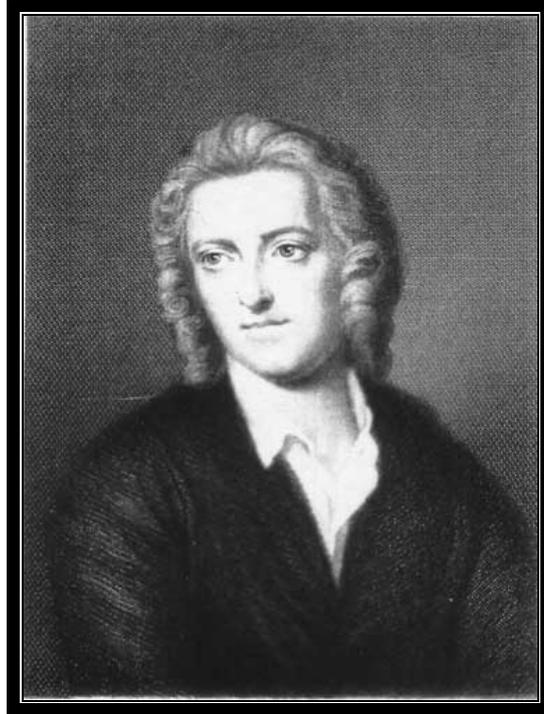


# Thomas Gray



Thomas Gray (1716-1771)

He was born in Cornhill, London, the son of an exchange broker and a milliner. He was the fifth of eight children and the only child in his family to survive infancy. He lived with his mother after she left his abusive father. He was educated at Eton College where his uncle was one of the masters. He recalled his schooldays as a time of great happiness, as is evident in his Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Gray was a delicate and naturally scholarly boy who spent his time reading great literature and avoiding athletics. It was probably fortunate for the young and sensitive Gray that he was able to live in his uncle's household rather than at college. He made three close friends at Eton: Horace Walpole, son of Prime Minister Robert Walpole, Thomas Ashton, and Richard West. The four of them prided themselves on their sense of style, their sense of humour, and their appreciation of beauty.

In 1734, Gray went to Cambridge. At first he stayed in Pembroke College, moving to Peterhouse, but he found the curriculum dull. He wrote letters to his friends listing all the things he disliked: the masters ("mad with Pride") and the Fellows ("sleepy, drunken, dull, illiterate Things.")

# Poetry for the family

Thomas Gray

## Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

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

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

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
The 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 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 housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied 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,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,  
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,  
Where through 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 waked 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 history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through 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.

Yet ev'n 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;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

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

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,  
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the 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 noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed 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 through the church-way path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:'

#### THE EPITAPH

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

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heav'n did a 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 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.

#### **Hymn to Adversity**

Daughter of Jove, relentless Power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
The Bad affright, afflict the Best!  
Bound in thy adamantine chain  
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple Tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, designed,  
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 bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go  
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;  
By vain Prosperity received,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed  
Immersed 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,  
Not 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 On A Distant Prospect Of Eton College**

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's height th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,  
Ah fields beloved in vain,

Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
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 soothe,  
And, redolent of 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 labors play  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty:  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry:  
Still as they run they look behind,  
And hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possessed;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast:  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever-new,  
And lively cheer of vigor 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 today:  
Yet see how all around 'em wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
Ah, show them, where in ambush stand

To seize their prey the murth'rous band!  
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that 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-visaged 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's altered eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

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 every laboring 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,  
Condemned 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 On The Death Of A Favourite Cat

Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

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

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The genii of the stream:  
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:  
A whisker first and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent  
Again she stretched, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled)  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mewed to every watery god,  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;  
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;  
A favorite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold.  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
Nor all that glisters, gold.

## Ode On The Pleasure Arising From Vicissitude

Now the golden Morn aloft  
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft  
She woos 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 skylark warbles high  
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;  
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,  
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,  
Rise the rapt'rous choir among;  
Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,  
And leads the general song:

Yesterday the sullen year  
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;  
Mute was the music of the air,  
The herd stood drooping by:  
Their raptures now that wildly flow,  
No yesterday, nor morrow know;  
'Tis man alone that joy descries  
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  
Or 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.

Humble Quiet builds her cell,  
Near the source whence Pleasure flows;  
She eyes the clear crystalline well,  
And tastes it as it goes.

### **Ode On The Spring**

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Fair Venus' train appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
And wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the 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  
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)  
How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the great!

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

And float amid the liquid noon:  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show 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,  
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.

### **Sonnet on the Death of Mr Richard West**

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire:  
The birds in vain their amorous 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 the 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.

## The Bard

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!  
Confusion on thy banners wait,  
Tho' fanned by Conquest's crimson wing  
They mock the air with idle state.  
Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor even 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.  
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:  
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

### I.2

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Robed 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, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,  
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breath;  
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
To high-born Hoßl's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

### 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-top'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 country's cries--  
No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
On yonder cliffs, a griesly 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.  
Give ample room, and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.  
Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-eccho 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 Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait!  
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

#### II.2

Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable Warriour fled?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.  
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide 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 evening-prey.

#### 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 destined course,  
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
Ye Towers 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,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:  
The bristled Boar in infant-gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

### III.1

Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
(Weave 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, unpitied, here to mourn:  
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height  
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?  
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,  
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!  
No more our long-lost Arthur 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 lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,  
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.  
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
What strains of vocal transport round her play!  
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, 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 Horrour, 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 scept'red 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.

### **The Curse Upon Edward**

WEAVE the warp, and weave the woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.  
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 Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!  
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

Mighty Victor, mighty Lord!  
Low on his funeral 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 noon tide 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 evening prey.

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 havoc urge their destined course,  
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
Ye Towers 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,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:  
The bristled boar in infant-gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.  
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.)

### **The Fatal Sisters**

Now the storm begins to lower,  
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepares!)  
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower  
Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glittering 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, dipped 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, javelins sing,  
Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
Hauberk crash, 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 through the ensanguined 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 the dangers 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,  
Gored with many a gaping wound;  
Fate demands a nobler head;  
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin 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, through each winding vale  
Far and wide the notes prolong.

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

### **The Progress of Poesy**

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:  
The laughing flowers 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.

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 curbed the fury of his car,  
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:  
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Tempered to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed 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.

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 giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?  
Night and all her sickly dews,  
Her sceptres 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.

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 shivering 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-cinctured 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.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,  
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Maeander's amber waves  
In lingering lab'riths creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around;  
Ev'ry shade and hallowed fountain  
Murmured 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 Power,  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, Oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.  
"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."

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.  
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:  
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah! 'tis heard no more -  
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit  
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air:  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues, unborrowed 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.