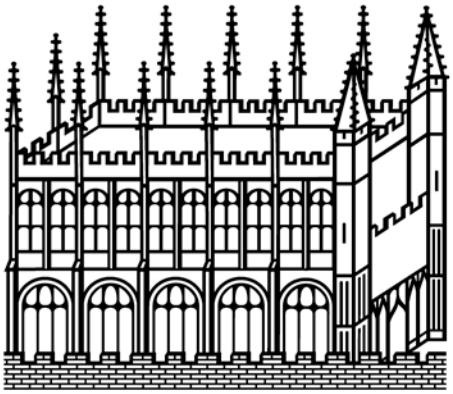

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EDINBURGH:

THOMAS LAURIE, 38 COCKBURN STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

NOTE.

In this little work the editor has gratefully availed himself of numerous sources, besides all the recognised editions of the Poetical Works of Gray. But he willingly acknowledges special obligation to the contemporary commentaries of Mason and Jacob Bryant, as also to the modern editions of the Rev. R. A. Wilmott and the Rev. G. Gilfillan, and more specially to the commentaries of Gray himself upon the respective Odes, and which have, for the most part, been quoted literally. It will readily be seen that the editor does not aim at undue philological research or critical acumen, his editorial standpoint being that of a practical educationalist.

W. S. R.

Edinburgh, *Jan.* 1870.

CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS GRAY was one in a family of eleven. He was born in Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716. His father was an exchange-broker, and of a peculiarly fierce and obstinate temper; but his mother, who died in her seventieth year, seems to have had little in common with her headstrong husband, and through his entire life she continued to be enshrined among the most tender sympathies in the heart of Thomas, the most illustrious of her sons. At an early age the future poet was sent to Eton, but there he evidenced few auguries of his future eminence. He was of a timid retiring nature, which rendered him unpopular with his classfellows, full of the boisterous romping incident to schoolboys. In 1734 he was sent to Cambridge. But university life proved to him extremely dull and distasteful. He left Cambridge in 1738, and returned to his father's house in Cornhill. Next year we find him on the continent in the capacity of tutor to the son of Sir Robert Walpole. Here, for the first time, he seems to have enjoyed life with any degree of zest and rapture, as evidenced by letters to his mother and literary friends. In September 1741, the poet again returned to England. His father had died during his absence, and his aged mother was husbanding her remaining property, in comparative poverty and neglect, in the house of a widowed sister at Stoke, near Windsor. In

1742 he returned to Cambridge, and took the degree of Bachelor in Civil Law, thus having "got half-way up to the top of jurisprudence." But to the summit of "doctor" he never attained. In the spring of 1753 his mother was laid in the grave—one of the few ties which bound the soul of the poet to the world was wrenched away.

Gray was not free from the eccentricities which are generally accredited to be incident to the character of poet. We may mention, as an instance of this, that, about three years after the death of his mother, he attained to a ludicrous notoriety at Cambridge, on account of his constant apprehensions of fire. He commissioned his friend, the poet Warton, to obtain for him a rope-ladder, thirty feet long, with strong hooks to be attached to iron fastenings in the sill of the window. Moreover, it was to be constructed so as to be "easy to unroll, and not likely to entangle." Warton executed the commission. The news of Gray's rope-ladder soon spread over Cambridge, and some of the wilder spirits of the university gave the author of the "Bard" enough of fire-alarms, for the purpose of enjoying a joke over seeing him springing out of bed, and putting his rope-ladder to the test.

Depression of spirits was the great bane of the poet's life. In a letter written in 1757, he says, with affecting melancholy, "As to myself, I cannot boast at present either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending." On the death of Cibber, in 1757, the laureateship was offered to Gray; but his morose despondency was such that he declined the honour. In 1768 he accepted of the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, obtained for him through the influence of his friend the Duke of Grafton. Depression of spirits, want of resolution, and evidences of premature physical

decay, rendered his professor's chair the source of no happiness to himself, and of comparatively little benefit to the university. "It was, indeed, only autumn time, and frost and snow might not be expected until a distant winter; but some of the griefs of age already oppressed him. The sleepless night, the dull pain in the morning, the weight upon the chest, and other symptoms of disease, foretold the beginning of the end. For six years he had been unable to read with one eye, while the other was bewildered by floating spots. He was not to suffer a long sickness. The dart struck him in the College Hall, during dinner, July 24, 1771." And on the 31st of the same month the grand but melancholy spirit of Gray had gone to the "bosom of his Father and his God." By the side of his venerated mother, his ashes were laid to their long rest in the churchyard of Stoke.

Next to Milton, Gray has been pronounced the most learned poet that England has ever produced, although his knowledge of mathematics was of a limited order. The extreme cultivation of his taste and judgment have perhaps somewhat depreciated the vigorous native force of the poetic character. But his "Elegy" and the "Bard" are productions for all time to admire.

Besides "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" and the "Bard," the chief works of Gray are, "Ode to Eton College," "The Progress of Poesy," and Translations from various Languages.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

["The churchyard of Stoke inspired the poem. The ivied tower, the rugged elms, the dark yew tree, and the mouldering turf, still freshen and apply the moral of the verse. A calm evening of summer in that green sleeping-place is the best commentary on the text. Then the swallow dives and twitters; the sheep-bell tinkles down the lanes, fragrant with wild violets; and across the boughs the gleam of cattle breaks and vanishes. Tall fir-trees, wreathed with ivy, make a verdurous wall about the church. There Gray loved to linger." The curfew of the first line has been identified with the great bell of St Mary's, and other churchyards besides that of Stoke have of course laid claim to having suggested the Elegy. There is an ivy-mantled tower at Upton, and Granchester and Madingly, two delightful villages in the vicinity of Cambridge, each boasts of possessing the country churchyard of the celebrated Elegy. The original cast of the poem contained three stanzas, which were subsequently elided by the poet himself at the dictation of his keenly-fastidious taste. The stanzas are as follows :—

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

"Him have we seen, the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
What time the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

"There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."]

THE curfew [1] tolls the knell [2] of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

[1] French, *couvre-feu, cover-fire.* The custom of ringing the curfew-bell every night at eight o'clock, was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. Its ostensible purpose was the suppression of treason and sedition; but it was also a security against the accidental breaking out of fire in the wooden residences of the age.

[2] Welsh *cnil.* A.S. *cnyllan,* to ring.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,[1]
Save[2] where the beetle wheels his droning[3] flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,[4]
Molest her ancient solitary reign.[5]

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves[6] the turf in many a mouldering[7] heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,[8]
The rude[9] forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering[10] from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.[11]

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;[12]
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

1 A solemn stillness holds all the air. The Latin *tenet* expresses the force of the verb in this passage.

2 Used adverbially and equal to *except*.

3 An onomato-poëtic word.

4 A.S. *bur*, a place of retirement.

5 Here the place reigned over. Latin *regnum*, French *royaume*.

6 Where the turf rises in many a mouldering heap. A.S. *hebban*, hence heaven—that which is raised above the earth.

7 A translation of the Latin *putris*, so often applied by Virgil to the clod or glebe. Parnell's "crumbling," used in a similar passage, is exactly equivalent.

8 The poet has now finished his descriptive introduction, and proceeds to awaken *human* interest.

9 *Uneducated*, not necessarily *boorish*.

10 Onomato-poëtic.

11 Not metaphorical.

12 The object of the care, *i.e.*, *task*.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund [1] did they drive their team a-field ! [2]
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition [3] mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur [3] hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals [4] of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await like the 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 [5] vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied [6] urn, or animated bust,[7]
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery 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 swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

1 Joyously. Latin *jocus*, a jest.

2 To the field. Compare ashore, afoot.

3 The abstract for the concrete. The ambitious, the great are meant.

4 Latin *annales*, primarily records of events classified by years ; afterwards simply history.

5 A.S. *fretan*, to eat, or rub away.

6 Here, as in Milton's " And storied windows richly dight," it signifies *inscribed with story*. Another and more usual meaning is, *celebrated in story*.

7 So true to nature as to seem endowed with life.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,[1]
And froze the genial current of the soul.

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

Some village Hampden,[2] 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.

The applause of listening senates to command,[3]
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling [4] land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes [5]

Their lot forbade: [6] nor circumscribed alone
Their growing 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,[7]
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,[7]
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride [7]
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

1 Noble impulses and aspirations.

2 The distinguished patriot, in the reign of Charles I.

3 This clause is grammatically under the government of "Their lot forbade."

4 Is here ambiguous. It may mean *fruitful* metaphorically; is literally, receiving benefits *with grateful smiles.*

5 To leave such a history of their own deeds as shall be read by the nation.

6 Each line in the previous stanza is a noun clause, governed in the objective by *forbade.*

7 Governed in the objective by *forbade.*

Far from the madding[1] crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour[2] of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still[3] erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the 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 resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious[4] 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,[5] who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance,[6] 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.[7]

1 The present participle of the old intransitive verb *to mad*,—the modern expression *to be mad*.

2 Latin *teneo*, to hold. Tenour signifies continuous course, or career.

3 Yet existing.

4 Latin *pius*. *Pious drops* are tears prompted by affection, and *due* from a friend.

5 As to thee. The poet here addresses himself. 6 Perchance.

7 See note 1, p. 29.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,[1]
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore[2] upon the brook that babbles[3] by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite 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 churchway 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 frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) 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.

[1] The roots of an old beech frequently join the trunk a considerable height above the level of the ground. The "brook" may, in this instance, have worn away a quantity of the earth from the roots.

[2] Gaze intently, connected with *peer*.

[3] Another instance of onomato-pœïa. Compare *droning*, *twittering*.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[The rude music of a Welsh harper in the streets of Cambridge suggested to Gray the idea which eventually developed itself into this truly excellent lyric. It is founded on a tradition of Wales, that Edward I., while engaged in conquering the country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. The original plan of the work is thus recorded in one of the author's common-place books: "The army of Edward, as they march through a deep valley (and approach Mount Snowdon), are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure, seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race; and, with prophetic spirit, declares that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and the men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot." King Edward's vengeance upon the bards is said to have been aroused by his recognising that they tended to stimulate the warlike spirit of the Welsh mountaineers, and to incite them to offer a determined resistance to the invading armies of England.]

I. 1.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.[1]
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,[2]
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"[3]

1 "Mocking the air with colours idly spread."—"King John," act v., scene 1.

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

3 Cambria, the ancient name of Wales.

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride [1]
Of the First Edward scattered wild dismay.
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side [2]
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster [3] stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer,[4] and couched his quivering lance.

I. II.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard [5] eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor, to the troubled air),[6]
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,
Sigh 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." [7]

1 "The crested adder's pride."—Dryden's "Indian Queen."

2 Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri (Crags of the Eagles); it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

3 Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, son-in-law to King Edward.

4 Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

5 O. E., *hauk*, hawk, and affix ard.; literally, wild as the eyes of an untamed falcon or hawk.

6 "Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."—*Milton.*

7 Hoel, son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and brother of David and Madoc. His extant poems have been translated by Southey. Llewellyn, a Welsh prince, ally of Simon de Montfort in his rebellion against Henry III. Llewellyn offered a brave resistance to Edward I., but was slain in 1282. His head was subsequently exposed on the Tower.

I. III.

Cold is Cadwallo's [1] tongue,
That hushed the stormy main :
Brave Urien [1] sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain.
Modred [1] whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's [2] shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale ;
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famished 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. I.

" 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, through Berkley's roof that ring,[3]
Shrieks of an agonising king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,[4]

1 Ancient Welsh Bards.

2 The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite the Isle of Anglesey.

3 Edward II., cruelly murdered in Berkley Castle in 1327.

4 Isabel of France, Edward's second wife, who, in conjunction with her favourite Roger Mortimer, is accredited with having accomplished the murder of her royal husband.

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 combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. II.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies![1]
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?[2]
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,[3]
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, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. III.

"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.[4]
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,

[1] Death of Edward II., abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

[2] Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before his father.

[3] Magnificence of the reign of Richard II. (See *Froissart*, and other contemporary writers.)

[4] Richard II. starved to death in Pontefract Castle in 1400.

And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.[1]
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,[2]
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith,[3] his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.[4]
Above, below, the rose of snow,[5]
Twined with her blushing foe we spread ;
The bristled boar[6] in infant gore[7]
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.[8]
(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, 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 Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

1 In allusion to the wars of the Roses, 1455–1485.

2 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 the structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

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

4 Henry VI., very near being canonised. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

5 The white and red Roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

6 The Silver Boar was the badge of Richard III., whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

7 In allusion to the murder of the deposed boy King Edward V. and his brother Richard in the Tower, 1483.

8 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, Eaddington, Waltham, and other places.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur[1] we bewail,
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail ![2]

III. II.

"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,[3]
Attempered 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 ;[4]
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings.

III. III.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love,[5]
And Truth severe by fairy picture drest.

[1] The celebrated King Arthur of the Cymri. For ages the Welsh could not reconcile themselves to the idea that he was dead, but believed that he had been translated to Faëryland, from which he would return to avenge their wrongs.

[2] 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.

[3] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says : "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie cheekes."

[4] Taliessin (shining forehead), chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

[5] "Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralise my song."—*Spenser*.

In buskined measures move,[1]
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub choir,[2]
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen in my ear,[3]
That lost in long futurity expire.
Proud impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched 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 plunged to endless night.

[1] Shakespeare. [2] Milton.
[3] The succession of poets after Milton's time.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

["NOONTIDE" was the original title of this ode in the author's M.S. It is supposed to be the first of a projected series of three idyls, the two meditated, but never written, being *Morning* and *Evening*. The title, *Ode on the Spring*, was attached to the piece at the suggestion of the author's friend and biographer, Mason. The ode was composed at Stoke in the June of 1742, and a copy of it was at once despatched by Gray to his soul-fellow West. In due time the letter, with the ode enclosed, was returned unopened; West was dead: the eyes that should have looked upon the ode were blinded in the dust of the grave.]

Lo![1] where the rosy-bosomed[1] Hours,[1]
Fair Venus' train, appear;
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year![2]
The Attic warbler[3] pours her throat,[3]
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

[1] A.-S. *lo*, an abbreviation of look. *Rosy-bosomed*, evidently a translation of ῥοδόκολπος, an ephithet applied to Eunomia. *Hours*, the divisions of the ancient year being spring, summer, and winter, these three seasons became identified with the Ὧραι, with *three* sisters, the daughters of Themis. Their names were respectively, Eunomia, Diké, and Eiréné.

[2] Gray evidently uses the word *purple* in the sense in which Virgil speaks of the *ver purpureum—i.e.*, in the sense of *bright* or *glistering*, which seems to have been a common acceptation of the word among the Latin poets. Horace speaks of *purple swans*, and Albinoranus of *purple snow*.

[3] The nightingale, called by the Latin poets *philomela* or *Attica avis*, from the bird's frequenting the groves around Athens. *Pours her throat*:—

"Is it for thee the linnet *pours her throat?*"—*Pope.*

Equivalent to pours all the music of her throat.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude [1] and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade ; [2]
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined 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 ; [3]
The panting herds repose :
Yet hark, how through 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 : [4]
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 [5] flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colour drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

1 Equivalent to the Latin *rudis*, signifying untrained.
2 An opening among trees.
3 Not personified—those whose lot is toiling care.
4 The *nare per æstatem liquidam* of the Georgics.
5 But, an adverb = only. A.S., *be-utam*.

Methinks I hear, in accents low, [1]
The sportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets, [2]
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.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

[THIS hymn was suggested by an ode of Dionysius to Nemesis, and, in common with all the productions of Gray, presents many evidences of classical affinity. The hymn, as also the Ode to Eton College, was composed in the August of 1742. The memory of West, who had died so recently, seems to cast a shadow of affecting melancholy over both productions.]

Ζῆνα . . .
τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ—
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.—*Æsch.* AGAM. 173-177.

DAUGHTER of Jove,[3] relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge [4] and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !

[1] It seems to me. A.S., *Thincan,* to seem. Compare German, *mir scheint;* Latin, *mihi videtur;* Greek, *φαίνεταί μοι.* The poet-moralist now makes his own life and aims the subject of his moralising, and the estimate formed of himself is put to the credit of the human insects which metaphorically "creep" or "fly," and which he has previously commented upon with pitying contempt.

[2] Gray was never married.

[3] Daughter of Jove. The Πάθος of the text, suffering tending toward wisdom.

[4] "Afflictions iron flail."—*Fletcher.*
"When the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour."—*Milton.*

Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants [1] vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before,[2] unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling [3] child, designed,
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 bad'st her know
And from her own she learned to melt at other's woe.[4]

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 [5] they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth,[6] and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb [7] arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,

1 The *purpurei tyranni* of Horace. Purple is the emblem of imperial power.

2 "Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."—*Milton.*

3 A.S. *dearling.* Diminutive of *deor*, dear.

4 "So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."—*Pope.*

5 An adverb. Frequently drops the affix *ly* in poetry, in common with words of this class.

6 Plight their troth. The A.S. *trewth*, and O.E. trouth, if not originally identical, have come to be synonymous terms:

"And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way."—*Shakspeare.*

7 Directly from the French *garbe*, but supposed to have an etymological connexion with gear.

And Melancholy,[1] silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general 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 chastening[2] hand!
Not in thy Gorgon[3] terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band[4]
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,[5]
With screaming Horror's funeral[6] cry
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign,[7] oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.

[1] Μέλας and χολή—Black-bile, primarily a physical disorder, but which has come to signify the characteristic of temperament which the disorder involves.

[2] Afflicting, literally making chaste.

[3] The name applies to the three terrible sisters of classical mythology whose snaky hair and countenances of repulsive horror transformed into stone every one who beheld them. Medusa, one of the three, was slain by Perseus, by the artifice of a mirror upon his shield, which enabled him, without looking upon, to decapitate her. He presented Pallas with the petrifying head, which she afterwards wore in the centre of her shield. Hence the poet's invocation, "Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad."

[4] The three Furies—Alecto, Tisiphonê, Megæra.

[5] Expression of the countenance. French, *mine;* German, *miene.*

[6] Funereal is the more usual adjective expression of the Latin *funestus,* fatal, deadly.

[7] *Bene-gigno,* good-natured.

The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,[1]
What others are to feel,[2] and know myself a man.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

[This ode, which appeared in "Dodsley's Miscellany" in 1747, was the first of Gray's poetical productions which attained to the dignity of print. After his return from the Continent with Walpole, whom he set out to visit at Windsor, the poet passed once more through the playgrounds of Eton, where the youth of the college were enjoying the light-hearted and boisterous pastimes of boyhood. In his soul there was a commingling of the vanished past and the boding future, and his own studious and careworn life cast a shadow of melancholy over the anticipated manhood of the happy youths upon the college green. The ode is a reflex of the poet's thoughts and emotions on that special occasion, embodied in pleasing and artistically polished, if not very strikingly vigorous and original verse.]

Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.
Menander.

Ye distant spires,[3] ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy[4] shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor heights the expanse below

[1] In the sense of to mark with accuracy.

[2] An English paraphrase of the *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto* of Terence.

[3] *Spira*, a screw—usually a steeple; anything tapering to a point. *Antique*, from the Latin *antiquus* or *anticus;* hence the double form, antique and antic, which have, however, come to be quite different in signification.

[4] Henry VI. founded Eton College, 1441. *Holy*, the same epithet is applied to the same personage in *The Bard* on account of his running a narrow escape of being elevated to the dignity of a saint.

Of grove, of lawn,[1] of mead [1] survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary [2] 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 [3] their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,[4]
And, redolent [5] of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.[6]

Say, father Thames,[7] for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly [8] race
Disporting [9] on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?

1 Originally the enclosed ground around a country mansion. *Mead*, abbreviation of meadow; supposed to be the original participle of the verb to mow.

2 A.S. *Har*. In classic poetry the river personified is always paternal and aged.

3 Afresh (A.S. *Ferse*), once again. "Ye have crucified the Lord *afresh*." Usual acceptation as an adjective, new, untainted.

4 The old spelling of soothe, retained to meet the exigencies of rhyme.

5 *Re-oleo*, I smell back, emitting smell.

6 The days of boyhood back again.

7 On this invocation Dr Johnson remarks, with forced and spurious wit, rather than criticism, "Father Thames had no better means of knowing than the poet."

8 Spirit-like, animated, lively.

9 Now nearly obsolete, except as a reflective verb. *Margent green*, "Mæander's margent green."—*Milton*. From Latin *margo*, the brink. Modern form, margin.

The captive linnet which enthral ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase [1] the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours [2] ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,[3]
And unknown regions dare descry : [4]
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest :
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom [5] health of rosy hue,
Wild [6] wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born :
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

1 The late Earl of Carlisle, an eminent pupil of Eton, objects to the hyper-puerility of the sports in which Gray represents the students as engaging. Certainly, to be depicted as *trundling a hoop*, a pastime of boys in the ante-breeches period of their life, is no special compliment to a Latin-cramming Etonian.

2 Reading half aloud.

3 Go beyond the boundaries of the play-ground. *Reign*, the *space* over which they hold dominion.

4 Discover.

5 A.-S. and O. E., *bocsum :* German, *biegsam*, seems originally to have signified *yielding*, pliant. It is now an adjective, signifying abounding in lusty health.

6 Untutored, free from conventional etiquette.

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 them wait
The ministers of human fate.
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band,
Ah, tell them they are men![1]

These shall the Fury-Passions tear,
The vultures[2] 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[3] gnaws the secret heart:
And Envy wan,[4] and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl[5] the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning[6] Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

[1] Human, and subject to the ills incident to humanity.

[2] In illusion to the classical fable of the vulture preying upon the vitals of Prometheus.

[3] Poetic for inwardly.

[4] A.-S., *wanian*, connected with *wane*.

[5] An onomatopoetic word.

[6] A.-S., *grinnian*, to distort the face.

Lo ! in the vale of years [1] beneath
A grisly [2] troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen : [3]
This racks [4] the joints, this fires the veins,
That very labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings ! all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan :
The tender for another's pain
The 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 [5] their Paradise :
No more :—where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

1 "Or, for I am declined into the vale of years."—*Shakspeare.*

2 A.-S., *grislic*, grayish, usually connected with associations of horror.

3 Death is made to follow the gender of the Latin *mors*.

4 One member of "the grisly troop." *Racks*, subjects to the torture of the rack, a mediæval instrument of punishment.

5 ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδὲν ἥδιστος βίος
ἕως τὸ χαίρειν καὶ τὸ λυπεῖσθαι μάθῃς.—*Sophocles.*

Which may be rendered—

For life is happiest ere thought is born,
Ere thou hast learned to triumph or to mourn.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

[THIS piece was written in the spring of 1747, at the request of Walpole, who capriciously wished to commemorate the death of a cat of his which had been accidentally drowned. As a rule, poems cannot, like boots, be made to order. One spontaneous impulse of the poetic soul is more effective inspiration than even a royal order for one hundred iambic feet of elegy. Fancy one of the first scholars in Europe, as Gray was, backing his Pegasus into harness to gallop up Parnassus in memory of a bandrons drowned in a tub. Burns might have managed such a drive with pathos, Wordsworth with interest, or Tom Hood with humour. But, of course, Gray dragged in his Nereids and other classical machinery (without which he could hardly move a single peg) to bear upon the subject of his cat-elegy—a few pedantic school-boy rhymes of incongruous nonsense. Gray himself was never pleased with the piece; Dr Johnson was *dis*-pleased with it, and its seems unlikely indeed that posterity shall reverse their judgment. The China vase in which feline Selima was drowned is still preserved at Knowsley, a seat of the Earl of Derby.]

'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 [1] of the stream.

[1] Singular, *genius*; tutelar spirit, guardian deity.

Their scaly armour's Tyrian [1] 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 [2] stirred,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
  A favourite 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.

[1] Purple ; the Latin *ostrum*, obtained from a shell-fish *murex*, found on the sea-coast near Tyre.

[2] The Nereids were sea-nymphs, fifty in number, daughters of Nereus.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his diary of a voyage to Shetland in 1814, makes mention of the stacks of Duncansby, near which the Caithness man saw the twelve gigantic females, who sung the following weird and terrible verses. Scott records that "a clergyman, while some remains of the Norse were yet spoken in North Ronaldsha, carried thither the translation of Gray, then newly published, and read it to some of the old people as referring to the ancient history of their islands. But as soon as he had proceeded a little way, they exclaimed they knew it very well in the original, and had often sung it to himself when he asked them for an old Norse song. They called it 'The Enchantress.'"

The following is Gray's note of explanation:—"In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went to Ireland with a fleet and a considerable body of troops to the aid of *Sigtryg with the silken beard*, who was then at war with his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his army were cut to pieces, and Sigtryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy suffered a greater loss by the death of Brian, 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 at full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women;[1] they were all employed about a loom, and as they wove, they sang 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." The original of the Fatal Sisters is supposed to have been written in the Norwegian about the year 1029.]

Now the storm begins to lower,[2]
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare),
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles[3] in the darkened air.

[1] The *Valkyrmir* (Choosers of the Slain) were female divinities, servants of Odin, in the Gothic mythology. They rode on swift horses, and had drawn swords in their hands, and in the throng of battle *selected such as were destined to slaughter*, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, 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.

[2] Danish *loeren*, to gather in a dark and threatening attitude; not connected with low.

[3] A not very euphonious and nearly obsolete world, having some affinity with the modern hustle and hurl.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's[1] woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play[2] below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles,[3] dipt 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,[4] see!
Join the wayward work to aid;
'Tis the woof[5] of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes[6] must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler[7] meet,
Hauberk[8] 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.

[1] Said to signify in old Gaelic, *island* of whales.

[2] Attached to keep the "strain" or tightness upon the threads. *Play*—Perform their part.

[3] Arrows; A.-S., *scafan*, to smooth as with a plane. *Shuttles*—Literally that which *shoots;* A.-S., *sceotan*, to shoot.

[4] Three of the Valkyrmir.

[5] Has affinity with *weave.*

[6] French, *pique*, a long wooden shaft with a steel head.

[7] French, *bouclier*, a shield with a projecting *bockle* or bos in the centre.

[8] See note 2 to "The Bard," p. 16. *Helm, ibid.*

As the paths of fate we tread,
  Wading through the ensanguined field,
Gondula and Geira [1] spread
  O'er the youthful king [2] your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
  Ours to kill, and ours [3] to spare,
Spite of danger he shall live.
  (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once the desert-beach
  Pent [4] within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch [5]
  O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl [6] is laid,
  Gored with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
  Soon a king shall bite the ground.[7]

Long his loss shall Eirin [8] 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.

1 Two more of the Valkyrmir.

2 "Sigtryg with the silken beard," mentioned in the introductory note.

3 It is ours. The *predicative* form of the pronoun.

4 Preterite of the verb to *pen*, in the sense of to coop up.

5 Paraphrase. Shortly those pent up in the bleak domain of the Shetland Isles, shall invade and extend their sway over certain of the fruitful plains of the mainland of Britain.

6 Sigard of the introductory note.

7 The poetic commonplace for death in battle.

8 Erin, the Erse name for Ireland.

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 tenour 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 VEGTANIS KIVATHA; OR, THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE.

[THIS is a vigorous and powerful ode; but perhaps a little too polished to be considered a very truthful reflex of the Norse Saga. The translation was made in 1769.]

UP rose the King of Men [1] with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed: [2]
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's [3] drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness [4] spied;
His shaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage filled,
Foam and human gore distilled:
Hoarse he bays, with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;

[1] Odin.

[2] Sleipner, a horse with eight legs.

[3] The goddess who presided over the nine concentric circles of ice which formed Nifiheim, the Scandinavian hell.

[4] Managazmar, the Cerberus of the Scandinavian mythology.

And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth before 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 traced the Runic[1] rhyme ;
Thrice pronounced in accents dread
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead ;[2]
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

Prophetess. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,[3]
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain.[4]
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,

[1] Three and nine have ever been cabalistic numbers in matters of demonology and incantation. *Runic*, belonging to the *runes* or Scandinavian letters. A.-S., *rûn ;* Norse, *runa*, meaning *mystery*.

[2] In the original, vallgaldr, from VALR—*mortuus*, dead, and galdr—*incantatio*, a charm.

[3] Spirit.

[4] A.-S., *drencan*, soaking, saturating.

For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.
Prophetess. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee :[1]
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of the Balder[2] bold :
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven !
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.
Prophetess. 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 the avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.
Prophetess. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
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 funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

[1] Mead (A.-S., *meth*), a drink prepared from honey, which the warrior shades in the Norse Valhalla, or heaven, are represented as drinking out of the skulls of the foemen they had slain in battle upon earth.

[2] Odin's son, who had dreamed of his own impending death. He was slain by Hoder, who afterwards fell by the hand of Vali, the son of Odin and Rhinda, c. 65.

Odin. Yet awhile my call obey ;
Prophetess,[1] awake, and say
What virgins[2] 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.

Prophetess. 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, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood !

Prophetess. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break iron-sleep again ;
Till Lok[3] has burst his tenfold chain ;
Never, till substanial[4] Night
Has reassumed her ancient right ;

[1] The Norse attached much deferential reverence to the office of prophetess so-called. The dress of one of these functionaries, as described in Eirik's Randa Sogn, is striking and peculiar. "She had on a large blue vest, spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb, lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with stones ; and was girt with a Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs, studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards."

[2] Probably the *Nornir* (or Parcæ), the dispensers of good destinies, named Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda. As their names signify time past, present, and future, it is probable that they were *always invisible to mortals.* Odin, then, by asking this question, betrays his godship to the prophetess. Hence her reply.

[3] 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 into the seas, and fire consume the skies ; even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish.

[4] Consonant with the ancient theory that all things originated from Night, and would return to it again.

Till, wrapped in flame, in ruin hurled,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE SELECTED FROM THE "GODODIN."

[MASON remarks upon these odes:—"Whoever compares Mr Gray's poetical versions with the literal translations shall be convinced that nothing of this kind was ever executed with more fire, and, at the same time, more judgment. He keeps up through them all the wild romantic spirit of the originals; elevates them by some well-chosen epithet or image when they flag, yet in such a manner as is perfectly congruous with the general idea of the poems; and if he either varies or omits any of the thoughts, they are only of that kind which, according to our modern sentiments, would appear vulgar or ludicrous." The "Gododin," from which this ode is extracted, is a Welsh epic poem of nearly one hundred stanzas. The subject is the battle of Cattraeth, and the warlike renown of ninety Cymric chiefs. The "Gododin" is by Aneurin, a Welsh bard, who flourished in the sixth century. Gray executed the translation about 1768.]

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's [1] squadrons hurled,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel,[2] died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He asked no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth arrayed,
He asked and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row
Thrice two hundred warriors go:

[1] One of the two divisions of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, the other being Bernicia.

[2] One of the Cymric heroes of Cattraeth.

Every warrior's manly neck
Chains[1] of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn ;
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[THIS ode was begun in 1754, and printed in 1757. On its appearance, critics and readers declaimed loudly against its involvement and obscurity; and, not without reason, suggested that the author should furnish them with notes of elucidation. Gray, to speak plainly, seems to have taken the pet over the matter. He is recorded to have exclaimed: "I would not have put another note for all the owls in London. It is extremely well as it is; nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied." Second thoughts are proverbially wise, and Gray eventually furnished notes, of which the present editor has, to some extent, availed himself. The ode has had its merits and demerits keenly canvassed by the multitude of critics who have measured it by their eminently diversified standards of literary excellence.]

φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων
χατίζει.—Pindar, OLYM. ii. 153.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,[2]
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

[1] The torque or collar of gold was a badge of distinction among the Celtic tribes.

"When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader."—*Moore.*

[2] Pindar calls his own poetry Αἰολίδες χόρδαι. It is to this Gray refers, not to the *Æolian harp.*

From Helicon's [1] 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 ;
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. II.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! [2] the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear [3] thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war [4]
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.

1 Famous in Greek and Latin song as the abode of the Muses. It is a mountain in Bœotia, in Greece. The *harmonious springs* of the poet are the two fountains, Hippocrene and Aganippe, the former on the eastern slope of Helicon, the latter on the western. They are called fountains of harmony, from the fact of their bestowing upon those who quaffed their waters poetic inspiration.

2 The first lyre was made from the shell of a tortoise. Compare Horace, Odes, iii. 2.

" Tuque testudo resonare septem
Callida nervis,
. . . . . .
Dic modos."

3 And consequently obey.

4 The Ἄρης of the Greeks, and generally identified with the Mars of the Roman mythology.

I. III.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,[1]
Tempered to thy warbled lay ;
O'er Idalia's [2] velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's [3] day
With antic [4] 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 [5] feet.
Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare :
Where'er she turns, the Graces [6] homage pay ;
With arms sublime, [7] 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. I.

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 !

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

2 Venus, the goddess of love and beauty. The name Idalia owes its origin to Idalium in Cyprus.

"Est Paphos Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera."—*Virgil.*

3 Also refers to Venus. She is so called from Cythera. (See note 7.)

4 Derived from the Latin antiquus, and applied primarily to anything old, and therefore likely enough to be strange. From meaning *strange*, it passed to *extravagant* and *ridiculous*.

5 An imitation of Homer's μαρμαρυγή.

6 The Graces or Charities were three in number—Aglaïa, Euphrosyne, Thalia.

7 Held above their heads.

The fond [1] complaint my song disprove
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly [2] dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's [3] march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.[4]

II. II.

In climes [5] 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 odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured [6] chiefs, and dusky loves. [7]
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous Shame,
The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. III.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's [8] steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,

1 Signifies foolish as well as loving. The former meaning is the most suitable here.

2 As well as its more common signification, it implies causing sickness. It is used in this sense in this passage.

3 A frequent Homeric epithet of the sun.

4 The beams of the rising sun are hostile to night.

5 The polar regions.

6 Wearing a belt adorned with feathers.

7 Dark-skinned brides or sweethearts.

8 A town in Phocis in Greece, famous as containing the oracular shrine of Apollo.

Fields that cool Ilissus[1] laves
Or where Mæander's[2] amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound;
Till the sad Nine[3] in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus[4] for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,[5]
And scorn Vice,[6] 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[7] laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother[8] 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:

1 A river of Athens. The Kephisus was the name of the sister stream, and both are frequently referred to in Grecian poetry and history.

2 A river of Phrygia and Cara. From the winding course of this river, the proper name has been naturalised into English, and changed with a verb descriptive of "Motion in flexures."

3 The nine Muses.

4 A mountain in the neighbourhood of Delphi, and one of the most favoured haunts of the Muses. *Latian Plains*—Refers to Rome and its poets. The brightest names in Roman song flourished at a period long after the Muse had forsaken Greece.

5 The government of Rome under the Emperors.

6 Greece after her subjection to Rome.

7 Shakspeare.

8 Δημήτηρ (Dêmeter), Cybele, the goddess of earth and of nature.

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. II.

Nor second he,[1] that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the 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[2] of ethereal race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

III. III.

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[3] bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:

1 Milton, the poet, represents him as equal, not inferior, to Shakspeare.

2 The two lines of the heroic couplet.

3 Pindar, see "Olymp." ii. 159. Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον. Pindar compares himself to an eagle, and his enemies to ravens, that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise.

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.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

FROM THE WELSH.

[The hero of the ode was king of North Wales from 1120 to 1137. This translation was also rendered about the year 1769. The conflict described in the text is the battle of Tal y Moelvre, which was fought about 1157. The original is by a bard of the name of Gwalchmai.]

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's[1] shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big[2] with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin[3] hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin[4] ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

1 North Wales.
2 Pregnant.
3 See note 8, p. 37.
4 Denmark.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-Son [1] of Mona stands ;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din ;
Talymalfra's [2] rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.

Checked by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai [3] rolls his flood ;
While, heaped his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.[4]
Where he points his purple [5] 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.

. . . . . .

1 The red dragon is the device of Cadwalladar. *Mona*, the island of Anglesey.

2 Tal y Moelvre of introductory note. The modern village of Moelfra.

3 Menäi, now noted for its tubular bridge.

4 Flash like flame.

5 From the stains of blood.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

IRREGULAR.

[This ode was written in honour of the occasion of the Duke of Grafton's being installed as Chancellor of Cambridge University. It was set to music by Dr Randall, and performed in the Senate House of the University on the 1st of June 1769. Concerning this production Gray wrote to his friend Beattie, author of "The Minstrel,"—"I thought myself bound, in gratitude to his Grace, unasked, to take upon me the task of writing these verses, which are usually set to music on this occasion. I do not think them worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single day." To say the least of it, this piece is fully entitled to take its place with the rest of Gray's Pindaric effusions; and although ostensibly composed to meet a temporary emergency, it bids fair with them to hold a long lease of the Future in the Republic of Letters.]

I.

"Hence, avaunt,[1] ('tis holy ground)
Comus[2] 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 bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train[3] in flowers.
Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean[4] day
Bursts on my ear the indignant lay:

[1] From the French, *avant*; *en avant!* forward!

[2] See Milton's "Comus," 103, when Comus himself talks of "midnight shout and revelry."

[3] Flattery is represented here as of human figure above, but the lower parts are those of a serpent.

[4] Of dazzling and unfading brilliancy. The word is derived from the Greek πῦρ, identical in origin and meaning with our "fire."

There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscovered 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 opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned 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[1] lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft wooed the gleam of Cynthia[2] silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy.[3]

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,[4] with the lilies on his brow

[1] The Cam.

[2] The moon, so called from Mount Cynthus, in Delos, the birthplace of Artemis or Diana, who is identified with the luminary of night, as her brother Apollo is with that of day.

[3] Every figure and idea in the above stanza is taken from Milton, especially from his "Il Penseroso."

[4] Edward III., who added the *fleur-de-lys* of France to the arms of England. To this the poet refers in "the lilies on his brow." He founded Trinity College.

From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, [1] on her bridal morn,
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare, [2]
And Anjou's heroine, [3] and the paler Rose, [4]
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry [5] there,
The murdered 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 [6] fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty poured,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's [7] 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?

1 Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Gray de *Chatillon*, Comte de St Paul in France. Tradition tells us that her husband, Audemar de Valentia (Aymer de Valence), Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She founded Pembroke College.

2 Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward I. Hence the ephithet *princely*. She founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

3 Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. She founded Queen's College.

4 The representative of the White Rose of York, as Margaret of Anjou was of the Red Lancastrian. Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV., is referred to.

5 *The murdered saint*, Henry VI. ; *the majestic lord*, Henry VIII. Henry VI. founded King's College ; Henry VIII. greatly enriched Trinity College.

6 The tutelar goddess of the University.

7 Duke of Grafton. (See Introductory Note.)

The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures 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 Margaret [1] see!
"Welcome, my noble son," (she cries aloud),
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleased in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace. [2]
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heaven's altar shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem [3]
To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refined
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil [4] wore, she brings
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,

1 Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. She founded St John's and Christ's Colleges.

2 For the other side of this picture of the Duke of Grafton, consult the letters of Junius.

3 Retiring and modest worth.

4 Cecil, Lord Treasurer; Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in Elizabeth's reign.

Submits the fasces [1] of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

"Through 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 ;[2]
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

[1] A bundle of rods tied together, with an axe in the centre; the emblem of supreme power, borne by the attendant lictors before the chief magistrates of Rome.

[2] Compare Horace, Ode ii., 10 :—

"Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo; neque dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum."

Which may be rendered thus :—

"Licinius, right your life will be,
Neither to rashly dare the sea,
Nor yet permit the tempest's roar
To chain you timid to the shore."

ANALYSIS.

Of all the means by which a literary education is attained, there is, perhaps, none more effective than Grammatical Analysis. In the hands of a skilful teacher nothing is better fitted to call forth the pupil's reasoning powers. As a species of mental calisthenics, it is to younger students what the higher mathematics is to those of maturer years. But, in addition to this, it necessitates the study of words in all their bearing, and leads, indirectly, but none the less surely, to a knowledge of the laws of composition, and, above all, to an intelligent appreciation of style and idiom. To this mental exercise Gray's "Elegy" and "Bard" are eminently adapted.

The accompanying scheme of analysis is believed to be sufficiently comprehensive, and at the same time sufficiently simple to be understood and intelligently applied by pupils of ordinary ability. The main objects aimed at are simplicity and clearness; the former has been secured by avoiding what several years' practical experience has proved to be the pupil's difficulty, viz., the indiscriminate use of the term "extension," used so as to include not only adverbial and attributive modifications, but even the object itself. For "extension" we have substituted "adjunct," attributive when joined to a noun or its equivalent; adverbial when joined to a verb. Instead of calling the object an "Extension of the Predicate," a title to which the subject might as justly lay claim, we have allowed it to retain its natural and familiar designation, and have treated it as a radical part of the sentence. An example of the *indirect* object will be found in Tables IV. and VI. The tabular form adopted will show at a glance that succinct compression is not incompatible with perspicuity. The double lines separate the principal parts of the sentence, Subject, Predicate, and Object, from each other; the single lines separate the adjuncts from the parts they respectively qualify.

EXAMPLES.

I.

SIMPLE SENTENCE.*

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjunct.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.	Principal sentence	Caves	The dark unfathomed of ocean	Bear.		Gem,	Full many a of purest ray serene.

* A sentence is called simple when it contains only one subject and one finite verb.

II.

COMPOUND SENTENCE.*

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,	Principal sentence A.	Curfew.	The.	Tolls.		Knell.	The of parting day.
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,	Principal sentence B, co-ordinate with A.	Herd.	The lowing.	Wind.	Slowly o'er the lea.		
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,	Principal sentence C, co-ordinate with A and B.	Ploughman.	The.	Plods.	Homeward.	Way.	His weary.
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.	Principal sentence D, co-ordinate with A, B, C.	Ploughman. (Understood.)	The. (Understood.)	Leaves.	To darkness and to me.	World.	The.

* A sentence is called compound when it contains two or more simple sentences co-ordinate with each other

III.

COMPLEX SENTENCE.*

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,	Principal sentence A.	Landscape.	The glimmering.	Fades.	Now on the sight.		
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,	Principal sentence B, coordinate with A.	Stillness.	A solemn.	Holds.		Air.	All the.
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,	Subordinate sentence C, adverbial to B.	Beetle.	The.	Wheels.	(Where).	Flight.	His droning.
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.	Subordinate sentence D, adverbial to B.	Tinklings.	Drowsy.	Lull.		Folds.	The distant.

* A sentence is called complex when, with only one Principal Subject and Predicate, it contains two or more finite verbs

IV.
COMPLEX SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
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."	Prin. sen. A.	Swain.	Some hoary-headed.	May say.	Haply.	"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."	
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.	Sub. sen. B. Noun sentence and object of A.	We.		Have seen.	Oft at the peep of dawn.	Him.	Brushing with hasty steps the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn. (Ind. Obj.)

V.

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Mighty victor, mighty lord, low on his funeral couch he lies.	Principal sentence A.	He.	Mighty victor, mighty lord.	Lies.	Low on his funeral couch.		
No pitying heart, no eye afford a tear to grace his obsequies.	Principal sentence B, coordinate with A.	Heart. } Eye. }	No pitying.	Afford.	To grace his obsequies.	Tear.	A.
Is the sable warrior fled?	Principal sentence C, coordinate with A and B.	Warrior.	The sable.	Is fled.			
Thy son is gone.	Principal sentence D, coordinate with A, B, C.	Son.	Thy.	Is gone.			
He rests among the dead.	Principal sentence E, coordinate with A, B, C, D.	He.		Rests.	Among the dead.		

I.

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
No more I weep.	Principal sentence A.	I.		Weep.	No more.		
They do not sleep.	Principal sentence B, co-ordinate with A.	They.		Do sleep.	Not.		
On yonder cliffs a grisly band I see them sit.	Principal sentence C, co-ordinate with A, B.	I.		See.		Them.	A grisly band.
They linger yet avengers of their native land.	Principal sentence D, co-ordinate with A, B, C.	They.	Avengers of their native land.	Linger.	Yet.		Sit on yonder cliffs (Ind. Obj.)
With me in dreadful harmony they join.	Principal sentence E, co-ordinate with A, B, C, D.	They.		Join.	With me in dreadful harmony.		
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.	Principal sentence F, co-ordinate with A, B, C, D, E.	They.		Weave.	With bloody hands.	Tissue.	The of thy line.

VII.

COMPLEX SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.	Prin. sent. A.	Ruin.		(May) seize.		Thee.	Ruthless king.
Confusion on thy banners wait.	Prin. sent. B, co-ordinate with A.	Confusion.		(May) wait.	On thy banners.		
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing, they mock the air with idle state.	Subordinate sent. C, Adverb. to B.	They.	Fanned by conquest's crimson wing.	Mock.	With idle state.	Air.	The
Helm shall not avail to save thy secret soul from nightly fears, &c.	Prin. sent D, co-ordinate with A, B.	Helm.		Shall avail.	Not. To save thy secret soul from nightly fears, &c.		
Nor hauberk's twisted mail, &c.	Prin. sent. E, co-ordinate with A, B, D.	Mail.	Hauberk's twisted.	Shall avail.	Not, &c.		
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, &c.	Prin. sent. F, co-ordinate with A, B, D, E.	Virtues.	Thy, tyrant.	Shall avail.	Nor even, &c.		

VIII.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
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.	Principal sentence A.	Poet.	The robed in the sable garb of woe, with haggard eyes.	Stood.	On a rock, whose haughty brow frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood.		
Whose haughty brow frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood.	Subordinate sentence B, adjective to rock.	Brow.	Haughty.	Frowns.	O'er old Conway's foaming flood.		
Loose his beard, and hoary hair, streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.	Principal sentence C, co-ordinate with A.	Beard. } Hair. }	His hoary.	Streamed.	Loose, like a meteor to the troubled air.		

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