A sigh, an unavailing tear,  
 Till time shall every grief remove,  
 With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

## TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

**T**HIRD in the labours of the disk came on,  
 With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;  
 Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,  
 By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate, }  
 That to avoid, and this to emulate.  
 His vig'rous arm he tried before he flung,  
 Brac'd all his nerves and every sinew strung,  
 Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,  
 Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;  
 The orb on high, tenacious of its course,  
 True to the mighty arm that gave it force,  
 Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see  
 Its ancient lord secure of victory:

\* This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom,  
 died April 27th, 1757, and is buried in the church of Beck-  
 enham, Kent.



The theatre's green height and woody wall  
Trembles ere it precipitates its fall ;  
The pond'rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,  
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.  
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,  
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock,  
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,  
And parting surges round the vessel roar ;  
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,  
And scarce Ulysses 'scap'd his giant arm.  
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,  
With native spots and artful labour gay,  
A shining border round the margin roll'd,  
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

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## GRAY OF HIMSELF.

**T**OO poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,  
He had not the method of making a fortune ;  
Could love and could hate, so 'twas thought something  
odd ;  
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God :  
A post or a pension he did not desire,  
But left church and state to Charles Townsend and  
Squire.

THE END.