



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

1875

1875



The page contains several columns of extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the document. The text is scattered across the page and is not readable.

A

P A R O D Y

O N

G R A Y ' S E L E G Y.

B Y

A N O X O N I A N.



L O N D O N.

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by J. WHEBLE,
No. 22, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXVI.



A
P A R O D Y
O N

G R E Y's E L E G Y.

THE Bell now tolls the hour of closing gates,
With jarring found the porter turns the key,
He in his dreary mansion flumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it, tho' for me!

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And through the Cloysters peace and silence reign,
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or festive bowls inspire the jovial strain:

B

Save

Save that from yonder cobweb-mantled room,
 Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
 Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom,
 The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls where, through the glimm'ring shade,
 Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell till morning laid,
 The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
 The noisy servants rattling o'er their heads,
 The calls of business, and domestic cares,
 Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their drowsy beds.

No chatt'ring females crowd *their* social fire,
 No dread have *they* of discord or of strife;
 Unknown the names of husband or of fire,
 Unfelt the joys or *plagues* of married life.

Oft have *they* bask'd beneath these funny walls,
 Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight;
 How jocund still their looks when dinner calls,
 How smok the cutlets on their crouded plate!

But let not Temp'rance too disdainful hear
 How long their feasts, or computations last,
 Nor you, ye Fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
 On these *unmarry'd* men reflections cast.

The plenteous fortune, and the beauteous face,
 Themselves confess it, and their lives bemoan,
 Too oft' are won by scarlet and by lace:
 These sons of science shine in *black* alone.

Forgive, ye Fair, th' involuntary fault,
 If *these* no feats of gaiety display,
 Where, through proud Ranelagh's wide echoing vault,
 Melodious ***** trills her quav'ring lay.

Say

Say, is the sword well suited to the band?

Does 'broider'd coat agree with fable gown?
Should Dresden laces shade a *churchman's* hand?
Or Learning's vot'ries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps, indeed, ev'n *here* might yet be found,
Some who *have* mingled in light folly's train;
Some who *have* tripp'd in the fantastic round,
And join'd the light, the giddy, and the vain.

But Knowledge now has fill'd each vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils and Truth's exalted views;
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them fling all Females but the Muse.

Full many a lark, high tow'ring to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unnotic'd, gleams on high,
In yon bright galaxy that decks the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
 Rebellion's torrent shall, with zeal oppose;
 Some mute, untutor'd Lyttleton may rest,
 Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

Nor think that FORTUNE here is niggard grown,
 Since many a youth full *kindly* she confines;
 Forbids in Patriot's guise t' insult the throne,
 And hide, with Freedom's mask, the worst designs.

As *yet*, at least, far off from factious strife,
 They pass, in scientific lore, the day;
 Or, taste the joys of sweet convivial life,
 Or, with Apollo and the Muses stray.

Ev'n these, their books, from cobwebs to protect,
 Inclos'd by doors of glass, in Doric style;
 With fluted pillar rais'd, and bronzes deck'd,
 Implore the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft' are their authors names (tho' richly bound)
 Mis-spelt by rude mechanics want of care ;
 And many' a catalogue is strew'd around,
 To teach th' inquiring guest what books are there.

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting eyes,
 Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require ;
 For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
 And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For who, to stupid Ignorance a prey,
 E'er scorns such dear delights within these walls?
 Or who but wishes to prolong his stay,
 With longing, ling'ring looks, where science calls ?

For *thee*, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, with prying search, in future years,
 Some antiquarian shou'd inquire thy fate,

Haply

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,

And say ; ‘ Each morn’ unchill’d by frosts he ran,
With hose ungarter’d, o’er yon turfy bed,
To reach the chapel---ere the psalms began :

‘ There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high ;
At noon he quaff’d three glasses to the fair,
And por’d upon the news with curious eye.

‘ Now by the fire engag’d in serious talk,
Or mirthful converse, wou’d he loit’ring stand,
Now in the garden chuse a funny walk,
Or launch the polish’d bowl with steady hand.

‘ One morn’ we miss’d him, at the hour of pray’r,
And in the hall, and on the fav’rite green ;
Another came ; nor yet within the chair,
Nor yet at bowls, nor chapel was he seen.

‘ The *next*, we heard that, in a neighb’ring town,
That day to church he led a willing bride,
Whose worth and beauty all his wishes crown,
Boast of his youth, and glory of his pride.

‘ Now by his Patron’s bounteous care remov’d,
He lives with beauty blest, and true content ;
Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov’d,
Read, here, the letter which he lately sent.’

THE LETTER.

*IN rural Innocence secure I dwell,
 Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
 And social Bliss has mark'd me for her own.*

*Next to the blessings of religious truth,
 Two gifts mine endless gratitude engage ;
 A Wife, the dear companion of my youth,
 A Son, to be the comfort of my age.*

*Seek not to draw me from the blest retreat,
 In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move ;
 Content with calm domestic life, where meet
 The smiles of Friendship and the sweets of Love.*

F I N I S.