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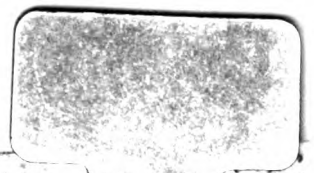
Gray's Elegy  
Illustrated by  
The Etching Club.



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*Klegyn*

WRITTEN

IN A

COUNTRY CHURCHYARD,

BY

*J. Gray.*

ILLUSTRATED

BY THE

ETCHING CLUB.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE ETCHING CLUB, BY J. CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.









BY ESPECIAL PERMISSION

**THIS WORK**

**IS HUMBLY DEDICATED**

**TO**

The QUEEN'S most excellent MAJESTY

**AND TO**

His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

**BY**

**HER MAJESTY'S DUTIFUL SUBJECTS AND SERVANTS,**

the Members of

**THE ETCHING CLUB.**









GRAY.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

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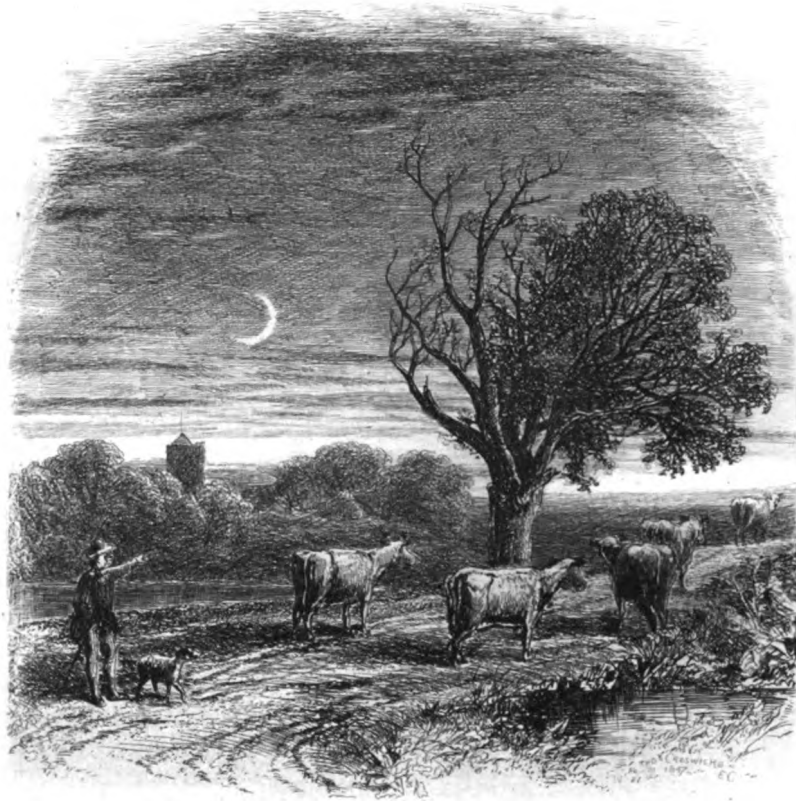




# ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

## COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



THE CURFEW TOLLS THE KNELL OF PARTING DAY,  
THE LOWING HERD WINDS SLOWLY OER THE LEA,  
THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS WEARY WAY,  
AND LEAVES THE WORLD TO DARKNESS AND TO ME.







GRAY'S ELEGY.

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 :



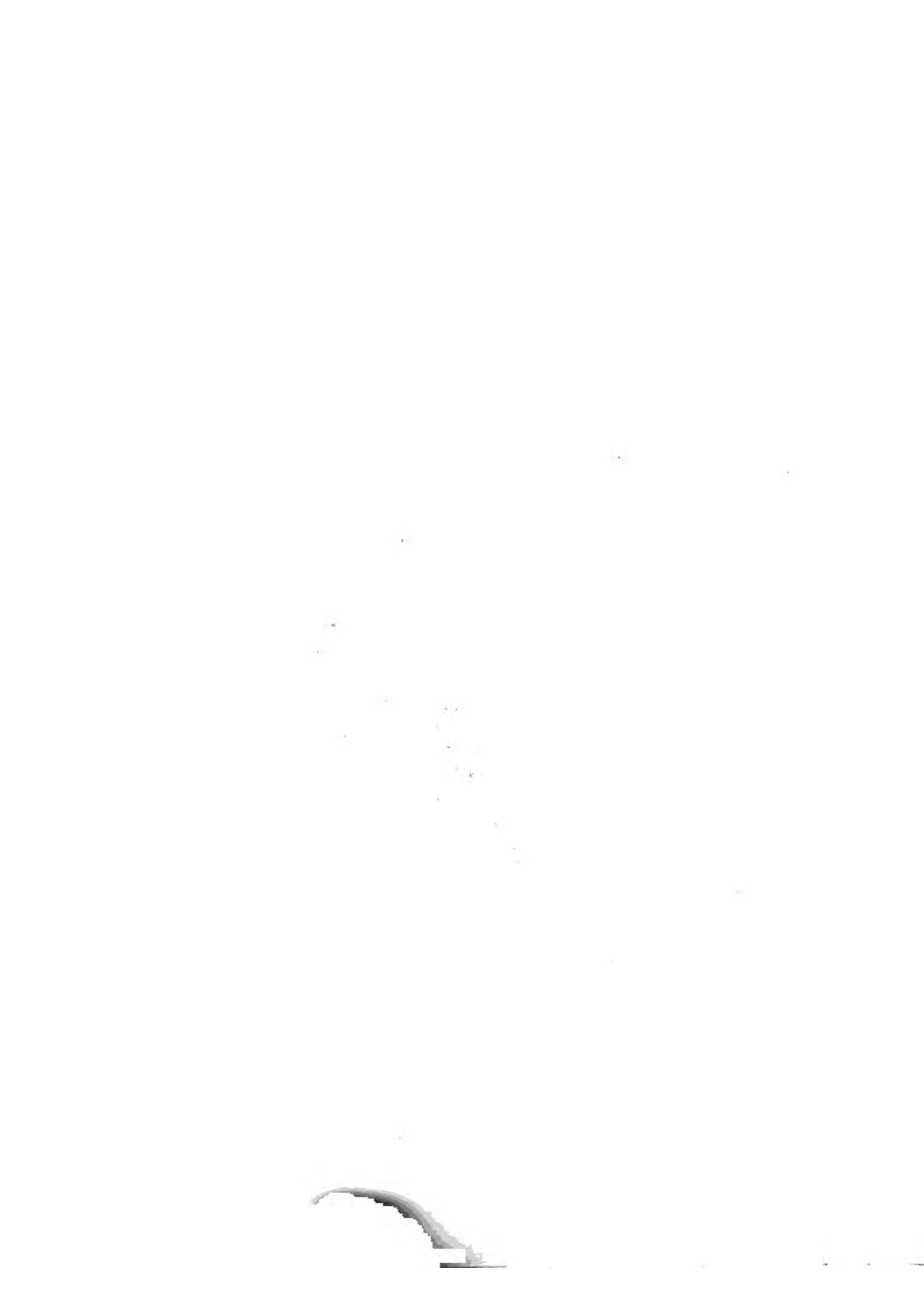
SAVE THAT FROM YONDER IVY MANTLED TOWER,  
THE MOPING OWL DOES TO THE MOON COMPLAIN  
OF SUCH AS, WANDRING NEAR HER SECRET BOW'R,  
MOLEST HER ANCIENT SOLITARY RLIGN.











GRAY'S ELEGY.

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.







GRAY'S ELEGY.



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.











GRAY'S ELEGY.



OFT DID THE HARVEST TO THEIR SICKLE YIELD,  
THEIR FURROW OF THE STUBBORN GLEBE HAS BROKE;  
HOW JOUCND DID THEY DRIVE THEIR TEAM A-FIELD!  
HOW BOW'D THE WOODS BENEATH THEIR STURDY STROKE!





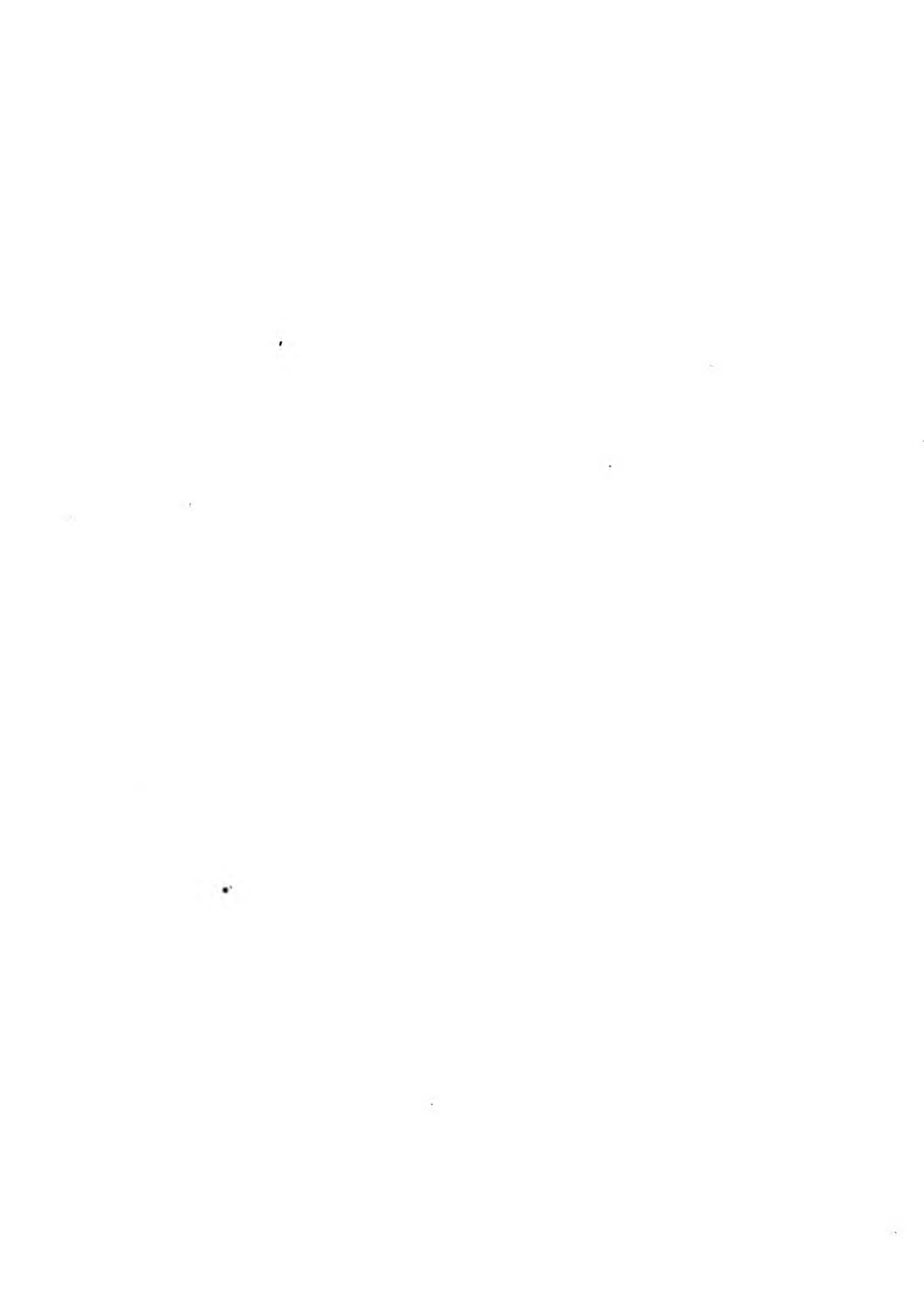
GRAY'S ELEGY.



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.









GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE BOAST OF HERALDRY, THE POMP OF POW'R,  
 AND ALL THAT BEAUTY, ALL THAT WEALTH E'ER GAVE,  
 AWAIT ALIKE TH' INEVITABLE HOUR.  
 THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT TO THE GRAVE.



NOR YOU, YE PROUD, IMPUTE TO THESE THE FAULT,  
 IF MEMORY O'ER THEIR TOMB NO TROPHIES RAISE,  
 WHERE THROUGH THE LONG-DRAWN ISLE AND FRETTED VAULT  
 THE PEALING ANTHEM SWELLS THE NOTE OF PRAISE.

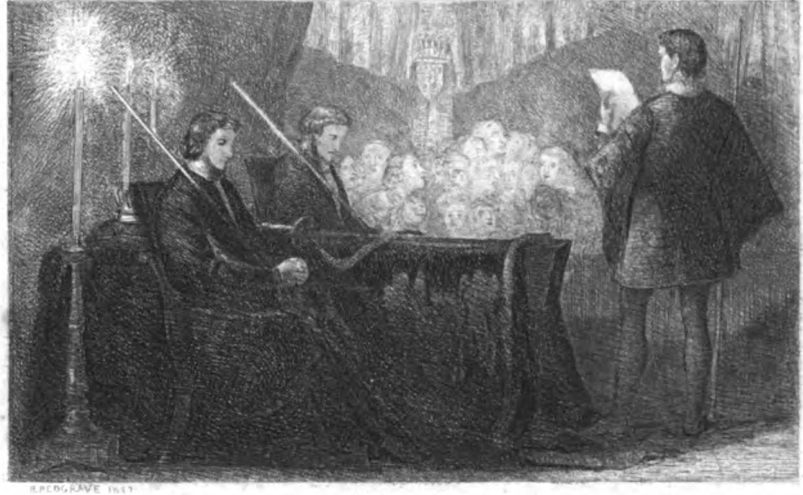








GRAY'S ELEGY.



CAN STORIED URN, OR ANIMATED BUST,  
 BACK TO ITS MANSION CALL THE FLEETING BREATH?  
 CAN HONOUR'S VOICE PROVORE THE SILENT DUST,  
 OR FLATT'RY SOOTHE THE DULL COLD EAR OF DEATH?

PERHAPS IN THIS NEGLECTED SPOT IS LAID  
 SOME HEART ONCE PREGNANT WITH CELESTIAL FIRE;  
 HANDS, THAT THE ROD OF EMPIRE MIGHT HAVE SWAY'D,  
 OR WAK'D TO EXTASY THE LIVING LYRE:









GRAY'S ELEGY.



BUT KNOWLEDGE TO THEIR EYES HER AMPLE PAGE  
RICH WITH THE SPOILS OF TIME DID NE’ER UNROLL;  
CHILL PLINY 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 BISH UNSEEN,  
AND WASTE ITS SWEETNESS ON THE DESERT AIR.











GRAY'S ELEGY.

SOME VILLAGE-HAMPDEN, THAT, WITH DAUNTLESS BREAST,  
THE LITTLE TYRANT OF HIS FIELDS WITHSTOOD,  
SOME MUTE INGLORIOUS MILTON HERE MAY REST,  
SOME CROMWELL GUILTLISS 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.







GRAY'S ELEGY.



THEIR LOT FORBAD: NOR CIRCUMSCRIB'D ALONE  
THEIR GROWING VIRTUES, BUT THEIR CRIMES CONFIND;  
FORBAD TO WADE THRO' SLAUGHTER TO A THRONE,  
AND SHUT THE GATES OF MERCY ON MANKIND.











GRAY'S ELEGY.



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.









GRAY'S ELEGY.

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 TENOUR 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.

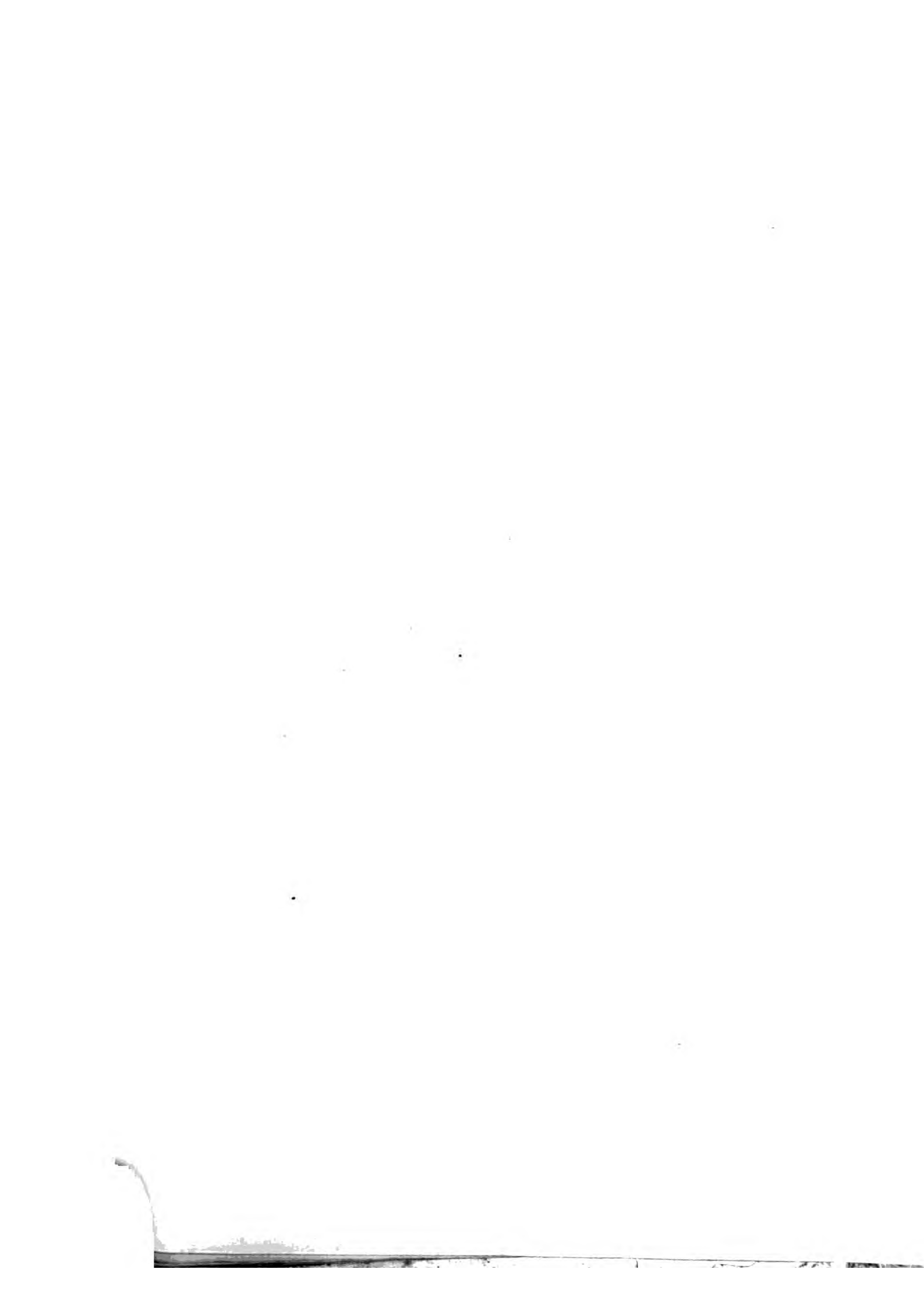
THEIR NAME, THEIR YEARS, SPELT BY TH' UNLETTER'D MUSE,  
THE PLACE OF FAME AND ELEGY SUPPLY:  
AND MANY A HOLY TEXT AROUND SHE STREWS,  
THAT TEACH THE RUSTIC MORALIST TO DIE.











GRAY'S ELEGY.

FOR WHO, TO DUMB FORGETFULNESS A PREY,  
THIS PLEASING ANXIOUS BEING E'ER RESIGN'D,  
LEFT THE WARM PRECINCTS OF THE CHEERFUL DAY,  
NOR CAST ONE LONGING LING'RING LOOK BEHIND?



ON SOME FOND BREAST THE PARTING SOUL RELIES,  
SOME PIOUS DROPS THE CLOSING EYE REQUIRES;  
E'EN FROM THE TOMB THE VOICE OF NATURE CRIES,  
E'EN IN OUR ASHES LIVE THEIR WONTED FIRES.

FOR THEE, WHO, MINDFUL OF TH' UNHONOUR'D DEAD,  
DOST IN THESE LINES THEIR ARTLESS TALE RELATE;  
IF CHANCE, BY LONELY CONTEMPLATION LED,  
SOME KINDRED SPIRIT SHALL ENQUIRE THY FATE, —







GRAY'S ELEGY.



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 WREATHS ITS OLD FANTASTIC ROOTS SO HIGH,  
 HIS LISTLESS LENGTH AT NOONTIDE WOULD HE STRETCH,  
 AND PORE UPON THE BROOK THAT BUBBLES BY.









GRAY'S ELEGY.



"HARD BY YON WOOD, NOW SMILING AS IN SCORN,  
MUTTERING HIS WAYWARD FANCIES HE WOULD ROVE;  
NOW DROOPING, WOFUL WAN, LIKE ONE FORLORN,  
OR CRAZ'D WITH CARE, OR CROSS'D IN HOPELESS LOVE.

"ONE MORN I MISS'D HIM ON THE CUSTOM'D HILL,  
ALONG THE HEATH, AND NEAR HIS FAV'RITE TREE;  
ANOTHER CAME; NOR YET BESIDE THE RILL,  
NOR UP THE LAWN, NOR AT THE WOOD WAS HE:





GRAY'S ELEGY.



"HARD BY YON WOOD, NOW SMILING AS IN SCORN,  
MUTTRING HIS WAYWARD FANCIES HE WOULD ROVE;  
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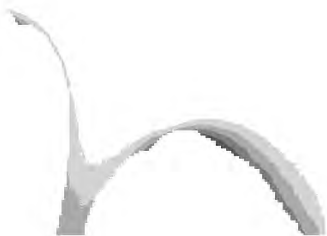




GRAY'S ELEGY.



"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  
 GRAY'D 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,  
HEAVEN DID A RECOMPENSE AS LARGELY SEND:  
HE GAVE TO MISRY (ALL HE HAD) A TEAR,  
HE GAIN'D FROM HEAVN ('T WAS ALL HE WISH'D) A FRIEND.  
NO FURTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,  
OR DRAW HIS FRILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE,  
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE.)  
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD.















