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# GRAY

## POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1768

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# GRAY

## POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1768

EDITED BY

ARTHUR F. BELL

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# PREFACE.

I HAVE sought in the notes to the text of Gray's edition of 1768 here reprinted to avoid the quotation of numerous parallel passages, the discussion of minor questions of interpretation, and the collection of literary details, which would befit a complete edition of his work. Moreover, from Mitford to Tovey this task has been carried on by a race of editors with far greater learning, diligence, and opportunity than I can claim. Gray really does not often need comment to render him intelligible to our day, though his own boggled over his obscurities; and no comment can win for him the love of those readers who fail to care for him without it. I hope, however, I have left no serious difficulty unillustrated by the views of my predecessors, or any other attainable means of elucidation.

In dealing with the text of Gray, the keenest eyes and sharpest brains seem to grow oddly dull

at times, and I fear my very modest qualities and ambitions will not exempt me from a darkness that has often led better men astray. On doubtful points the MSS. have been, however, specially consulted, and I have gratefully to acknowledge the help of Mr. Percy Simpson in this matter, one of several wherein I have had the advantage of his scholarship and courtesy.

I have to thank Professor E. de Sélincourt, the general editor of this series, for much kindly encouragement and helpful criticism; Mr. G. D. Hobson, M.A., for a facsimile of the 'redbreast' verse of the Elegy and for first calling my attention to the variant there given; Mr. R. W. Chapman, M.A., for much patience and advice; and Messrs. George Bell & Sons for permission to quote from their edition of Gray's *Letters*.

ARTHUR F. BELL.

THE STUDIO,
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# INTRODUCTION.

## I.

THOMAS GRAY was the fifth and only surviving child out of twelve born to Philip Gray, exchange broker, and to his wife Dorothy (*née* Antrobus), a milliner in partnership with her unmarried sister Mary. He saw the light on December 26, 1716, in a house in Cornhill where his parents resided, and where his mother and aunt carried on their business. Of his family on either side we know very little,[1] and we have not much more information as to his childhood and early youth, for the prime source for his biography, his correspondence, does not begin till he was an undergraduate, and on his boyhood he preserved an almost complete silence. There is good reason, however, to believe that his home was an unhappy one. Philip Gray possessed, it would seem, or rather was possessed by, a morose, violent, and vindictive temper, and from the early days of his marriage made his wife the particular object of his hatred and malice. In 1735 things had come to such a pass that Mrs. Gray contemplated the legal remedy of a separation. A statement of her complaints which she submitted to

[1] Mitford says that Philip Gray's father was a considerable merchant in London. Lord Gray claimed kinship with the poet, who, however, knew 'no pretence ... to the honour'. They apparently (Mitford) bore the same arms.

counsel is fortunately extant.[1] In it, among other accusations, she charges her husband with outrageous physical cruelty, and declares that to her efforts alone were due the maintenance and education of their child. Legal opinion of that day was definitely opposed to any course likely to weaken the marriage bond, and counsel's view of Mrs. Gray's proposed step was unfavourable.[2] It was accordingly never carried further; but the matter is of real importance and interest for students of the poet's rather difficult character. If Mrs. Gray did not exaggerate the facts, there was certainly cause enough in his home-life to make her son rather a reserved and unboylike child, as Walpole declared him to have been.

On his mother's side of the family there was a connexion with Eton, and thither Gray went in 1727 to be under the charge of one William Antrobus, an uncle. His school-days were a happy experience, perhaps the happiest out of a life not very rich in such things. Learning of the kind Eton then demanded of her sons came easy to him, and, though he was hardly the lad for a general popularity, he did not lack friendships. Three intimacies formed at this time did much to give direction to his life and character. One (with a brief interval) was to last till his death, another to influence very considerably his earlier creative efforts, a third to end in a rather bitter disillusionment. They were, respectively, with Horace Walpole, son of the great Whig politician, with

[1] Reprinted by Bradshaw, p. 288, and by Mitford, p. xcvi.

[2] Cf. Bradshaw and Mitford, loc. cit.

Richard West, whose father had been Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and with Thomas Ashton, a brilliant scholar, and later a fellow both of Eton and King's.[1] The little group styled themselves 'the Quadruple Alliance', and affected a tone of premature cynicism and rather priggish aloofness from the interests of baser humanity. With two of them, at least, Gray and Walpole, this attitude was to become stereotyped (what would have been the development of West is impossible to conjecture, and of Ashton after his youth we know little). It is not fanciful, moreover, to suppose that the affectation was due to Walpole's predominant influence. As one glances through the letters exchanged between the four lads in their university days and the years immediately after, one is struck by the general similarity of tone and style, the habit, common to all of them, of belittling the importance of public events, of regarding with amused contempt the circumstances of their own lives, and of treating each other with the easy familiarity of young aristocrats in a world of plebeians. The pose is essentially Walpolian. With Walpole, indeed, it was hardly a pose. It sits less naturally upon the rest, and with them is far more obviously, in youth at least, a matter of imitation. With Gray if it became an habitual mannerism, as it certainly did, we cannot help liking him better when he lays it aside to give us a glimpse of his real feelings, his sympathy with suffering and bereavement, and his love of his friends. We shall have

[1] For the intimate history of this group of friendships see Tovey's *Gray and His Friends* (Pitt Press, Cambridge).

occasion later to revert to this result of Walpole's ironical and chilly attitude to life.[1]

'The Quadruple Alliance' suffered separation, though not disruption, when school-days came to an end; for, whereas three of its members went on at various intervals to Cambridge, West continued his studies at Christ Church, Oxford. Gray went into residence in 1734 at Pembroke Hall, awaiting a vacancy at Peterhouse, where (again through his mother's relations) he had family interest. From the first, university life and university learning proved repugnant to these rather precious young gentlemen. The correspondence exchanged between them at this time is lively with epigram and fleer at academic dullness, ignorance, and boorishness. Again, we may imagine the tone was to some extent set by Horace Walpole, but through the rhetoric of Gray's complaints rings a note of real sincerity. Cambridge, he assures West, is that Babylon whose desolation Isaiah has so graphically foretold.[2] One day of his life there is so like another that he can compare himself only to 'the blind horse in the mill',[3] and that unfavourably. For the prescribed studies, especially 'the mathematics', he has but the scantiest respect, and he shows a characteristic pride in announcing to his friend that he does not 'take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo'.[4]

[1] Much later Lady Carlisle remarked the similarity of Gray's manner to that of Walpole (cf. Gosse, vol. iii, p. 42 n.).

[2] *Letters of Thomas Gray*, i. 4.

[3] Ibid., i. 1.

[4] Ibid., i. 3.

His characteristic melancholy, that oppression of gloom, which was to deepen so about him with the passage of years, had already 'claimed him for her own',[1] and it is curious how very little planning of the future is contained in the letters of his youth. Temperamentally he lacked initiative. 'The nerves of pain' in him were dreadfully alive and sensitive, 'the nerves of motion' atrophied from birth. For all his discontent, however, he did not lapse into a brooding idleness. He read and re-read his 'friends and classical companions',[2] completing the foundation of his later exquisite scholarship, made delightful experiments in Latin verse, and got some way in the study of Italian. The vacations were largely spent at the home of his uncle by marriage, one Rogers, an attorney, at Burnham. Here he discovered the now famous beeches, and began to cultivate a taste for 'romantic' scenery. In a well-known passage of a letter to Walpole he describes himself in the character of Il Penseroso brooding over the trees 'and other reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the wind,

> And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
> In murm'ring sounds the dark decrees of fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes allow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.'[3]

He is suspicious of his own enthusiasm, we may infer from the half-jesting tone; mindful, too, that he is

[1] *Letters*, i. 2, 6. [2] Ibid., i. 3.

[3] *Letters*, i. 7. It is interesting that these lines were favourites of Hazlitt's, who treated Gray more fairly than did the other Romantic critics.

addressing a cynic, and that 'motley fools' as well as Penserosi might brood and moralize in forests. It is notable also, if the lines are really his own, as they seem to be, that in this first experiment in English verse he adopts the language and metre of contemporary classicism.

Love of scenery during the vacations (he seems at no time to have appreciated the true beauty of the Cambridgeshire country), systematic pursuit of his literary interests, and a quite unsystematic dalliance with the idea of a profession might have carried him on for some years, and without a break from youth into manhood, had he not accepted an offer from Walpole to accompany him upon the grand tour of Europe. The journey began on March 29, 1739, and kept him out of England for over two years.

In more than one respect the events and experiences of this period had a profound influence over Gray's life and character. For one thing, the close association with Walpole deepened very considerably the affectation of high-bred indifference and smiling cynicism which we suggested just above to have been due to his worldly young friend. Walpole, as became his position, took abroad with him the best of introductions, and Gray at Paris and at Rheims got a considerable insight into the aristocratic society of France under Louis *le bien-aimé*, a France still insouciant and gay, where Voltaire was known chiefly as poet and dramatist, whose *femmes savantes* and *précieuses ridicules* had not yet begun to adopt as lions the Encyclopaedists, and whose ears had never heard the troubling formulae of the *Social Con-*

*tract* or the *Rights of Man*. It was not the France of *le grand siècle*, let us admit, but in culture and urbanity it was still immeasurably ahead of England. To the something 'finical' in Gray, that subtle dandyism of the soul which, whether or not acquired from Walpole, was undoubtedly characteristic of him, this world of ordered and artificial life, exercising all its activities, even those of *abandon*, by the laws of grace and amenity, made a powerful appeal. His letters home, from Paris onwards, show him taking more and more that air of dainty and smiling superiority and of amused absorption in admitted trifles which, to us, his readers is sometimes puzzling, sometimes delightful, sometimes repulsive. We begin to divine the state of mind which caused him to find common-room society unspeakably imperceptive, narrow, and uncivilized, yet to derive satisfaction from the manipulation of common-room intrigue. We can foresee the future Gray who prided himself on his social independence, and yet took pleasure in detailing to simple Dr. Browne the tittle-tattle of the *beau monde* of London.

If acquaintance with French society was to complete the work begun by Walpole at Eton and Cambridge, and to leave Gray something of a *petit-maître* for life, the architecture and art of France, and later, and in a much greater degree, those of Italy were to have the result of deepening another trait of his character, the tendency towards a sincere and enlightened dilettantism. How thoroughly Gray travelled, how completely he ransacked the sights of the places he visited, is evident

both from his letters, especially those to West, and from the journal which he kept, for his own benefit. This journal has nothing like the literary value of such later descriptive prose as the journal of his tour in the Lakes in 1769; but it gives us an interesting insight into the formation of his taste, and shows a wonderful patience and persistence of observation.[1]

In the early autumn of 1739 the pair of friends crossed by the M. Cenis pass, which for all his love of 'notable wild prospects' rather frightened Gray,[2] into Italy, and for over two years moved up and down that country, making an especially long stay in Florence, and having the good luck to be in Rome during part of a conclave. From Rome Walpole wrote to Ashton in May, 1740, with the following mention of his companion: 'By a considerable volume of Charts and Pyramids which I saw at Florence I thought it threatened a publication. His travels have really improved him. I wish they may do the same for anyone else.'[3] The tone of the reference is hardly cordial and betrays a certain supercilious irritation. A year later at Reggio the latent hostility actually broke out in so sharp and definite a manner as to cause the friends to separate immediately, and to remain unreconciled for nearly four years. The actual cause and details of the quarrel are still obscure, but it is plain that Ashton had a hand in it, and that not a very clean one

[1] It is printed in vol. i. of Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray's *Works*, and in Mr. Tovey's *Gray and His Friends*.

[2] *Letters*, i. 45.

[3] *Gray and His Friends*, p. 55.

in Gray's opinion, and that Walpole was to some extent to blame, as long after he generously acknowledged.[1] Whatever the circumstances that brought about the rupture, it is comprehensible enough that a certain strain should have existed between the two friends after so long a period of the intimacy of travel. Initially they belonged to different worlds, and Gray's temper was not of a kind to brook any assertion from another of social superiority. Then, under a superficial fellowship of tastes, lay the disturbing difference that, while Walpole travelled for amusement, Gray, as we have seen, took his journey with meticulous seriousness. The fact that the richer lad was paying the expenses of the poorer no doubt added to the delicacy of the situation. Probably there were faults on Gray's side as well. He had contracted the dangerous habit of acting to his friend as an unofficial *censor morum*. Perhaps, too, he had his definite faults of manner. At all events Walpole, some seven years later, could write of him thus to George Montagu: 'I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray; he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.'[2] A later sketch of the poet by

[1] The details and mysteries of this famous quarrel are set forth and discussed by the late Mr. Tovey in the introduction to his *Gray and His Friends* with the greatest care and thoroughness.

[2] Sept. 3, 1748.

William Cole affirms that 'his manner from a boy was disgustingly effeminate, finical and affected'.[1]

Fresh from this painful experience, Gray went to Venice, and thence travelled slowly home, reaching London early in September, 1741. About two months later his father died from an attack of gout, having contrived to get his finances into a very involved condition. For a time Mrs. Gray and her sister remained in Cornhill, and there the poet spent a desultory period of very half-hearted legal study, of various reading in his favourite classics, and of tentative creative effort. With Walpole estranged and his faith in Ashton rudely shattered, West was just then his sole intimate and confidant. While Gray travelled, his friend had sickened of his chosen profession, the bar, and had passed through a good deal of mental and bodily suffering. If we may accept the evidence, his life was saddened by a painful family secret which preyed disastrously on a hyper-sensitive mind and a delicate body. In this domestic unhappiness, as well as in his melancholy, refinement, and scholarly tastes lay the ground for peculiar sympathy between himself and Gray. If upon the latter Walpole imposed himself as a social example, it was West whom of all his early friends he loved with the greatest tenderness, and understood the best. At the time we now write of the unfortunate lad was already fast in the grip of

[1] Bradshaw, p. 294; Mitford (p. c) omits the criticism. See also the criticism of his manner by Temple, published originally in the *London Magazine*, 1772, and reprinted by Mr. Gosse in his *Gray* (English Men of Letters), p. 212.

phthisis, but was showing all the hopefulness of the consumptive, and was even in good enough spirits to attempt a Latin poem on his cough, his 'importunissima tussis'.[1]

In one of his letters in the spring of 1742 Gray 'takes the liberty of sending a part of his first original composition in English verse, to wit, a long speech of Agrippina'.[2] His scheme was to produce a tragedy on the lines of the French classical drama, and it is characteristic of him that he planned out his undertaking in an elaborate synopsis. As the fragments submitted to West met with a rather chilling criticism, the work was laid by, to share the fate of so many of Gray's commencements, and be carried no further. Such a scrap as we have of it, however, is interesting and significant. Its non-completion has certainly not robbed us of a dramatic masterpiece. There was hardly a literary 'kind' for which the self-centred, unemotional young poet was less fitted, and by its scheme the play could, at best, have been but a close adaptation of the *Britannicus* of Racine. When all this is admitted, we may go on to say that *Agrippina* shows greater purely literary qualities and promise for the future than does the work of any young Englishman writing at the time. For a first essay its clearness and certainty of utterance are remarkable. Already, one feels, Gray had acquired the power of knowing exactly what he was going to write before he sat down to write it. Any reader fairly versed in the literature of the period could probably date the play fairly accurately

[1] *Gray and His Friends*, p. 158. [2] *Letters*, i. 95.

from internal evidence of diction and versification; no reader certainly could conceivably ascribe it on those grounds to England's dramatic prime. Still, both in diction and in versification, Gray, even at this early date, stands out from his contemporaries. The language of *Agrippina* is conventional and classical, indeed, but Gray's conventions and classicisms had already a wider basis of scholarship and reading than those of any other Englishman of the period. Metrically, an over-fondness for the fatal redundant syllable gives a general sound of weakness and monotony; but occasionally the blank verse rises near to the great tradition of the measure. Both the rhythm and the language of the following lines must have come strangely to the ear in 1742:

> Seneca be there
> In gorgeous phrase of laboured eloquence
> To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
> With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.

Elsewhere in the fragment Gray shows himself conscious of the effect producible by sharpness of touch:

> Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!
> He reigns, the rest is heav'n's.

If we cannot truthfully say we regret that the undertaking was not brought to a conclusion, we can, at least, be grateful that it was begun. Without it we should come to Gray's earlier work with considerably less idea of the aim he had before him; we should have missed also the important pronouncement on the language of

poetry with which he replied to the criticisms of his friend.[1]

Poor West, unhappily, was to exercise his censorship but little longer. On June 1, 1742, he died quite unexpectedly so far as Gray was concerned, who had sent him too late his *Ode to Spring*. To Gray the loss was a great one. He had parted in anger from one member of 'the Quadruple Alliance'; he had conceived a vigorous contempt for another. With West's death he must indeed have felt alone. The immediate expression of his grief was a sonnet which was never published in his life-time and is not, accordingly, to be found in the text of this edition. It is rather a laboured and artificial piece of work, and certainly deserves some of the unkind things said of it by Wordsworth in a famous criticism;[2] but, its actual merit apart, it has a value as showing some independence of the ruling contemporary tradition on the part of its author. Pope and his followers would as little have thought of expressing elegiac sentiment in sonnet form as they would of embodying their criticism of life in a tragi-comedy.

Both this poem and the *Ode to Spring* were written at Stoke, where Mrs. Gray and Mary Antrobus had gone to make their home with Mrs. Rogers, now a widow. There also was composed the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, in which we divine a more natural expression of bereavement, disillusion, and regret than is given by the Sonnet. The Sonnet was to some extent on a level with those later epitaphs and forced *pièces*

[1] *Letters*, i. 97.

[2] Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*.

*d'occasion* in which Gray never shone. In the Eton Ode his shy spirit could move in its proper element, unhampered by any obligation, and the Eton Ode as a consequence is far the nobler monument of his feeling for his dead friend. The month of August, in which it, the Sonnet, and the *Hymn to Adversity* were written, was certainly the *mensis mirabilis* of the poet's curiously unproductive career. It would be pleasant to hold as a pious opinion, with Mr. Gosse, and on the evidence of Mason, that the *Elegy* was begun at about the same time. Perhaps the thesis is not so indefensible as it has been declared.[1] A less famous work was undoubtedly a part of this first harvest of Gray's genius, the *Hymn to Ignorance*, of which Professor Tovey remarks that it 'happily remains a fragment'.[2] The cause of his delight in this fact is mysterious, for the *Hymn* is quite an excellent passage of mock-heroic. It is indebted in idea to that 'fourth Dunciad' in which Gray and West had revelled; but the model is a good one, and to his treatment of it Gray brought a great deal that was individual and delightful. As affording an insight into his feelings on an all-important step in his life it is of capital interest. Mrs. Gray could no longer afford to maintain her son in his very leisurely pursuit of legal fame in London. Gray must have recognized, moreover, that he lacked other qualifications besides means, interest, and inclination for success at the bar. He accordingly decided to return to Cambridge, where economy was a possibility, and there

[1] See Notes.

[2] Article on Gray, *Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*, vol. x.

to follow his literary and learned interests. That he acted reluctantly is certain both from the embittered tone of the *Hymn to Ignorance* and from the following passage of a letter to Chute and Mann,[1] who had apparently advised the course he was taking: 'Look upon me, then, my dear Sir, in my proper light, and consider how necessary it is to me, to hear from you as often as you can bestow an hour upon me. I flatter myself, your kindness will try to get the better of your indolence, when you reflect how cruelly alone I must be in the midst of that crowd!'[2]

We may wonder that, with so profound a dislike and contempt for Cambridge and her society, Gray did not prefer almost any other place of residence and way of life. Setting aside the bar, however, it is not very easy to see what profession he could have adopted. The gentle and scholarly West had for a short time contemplated entering the army when life in the Temple became intolerable. To Gray the idea of such a career could never have occurred in his most imaginative moments. For business he lacked alike aptitude, training, and interest. His religious views are nowhere very clearly expressed, but they were not of such fervour and definiteness as to lead him into holy orders (he would have made a delightful country parson); and to the higher grades of the teaching profession ordination was then an essential preliminary. Literature, if it no longer

[1] Two friends gained during his Italian travels. For Chute, see Tovey's *Gray and His Friends*. Mann is Walpole's famous correspondent.

[2] *Letters*, i. 113.

involved 'the patron and the jail', was not yet freed from 'toil, envy, want', and the odium thrown upon its professional practice by the scorn of Pope and the conduct of such men as Savage and Defoe. Gray could never have condescended to bargain with 'booksellers', or abandoned his Walpolian pose of amateur poet, even had he been capable of far more sustained and varied production than we have any reason to suppose. But to a temperament such as his the difficulties of choosing a new path were probably less of a motive than the force of habit and the obviousness of a well-known though distasteful routine. He did not like Cambridge, but he knew it, and to Cambridge accordingly he returned.

In almost every respect we may regret that he did so. Not yet twenty-six years old, he was still probably pliable and receptive enough to be able to benefit incalculably by intercourse with the world and by the experience of normal human relationships. Much in him that was least worthy and least likeable was still but an affectation, which the attritive processes of social life might easily have worn away. In Cambridge, on the other hand, these less amiable qualities found an almost perfectly favourable environment. The society of its common-rooms encouraged an unhealthy consciousness of superiority in the man who could flatter himself that he had seen men and cities. It is good for no one to make his home under the shadow of an institution he despises. Again, great as has been the contribution made to the national life by our universities, they have never proved themselves very successful

forcing-houses of creative literature. For that purpose their tendency to criticism and specialization, and their incomplete and ill-balanced representation of social forces have always been disadvantageous. Finally, if Gray's life, as seems possible, may be described as a continuous struggle between the creative and receptive faculties of the intellect and a condition of health only remediable by strenuous exercise and strict regimen, an eighteenth-century college was hardly the place for him.

In his return to Peterhouse, then, we may discern the turning-point in his career. Henceforth life was to hold for him no more possibilities, very few more events. In his darker hours (and they were increasingly frequent till, towards the end of his days, he could complain of 'mechanical low spirits'[1]) the rather artificial interests in which he absorbed himself were merely a

> sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In the ever rarer lightenings of his mood they were never stuff upon which his soul was stayed. Gray, indeed, was quite as tragical a figure as Matthew Arnold's famous essay has represented him; but his tragedy, as all real tragedies do, lay in a cause more personal than any accident of birth. As certainly as any protagonist of the tragic stage Gray owed his unhappiness to a disease of his own will. He deliberately chose the attitude in life of a spectator, of a 'chiel

[1] *Letters*, iii. 320. Perhaps, however, Gray only meant 'mechanical' as mechanically produced by bad weather.

taking notes', but with no intention of printing them, as the late Mr. Tovey says;[1] and he paid the penalty.

Of his life at Cambridge for some years after 1742 there is not a great deal to chronicle. Poetically he was for a time almost entirely sterile, a condition which seems to have very little afflicted him.

In 1745 he was reconciled to Walpole. His account of the explanation and subsequent *redintegratio amoris* is sarcastic and indifferent enough;[2] but the renewal of the old tie must have brought him a good deal of pleasure. After all, he had known Walpole from childhood, and through him could keep some sort of touch with that greater world of fashion and affairs with which he liked to pose as having acquaintance, if not connexion. It is often asserted that the friendship was continued only in a modified form, but this is hardly borne out by the subsequent correspondence. Either friend, we know, could criticize the other with shrewdness, but a blind affection could hardly be expected of men so on guard against sentiment and so aware of realities. Gray's death certainly called from Walpole as genuine an admission of grief as ever came from his pen,[3] and during the years that followed the reconciliation neither seems to have neglected any opportunity of proving his active goodwill to the other.

In 1747 Gray, who had, in common with many men of his meditative and refined type, what Baudelaire has

[1] *Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*, vol. x.

[2] See letter to Wharton, *Letters*, i. 124.

[3] See letter to H. S. Conway, August 11, 1771 (*Letters*, ed. Toynbee, No. 1364).

called 'le sens du chat', composed the delightful ode to that Selima whose passion for fish brought her to so untimely an end. The summer of 1748 saw him at work upon another of his many beginnings, the fragmentary *Alliance of Education and Government*. Gibbon spoke of this as 'an exquisite specimen' of a 'philosophic poem'. Probably he had a liking for the 'kind'. It is sensible and accomplished, but there is in it no particular promise to make us regret that, when Gray read *L'Esprit des Lois* and found that Montesquieu 'had forestalled some of his best thoughts',[1] he laid the poem aside. During those years he must have been at work intermittently on the *Elegy*, even if it was begun no later than 1745, and it seems likely that the death of his beloved aunt, Mary Antrobus, in 1749 caused him to give it a conclusion. The theories of its composition and the story of its publication will be found in the notes at the end of this volume. Here and now we may merely notice that its popularity was considerable, and that its author's name now began to have a meaning to a wider public than a small circle of admiring friends. In no respect has the eighteenth century more suffered from the malice of ill-informed criticism than in the general assertion that it was unappreciative of poetry. Its taste we may admit was imperfect and uncertain, and was catered for perhaps as meanly as that of any period in our history; but a taste it certainly possessed, and one that was not limited to a class of scholars and *litterati*.[2] Poetry, or

[1] Mason, *Memoirs*, 1775, p. 192.

[2] *Letters*, i. xxix.

what passed for poetry, was read and quoted by a far wider social world than is the poetry of to-day, nor was the general ear so deafened to any music save the sophisticated couplets of Pope as we like to think. *The Grave* of Blair is a hideous performance alike in subject and in treatment; Young's *Night Thoughts* conceals its rare and rather murky flashes of splendour in a waste of portentous commonplace. But neither work owed a considerable success to a slavish adherence, in form, at least, to the 'correct and classical' tradition; and periods of boasted receptivity have left far nobler achievements unregarded. The growth of Gray's reputation during his own lifetime is a 'document' of prime importance in support of this contention. His output was of the smallest; no poem of his was provoked by, or expressed, any national or very profound emotion; his method is remarkable by its austere avoidance of meretricious ornament. Yet before his death he had come to command a general respect as our greatest contemporary representative of letters.[1] Since his day we have had greater poets; but sporting peers are not recorded to have discussed Shelley, Keats, or Wordsworth in the intervals of horse-racing,[2] and no general of the Victorian age attempted to brace his staff on the verge of a supreme struggle by the recitation of Tennyson or Browning.[3]

[1] See the anecdote told by Lord St. Helens to Rogers, and printed by Mr. Gosse in his *Gray* (English Men of Letters), p. 193.

[2] *Letters*, i. 366.

[3] As did Wolfe, going down to Quebec, by reciting the *Elegy*.

True to his life-long pose of practising poetry only as a scholarly recreation, Gray disdained to show the slightest pleasure at the *Elegy's* success. 'On the other hand,' he wrote to Wharton, 'the Stanzas which I now enclose to you, have had the misfortune by Mr. W's. fault, to be made still more public, for which they certainly were never meant, but is too late to complain, they have been so applauded, it is quite a shame to repeat it. I mean not to be modest; but I mean it is a shame for those who have said such superlative things about them that I can't repeat them. I should have been glad that you and two or three more People had liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply.'[1] Certainly the praise of neither critics nor general stimulated the poet into any haste to increase his literary baggage. In August, 1750, was written *The Long Story*, a delightful piece of *vers de société*, which celebrates the beginning of the author's friendship with Lady Cobham and Miss Speed. With the latter lady it has been customary to ascribe to Gray a remote and delicate flirtation; but there is little real evidence for the supposition. Miss Speed was pretty, sympathetic, and intelligent; moreover, she admired Gray's poems, and archly defended them against the charge of obscurity. No doubt the pair liked each other's society and contrived to get a good deal of it, but the Mesdames Fribsby of that day had small ground

For an able statement of the case for Gray's popularity during his life, see *Letters* i. xvii, &c.

[1] *Letters*, i. 221.

for forecasting a marriage between them. The prophecy amused Gray, which it would hardly have done had it lain very near the truth, and he certainly showed no signs of disappointment when, after Lady Cobham's death, Miss Speed bestowed herself and her fortune upon a foreign husband, the Baron de la Peyrière. By the time the acquaintance was formed, indeed the poet, though still, in years, a young man, had fallen into a confirmed old bachelorhood. For eight years he had been passively taking the print of circumstances. The days of rebellion against academic life were over, if the scorn of it yet remained. His life had grown a self-imposed routine of intellectual and artistic interests; and of the supreme experiences, both good and evil, of normal existence he had probably become incapable.

It is well to remember, however, that after all his renunciations and with all his aloofness, Gray was far from being heartless. These middle years of his life saw him no more a recluse from friendships, fit though few, than had done his youth and early manhood. In Dr. Wharton of Old Park, Durham, he had an intimate as dear as West and a great deal more wholesome. Wharton, though a Fellow of Pembroke, had early escaped 'the strong contagion of the gown', and his home, now in Durham, now in London, for a short time, perhaps, in Cambridge, gave his friend an insight into, and sympathy with, the 'relations dear and all the charities' of domestic life, which we find reflected in the correspondence between them. In Mason, the poetaster, later his very untrustworthy literary executor,

he had a mixture of protégé and butt, who satisfied (and perhaps more than satisfied) his fondness for intrigue on the behalf of others, and gave safe scope to that taste for personal criticism which had endangered his relations with Walpole. Norton Nicholls, another junior in whose welfare he interested himself, has left us a delightful record of their mutual affection and of the absorption of the younger man in his care for the elder.[1] Eccentric and affected Gray might be, really heartless he cannot be called in face of so sincere a testimony.

It was, however, no very close friend in compliment to whom Gray next bestirred himself from his poetic lethargy. Richard Bentley was the only son of the great master of Trinity, and his character was a curious combination of talents, follies, and vices. He drew, was something of a scholar and dabbler in letters, had a remarkable gift for unfortunate marriages (Walpole charitably calls his first wife Hecate and his second Cleopatra), and an artistic inability for self-supporting endeavour or financial solvency. He came into touch with the poet over Walpole's proposal that Dodsley should publish a 'collected edition' of Gray's poems with designs from Bentley's pencil, and it is as artist that Gray apostrophizes him in what (with the exception of the *Ode for Music*) is his only successful serious *pièce d'occasion*. The *Stanzas to Mr. Bentley* have unhappily survived only as a fragment; if Mr. Tovey's suspicion of a redaction by Mason be justified, only as a fragment

[1] *Letters*, ii. 277–92.

of a fragment.[1] For all that, they may, by their exquisite clearness and polish of utterance and their lofty dignity, take rank with all but the very best of Gray's poetry. It is curious that Matthew Arnold did not support his view of Gray's accomplishment and his relation to his age by quotation of the following verses:

The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
To censure cold and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

The 'collected edition' appeared in March, 1753, and included the *Odes to Spring*, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, *On the Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, *The Long Story*, and the *Elegy*. The title, *Designs for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray*, was chosen by the author after a good deal of finicking and deliberation, and was carefully calculated to convey to the public his indifference to his own achievements. Any pleasure he might have derived from the publication was destroyed by the death of his mother on March 11. His letters of the time contain few and very reserved statements

[1] See notes to Pitt Press edition of Gray's *Poems*.

as to his feelings at the loss; but hints dropped later, as well as the exquisite epitaph he composed in her memory, witness to the depth and permanence of his grief.

In the course of the following summer a visit to Wharton, at Durham, possibly revived Gray's passion for mountainous scenery, if it had ever really waned, and may have had some influence upon his next important work, *The Progress of Poesy*, concluded, after characteristic and laborious delay, at the end of 1754. At some time in the next year or two the Vicissitude ode was begun, and left unfinished. But Gray's creative energies for some time were chiefly devoted to the curiously broken composition of *The Bard*, the famous 'Odikle', whose leisurely progress caused the poet a curiously impersonal interest and amusement. Begun, possibly, as early as the spring of 1755, it was at intervals taken up and laid down again till the playing of Parry, the blind harper, in May, 1757, stimulated Gray to its completion.[1] The conclusion of the undertaking fell opportunely with Walpole's opening of his press at Strawberry Hill, and the first production of the *Officina Arbuteana* was *Odes by Mr. Gray*, with the motto '*Φωναντα συνετοισι*'. The book contained only *The Bard* and *The Progress of Poesy*, and was published by the Dodsleys at the price of a shilling, Gray receiving a fee of forty guineas, his sole receipts from literature. It had a large sale, and discerning critics (Warburton and Garrick in particular) were loud in approval of Gray's new manner. The general public, on the other hand,

[1] See Notes.

found the historical allusions a stumbling-block, and caused to the author by their miscomprehension a mixture of annoyance and diversion.[1]

While 'Odikle' was yet in the process of birth something approaching an event had ruffled for a little time the calm of Gray's existence, and had caused a slight change in his surroundings. Confused accounts of the practical joke that led to his migration from Peterhouse to Pembroke Hall, have come down to us. It is not true that the attempt to play on his well-known fear of fire was really successful in causing him to descend by a rope ladder from his bedroom window into a tub of water pleasantly disposed below by his undergraduate tormentors. Enough was certainly done, however, to put the susceptible fellow commoner on his dignity, and when the Peterhouse authorities pooh-poohed the matter as a mere boyish escapade, he removed himself to more congenial quarters. At Pembroke, with intervals, he resided until his death.[2]

In 1757, Colley Cibber, poet laureate, died, and to Gray was tendered the vacant office. His refusal of it was probably an act of wisdom, but the offer is proof of the consideration in which he was held. Two years later the newly founded British Museum attracted him to London, where he researched among historical manuscripts with a diligent aimlessness, wrote to his Cambridge friends a good deal of Walpolian tittle-tattle, and discovered that other corporations besides university

[1] *Letters*, i. 345, 346, 348–50, 351–3, 366.

[2] See Mr. Austin Poole's discussion in the 'Oxford Poets' *Gray*, Appendix II.

common-rooms can have their feuds and intrigues. He was an adept by this time at that creation of employment which he declared to be his only resource against overpowering depression, and was skilful at systematizing his slightest interests. During his residence in London he kept careful tables of temperatures and of other signs of the changing seasons, and, though an abstemious man, amused himself by annotating a cookery book and collecting recipes.

In 1762 he made his sole request for official recognition or advancement by applying for the vacant professorship of Modern History at his own university. In the case of a sinecure office such as this qualifications were hardly in question. Had they been Gray would almost certainly have succeeded. Interest in high quarters was of infinitely greater value than learning or culture, however, and Gray found himself overlooked for a protégé of Lord Bute, Lawrence Brockett. In 1768, when Brockett died from an accident, Gray was offered and accepted the appointment. He talked of lecturing, and even made some preparations to do so, but at his death the office was still, by unbroken tradition, an honourable sinecure.

The years 1764–5 were chiefly remarkable because during the summer of each Gray visited Scotland as the guest of Lord Strathmore, meeting Beattie, author of *The Minstrel*, refusing tactfully honours from Beattie's university, Aberdeen, and penetrating into the Highlands, in which, Ossian-struck as he was, he delighted. From the first he had been captivated by the misty

splendours of Macpherson's 'discoveries', and had persisted, against his better reason, in accepting them as genuine. He had also studied with interest and sympathy certain specimens of mediaeval Welsh poetry brought to light by one Evan Evans, an inebriate ecclesiastic of that country. That he was susceptible to the essential magic of Celtic art is evident from nothing in his writings either in verse or prose. Celtic legend merely appealed to him as a new mythology, as had previously appealed the legends of the Scandinavian peoples. It is to the years 1760–8 that we must ascribe the versions from Norse and Celtic originals.

The year 1768 saw issued the final 'complete edition' of Gray's poems which appeared during his life. It was issued in London by Dodsley and in Glasgow, through the instrumentality of Beattie, by Foulis. The *Long Story* was omitted, its author arguing that, in the absence of Bentley's designs, the *jeu d'esprit* lacked point; and it was replaced by two of the Norse imitations.[1] Even so the book (when padded with blank pages) was a very small one, fully justifying Gray's description of himself as 'a shrimp of an author'.[2] Despite its smallness, it sold in very large quantities.

Except for an occasional trifle, the only literary event of the remaining years was the rather unwilling, but excellently successful tribute to the Duke of Grafton, who had appointed him to his professorship. The *Ode for Music* has all the stateliness of Gray's most stately manner.

In the summer of the same year, 1768, Gray visited

[1] See Notes. [2] *Letters*, iii. 186.

the English lakes, recording his impressions in a delightful journal, kept for the benefit of Wharton, who was prevented by illness from accompanying him. Ill health, his habitual melancholy, and the monotonous objectlessness of his life had done wonderfully little to weaken the receptivity of a naturally very receptive mind. From art and from nature Gray could still receive impressions with an almost youthful force and directness. That he was still capable, also, of forming friendships was made evident when in 1770 Norton Nicholls commended to him a young Swiss gentleman, by name Charles de Bonnstetten. Bonnstetten was a character. He had seen something of life (a good deal more than had Gray, we may believe), had attempted suicide, and was alive to the finger-tips with curiosity, thirst for knowledge, and youthful notions. In exploring his mind Gray himself became almost young again, quite young enough at any rate to conceive for the lad an affection perhaps greater than any he had felt since the death of West thirty years before. The friendship, however, was to be brief. Gray had arranged to visit Bonnstetten in Switzerland in 1771, but his health forbade him. Never strong, he had for many years suffered from gout, and on July 24th that disease, with complications, brought on a sudden seizure of which he died on July 30th. He was, at his own request, buried beside his mother in Stoke Pogis churchyard.

## II.

Tradition has made it almost impossible to avoid prefacing any actual criticism of Gray's poetry by some

attempt at explaining the smallness of its quantity. Readers of the first part of this introduction will, to some extent, have arrived at the present writer's standpoint to this sadly vexed question, will have inferred that he believes Gray to have written but little because he had but little to say, to have been fastidious in his avoidance of the repute of professional authorship,[1] and to have been but very occasionally and very temperately afflicted by the intermittency of his own inspiration. In Gray's curious life of carefully sought occupation[2] and elaborate culture the practice of poetry was but one interest out of many, never, perhaps, in his eyes, the chief. His passion for the acquisition and co-ordination of knowledge had almost invariably the mastery of his instinct towards creation. Moreover, he never for one moment persuaded himself that he had any force of poetic emotion or body of thought whose expression was a duty. The Gray of Matthew Arnold's famous essay,[3] the shy, sensitive, and serious spirit, distressed and rendered half-articulate by existence in an 'age of prose', and permanently depressed by his own sterility, is, in view of the facts, only a 'fancy-portrait', drawn to suit the demands of an ingenious but wholly artificial preconception. Shy, sensitive, and serious, Gray certainly was in the conduct of his own life and in his personal relation-

[1] See Temple on Gray in Mr. Gosse's *Gray* (English Men of Letters), p. 212.

[2] Cf. *Letters*, i. 340, 347, ii. 132.

[3] Reprinted in *Essays in Criticism*, vol. ii, from Ward's *English Poets*, vol. iii.

ships, but shyness, sensitiveness, and seriousness are not the qualities which seem to lie behind his attitude of detachment towards his own poetical ability, his indifference to the blame or praise of 'the general'. Of this his correspondence contains ample proof, some of which has been cited in the foregoing pages. Here and now it only remains to dispel the illusion that he was so far in advance of his age and so depressed by its prosaic and unromantic temper, as to have found it impossible to express in its alien atmosphere the fullness of his genius.

Something has already been said with regard to the mid-eighteenth century's appreciation of poetry,[1] and it has been suggested that it was not less sensitive to contemporary excellence than were the periods which saw the efflorescence of Wordsworth and Coleridge or of Tennyson and Browning. Nor, again, is it a fact that a great poet contemporary with Gray must have found himself starved of worthy material for any manner of poetic creation suited to his idiosyncrasy. 'While skies have colour, and lips are red', such inanition is impossible. Inanimate nature and the natures of man and woman (and these are the essential stuff of all great poetry) do not change. A lyrist of the first order, living over Gray's span of days, would still have found the garment of earth as fair, the love of woman as alluring and as mysterious as did Shakespeare a hundred and fifty years before. A supreme dramatist would have discovered in Georgian England no less of primal emotion and deeply

[1] Cf. p. xxvii.

engrained character than did a score of playwrights in the England of Elizabeth and of James I. Nor need a poet of the first class have lacked the impulse of stirring public events and of profound national feeling. Gray lived through 'the '45'; he saw the years when England under Pitt laid the foundations of her colonial dominion, and played in the politics of Europe a part as noble and as influential as any she has played before or since; before his death the rights of parliament and the liberty of the individual were almost as fiercely debated, if not so seriously threatened, as in the days of the Stuarts. We should remember also that throughout his maturity the country was undergoing a great and permanent intensification of religious life, and gaining through many channels a new and wider sensitiveness to moral values.

If to none of these various influences Gray made any response; if, with fastidious reserve, he avoided expression of personal emotion in his lyrics; if in his correspondence he wrote of public events and national crises with the pen of an ironical onlooker, while from his poetry he banished them altogether; if he showed himself, alike as poet and as man, indifferent to the great religious and ethical movements of his time,—such a general aloofness is susceptible of more rational explanation than is given by arrogating to him a spirit so far in advance of his age as to have passed wholly beyond sympathy with its most vivid experiences and highest aspirations. We should be nearer the facts, surely, in divining it to be the attitude of a temperament

naturally self-centred, critical, and distrustful of enthusiasm; a temperament, moreover, whose natural bias had been strongly accentuated by the circumstances of a life passed in uncongenial surroundings and by the early influence of Horace Walpole. If, indeed, of artistic genius half-realized and frittered away the recording angel keeps account, it is against Walpole and Cambridge rather than against the *Zeitgeist* of Georgian England that the pathetic half-failure of Gray must be entered.

To sum up the matter, paradoxical as it may sound, we should not be very far amiss in declaring Gray to have been in some respects positively behind the best thought and feeling of his period. His elaborate withholding of his very self from expression in his poetry is, as we shall later realize, a characteristic rather of the pseudo-Classicism of the preceding generation than of the Romanticism of which he has been supposed the precursor. His ironical detachment from general and national interests was, with him as with his friend and model, borrowed from the attitude of the earlier wits and politicians. Born out of due time perhaps he was, but only by a comparatively few years. As a contemporary of Shakespeare or of Milton he is unthinkable, nor is it easier to imagine him as a member of the society which produced Blake and Wordsworth and Coleridge. Nothing, on the other hand, is more possible than to set him in imagination in the world of Pope and Addison, that world of delicate social perceptions and of opinions studiously moderated by the sense of

good form. He might there have failed to develop his love of Gothic architecture and of mountainous scenery, but even so he would have been the Gray all unprejudiced readers must find in his letters and his friends' report of him, the quiet, rather affected gentleman who smiled away the vexed questions of this world and the next, and veiled his real thoughts and sentiments from the eyes of all but a very few intimates. In a different fashion, but hardly in a less degree, he, like Dr. Johnson (whom he despised as Pope despised Defoe), was the representative of an old tradition, not the inaugurator of a new one.[1]

Is this, it may be asked, a challenge to the general estimate of Gray as a forerunner of the Romantic Movement, a pioneer of the road later to be trodden so splendidly and spaciously by our poets from Burns down to the present? The answer is a double one. If the poetry of Gray is to be classified as Romantic on the ground of a certain unlikeness in subject and metrical system to the poetry of Pope and his imitators, there is little to be urged against the classification. If, on the other hand, the claim is made in right of some supposed kinship with, and influence over, the spirit which informs the poetry of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and their successors, it seems to the present writer very difficult of vindication. A great deal depends upon our

[1] Cf. *A History of English Poetry*, by W. J. Courthope, vol. v, p. 399. Mr. Courthope is more inclined than the present writer to make Gray one of the precursors of true Romanticism, but his qualifications are interesting and significant.

original definition of Romanticism and our view of its relations to Classicism, more still upon our perception that the critics and poets of the eighteenth century used these terms in senses of their own. What these senses were, and how they differ from the senses in which we employ the words to-day, it will be well to explain.

To the modern mind the definition of a work of art as 'Classical' chiefly conveys the notion that its effect upon us is one of harmony, of beauty of form, of adherence to that tradition of meetness and reserve which we rightly believe to have been bequeathed to us from Athens of the fifth century B.C. To the men who dominated the so-called 'Classical' period of our literature these notions were certainly, if conceived at all, not the predominant articles of their artistic theory. Their outlook upon antiquity, we should remember, was gained far more through study of Latin literature than of Greek; and Latin literature, even in its most perfect examples, does not reveal that innate sense of form and of fitness which seems to have been the property of all Greek writers. It aims rather at producing a similar effect by a careful obedience to rule and canon derived from a profound study of the Greek masterpieces and by a reverent imitation of them. Pre-eminently it is artificial, and, like most artificial literatures, hampered by the unnatural fact that it is the child rather than the parent of criticism. Our Augustans, moreover, were especially predisposed to set in a position of particular authority the writers of the real Augustan age, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and Ovid, whose special aim was to rival by

imitation the achievements of the Greek poets, and to produce a literature, civilized, urbane, and correct, freed from the harshness and provincialisms of over-self-assertiveness. Pope and his school were delighted to believe themselves in the same position as Horace in his two great critical pronouncements, the epistle *Ad Pisones* and the epistle *Ad Augustum*, to pose as the appointed refiners of a poetry hitherto (with but few exceptions) unchastened and barbaric. Their theory of Classicism, accordingly, laid but a minor emphasis upon excellence and unity of form in its higher and more architectonic meaning, and was mainly occupied with avoidance of the strange, the particular, and the individual, of all in fact that tended to mar or interrupt the smooth and easy flow of language and of metre. Their own object as derived from this theory was to produce a poetry in the speech of refined citizens of the world which all refined citizens of the world could readily comprehend and sincerely appreciate. This ready comprehension and sincere appreciation they believed to be cheaply purchased by the loss of those qualities of passion, of aspiration, and of personal revelation by which the refined citizen of the world is least likely to be won and most likely to be perplexed or scandalized.

If this conception of Classicism is remote from our own, the mid-eighteenth century conception of Romanticism is hardly less so.[1] Romanticism has probably been more often defined by modern critics than any other

[1] See Mr. Beers's delightful *History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century* (Henry Holt & Co., New York).

term of criticism, and while many of the definitions add something of value to the notion, most, certainly, leave unexpressed something we feel to be essential to it. This is not the time for a new endeavour, but we shall not be far wrong if, generalizing upon the definitions already existing, we say that to the mind of to-day the two most prominent factors of Romanticism are the sense of wonder and the conviction of the supreme value of the individual experience. Romanticism, as we understand it, is the call of the strange, the unusual, the unknown; it is also the belief that what we have discovered, what we have felt, what we have done, so long as discovery, feeling, and deed are our very own, have meaning and importance for others besides ourselves. Now the Romanticism of the mid-eighteenth century recognized the former of these two factors, the element of wonder, only in a very partial and very artificial way, and almost entirely through the medium of history;[1] the latter, the element of self-revelation, it did not recognize at all. It was indeed in its attitude to the personal and particular in poetry quite at one with Classicism, in seeking for a statement and co-ordination of the universal experience of mankind, and having no use whatsoever for the experience of the individual man. The Romanticism of Thomson, Hurd, Collins, Percy, Chatterton,

[1] Mr. Beers, in the work previously referred to, has been so impressed by the mediaeval element in eighteenth-century Romanticism that he attempts the equation Romanticism = Mediaevalism. This produces rather curious results, as readers of his book will observe.

and the rest included no idea of such self-analysis and self-exposition as is the very essence of the poetry of Shelley or of Byron.

We are now in a better position to return to Gray and to those constructors of literary pedigrees who would place him early in the direct lineage of modern Romanticism. By these writers a great deal of play is made with the facts that in his earlier poetry Gray turned from the pseudo-classical satire of urban and social life to find his inspiration in solitude and contemplation, and that for the subject-matter of his later poetry he went to the mythology of the Celtic and Scandinavian races and to the history of the despised and neglected 'Dark Ages'. That he did so does not lack its significance. The *Elegy* and the group of poems by other hands of which it is the best and best-known representative, do indicate, of course, hardly a revolt from, but at least a weariness of, the subject-matter in which our typical Augustans had delighted. The aim of the 'kind' generally is the creation of a mood, not the criticism of morals or the consideration of man in reference to the social standard. In its history, however, Gray was at least nowhere very near the source. The poetry of pensive solitude may be said to have begun with the *Penseroso*, and as Milton's minor poems grew in popularity (for a time they were eclipsed by his achievement in the epic) imitations of the *Penseroso* or poems seeking to reproduce its colour and attitude became a tradition of our literature. The influence of Milton's reflective verse is faintly apparent in Pomfret's delightful little day-dream, *The Choice*, first

published in 1700; it is obvious in such poems as Parnell's *Night Piece on Death* and Lady Winchelsea's *Nocturnal Reverie*; it is the informing spirit of Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, and without it we may reasonably doubt if Young's *Night Thoughts* or Blair's *Grave* would ever have been written. The *Elegy*, indeed, is only the highest accomplishment of a school of poetry already well established.[1]

Still, none of these facts would prove that in the *Elegy* and in his earlier poetry in general Gray was not a Romantic in the authentic sense of the term. To do that we must go to the poems themselves. An unprejudiced examination of them does, however, seem to the present writer to manifest how much more closely Gray is related to his pseudo-classical predecessors than to the Romantics of succeeding generations. Take the *Elegy* and the Eton *Ode* as typical of his earlier manner. In both poems there is an almost total absence of that intimate self-revelation, that monologue of the soul confronted with nature, which characterizes such genuine Romantic poetry as Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, or Coleridge's *Dejection*. Both *Elegy* and *Ode* present a point of view, and contain a certain body of thought; but neither point of view nor thought is personal. Both are carefully generalized in accordance with the Classical tradition which bade *communia dicere*. Man, as Gray views him from Stoke Pogis or from Windsor, is still the abstraction of Pope's quasi-philosophical poem, and

[1] See Mr. Beers's admirable chapter 'The Miltonic Group' in the work already referred to.

it is the pathos of the race, not of the individual, which tinges his contemplation with melancholy. Gray, in this sense, certainly 'never spoke out'; but his reticence was the outcome of a definite theory of poetry, not of any irreconcilable inconsistency between his thought and the thought of his age. Moreover, it was shared by contemporaries as different from him in character and temperament as were Collins and Thomas Warton. The contemplative poets of the early and middle part of the eighteenth century had not revolted from Classicism, they had only applied its methods to a kind of subject that suited their idiosyncrasy.

This same generalizing tendency is also markedly present in Gray's treatment of inanimate nature, and is even more certainly in this case the outcome of adherence to the pseudo-classical tradition, because his prose writings show him to have been a close observer and tender lover of the visible world. His letters, his journals, his annotations to works of natural history, are full of evidence to his patient observation of the life of beast, bird, insect, and flower, and of the procession and pageantry of the seasons;[1] but the fruits of his researches he carefully withholds from his verse, and perhaps no poet ever used a more conventional set of descriptive epithets. Hardly a line of his sends us to look upon any natural object or phase of nature with

[1] A little-known but most interesting book is Mr. C. E. Norton's *The Poet Gray as a Naturalist* (Goodspeed: Boston, 1903). It is illustrated by reproductions of Gray's own exquisite drawings of insects, birds, &c.

quickened appreciation and subtilized senses. He never rivals or even attempts such perfect flashes of description as Thomson's

The yellow wall-flower stained with iron-brown,

or Tennyson's

More black than ashbuds in the front of March.

Yet he could write as follows of an autumn evening: 'Walked down to the Lake by the side of *Crow-Park* after sunset and saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible in the day-time. Wished for the Moon, but she was *dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant inter-lunar cave.*'[1]

Both sentiment and expression in such writing as this (no solitary specimen from Gray's prose) are far more genuinely Romantic than anything in his verse, where he abjures the *mot juste*, the phrase that interprets and makes manifest an individual vision, for the conventionalized diction of pseudo-Classicism. For in his general choice and employment of language also Gray holds rather of the Classical than of the Romantic tradition, or is Romantic only very tentatively and in a fashion of his own. His vocabulary from the first, as we noticed in speaking of his *Agrippina*,[2] is considerably richer and based upon a far wider reading than is that of any of

[1] Cf. Gosse's *Works of Gray*, i. 258. [2] p. xix.

his immediate predecessors or contemporaries. True to his early opinion, expressed in a much-quoted passage of a letter to West, that 'the language of the age is never the language of poetry',[1] he does not scruple to strengthen his diction with words long strange in his day to men of society and of the world. But further than this he does not go. Language to him, one feels, was very little more than the medium by which his thought was to be expressed. He valued it for its clarity, its transparency, but he did not value it for itself, for its connotative power, its individual colour. The best language to him was that which (a becoming dignity always observed) gave the thought with the least confusion and friction; he never sought to make his thought the fairer by language that did not only express it, but reflected upon it a new beauty and new possibilities of suggestion. At its best his diction does fulfil the aim which he confessed to Mason of 'extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical'.[2] It is never, however, distinguished by what one may call 'the Romantic surcharge', that elusive and mysterious quality which gives to single lines and phrases of Keats or Wordsworth or Coleridge a meaning wider and deeper than that actually expressed by the words employed, yet which we feel to be the result of some unseizable magic in their choice and arrangement.

In the complex of later Romanticism the love and reverence for things mediaeval was probably a less

[1] *Letters*, i. 97.

[2] *Letters*, ii. 13.

important element than it was in the Romanticism of the mid-eighteenth century, when, as has been already suggested, it was the sole field for the exercise of that emotion of wonder and delight in the strange and unknown which is a dominant factor in the Romanticism of every age. Whether greater or less, however, the mediaevalism of Gray, Hurd, or the Wartons was of a very different quality from that of Coleridge or Keats or (later) of Morris, Swinburne, and Rossetti. To the earlier group of writers 'the age of chivalry' was at most but a fresh area for literary exploration and experiment, and their view back over it was purely detached and external. Of its most intimate spirit, its pieties, and its aspirations they recked but little. The ceremonial of its religion appealed to their sense of colour, but the mystery and pathos of the teaching which that ceremonial symbolized would have met with no response from their cold common sense. In the same way, while they delighted in the pageantry of mediaeval warfare or of the mediaeval Court of Love, the sentiment which prompted the crusades or made of woman 'a thing enskied and sainted' would have struck them as fanatically absurd. Of eighteenth-century poets in this country Chatterton alone was influenced by any intellectual or spiritual kinship with mediaevalism. Gray knew more of mediaeval history and literature than any Englishman of his time, but the modern historic sense was denied him, and his mediaeval, Scandinavian, and Celtic poems are only academic exercises on themes hitherto strange to the academic tradition. Had he ever so faintly apprehended

the soul of the Middle Age he could never have chosen to treat the subject of the *Bard* in the form of the so-called Pindaric, or have introduced Miltonic lines and phrases into his versions from the Norse. To his efforts in this direction the mediaevalism of our later Romantics owes practically nothing, not merely in the sense that they borrowed nothing from him directly, but also in that their whole attitude to the past involved a repudiation of his principles and his practice. If they are indebted to any writers of Gray's period, those writers are Chatterton, Macpherson, and Percy (in so far as Percy forbore 'to improve' the ballads he edited). Gray's work in the 'Gothic' kind belongs really to a sort of false dawn of mediaevalist Romanticism whose terms are the *Eloisa to Abelard* of Pope and the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, and he had exhausted his influence some time before Coleridge wrote a line of *Christabel*, long before Keats wrote his *Eve of St. Agnes* or his *Belle Dame Sans Merci*.

As we have suggested, however, the true Romantic Revival was not principally or essentially a revival of interest in things mediaeval at all. Its impulse and its character were given to it much more, and more directly, by the individualistic ideal which lay behind the French Revolution, and by a consequent renaissance of the sense of wonder over the life of here and now, of reverent sympathy with the passions and emotions of man as man irrespective of class and education. The apparently humble and common-place took on an air of mystery to eyes aware that nothing was to be counted common or unclean; and needed no longer to be disguised in

elaborate periphrasis or ignored as unworthy of poetic attention. In all this Gray by the very conditions of his art could have no share, to it could impart no direction. His mind, for good or evil, was of an elder day, and had he lived to such an old age as to see the Revolution and its literary first-fruits, he would only have found in them a justification of his distrust of Voltaire and Rousseau.

To account for Gray's poetical sterility, to consider him as a literary influence, is an easier task than actually to criticize his poetry or to estimate its place in our literature. From the mind and spirit of to-day he is, perhaps, remoter than any poet who continues to be read at all, certainly than any great poet of his time or near it. There is a something in all of us poor heirs of human frailty that *will* respond to the spiteful merriment of Pope. Johnson's two noble poems are still a real criticism of life by one whose knowledge of life and fortitude in enduring it were of the greatest. Goldsmith has a *naïveté* of pathos, at times a humanity, we can none of us resist or deny. Collins has his moments of almost (though never quite) supreme lyrical exaltation. But in Gray these qualities are absent. His attraction for us is dependent upon none of them. We could never turn to him to reflect our passions or aspirations, to reassure our doubts, or to strengthen our resolution. Yet the attraction is indubitable; not the attraction of the Pindarics, for the world is probably with Hazlitt and against Matthew Arnold and Gray himself in relegating the great odes to a second place. But the *Elegy*, and, in a lesser degree, the Eton poem have an appeal that

time and wont do not weaken. All in them is instinct with a placid perfection that we miss in the more ambitious efforts with their cumbersome metrical system, their uninteresting subject-matter, and their occasional falsities of taste. Essentially they have the mysterious quality of charm. None of us, brooding at twilight in a familiar church-yard, or scanning from a distance the fields of his boyhood, would think in so impersonal and generalized a manner. It is safe to assert that Gray himself did not do so. Stoke Pogis, ere the *Elegy* was completed, held the dust of that beloved aunt of whom he records with a rare and touching simplicity, 'She taught me to pray'. As he looked from Windsor towards Eton he must have been poignantly reminded of the three friends of his youth, one of them so recently dead, one passed into a painful estrangement, one under a dark suspicion of treachery and falsehood. But in the *Elegy* he gives no hint of a personal sorrow, in the Eton ode only the most carefully veiled one. His measured and sober chain of reflection recalls the gnomic wisdom of a Sophoclean chorus; or, to take another comparison, his method is that of those old painters of 'classical compositions' who sought to represent no particular scene or individual impression, but combined a variety of detail under some general and familiar effect of colour, light, or atmosphere.[1] It is 'atmosphere', indeed, which comes as near expressing the secret of Gray's charm as we are likely to get. His melancholy cadences, his

[1] For a really intimate and modern treatment of a subject similar to that of the Eton Ode we need look no further than Arnold's *Rugby Chapel*—an interesting comparison.

abstract musings on the common lot of man, his sense of our

> Poor little life that toddles half an hour
> Crowned with a flower or two, and then an end,

evoke in us a mood of impersonal sadness akin to that which is the visitation of the hour when the colours die out of things and the bat takes the place of the swallow. It is quite unintellectual, quite unethical, it has no relation to our own experience. In fine, it is only a 'mood'; but even so we are somehow richer by its passage, and not easily sated by its repetition. Just in so far as he has created this mood for us more deeply and more permanently than any of our other poets, Gray is justified, and justified greatly. For the rest, perhaps, his work is only measurably above the average of his period. A sense of humour kept him from such absurdities as those of Mason; profound literary knowledge and fine craftsmanship gave him nearly always distinction, sometimes grandeur, of style; and all these qualities relieve his poetry, and the Pindaric odes especially, against their literary surroundings. But, at best, they are births of the head, not of the heart, representatives of that 'literature' which, a French poet[1] has reminded us, is a remainder, is always something below and apart from the highest and the most truly inspired.

[1] Que ton vers soit la bonne aventure
Éparse au vent crispé du matin
Qui va fleurant la menthe et le thym —
Et tout le reste est littérature.

VERLAINE.

# POEMS

PRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1768.

# GRAY'S

# POEMS.

# POEMS

BY

## Mr. GRAY.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M DCC LXVIII.

# O D E

ON THE

# S P R I N G.

# O D E

ON THE

# S P R I N G.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,

The untaught harmony of ſpring:

While whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,

Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky

Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch

A broader browner ſhade;

Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech

O'er-canopies the glade*

---

* ——————————a bank

O'ercanopied with luſcious woodbine.

*Shakeſp. Midſ. Night's Dream.*

Beſide

Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

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

And

And float amid the liquid noon *:

Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,

Some ſhew their gayly-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.

---

* "Nare per æſtatem liquidam———"
*Virgil. Georg. lib.* 4.

† ————ſporting with quick glance
Shew to the ſun their waved coats drop'd with gold.
*Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book* 7.

‡ While inſects from the threſhold preach, *&c.*
M. GREEN, *in the Grotto.*
*Dodſley's Miſcellanies, Vol.* V. *p.* 161.

Alike

Alike the Buſy and the Gay

But flutter thro' life's little day,

In fortune's varying colours dreſt:

Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,

Or chill'd by age, their airy dance

They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear in accents low

The ſportive kind reply:

Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?

A ſolitary fly!

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,

No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,

No

No painted plumage to diſplay:

On haſty wings thy youth is flown;

Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone ——

We frolick, while 'tis May.

ODE

# O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

# FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

# ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

# FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

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

Her confcious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw ; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd ; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream :
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

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

Preſumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate ſat by, and ſmil'd)
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watry God,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd:
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Suſan* heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that gliſters, gold.

# O D E

ON A

# DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

# ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος· ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

# O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

# ETON COLLEGE.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY'S * holy Shade ;

---

* King HENRY the Sixth, Founder of the College.

And

And ye, that from the ſtately brow

Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanſe below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,

Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among

Wanders the hoary Thames along

His ſilver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,

Ah fields belov'd in vain,

Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,

A ſtranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,

A momentary bliſs beſtow,

As waving freſh their gladſome wing,

My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,

And, * redolent of joy and youth,

To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen

Full many a ſprightly race

Diſporting on thy margent green

The paths of pleaſure trace,

Who foremoſt now delight to cleave

With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?

---

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.

*Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. Syſtem.*

The captive linnet which enthrall?

What idle progeny ſucceed

To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,

Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent

Their murm'ring labours ply

'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint

To ſweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers diſdain

The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare deſcry:

Still as they run they look behind,

They hear a voice in every wind,

And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay

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 health of roſy hue,

Wild wit, invention ever-new,

And lively chear of vigour born ;

The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,

The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,

That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,

The little victims play !

No ſenſe have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day :

Yet

Yet ſee how all around 'em wait

The Miniſters of human fate,

And black Misfortune's baleful train!

Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand

To ſeize their prey the murth'rous band!

Ah, tell them, they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,

The vulturs of the mind,

Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,

And Shame that ſculks behind;

Or pineing Love ſhall waſte their youth,

Or Jealouſy with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,

And Envy wan, and faded Care,

Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,

And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,

Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,

And grinning Infamy.

The ſtings of Falſhood thoſe ſhall try,

And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,

That

That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;

And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,

And moody Madneſs * laughing wild

Amid fevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath

A grieſly troop are ſeen,

The painful family of Death,

More hideous than their Queen:

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,

That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,

---

* ——Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.

*Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.*

Thoſe

Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:

Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,

And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,

Condemn'd alike to groan,

The tender for another's pain;

Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate?

Since ſorrow never comes too late,

And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.

Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.

No more; where ignorance is bliſs,

'Tis folly to be wiſe.

# HYMN

TO

# ADVERSITY.

——Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῶ πάθει μαθὰν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.

# HYMN

TO

# ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentleſs Power,
Thou Tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour,
The Bad affright, afflict the Beſt!

Bound

Bound in thy adamantine chain

The Proud are taught to taſte of pain,

And purple Tyrants vainly groan

With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth

Virtue, his darling Child, deſign'd,

To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,

And bad 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 learn'd to melt at others' [woe.

Scared

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly

Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,

Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,

And leave us leiſure to be good.

Light they diſperſe, and with them go

The ſummer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;

By vain Proſperity received,

To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
[lieved.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd

Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,

And Melancholy, ſilent maid

With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still

Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:

Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,

With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,

And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,

Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,

Nor circled with the vengeful Band

(As by the Impious thou art ſeen)

With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,

With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,

Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs, wear,

Thy milder influence impart,

Thy philoſophic Train be there

To ſoften, not to wound my heart,

The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,

Teach me to love and to forgive,

Exact my own defects to ſcan,

What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a [Man.

THE

# THE

# PROGRESS of POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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

# THE

# PROGRESS of POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

### I. 1.

* AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:

The

---

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

*David's Pſalms.*

Pindar ſtyles his own poetry with its muſical accompanyments, Αἰολικὶς μολπὴ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ ἀυλῶν, Æolian ſong, Æolian ſtrings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along

Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :

Now rowling down the ſteep amain,

Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour :

The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the [roar.

---

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are united. The various ſources of poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, are here deſcribed; its quiet majeſtic progreſs enriching every ſubject (otherwiſe dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

Oh!

I. 2.

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,

Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,

Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,

And frantic Paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,

Has curb'd the fury of his car,

And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.

† Perching on the ſcept'red hand

---

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

† This is a weak imitation of ſome incomparable lines in the ſame Ode.

Of

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

I. 3.

* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;

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

Now

Now purſuing, now retreating,

Now in circling troops they meet:

To briſk notes in cadence beating

* Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach de-
[clare:
Where'er ſhe turns the Graces homage pay.

With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,

In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:

O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move

† The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of
[Love.

---

* Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ. HOMER. Od. Θ.

† Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι
Παρειῇσι φῶς ἔρωτος. PHYRNICHUS, apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what Ills await,

Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,

Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,

And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!

The fond complaint, my Song, diſprove,

And juſtify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muſe?

Night, and all her ſickly dews,

Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary ſky:

---

* To compenſate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muſe was given to Mankind by the ſame Providence that ſends the Day by its chearful preſence to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the Night.

Till

* Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts
[of war.

II. 2.

† In climes beyond the ſolar ‡ road,

Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
[roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight-gloom

To chear the ſhiv'ring Native's dull abode.

---

* Or ſeen the Morning's well-appointed Star
Come marching up the eaſtern hills afar. *Cowley.*

† Extenſive influence of poetic Genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American ſongs.]

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

And oft, beneath the od'rous ſhade

Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,

She deigns to hear the ſavage Youth repeat

In looſe numbers wildly ſweet

Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and duſky Loves.

Her track, where'er the Goddeſs roves,

Glory purſue, and generous Shame,

Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy [flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,

Iſles, that crown th' Egæan deep,

Fields

---

* Progreſs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante

Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,

Or where Mæander's amber waves

In lingering Lab'rinths creep,

How do your tuneful Echo's languiſh,

Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?

Where each old poetic Mountain

Inſpiration breath'd around:

Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd Fountain

Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:

---

Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taſte there; Spenſer imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this School expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.

Till

Till the ſad Nine in Greece's evil hour

Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains.

Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,

And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.

When Latium had her loftly ſpirit loſt,

They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,

In thy green lap was Nature's * Darling laid,

What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,

To Him the mighty Mother did unveil

Her aweful face: The dauntleſs Child

Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmiled.

---

* Shakeſpear.

This

This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear

Richly paint the vernal year:

Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal Boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy;

Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,

Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond He *, that rode ſublime

Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extaſy,

The ſecrets of th' Abyſs to ſpy.

† He paſs'd the flaming bounds of Place and [Time:

---

* Milton.

† "—— flammantia mœnia mundi." *Lucretius.*

The

* The living Throne, the ſaphire-blaze,

Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,

He ſaw; but blaſted with exceſs of light,

† Cloſed his eyes in endleſs night.

Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,

Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear

‡ Two Courſers of ethereal race,

‖ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-re-
[founding pace.

---

* For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſaphire-ſtone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

*Ezekiel* i. 20, 26, 28.

† Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἠδείκην ἀοιδήν. HOMER. Od.

‡ Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhimes.

‖ Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder? *Job.*

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!

Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er

Scatters from her pictured urn

* Thoughts, that breath, and words, that burn.

† But ah! 'tis heard no more——

---

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

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

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

Oh!

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit

Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

* That the Theban Eagle bear

Sailing with ſupreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air:

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run

Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:

Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,

Beneath the Good how far—but far above the [Great.

---

* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purſues its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.

THE

# BARD.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD THE FIRST, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

THE

# BARD.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

'RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King!
Confuſion on thy banners wait,
'Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing
'* They mock the air with idle ſtate.

---

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.
*Shakeſpear's King John.*

'Helm

'Helm, nor * Hauberk's twiſted mail,

'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant ſhall avail

'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,

'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'

Such were the ſounds, that o'er the † creſted [pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,

As down the ſteep of ‡ Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide

He wound with toilſome march his long array.

Stout

---

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

† ——The creſted adder's pride. *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

‡ *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welch themſelves call *Craigian-eryri:* it

Stout * Glo'ſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance :

To arms! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his [quiv'ring lance.

---

it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far eaſt as the river Conway. R. Hygden ſpeaking of the caſtle of Conway built by King Edward the firſt, ſays, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aber-"conway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi caſtrum "forte."

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

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(* Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
† Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Maſter's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.

---

* The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, repreſenting the Supreme Being in the viſion of Ezekiel: there are two of theſe paintings (both believed original), one at Florence, the other at Paris.

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

'Hark,

'Hark, how each giant-oak, and defert cave,

'Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!

'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they [wave,

'Revenge on thee in hoarfer murmurs breath;

'Vocal no more, fince Cambria's fatal day,

'To high-born Hoel's harp, or foft Llewellyn's [lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,

'That hufh'd the ftormy main:

'Brave Urien fleeps upon his craggy bed:

'Mountains, ye mourn in vain

'Modred, whofe magic fong

'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd [head

'On

'* On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,

'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:

'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;

'The famiſh'd † Eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.

---

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

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

'Dear

'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 grieſly band,

'I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,

'Avengers of their native land:

'With me in dreadful harmony ‡ they join,

'And ‡ weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of [thy line.'

---

‖ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That viſit my ſad heart——— *Shakeſp. Jul. Cæſar.*

‡ See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

" The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.

" Give ample room, and verge enough

" The characters of hell to trace.

" Mark the year, and mark the night,

" * When Severn ſhall re-eccho with affright

" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs [that ring,

" Shrieks of an agonizing King!

---

* Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-Caſtle.

" She-Wolf

"† She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

"That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled Mate,

"‖ From thee be born, who o'er thy country [hangs
"The ſcourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round [him wait!
"Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,

"And ſorrow's faded form, and ſolitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,

"‡ Low on his funeral couch he lies!

"No pitying heart, no eye, afford

"A tear to grace his obſequies.

---

† Iſabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

‖ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

‡ Death of that King, abandoned by his Children, and even robbed in his laſt moments by his Courtiers and his Miſtreſs.

"Is

"Is the fable * Warriour fled?

"Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.

"The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were [born?

"Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.

"Fair † laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr [blows,

"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

"In gallant trim the gilded Veſſel goes;

"Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;

"Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,

"That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his even- [ing-prey.

---

* Edward, the Black Prince, dead ſome time before his Father.

† Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froiſſard, and other contemporary Writers.

II. 3.

" * Fill high the ſparkling bowl,

" The rich repaſt prepare,

" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt :

" Cloſe by the regal chair

" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl

" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled Gueſt.

---

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

" Heard

" Heard ye the din of * battle bray,

" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?

" Long Years of havock urge their deſtined [courſe,
" And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their [way.
" Ye Towers of Julius †, London's laſting ſhame,

" With many a foul and midnight murther fed,

" Revere his ‡ Conſort's faith, his Father's || fame,

" And ſpare the meek § Uſurper's holy head.

---

* Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

† Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murthered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.

‡ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her Huſband and her Crown.

|| Henry the Fifth.

§ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the Crown.

Above

" Above, below, the * roſe of ſnow,

" Twined with her bluſhing foe, we ſpread :

" The briſtled † Boar in infant-gore

" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.

" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed [loom
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his [doom.

---

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

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

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to ſudden fate

"(Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun)

"* Half of thy heart we conſecrate.

"(The web is wove. The work is done.)"

'Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn

'Leave me unblefs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:

---

* 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 forrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

'In

'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 glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?

'Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,

'Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my ſoul!

'No more our long-loſt *Arthur we bewail.

'All-hail, † ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Iſſue, [hail!

---

* It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-Land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welch ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the Houſe of Tudor.

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold

'Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;

'And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old

'In bearded majeſty, appear.

'In the midſt a Form divine!

'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;

'Her lyon-port*, her awe-commanding face,

'Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.

---

* Speed relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinſki, Ambaſſadour of Poland, ſays, 'And thus 'ſhe, lion-like riſing, daunted the malapert Orator no leſs 'with her ſtately port and majeſtical deporture, than with the 'tartneſſe of her princelie checkes.'

'What

'What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,

'What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!

'Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin †, hear;

'They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.

'Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,

'Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd [wings.

---

† Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the VIth Century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

III. 3.

'The verſe adorn again

'* Fierce War, and faithful Love,

'And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.

'In † buſkin'd meaſures move

'Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,

'With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.

'A ‡ Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,

'Gales from blooming Eden bear;

'‖ And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,

'That loſt in long futurity expire.

---

* Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong.

*Spenſer's Proëme to the Fairy Queen.*

† Shakeſpear.

‡ Milton.

‖ The ſucceſſion of Poets after Milton's time.

'Fond

'Fond impious Man, think'ſt thou, yon ſanguine [cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of [day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

'Enough for me: With joy I ſee

'The different doom our Fates aſſign.

'Be thine Deſpair, and ſcept'red Care,

'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'

He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain's [height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs [night.

THE

THE

# FATAL SISTERS.

## AN ODE,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN THE

ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio: and alſo in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a Friend) of giving *the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry:* In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced ſome ſpecimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or thoſe who had ſubdued the greater part of this Iſland, and were our Progenitors: the following three Imitations made a part of them. He has long ſince drop'd his deſign, eſpecially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a Perſon well qualified to do it juſtice, both by his taſte, and his reſearches into antiquity.

# PREFACE.

IN the Eleventh Century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney-Iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of *Sictryg with the ſilken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day,

day, (the day of the battle,) a Native of *Caithneſs* in Scotland ſaw at a diſtance a number of perſons on horſeback riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he ſaw twelve gigantic figures reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North and as many to the South.

# THE

# FATAL SISTERS.

## AN ODE.

NOW the ſtorm begins to lower,

(Haſte, the loom of Hell prepare,)

* Iron-ſleet of arrowy ſhower

† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

---

*Note*—The *Valkyriur* were female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies *Chuſers of the ſlain.* They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, 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.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhower—— *Milton's Par. Regained.*

† The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air. *Shakeſp. Jul. Cæſar.*

Glitt'ring

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

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

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

*Miſta*

*Miſta* black, terrific Maid,

*Sangrida*, and *Hilda* ſee,

Join the wayward work to aid:

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,

Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,

Blade with clattering buckler meet,

Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war)

Let us go, and let us fly,

Where our Friends the conflict ſhare,

Where they triumph, where they die.

As

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

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

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

Low

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,

Gor'd with many a gaping wound:

Fate demands a nobler head;

Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,

Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;

Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,

Strains of Immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,

Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.

Siſters, weave the web of death;

Siſters, ceaſe, the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!

Songs of joy and triumph ſing!

Joy to the victorious bands;

Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,

Learn the tenour of our ſong.

Scotland, thro' each winding vale

Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed:

Each her thundering faulchion wield;

Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.

Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE

# DESCENT of ODIN.

## AN ODE,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN

BARTHOLINUS, de cauſis contemnendæ mortis;
HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

THE

# DESCENT of ODIN.

## AN ODE.

UProſe the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed;
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to *HELA's drear abode.

---

* *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it preſided HELA, the Goddeſs of Death.

Him

Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpied,
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd:
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs, that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The Father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſate;

Where

Where long of yore to ſleep was laid

The duſt of the prophetic Maid.

Facing to the northern clime,

Thrice he traced the runic rhyme ;

Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,

The thrilling verſe that wakes the Dead ;

Till from out the hollow ground

Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms pre-
[ſume

To break the quiet of the tomb?

Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,

And drags me from the realms of night?

Long on theſe mould'ring bones have beat

The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,

The

The drenching dews, and driving rain!

Let me, let me ſleep again.

Who is he, with voice unbleſt,

That calls me from the bed of reſt?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,

Is he that calls, a Warriour's Son.

Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;

Tell me what is done below,

For whom yon glitt'ring board is ſpread,

Dreſt for whom yon golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet ſee

The pure bev'rage of the bee,

O'er

O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold ;

'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold :

*Balder*'s head to death is giv'n.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !

Unwilling I my lips uncloſe :

Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

O. Once again my call obey.

Prophetеſs, ariſe, and ſay,

What dangers *Odin*'s Child await,

Who the Author of his fate.

PR. In *Hoder*'s hand the Heroe's doom :

His Brother ſends him to the tomb.

Now my weary lips I cloſe:

Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

O. Propheteſs, my ſpell obey,

Once again ariſe, and ſay,

Who th' Avenger of his guilt,

By whom ſhall *Hoder*'s blood be ſpilt.

PR. In the caverns of the weſt,

By *Odin*'s fierce embrace compreſt,

A wond'rous 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

Till he on *Hoder*'s corſe ſhall ſmile

Flaming on the ſun'ral pile.

Now my weary lips I cloſe:

Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

O. Yet a while my call obey.

Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,

What Virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,

That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,

That their flaxen treſſes tear,

And ſnowy veils, that float in air.

Tell me, whence their ſorrows roſe:

Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PR. Ha!

PR. Ha! no Traveller art thou,

King of Men, I know thee now,

Mightieſt of a mighty line——

O. No boding Maid of ſkill divine

Art thou, nor Propheteſs of good;

But Mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,

That never ſhall Enquirer come

To break my iron-ſleep again;

Till *_Lok_ has burſt his tenfold chain.

Never,

---

* *Lok* is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he ſhall break his bonds;

Never, till ſubſtantial Night

Has reaſſum'd her ancient right ;

Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,

Sinks the fabric of the world.

---

bonds; the human race, the ſtars, and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf and his kindred-deities ſhall periſh. For a farther explanation of this mythology, ſee Mallet's Introduction to the Hiſtory of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

THE

THE

# TRIUMPHS of OWEN.

## A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welch Poetry
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

OWEN ſucceeded his Father GRIFFIN in the Principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards.

THE

# TRIUMPHS of OWEN

## A FRAGMENT.

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
OWEN ſwift, and OWEN ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of Roderic's ſtem,
*Gwyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.

---

* North-Wales.

He

He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came ;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
*Lochlin plows the watry way ;

---

* Denmark.

There

There the Norman ſails afar

Catch the winds, and join the war:

Black and huge along they ſweep,

Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntleſs on his native ſands

* The Dragon-Son of Mona ſtands;

---

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

In

In glitt'ring arms and glory dreſt,

High he rears his ruby creſt.

There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,

There the preſs, and there the din ;

Talymalfra's rocky ſhore

Echoing to the battle's roar.

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,

Thouſand Banners round him burn.

Where he points his purple ſpear,

Haſty, haſty Rout is there,

Marking with indignant eye

Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.

There Confuſion, Terror's child,

Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,

Agony, that pants for breath,

Deſpair and honourable Death.

* * *

ELEGY

# E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

# COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

# ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

## COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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

---

* ———ſquilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.
*Dante. Purgat. l.* 8.

Now

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

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

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

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to Theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth 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.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full

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

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.

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

---

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

*Petrarch. Son.* 169.

Haply

Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay,

'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn

'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away

'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,

'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,

'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,

'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,

'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,

'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

One

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,

'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;

'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,

'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in ſad array

'Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him born.

'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,

'Grav'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*

## THE EPITAPH.

*Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,*
*Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:*
*He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,*
*He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.*

*No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,*
*Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,*
*(* There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)*
*The boſom of his Father and his God.*

---

* ——paventoſa ſpeme. *Petrarch. Son.* 114.

THE

THE

# CONTENTS.



FINIS.

# ADDITIONAL POEMS.

# O D E

PERFORMED IN THE

SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,

JULY 1, 1769,

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE

AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY,

DUKE OF GRAFTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

---

SET TO MUSIC BY

Dr. RANDAL,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY.

For T. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; J. DODSLEY, J. JOHNSON & Co. and B. WHITE, in London.

M. DCC. LXIX.

# O D E

FOR

# M U S I C.

AIR.

" HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
" Comus, and his midnight-crew,
" And Ignorance with looks profound,
" And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
" Mad Sedition's cry profane,
" Servitude that hugs her chain,
" Nor in theſe conſecrated bowers
" Let painted Flatt'ry hide her ſerpent-train in flowers.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

"Nor Envy baſe, nor creeping Gain
"Dare the Muſe's walk to ſtain,
"While bright-eyed Science watches round:
"Hence, away, 'tis holy Ground!

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Burſts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There ſit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to ſhine
Through every unborn age, and undiſcovered clime.
Rapt in celeſtial tranſport they, *(accomp.)*
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They ſend of tender ſympathy
To bleſs the place, where on their opening ſoul
Firſt the genuine ardor 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.

AIR.

AIR.

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

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals ſound, and pacing forth
With ſolemn ſteps and ſlow
High Potentates and Dames of royal birth
And mitred Fathers in long order go:
Great *Edward* with the lillies on his brow
From haughty *Gallia* torn,
And ſad *Chatillon*, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely *Clare*,
And *Anjou's* Heroïne, and the paler Roſe,
The rival of her crown, and of her woes,
And either *Henry* there,

The

The murther'd Saint, and the majeſtic Lord,
That broke the bonds of *Rome*.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er, *(accomp.)*
Their human paſſions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on *Granta's* fruitful plain
Rich ſtreams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bad theſe aweful fanes and turrets riſe,
To hail their *Fitzroy's* feſtal morning come;
And thus they ſpeak in ſoft accord
The liquid language of the ſkies.

QUARTETTO.

"What is Grandeur, what is Power?
"Heavier toil, ſuperior pain.
"What the bright reward we gain?
"The grateful mem'ry 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.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Foremoſt and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable *Marg'ret* ſee!
"Welcome, my noble Son, (ſhe cries aloud)
"To this, thy kindred train, and me:
"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
"A *Tudor's* fire, a *Beaufort's* grace.

AIR.

"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
"The flower unheeded ſhall deſcry,
"And bid it round heaven's altars ſhed
"The fragrance of it's bluſhing head:
"Shall raiſe from earth the latent gem
"To glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

"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 refin'd
"Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
"She reveres herſelf and thee.

"With modeſt pride to grace thy youthful brow
"The laureate wreath, that *Cecil* wore, ſhe brings,
"And to thy juſt, thy gentle hand
"Submits the Faſces of her ſway,
"While Spirits bleſt above and Men below
"Join with glad voice the loud ſymphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

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

FINIS.

# DESIGNS

BY

## Mr. R. BENTLEY,

FOR SIX

# POEMS

BY

## Mr. T. GRAY.

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLIII.

# A LONG STORY.

IN BRITAIN'S Iſle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building ſtands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

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

Full

Full oft within the ſpatious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave [a] Lord-Keeper led the Brawls;
The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him.

His buſhy beard, and ſhoe-ſtrings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and ſattin-doublet,
Mov'd the ſtout heart of England's Queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very firſt beginning!
Shame of the verſifying tribe!
Your Hiſt'ry whither are you ſpinning?
Can you do nothing but deſcribe?

A Houſe there is, (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning iſſues
A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
But ruſtling in their ſilks and tiſſues.

[a] Hatton, prefer'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful Perſon and fine Dancing.

The firſt came cap-a-pee from France
Her conqu'ring deſtiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner Beauties eye aſkance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had arm'd with ſpirit, wit, and ſatire:
But COBHAM had the poliſh given,
And tip'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air - - - - -
Coarſe panegyricks would but teaze her.
Meliſſa is her Nom de Guerre.
Alas, who would not wiſh to pleaſe her!

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

Fame

Fame in the ſhape of Mr. P - - - t
(By this time all the Pariſh know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet,

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peaſants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And ſuck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheaſants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd iſſue out her high commiſſion
To rid the manour of ſuch vermin.

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

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

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

Into the Drawers and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creaſed, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the firſt marching of the troops
The Muſes, hopeleſs of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a ſmall cloſet in the garden.

So Rumor ſays. (Who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jarr,
Where, ſafe and laughing in his ſleeve,
He heard the diſtant din of war.

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

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

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pothooks did ſo move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-houſe
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no ſign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he prefer'd his caſe,
And beg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a bluſh on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainſt four ſuch eyes were no protection.

The Court was ſate, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy manſions creeping
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery ſtand peeping:

Such as in ſilence of the night
Come (ſweep) along ſome winding entry
([b] *Styack* has often ſeen the fight)
Or at the chappel-door ſtand ſentry;

[b] The House-Keeper.

In

In peaked hoods and mantles tarniſh'd,
Sour viſages, enough to ſcare ye,
High Dames of honour once, that garniſh'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peereſs comes. The Audience ſtare,
And doff their hats with due ſubmiſſion:
She curtſies, as ſhe takes her chair,
To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Diſproved the arguments of [c]*Squib*,
And all that [d]*Groom* could urge againſt him.

But ſoon his rhetorick forſook him,
When he the ſolemn hall had ſeen;
A ſudden fit of ague ſhook him,
He ſtood as mute as poor [e]*Macleane*.

[c] *Groom of the Chambers.*
[d] *The Steward.*
[e] *A famous Highwayman hang'd the week before.*

Yet

Yet ſomething he was heard to mutter,
'How in the park beneath an old-tree
'(Without deſign to hurt the butter,
'Or any malice to the poultry,)

'He once or twice had pen'd a ſonnet;
'Yet hoped, that he might ſave his bacon:
'Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
'He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken.

The ghoſtly Prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the ſinner.
My Lady roſe, and with a grace - - - -
She ſmiled, and bid him come to dinner.

'Jeſu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
'Why, what can the Vicounteſs mean?
(Cried the ſquare Hoods in woful fidget)
'The times are alter'd quite and clean!

'Decorum's

'Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;

'Her air and all her manners ſhew it.

'Commend me to her affability!

'Speak to a Commoner and Poet!

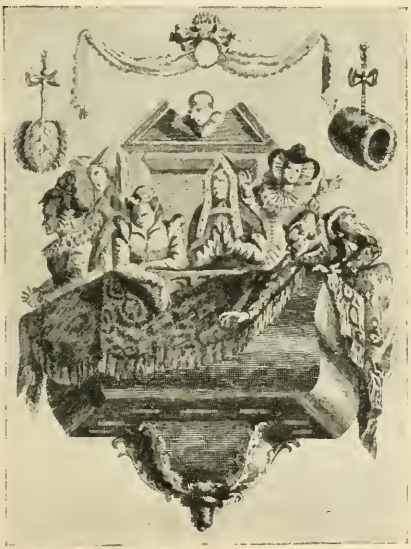
[*Here* 500 *Stanzas are loſt.*]

And ſo God ſave our noble King,

And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,

That to eternity would ſing,

And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.



# NOTES.

[*The figures preceding the parenthesis refer to page and line of the page; the figures in parentheses to the line of the poem.*

## ODE ON THE SPRING.

THE copy of this poem in Gray's own hand in the Stonehewer MS. at Pembroke College, Cambridge, bears the title 'Noon-Tide, an Ode', and at the close is written, in the same hand, the following note: 'The beginning of June 1742. sent to Fav: not knowing he was then dead.' Favonius (the West Wind) was Gray's nickname for West, whose death (see Introduction, p. xxi) occurred at Hatfield on June 1, 1742. On May 5 of that year West had sent to Gray 'a little ode (if it deserves the name)' calling upon May in rather conventional language, and Gray's poem may be considered as a reply to this effusion (see *Gray and His Friends*). It was first printed in vol. ii of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by Several Hands* in 1748, where also appeared the Eton *Ode* and the elegy on Walpole's 'pensive Selima'. Here it was merely entitled 'Ode'. In 'Designs by Mr. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray', 1753, it occupies the first place under the same name, and does not appear as Ode on the Spring till it was published in the edition of 1768, when Gray added the notes reprinted in the text. He seems to have set some value on the piece apart from the circumstances of its composition, for in a letter to Walpole, who transmitted the three poems to Dodsley, he describes it as 'not worse than' the Eton *Ode* (cf. Gray's *Letters*, vol. i, p. 182). Few of us would probably rate it quite so highly as that. At the same time it has distinct merits as an example of melodious versification and of a diction based on wider reading and sounder taste than generally obtained at the time. Mitford considers Gray's prime source to have been Horace's *Ode*, 'Ad Sestium',

i. 4, but the resemblance between the two poems is not very close, and there is more to be said for Bradshaw's statement that 'Gray seems to have been fresh from Milton and Green'.

Dr. Johnson allowed the poem 'something poetical, both in the language and the thought', but objected that the former was 'too luxuriant', the latter unoriginal. He disliked also Gray's phrase 'the honied Spring', declaring that adjectives formed like 'honied' were inadmissible. This, of course, is nonsense; at least the greater poets seem to have thought so.

PAGE 3. 3 (3) *long-expecting*. Mitford says 'some editions' give 'long-expected'.

4 (4) *the purple year*. Purple is used by our Augustans, relying on the authority of the Latin poets who used terms of colour with curious vagueness, for any bright and strong tint. Pope in his *Pastorals* (i. 28) writes: 'And lavish Nature paints the purple year.' Of course any acute observer will know that true purple is remarkably absent from our English spring colouring.

5 (5) *The Attic warbler* is, of course, the nightingale, a bird associated with Athens partly through Sophocles' famous description (see *Oed. Col.* 670, &c.), partly through the legend of Philomela. Milton, whom Gray no doubt had in mind, wrote (*Par. R.* iv. 245): 'The Attic bird trills her thick-warbled notes'; but the phrase goes further back, even to Propertius and Ovid. *Pours her throat* is, on the other hand, a loan from a contemporary, Pope to wit, who wrote (*Essay on Man*, iii. 33): 'Is it for thee the linnet pours her throat?'—an excellent example of the pseudo-classical vice of circumlocution.

PAGE 5. 5, 6 (19, 20) *How low*, &c. In the Pembroke MS. and Dodsley's *Collection* these lines are printed:

> How low, how indigent the Proud,
> How little are the Great.

Gray altered them, Mason tells us, to avoid 'the appearance of a Concetto'.

10 (24). The purely verbal critics seem to have overlooked the oddity of speaking of a murmur as 'glowing', though Johnson might have quarrelled far more justly with such

a phrase than with 'the honied spring' (l. 26) which aroused his annoyance. For Lord Grenville's spirited and able analysis of Johnson's criticism see Mitford, ad loc.

PAGE 6. 1 (27). Gray's Latin from *Georgic* iv. 59 means 'to swim through the liquid summer'.

5 (31, &c.). The thought behind this stanza Gray acknowledged to Walpole to be 'manifestly stolen' (*Letters*, i. 188) from a passage in *The Grotto*, a poem by Matthew Green, who died in 1737, which is to be found in Dodsley's *Collection*, vol. v. The theft, however, Gray declared to have been one of unconscious memory. The idea is a commonplace of pseudo-classical meditation, and is expressed by Thomson in his *Seasons* ('Summer', 342, &c.) in a form far closer to Gray's presentation of it than is embodied in the rambling octosyllables of Green. Wakefield, according to Mitford, discovered in Thomson's lines 'the original of this stanza'.

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD-FISHES.

This, next to the *Elegy*, is probably the best-known of Gray's poems. The following letter from Gray to Walpole explains the circumstances of its composition (cf. *Letters*, vol. i, p. 156):

'Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

'As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima was it? or Fatima?), or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome Cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor; oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad

accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry

"Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris."'

About the same time he wrote also to Wharton mentioning 'a Pôme on the uncommon Death of Mr W's Cat', enclosing a copy which is now in the British Museum. In this MS. Gray calls it 'On a favourite Cat, call'd Selima that fell into a China Tub with Gold-Fishes in it and was drown'd'. The title as given here is that of Dodsley's *Collection*, in which it first appeared in 1748, and of the editions of 1751 and 1755.

The disaster which forms the subject of the elegy befell at Walpole's town-house in Arlington Street, and years later, after Gray's death, Walpole mounted the vase on a pedestal, attaching a label with Gray's first stanza upon it. Both vase and pedestal passed eventually into the hands of the Derby family, and were at Knowsley. It would be interesting to see them, because quite how poor Selima was drowned is still 'wrop in mystery'. Cats, we must remember, swim by nature, and why this particular cat failed to extricate herself from danger is very difficult to understand.

Dr. Johnson admits that this poem is 'a trifle', but 'not a happy trifle'. He probably cared little for cats, and must be forgiven accordingly.

There are MSS. of this poem among Wharton's papers in the British Museum (Egerton MS. 2400), among the Gray MSS. at Pembroke, Cambridge; and Mr. Gosse (i. 10) says the copy sent to Walpole is extant also.

PAGE **11**. 3 (3) *The azure flowers that blow*. Johnson says that the last two words are a redundancy merely for the sake of a rhyme, and very likely Gray would, in prose, have said nothing about 'blowing' at all. Still the point is a very minor one, and only of importance to those critics who forget that in criticism as in law 'de minimis non curat lex'.

4, 5 (4, 5). In the Walpole MS. and Dodsley, 1748, these lines were transposed. In their present position there is needed a comma after Selima which, Bradshaw says, Stephen Jones was the first to insert in 1799.

PAGE **12**. 4 (10). Dodsley has 'The coat' instead of 'Her coat'.

8 (14). Pembroke and Walpole MSS. and Dodsley have 'beauteous forms' for 'angel-forms'.

PAGE 13. 6 (24) *averse to fish.* 'A foe to fish', Dodsley 1748.

7 (25). Wharton MS. 'eyes' for 'looks'.

PAGE 14. 1 (31). Eight times, because cats have proverbially nine lives.

4 (34) *No Dolphin came.* An allusion to the classical story of the minstrel Arion who, when he had leaped overboard from a piratical ship, was rescued by a dolphin and carried safe to land.

5, 6 (35, 36) *For Susan.* Wharton and Walpole MSS. and edition of 1748 give 'Harry'.

10 (40) *tempts.* Wharton and Pembroke MSS. give 'strikes'.

12 (42) *Nor.* Dodsley has 'Not' in the edition of 1765.

## ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

In the Pembroke MS. Gray has added at the close of his copy of this poem: 'at Stoke Aug. 1742.' West, therefore, had been dead only a very short time when it was written, and Gray's estrangement from Walpole and Ashton was still comparatively recent. It was natural enough, accordingly, that he should review his schooldays with a certain feeling of melancholy and disillusion. On the other hand, we must remember that the general sentiment of the poem is a commonplace of pseudo-classical meditation, and would have been adopted by almost any versifier of the period independently of his personal experience.

There are two autograph MSS. of this poem—one at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and the other at Eton College; the latter once belonged to the poet Wordsworth.

In the Pembroke MS. the piece is entitled: 'Ode on a distant Prospect of Windsor, and the adjacent Country.' The Eton MS. has the same title except that 'distant' is omitted. The *Ode* was first printed for Dodsley in 1747, as a separate poem under its present name, and was sold for sixpence a copy. Gray's name was not attached to it then, nor when it was reprinted in Dodsley's *Collection* in 1748. It was the first English poem by Gray to be published,

though his Latin poem 'On the Prince of Wales's Marriage' had been included in a Cambridge publication of 1736.

The Greek motto from Menander was written in the margin of the Pembroke MS. against 'the middle of the sixth stanza' (Bradshaw), 'along the right-hand side of the fifth and sixth stanzas' (Tovey), and was first prefixed as a motto to the whole poem in 1768. In the original the line forms a reply to a question as to the speaker's unhappiness. Translated it means:

I am a man, reason enough for misfortune.

Dr. Johnson says this ode shows that 'the prospect' 'suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel'. This, even from the Doctor's standpoint, is purely captious. The essential aim of such poetry is the expression of a universal experience. What, one wonders, would Johnson have made of such an intimate and personal treatment of a similar theme as *Rugby Chapel*?

PAGE 17. 3 (3) *Science.* Not used by Gray, or, indeed, in his time, as an antithesis to literary and artistic culture, but in its Latin sense of learning of all kinds.

4 (4) *Henry's holy shade.* The Henry is, of course, Henry VI, who founded Eton and whose personal piety was unimpeachable.

PAGE 18. 8 (12) *Ah, fields belov'd in vain.* One of the nearest approaches to self-revelation in the whole of Gray's poetry. His love for the scenes of his boyhood had been embittered and rendered valueless by the death of West, the estrangement of Walpole, and the falseness of Ashton.

PAGE 19. 5 (21). Johnson carped acrimoniously at this invocation to 'Father Thames' on the ground that he 'has no better means of knowing than' the poet himself. Personification once admitted, however, this sort of rhetorical question is perfectly legitimate. Of course, to us personification is what 'the great doctor' would have called an 'artifice of disgust', but he seems to have had no objection to its use. The fact is, he disliked what he knew of Gray, had the feeling of the professional against the amateur of letters, and was ready to pick up any faggot for his castigation.

6 (22). For 'sprightly' the MSS. read 'smileing'.

PAGE 20. 3 (29). Pembroke MS.: 'To chase the hoop's

elusive speed.' Bradshaw thinks this a 'curious expression', and cites the lines from *Agrippina*:

> We could not have beguiled
> With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
> Of wakeful jealousy.

Mr. Tovey thought that these lines were posterior to the *Ode*, and that Gray for their sake introduced 'the rolling circle's speed', preferring his original form all the time. If so, why did he not restore it in 1753 or 1768 when *Agrippina* was certainly 'dead and done with'? It is anyhow the sharper and more descriptive phrase, because a hoop bowled at any pace is dreadfully 'elusive', as any one knows who has bowled one. To 'urge the flying ball' is, on the other hand, very vague, and only to be held as 'a pious opinion' to refer to cricket.

PAGE 22. 5 (59). The Pembroke MS. has 'griesly' with 'murtherous' in the margin.

PAGE 24. 7 (83) *family*. In the Latin sense of household, all one's retinue, not merely wife and children.

## HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

This poem exists in Gray's handwriting in the Pembroke MS. with his note 'at Stoke, Aug. 1742'. It may therefore be grouped with the other poems of that period of sorrow and disappointment. Gray gives it in this MS. the name of 'Ode to Adversity', but it appeared as 'Hymn, &c.' when first printed in the collected edition of 1753, in Dodsley's *Collection*, vol. iv, 1755 and 1758, and in the edition of Gray in 1768. Mason altered it to 'Ode' again. The motto prefixed to it here, which may be translated, 'Zeus who makes mortals tread the way of wisdom by allotting to suffering learning as her peculiar possession', was first printed in 1768. In the Pembroke MS., apparently the sole copy by Gray, he has also written

> Ξυμφέρει
> Σωφρονεῖν ὑπὸ στένει,

from Aeschylus' *Eumenides*, l. 520, the sense of which is: 'It profits to grow prudent by the power of grief.'

Gray's own view of his productions is never very easy to come at because of his determined attitude of self-depreciation and reserve. His sole mention of this poem is in a letter to Walpole, dated October 8, 1751: 'I send you this (as you desire) merely to make up half a dozen; though it will hardly answer your end in furnishing out either a head or a tail-piece' (cf. *Letters*, vol. i, p. 212). At all events he considered the piece worth preserving in his final edition. Johnson thought so highly of it that he declared he would 'not by slight objections violate' its 'dignity', and Mr. Tovey was probably right in describing it as 'quite his most faultless poem', though he admits that it is only 'a splendid cento'. Certainly it is, even for Gray, extremely derivative. Johnson, who approved the poem as 'at once poetical and rational', rightly saw its model in Horace's ode to Fortune (*Carm.* i. 35), and nearly every turn of thought and phrase has been traced back by careful commentators to some one of Gray's predecessors. Still the general result is impressive, and the final four lines are full of a really noble seriousness. The ambition expressed in them to arrive at consciousness of one's humanity through sympathy with the sorrows of the world is characteristic of true classicism, something better than the plaster-cast classicism of Pope and his school. Wordsworth was not a devotee of Gray, so it is the more worth noting his debt to this poem in his *Ode to Duty*.

PAGE 30. 4 (8). In the Pembroke MS. Gray first wrote 'and Misery not their own', then drew a line through it, and wrote above 'unpitied and alone'. As applied to 'purple tyrants', whose sense of the 'lacrimae rerum' may be supposed to be defective, this is certainly an improvement.

PAGE 33. 2 (42). The MS. reads 'Thy milder influence deign to impart'.

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

This poem and *The Bard* were published together on August 8, 1757, by R. and J. Dodsley, and were printed for them by Horace Walpole as the first-fruits of the press he had just installed at Strawberry Hill. They formed a large and very thin quarto volume, and bore the following title:

'Odes by Mr. Gray. *Φωναντα συνετοισι.*[1] Printed at Strawberry Hill for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall Mall.' Gray received forty guineas, the sole literary earnings of his life. For some not very explicable reason, Gray seems to have entrusted the poems to Walpole's press only very reluctantly, for in writing to Mason on August 1, 1757, he says: 'They (the *Odes*) had been out three weeks ago, but Mr. Walpole having taken it into his head to set up a press of his own at Twickenham, was so earnest to handsel it with this new pamphlet that it was impossible to find a pretence for refusing such a trifle. You will dislike this as much as I do, but there is no help; you understand it is he prints them, not for me, but for Dodsley' (*Letters*, i. 343). For the reception of the *Odes* by the public, see Introduction, p. xxxiii. *The Progress of Poesy*, *Ode* 1 of the 1757 edition had no notes, while *The Bard* was accompanied by only four. In 1768, Gray added the notes as printed in the text, with the short and not very kindly explanation. His attitude on the matter towards the public is illustrated by the following quotation from a letter to James Beattie (Feb. 1, 1768): 'as to the notes, I do it out of spite, because the public did not understand the two Odes (which I have called Pindaric); though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England, by way of question and answer, for the use of children' (*Letters* iii, p. 175).

Gray had, however, written *The Progress of Poesy* some long time before its publication. In a letter (undated, but assigned hypothetically by Mr. Tovey to December, 1752) to Walpole he writes: 'I don't know but I may send him (Dodsley) very soon (by your hands) an ode to his own tooth, a high Pindaric upon stilts, which one must be a better

[1] These words from Pindar (*Olymp.* ii, l. 152) were rendered by Gray (*Letters*, vol. iii, p. 8) 'vocal to the intelligent alone'. In the edition of 1768, when this poem first took its present title, he completed the quotation by adding:

ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει

which may be translated 'but for the world at large' (or 'for full comprehension'?) 'require interpreters'.

scholar than he is to understand a line of, and the very best scholars will understand but a little matter here and there' (*Letters*, i. 219). The autograph MS. at Pembroke College notes that the poem was 'finished in 1754'. Mason affirms that he was 'the innocent cause' of a long interval of delay in the composition of the poem, Gray having been discouraged by his expressed suspicion, on reading the earlier part of it, that 'it would by no means hit the public taste'. This seems strangely at variance with Gray's professed indifference to common praise or blame, and Mason, we know, was hardly the most truthful of men. The anecdote can be taken for what it is worth, and any one who cares to believe it may support his faith by surmising that Gray cared more for the good opinion of 'the general' than his pose allowed him to admit, though from the letter to Walpole, quoted just above, he never seems to have been hopeful about the reception of *The Progress of Poesy*.

For criticism of Gray's Pindarics, see Introduction, Section H. 'The kind' had a history and lineage in English literature going back as far as Ben Jonson, though Mason says that 'Mr. Congreve . . . first introduced the regular Pindaric form into the English language'. Of course, in reality, no English Pindaric is even metrically very like the poetry of 'The Theban eagle', while spiritually and mentally Pindar is the most purely Greek, and the least modern of all Greek writers. Browning's *Pheidippides* is closer to his mood than is any other poem in our tongue. Gray's odes are as remote from it as possible. Johnson's detailed criticism of this poem and *The Bard* is worth attention. Most of his attacks can be countered, and he seems to have had no inkling of the main plan of this ode—the absurdity of its subject for poetic treatment. Still his famous description of the style comes very near to expressing the essential defects of Gray's 'grand manner'. 'He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.' 'Ease and nature' mean to Johnson 'the ease and nature' of Pope's best epistles and satires, not those of Shakespeare's most poignant phrases, or of the best lines of balladry; but to us the dictum yet has force. Sir James Mackintosh declared that Gray 'attained the highest degree of splendour

of which poetical style seems to be capable', and Cowper thought him 'sublime'. Both, one supposes, had the Pindarics in mind, and both would seem to modern taste greatly in hyperbole of the truth.

Collins's *Ode to Simplicity*, which certainly Gray had read, possibly suggested the general subject and part of its development. The best analysis of the whole poem is Gray's own running comment.

Autograph MSS. of the poem exist in the Pembroke College MSS., and in Egerton MS. 2400 of the British Museum (the copy sent in a letter to Wharton, dated December 26, 1754).

PAGE 37 (1). In the Pembroke MS. this line ran, 'Awake, my Lyre, my Glory, wake', but is corrected in the margin to the reading of the text. Gray's quotation from Psalm lvii. 9 is incorrect, for in the Prayer-book version it runs, 'Awake *up*, my glory; awake, lute and harp'; in the A.V., 'Awake up, my glory, awake psaltery and harp'.

*Aeolian lyre*. The reference is to Aeolia, the district of Greek Asia Minor to which Alcaeus and Sappho belonged, and where (perhaps) the Homeric epics had their origins; but a writer in *The Critical Review* (Gray thought Dr. Francklin) mistook it for the Aeolian harp, a set of sensitive strings exposed to the action of the wind. Hence Gray's note. The Aeolian harp has had its place in first-class poetry. See Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, i. 40, and Coleridge's *Dejection: An Ode*.

2 (2). MSS. 'Transport' for 'Rapture'.

PAGE 38. 7 (11) 'With torrent-rapture see it pour' MSS. Gray probably was originally drawn to alter this (greatly for the better) by his later insertion of 'Rapture' in l. 2.

PAGE 39. 1(13). Gray acknowledges a debt for the thoughts in this stanza to 'the first Pythian of Pindar'. Here is Mr. E. Myers's translation of the opening lines of that ode. The debt is apparent enough; so also is the interval between Gray and his model. Pindar, be it noted, describes the eagle with a particularity remote from the generalizing method of pseudo-classicism: 'O Golden Lyre, thou common treasure of Apollo and the Muses violet-tressed, thou whom the dancer's step, prelude of festal mirth, obeyeth, and the singers heed thy bidding, what time with quivering

strings thou utterest preamble of choir-leading overture—lo even the sworded lightning of immortal fire thou quenchest, and on the sceptre of Zeus his eagle sleepeth, slackening his swift wings on either side, the king of birds, for a dark mist thou hast distilled on his arched head, a gentle seal upon his eyes, and he in slumber heaveth his supple back, spell-bound beneath thy throbs.

'Yea also violent Ares, leaving far off the fierce point of his spears, letteth his heart have joy in rest, for thy shafts soothe hearts divine by the cunning of Leto's son and the deep-bosomed Muses.'

3 (15) *shell.* Because Hermes was supposed to have invented the lyre by stringing the hollow shell of a tortoise. See the pseudo-Homeric *Hymn to Hermes.*

7 (27) *Idalia's.* Idalium in Cyprus, sacred to Aphrodite.

*velvet-green.* Johnson quarrelled with this because 'an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature'. The commentators are able to find good precedent in previous English literature for a phrase whose real defect is that it is jaded and inexpressive.

8 (20) *Perching,* &c. By strict syntax this should refer to the subject of the whole sentence, i.e. 'thy magic'. It is curious to discover Gray in a blunder of this kind.

PAGE 40. 3 (23). For *dark* MSS. read 'black'. Gray's alteration was clearly for purposes of euphony.

PAGE 41. 3 (34). MSS. 'the cadence'.

4 (35). Gray's quotation from Homer, *Odyssey,* viii. 265, may be rendered 'he watched the quick twinklings of their feet, and marvelled in his spirit'.

*Many-twinkling.* This compound also vexed Johnson, and Bradshaw backs his opinion that it is incorrect. Gray got it (if he did not invent it) from Thomson's 'many-twinkling leaves' ('Spring', 158).

10 (30) *antic sport.* Antic here does not, of course, mean grotesque, but is intended to signify something measured, ceremonious, or traditional, with a savour of quaintness perhaps. The word is the same as 'antique'. The MS. has 'sports'.

(36, &c.). Mitford quotes a very striking parallel in a stanza from a poem by Barton Booth, which occurs in his *Life* published in 1733. As it seems almost certain that the

numerous coincidences and similarities of expression between Gray and Barton cannot have been accidental, I add Mitford's quotation:

> Now to a *slow and melting air* she moves,
> So like in air, in shape, in mien,
> She passes for the Paphian queen;
> The graces all around her play,
> The wond'ring gazers die away;
> Whether her *easy body* bend,
> Or her *faire bosom* heave with sighs;
> Whether her *graceful arms extend*,
> Or gently fall, or slowly rise;
> Or *returning or advancing*,
> *Swimming round, or sidelong glancing*,
> Strange force of motion that subdues the soul.

10 (41). Gray's note 'Λάμπει', &c., means 'and the light of love shines upon his rosy cheeks'. Athenaeus says the line refers to Troilus (cf. Tovey, ad loc.).

PAGE 43. 1 (52). The Wharton MS. reads:

> Till fierce Hyperion from afar
> Pours on their scatter'd rear, his glitt'ring shafts of War.

The Pembroke MS. has

> Till fierce Hyperion from afar
> Hurls at their flying rear, &c.,

with alternative readings 'scattered' and 'shadowy' noted in the margin in place of 'flying'.

Mitford further prints as a MS. variant:

> Till o'er their shadowy rear from far
> Hyperion hurls around his, &c.

Hyperion is the sun-god, and Gray bows to an established convention of English poetry in shortening the i.

3 (54). 'The Erse fragments' of Gray's note are the so-called Ossianic poems published by James Macpherson, whose genuineness was the cause of so much literary controversy. Gray was at first quite ready to accept them as authentic fragments of antiquity, but later came over to the doubters. In 1768 he seems, by this note, to have believed at least certain portions of them to be genuine.

The meaning of the quotation from Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 795, is

'outside the paths of the year and of the sun', and Gray probably had also in mind Dryden's 'Out of the solar walk and heaven's high way' (*Threnod. Aug.* st. 12). The line from Petrarch may be rendered: 'all remote from the road of the sun.'

5 (56). By his use of a hyphen in *twilight-gloom* Gray makes it clear that he did not use twilight as an adjective. Mitford (followed by Bradshaw) removes the hyphen and parallels the adjectival use of the noun by Milton's 'twilight shade' (*Hymn to Nativity*, st. xx).

6 (57). MS. has 'buried Natives' with 'shivering' in margin, and 'chill abode' with 'dull' in margin. Mr. Tovey was almost certainly right in supposing that Gray in writing 'buried' was thinking of Virgil's

> 'Ipsi in defossis specubus secura sub alta
> Otia agunt terra.'—*Georg.* iii. 376.

'They in caves dug out pass hours of safety and ease under the deep earth.'

That Gray changed 'chill' to 'dull' because of Chili in l. 59 is also Mr. Tovey's plausible suggestion.

PAGE **44**. 6 (63, &c.). The evidence of literary history would rather show that Gray was indulging in a very large poetical licence here. The age, of course, liked to belaud 'the noble savage' in literature, though in life it preferred to kidnap and make a slave of him.

9 (66). Gray's note, like his verse, takes no account of the great efflorescence of poetry in mediaeval France.

PAGE **45**. 6 (73) *old poetic Mountain.* Mountains were associated with poetry in Gray's mind from a very early period. See his letter to West about his journey to the Grande Chartreuse: 'not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry' (*Letters*, i. 44). It is interesting to find Keble, over whom Gray exercised a marked influence, writing (*Christian Year*, Third Sunday in Lent) 'Fly from the "old poetic" fields'.

9 (76). MS. 'Murmur'd a celestial sound'. Gray's motive in the change was probably a pleasanter set of vowel-sounds and the avoidance of sigmatism.

PAGE **46**. 3 (79). It might be pointed out that the Golden Age of Roman poetry passed during years when the liberty

of the Republic had become a shadow. Elizabethan England, moreover, was not remarkable for freedom, at all events politically.

PAGE 47. 5 (93) *Horrour*. 'Terror' Wharton MS. and in the margin of the Pembroke MS.

7 (95). It is curious that Gray leaves the Elizabethan age with no mention of Spenser, whom he greatly admired and by reading whom he was accustomed to tune his mind for his own hours of composition.

10 (98). Gray's Latin quotation is from Lucretius, *De Nat. Rer.* i. 73. It means 'the flaming ramparts of the world'.

PAGE 48. 4 (102). Gray's line is from Homer, *Od.* viii. 64, and refers to Demodocus, the blind minstrel of Alcinous, king of Phaeacia. It may be translated 'she robbed him of his eyes, but gave him sweetness of song'.

PAGE 49. 2 (108). MSS. 'Full-plumed' for *Bright-eyed*. The latter is certainly the better both pictorially and for reasons of clarity.

PAGE 50. 4 (115). Gray's reference from Pindar (*Olymp.* ii. 86–8) means 'like the divine head of Zeus'.

118. Pembroke MSS.:

> Yet, when they first were opened on the day,
> Before his visionary eyes would run.

8 (119). For *forms* the Pembroke MS. has 'shapes' in the margin.

11 (122). Pembroke MS. 'Yet never can he fear a vulgar fate'.

## THE BARD.

This poem was first published as Ode II in the Strawberry Hill edition of 1757. It was then illustrated by four notes and had the same 'Advertisement' as in 1768.

Like most of Gray's longer poems, *The Bard* was a long time in the making. Mason tells us that the exordium was finished by March 9, 1755, and in August of that year Gray sent some earlier portions to Wharton and to Stonehewer for criticism. By mid-October, however, one of his visitations of 'spiritual dryness' seems to have set in, for in writing to Wharton on the 18th he says 'I have not done a word more of *Bard*, having been in a very listless, unpleasant, and

inutile state of mind for this long while' (*Letters*, i. 281). And, again to the same friend, on January 1, 1756, he records 'I have not added a line to old Caradoc' (ibid. i. 291), while towards the end of the year he again informs Wharton 'I am as stupid as a Post, and have not added a syllable (ibid. i. 311). His inability to go on with the work seems to have struck him rather as a subject for humour than for regret, for, writing to Mason a little later, he casually tells him that 'Odikle is not a bit grown, though it is fine mild open weather' (ibid. i. 312). It was not until May 1757 that he brought the poem to a conclusion, inspired thereto by the playing of one Parry, a blind Welsh harper, who visited Cambridge.

On a page of one of Gray's common-place books Mason found a preliminary prose sketch or argument of *The Bard* which is worth reprinting, as it shows how much the idea developed in Gray's mind after his original conception of it:

'The army of Edward I, as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by 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 has 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 that 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.'

Mason regrets that his friend did not more closely adhere to this original scheme, especially with regard to his proposed castigation of vice; but Gray's failure to 'moralise his song' was certainly for the good of a poem, doomed by its subject-matter and its technical treatment to be quite remote enough from the sympathies of the ordinary reader. Even the educated public of Gray's admirers found *The Bard*, along with its companion *The Progress of Poesy*, something of a stumbling-block, as we may gather from the following passage of a letter from Gray to Richard Hurd: 'all people of condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand: one very

great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times, and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above thirty questions to ask. Another, a peer, believes that the last stanza of the second ode (i.e. *The Bard*) relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not succeed, and write me moving topics of conversation on that head' (*Letters*, i. 346).

For all that, the sale of the volume was considerable, and Gray's attitude to his critics remained one of humorous contempt rather than resentment. He probably found a wry satisfaction in the idea of educated people who were ignorant of 'a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England by way of question and answer for the use of children' (*Letters*, iii. 175).

*The Bard* was Gray's first poetic excursion into Mediaevalism, and it is rather interesting to remark that none of his notes cite parallels from classical writers.

17, 18. Wharton seems to have boggled over these lines, and to have made a suggestion which Gray, at the time, was ready to accept, for we find him writing to Wharton on Aug. 21, 1755 (*Letters*, i. 272) as follows: 'You may alter that, *Robed in* the sable, &c., almost in your own words, thus,

> With fury pale, and pale with woe,
> Secure of fate, the Poet stood, &c.

Though *haggard*, which conveys to you the idea of a Witch, is indeed only a metaphor taken from an unreclaimed Hawk, which is called a Haggard, and looks wild and *farouche*, and jealous of its liberty.' Gray's sense for 'haggard' undoubtedly caused him to restore the lines in the final recast.

PAGE 57. 6 (28). *Hoel* was a son of Owen Gwynedd, king of North Wales. He is said to have assisted his father in his wars against the English and Normans, and some poems traditionally ascribed to him are extant. This is the substance of a note by Mitford, but Hoel was probably a rather mythical personage.

Llewellyn had, according to authorities cited by Mitford, a high name for mildness of spirit when not in the field.

7 (29). *Cadwallo* and *Urien* (l. 31) were, Bradshaw says, Welsh bards. At least Gray thought so.

9 (31) *Brave.* Walpole, writing to Lyttleton, Aug. 25, 1757, says Gray once had *stern* (Tovey).

11 (33) *Modred.* Not the traitor of the Arthuriad, though Gray may thence have taken the name.

PAGE 59. 2 (40). Mitford aptly quotes:

> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart.
> (Shakespeare, *Jul. Caes.* II. i. 289–90.)

Gray's line is perhaps nearer to having the authentic note of Romanticism than any he ever composed.

10 (48). Gray in his note invites comparison with *The Fatal Sisters.* It is clear that he had, before composing *The Bard*, read Bartholin's Latin version of the Norse poem from which *The Fatal Sisters* was later adapted.

PAGE 61. 7 (63) *Victor.* In Wharton's MS. (cf. *Letters*, i. 273) Gray wrote 'Conqu'ror' (not 'Conqueror', as in Mitford) and 'Victor' above it.

8 (64) *his.* In Wharton's MS. we have 'the' with 'his' superscribed.

9 (65). For *No . . . no* Wharton's MS. has 'What . . . what' with 'No . . . no' above.

PAGE 62. 3 (69). Gray wrote in Wharton's MS. 'The swarm that hover'd in thy noontide ray', then deleted from *that* (exclusive) and wrote the text as we have it. He probably in both versions was thinking of 'the insect youth' of his *Ode on the Spring.*

4 (70). Wharton's MS. has 'day' (erased) with 'morn' at the side (with trifling variants).

5–10 (71–6). In Wharton's MS. these six lines are on p. 4 and in their place in the text stands:

> Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,
> Your helpless old expiring master view,
> They hear not. Scarce Religion dares supply
> Her mutter'd Requiems and her holy Dew.
> Yet thou, proud Boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send
> A sigh, and envy oft thy happy Grandsire's end.

Mr. Tovey suggests wisely that Gray excised these lines to avoid too sudden a transition to Richard III.

PAGE 63. 6 (82). Wharton's MS. has 'a smile of horror'.

PAGE 64. 5 (87). *Ye* in Wharton's MS. is written above 'Grim' erased.

8 (90). Wharton's MS. has 'hallow'd' instead of *holy*.

PAGE 66. 5 (101). *The Bard* now addresses the vanishing shades of his comrades, but the transition from Edward is rather violent, and might easily have confused Gray's earlier readers. Wharton's MS. has 'here' and 'thus' above it.

6 (102). Wharton's MS. stands thus:

me unblessed unpitied here
Leave your despairing Caradoc to mourn!

Gray rejected the proper name partly because it correctly scanned Carādoc, partly for 'private reasons' (*Letters*, i. 339).

PAGE 67. 1 (103). Wharton's MS. has 'clouds' erased and 'track' above.

3 (105). In Wharton's MS. Gray has added 'solemn' above 'of Heaven' erased.

4 (106). *Golden* has 'glitt'ring' over it in Wharton's MS.

7 (109). In Wharton's MS. Gray wrote:

From Cambria's thousand hills a thousand strains
Triumphant tell aloud, another Arthur reigns;

and added the present text alongside.

PAGE 68. 1 (111). In Wharton's MS. Gray began:

Girt with many a Baron bold
With dazzling helm and horrent spear,

and by erasure and superscription arrived at the present text. In writing to Mason he gives 'haughty' for *youthful*.

6 (116). Mason's MS. has 'born of Arthur's line' for 'of the Briton-Line'.

7 (117). Mason's MS. has 'Her ... her' over *a ... an*.

PAGE 69. 5 (123) *calls*. In writing to Mason Gray gives 'wakes'.

PAGE 70. 1, &c. (125, &c.). Most of Gray's contemporaries criticized adversely the conclusion of the poem. Gray himself says to Mason: 'I am well aware of many weakly things here' (*Letters*, i. 333). The fault to us moderns is the attempt to write literary history in the form of a lyrical poem. This, indeed, is true in a much wider sense of *The Progress of Poesy*, while it should be remarked that *The Bard* up to this point is an attempt to lyricize the political history of

England from Edward I to Elizabeth. However, Gray and his contemporaries did not see anything incongruous in such undertakings, and their objections to the conclusion of *The Bard* were quite differently based. Walpole (in his letter to Lyttleton already cited) thinks the allusions to Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton weak, and the last two, after *The Progress of Poesy*, unnecessary. Bonfoy and Neville, two friends of Gray's, preferred *The Progress of Poesy* altogether, and especially disapproved of the conclusion of *The Bard* (cf. below and *Letters*, i. 334). Johnson thought it dangerous as an incitement to suicide.

(125, 6, 7) *The verse*, &c. Gray is content to quote his parallel from Spenser without explaining that these three lines refer actually to the *Faërie Queene*, a point which probably escaped many readers. Mason apparently did not think the lines free from obscurity, and Gray wrote to him (*Letters*, i. 335) 'You may read :

Fierce War and faithful Love
Resume their, &c.'

It is impossible for us to see how he meant the lines to go after this alteration.

4 (128) *buskin'd*. To Mason Gray gives *mystic*, and Mr. Tovey suggests that the change was made to avoid alliteration. Much more probably it aimed at making plain that Gray referred to the tragic drama of the Elizabethan age, the buskin, of course, being the cothurnos or boot worn by actors in Greek tragedy, Milton's 'tragic sock'.

(130). In writing to Mason Gray has :

With Horror wild that chills the throbbing breast.

Mason seems to have disliked it, and Gray agreed with him (*Letters*, i. 335), suggesting the line as it now stands. Gray is influenced in these lines by the Aristotelian theory of tragedy as a 'katharsis' or purgation of our emotions of fear and pity. The phrase *pleasing Pain* might be used to show that he interpreted Aristotle's much-debated definition to mean that we relieve our emotions at the theatre by being 'sad for wantonness', that the theatre is a sort of safety-valve.

10 (134). Mason, it would seem, objected to 'lost in long futurity', but Gray (cf. letter cited above) refused, giving as

his final reason: 'I cannot give up 'lost', for it begins with an *l*.' This is proof of his occasional deliberate use of alliteration.

PAGE 71. 8 (142) *To triumph*, &c. Gray says (cf. letter already cited) that Bonfoy and Neville 'mutter something about antithesis and conceit in 'to triumph, to die', and goes on to say that the line once ran

Lo! to be free (,?) to die, are mine.

He suggests

Lo! liberty and death are mine.

10 (144) *he plung'd*. Both the Mason and Wharton MSS. have 'sunk', a variant unnoticed by Mitford, Bradshaw, Mr. Tovey, &c., though, of course, the word is printed in Mr. Tovey's edition of the letters which give Gray's transcripts to Mason and Wharton (*Letters*, i. 275, 333).

## THE FATAL SISTERS.

Gray's 'Advertisement' to this poem and the two that follow it perhaps requires a little comment. The friend who was to have been his collaborator in *The History of English Poetry* was Mason, and the 'Person well qualified to do it justice' was Thomas Warton (1728–90), critic, poet, and Oxford professor of poetry. Warton's history appeared in three volumes at dates between 1774 and 1781. The scheme of Mason and Gray got no further than some vague talk, the preparation of a synopsis by Gray (sent by him to Warton in 1770, when Warton's first volume was already in the press [cf. *Letters*, iii. 277]), and the translation, also by Gray, of this and a few other poems, several of them mere fragments.

In the 'Preface' we may note the point that Gray, according to Bradshaw and Kittridge, was mistaken in giving the date of the battle of Clontarf (the encounter described) as Christmas Day, the true date being Good Friday, April 23, 1014.

Gray seems to have set rather small store by those versions, for on December 24, 1767, we find him writing to his Scotch friend, the poet Beattie, who was the moving spirit in the Glasgow (Foulis) edition of 1768, to explain that they are only substitutes for *The Long Story*, which, in the absence of

Bentley's designs, he did not wish reprinted. 'They are imitations', he says, 'of two pieces of old Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild spirit that struck me; but for my paraphrases I cannot say much; you will judge' (cf. *Letters*, iii. 162). A little later (February 25, 1768) he writes to Walpole: 'Lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to send him (Dodsley) an equal weight of poetry or prose (i.e. equal to *The Long Story*): so, since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff, viz. the "Fatal Sisters", the "Descent of Odin" (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welsh, &c.' (*Letters*, iii. 186).

'The Ode', says Bradshaw, 'is a translation or a paraphrase from the Norwegian, the original being an Icelandic court poem written about 1029, entitled "Darradar Liod, or the Lay of Darts".' Gray possibly had some acquaintance with the Norse tongue, but he used also Latin versions by Torfaeus and Bartholin. Two MSS. of the poem are responsible for the *variae lectiones*, one a copy by Gray in the Pembroke MSS., which is headed 'The Song of the Valkyries', the other a copy by Wharton now in the British Museum, which is entitled 'The Song of the weird Sisters, translated from the Norwegian written about 1029'. In the former of these a note gives the date of composition as 1761, but Gray had for some years previously been acquainted with the Scandinavian mythology, as can be seen from his discussion of it in a letter to Mason dated January 13, 1758 (*Letters*, ii. 12). Even so he was no pioneer in the study of the early literature of the North. The book which immediately kindled his interest in the subject was *L'Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc* (1755), by P. H. Mallet; but already Dryden's *Miscellany Poems* (1716) had contained a verse translation, 'The Waking of Angantyr', from the English prose version in Hickes's *Thesaurus* (1705), and in 1715 one Mr. Elstob had published *The Rudiments of Grammar for the Anglo-Saxon Tongue: with an Apology for the study of northern antiquities*. For a very learned discussion of Gray's sources and use of them, see Professor Kittridge's appendix to Professor Phelps's *Selections from Gray*, to which the above note is greatly indebted.

This and the two following poems give about the measure

of Gray's mediaeval Romanticism. In order to illustrate of how hybrid a nature it was (see Introduction, Section II), more use has been made in the notes of the parallel passages collected by Mitford's scholarly diligence.

PAGE 79. 3 (3). Mitford, after tracing back Gray's citation of Milton to various classical sources, aptly quotes:

> Thick *storms* of bullets ran like winter's hail,
> And shivered lances *dark the troubled air.*
> Kyd, *The Spanish Tragedy*, I. ii. 53–4.

PAGE 80. 3 (7). Gray did not love to acknowledge obligations to Thomson; but the following passage quoted by Mitford from the *Masque of Alfred* is curiously significant. A magic banner is the subject.

> 'Tis the same
> Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
> Of precious Ivory in a midnight hour,
> While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
> Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd thro' the clouds.
> The *demons of destruction* then, (they say,)
> Were all abroad, and mixing with the *woof*
> Their baleful power; the Sisters even sway,
> 'Shake, standard, shake, this ruin on our foes!'

10 (14). The inversion in this sentence would have aroused the wrath of Wordsworth in any case. In a poem of this kind it is certainly as tasteless as it is artificial.

11 (15). Wharton's MS. has 'Blade' for *Sword.*

PAGE 81. 1 (17). In Wharton's MS. this and the following line ran:

> Sangrida, terrific Maid
> Mista black, and Hilda see.

7 (23). Wharton's MS. has 'Sword' for *Blade.*

12 (28). Pembroke MS. has *triumph* erased and 'conquer' written in the margin.

PAGE 82. 1, 2 (29, 30). Mr. Tovey calls attention to 'the semi-classical and conventional character of these two lines', and no doubt his description is just. What he hardly realized was that throughout the poem and its companions Gray's diction is redolent of pseudo-classicism. No attempt is made by him to procure a real simplicity and poignancy

of effect. These lines are bad, of course, but they are no worse than ll. 39, 40. Yet, as Mr. Tovey, quoting Professor Phelps, points out, the rhythm of the witches' incantation in *Macbeth* (IV. i) was evidently in Gray's mind throughout.

3 (31). Wharton and Pembroke MSS. have *Gunna and Gondula.*

5 (33). Pembroke MS. has 'havock' for *slaughter.*

12 (40). Mitford quotes:

> Insult the plenty of the vales below.
> *Essay on the Alliance, &c.* Luke.

PAGE 83. 4 (44). Pembroke and Wharton MSS. 'must' for *shall.*

5 (45). Pembroke MS. 'her' for *his.*

10 (50). Wharton's MS. 'veil' for *blot.*

PAGE 84. 4 (56). This stanza is almost *the* perfect example of Gray's hybrid manner of dealing with Romantic material.

7 (59). Wharton's MS. 'echoing' for *winding.*

9–12 (61–4). Wharton's MS. and Pembroke have:

> Sisters hence! 'tis time to ride:
> Now your thundering falchion wield:
> Now your sable steed bestride:
> Hurry, hurry to the field.

## THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Gray himself makes no special mention of this poem apart from the group to which it belongs (see notes to *The Fatal Sisters*), and its date remains doubtful, though it is reasonable to suppose it to have been written about 1761. In the Pembroke MS. and in Wharton's transcript in B. M. Egerton MS. 2400 it is called 'The Vegtams Kwitha from Bartholinus. L. 3. C. 2. p. 632'. Professors Kittridge and Phelps point out that this is a mistake for 'Vegtamskviða', which means 'the song of Vegtamr', an assumed name of Odin's. Gray has on the whole followed the Latin version of Bartholin fairly accurately though with some lamentable lapses into purest pseudo-classicism. For some unknown reason he did not see fit to preface his version by any prose 'argument', though he can hardly have thought Norse

legend would be 'print' to a public that stumbled over *The Bard*. Perhaps he thought his 'two ounces of stuff' hardly worthy of copious annotation. At any rate he cites no parallels, though line 17 is 'conveyed' whole from Milton's *L'Allegro*.

The original poem is in the *Sæmundar Edda*, and Mitford says that in Gray's version (probably therefore in that of Bartholin) the first five stanzas are omitted. These apparently gave the key to the story as follows: Balder, a son of Odin, learned from a dream that he was near his death, and persuaded the gods to save him. Through the goddess Frigga they made every object swear not to harm him, except the mistletoe, with a branch of which the blind Hoder, guided by Lok, gave Balder his death-blow. After all precautions had been taken through Frigga, Odin, still anxious, went off to consult the Prophetess. This consultation is the subject of the poem.

PAGE 87. 4 (4). 'Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-colour and half blue.' This note was taken by Mason from Gray's Common-place Book Pembroke MS.

PAGE 88. 3, 4 (7, 8). Note the highly artificial diction here. In Wharton's MS. these lines are bracketed.

7 (11). Wharton has 'ceaseless' for *fruitless*.

10 (14). *shakes*. Wharton has 'quakes'.

13 (17). Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro* (l. 59).

> Right against the eastern gate,
> Where the great Sun begins his state.

PAGE 89. 5 (23). Wharton's MS. gives 'murmurs' for *accents*, and as conveying the idea of a mysterious muttered incantation 'murmurs' certainly seems the better word.

9 (27). For *call* Wharton has 'voice'. Throughout all this speech of the Prophetess we are reminded of the words of the witch of Endor, 1 Sam. xxviii. 15, 'Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?' and it is probable that Gray himself had it in mind. Had he not 'scamped' the notes to this poem he might have cited the parallel.

11 (29). Wharton's MS. 'a weary' for *my troubled*.

PAGE 90. 3 (35). Wharton's MS. 'this' for *he*.

9 (41). *yon*. Pembroke and Wharton MSS. have 'the'.

11 (43). The original merely mentions mead, which Gray in true pseudo-classical fashion thus elaborates.

PAGE **91**. 4 (48). Wharton's MS. has 'touch' for *reach*.

6 (50). Mitford quotes from the *Quarterly Review*, No. XXII, p. 314, a passage from Apuleius (*Memor.* ii. 40) which is worth translating here as it would seem almost certainly to have influenced Gray, and because if it did so, it shows how incapable he was of seeing things mediaeval save through a veil of classicism: 'Why, I ask, after I have drunk the cup of Lethe and am now floating in the Stygian marshes, do you recall me to the duties of a life that lasts but a moment? Cease, I pray you, cease, and leave me to my repose.'

7, 8 (51, 2). In Wharton:

> Prophetess, my call obey,
> Once again arise and say.

11 (55). Bradshaw aptly quotes from M. Arnold, *Balder Dead*, 1–8.

PAGE **92**. 3, 4 (59, 60). In Wharton:

> Once again my call obey,
> Prophetess, arise and say.

5, 6 (61, 62). Transposed in Wharton.

9 (65). 'Vali, or Ali, the son of Binda, afterwards avenged the death of Balder, by slaying Hoder, and is called "a wondrous boy" because he killed his enemy, before he was a day old; before he had washed his face, combed his hair, or seen one setting sun'. Mitford.

Wharton has 'giant' for *wond'rous*.

PAGE **93**. 6 (74). For *awake* Wharton has 'arise'.

7 (75). 'Probably the Nornir . . . the dispensers of good destinies' (Mason).

9 (77). *That* and *flaxen*: Wharton has 'Who' and 'flowing'.

11 (79). Wharton has 'Say from whence'.

PAGE **94**. 3 (83). Wharton 'The Mightiest of the mighty line'.

(87) Wharton 'Hie thee', Odin, 'boast', &c.

10 (90). For *has* Wharton gives 'have'.

PAGE **95**. 1–4 (91–4). The version ends in a scintillation of artificial and purely literary diction.

2 (92). Wharton has 'reassumes' for *has reassumed*.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

For general introductory matter to this poem, see notes to *The Fatal Sisters*. Gray began to be interested in the old poetry of Wales about the same time as he took the Ossianic fever, i.e. 1760, and his introduction to the subject was due to his seeing in MS. the *Dissertatio de Bardis* by one Evan Evans, a drunken Welsh clergyman, who afterwards published the work mentioned in the title (*Letters*, ii. 146). Gray, as Mr. Tovey suggested (*Letters*, ii. 146 n.), may have made his version from the MS., and before the date of Evans's publication. There is apparently no copy of this poem in Gray's own hand. Mason says that though Gray called it 'a fragment' it lacked of the original only 'a single hyperbole at the end'. Mason prints Evans's prose version, a comparison of which with Gray's verse shows Gray's usual inability, in treating a Romantic and primitive subject, to avoid meretricious ornament and literary artifice.

Mitford says, 'The original Welsh of the above poem was the composition of Gwalchmai the son of Melir, immediately after Prince Owen Gwynedd had defeated the combined fleets of Iceland, Denmark, and Norway, which had invaded his territory on the coast of Anglesea'.

An autograph copy is among the Pembroke College MSS.

PAGE 102. 9 (13). Mr. Tovey, in his edition of Gray's *Poems* (Pitt Press), has a curious note here. In opposition to other editors he thinks *long and gay* refers to *shadow*, not to *Lochlin* (Denmark), then finding *gay* a curious epithet for a shadow suggests that Gray originally wrote 'gray'. The prose version speaks only of the Danish fleet, 'making a grand appearance on the floods'. The notion seems a far-fetched one, for Gray probably thought of long ships gay with shields, coloured sails, and painted sides, while the order of the sentence seems quite naturally to suggest the accepted meaning. It is certainly *gay* in the editions of 1768, which are very free from errors; and if there was then a misprint, why did not Mason, who apparently had a transcript by Gray, correct it in his own edition?

PAGE 104. 6 (26). After this the Pembroke MS. reads:

> Checked by the torrent-tide of blood,
> Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
> While heaped his Master's feet around
> Prostrate Warriors strew the ground.

## ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

As to the date when this poem was begun there is considerable doubt and controversy. Mason in his *Memoirs* ascribes its beginning, and possibly its conclusion also, to the prolific August of 1742 (see Introduction, p. xxii). Walpole, however, was disinclined to this theory of its composition, as he believed the poem 'posterior to West's death at least three or four years' (to Mason, Dec. 1, 1773). His reason, however, seems to have lain only in his memory of the fact that 'above three years after that period' he was shown 'the twelve or more first lines' by Gray himself. This would be very shortly after their reconciliation, and really proves nothing as to the time at which Gray began the work. These early verses might well have been written in August 1742, and shown to Walpole with other of Gray's poems after the renewal of their intercourse. Mason, at any rate, contrived to satisfy Walpole of the correctness of his statement (to Mason, Dec. 14, 1773), though by what evidence we are uninformed. Bradshaw and Mr. Gosse incline to October of the year 1742 as the time when Gray, moved, they think, by the death of his uncle Rogers, wrote the opening verses. Gray's only mention of Jonathan Rogers, however, is hardly of a nature to suggest that the demise of the latter would move him to an elegiac mood (*Letters*, i. 7); and if the *Elegy* was begun in 1742 at all, its inspiration was far more probably the death of poor West. That it was finished at that time, or anywhere very near it, is incredible. In September 1746 he describes himself to Wharton as finding entertainment in 'a few autumnal Verses' (*Letters*, i. 139 and note). The mention is not very explicit, but if it is a reference to some composition of his own, what else but the *Elegy* could that composition be? The final proof, however, that the poem remained long incomplete lies in his language to Walpole in a letter of June 12, 1750. He writes: 'having put an end to a thing, whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it you (*Letters*, i. 204). That the enclosure was the *Elegy* in something like its final form has never been called in question. Walpole, who sincerely admired the genius of his friend, handed about the MS. so freely that early in 1751 the proprietors of *The*

*Magazine of Magazines*, who had got a sight of it, asked Gray's leave for its publication. Gray had apparently but a poor opinion of this paper, and wrote at once to Walpole begging him to get Dodsley to print the poem immediately as an anonymous publication, and with a statement that it had come into his hands by accident (*Letters*, i. 208). Walpole complied with this request, and on February 16, 1751, Dodsley issued a quarto pamphlet with the following title-page: *An Elegy wrote in a Country Church Yard London: Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall Mall; And sold by M. Cooper in Pater-noster Row.* 1751. [*Price Sixpence.*] 'Advertisement. The following Poem came into my hands by Accident, if the general Approbation with which this little Piece has spread may be call'd by so slight a Term as Accident. It is this Approbation which makes it unnecessary for me to make any Apology but to the Author: As he cannot but feel some Satisfaction in having pleas'd so many Readers already, I flatter myself he will forgive my communicating that Pleasure to many more. The Editor.' According to a note by Gray himself to the Pembroke MS. of the poem it went through four editions in two months, and attained to eleven in all. It was, of course, included in the edition of Gray's poems illustrated by Bentley (1753), where it occupied the last place, and was printed also by Dodsley in his *Miscellany* (vol. vii). Moreover, it was freely pirated, among other papers, by *The Magazine of Magazines* itself.

No poem of Gray's exercised a wider influence than this upon his contemporaries and immediate successors. Michael Bruce's *Elegy written in Spring* is perhaps the best; but see Mr. Beers on the subject (*English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 177).

Three copies of the poem are extant in Gray's own hand. One, known variously as 'the original', 'the Mason', and 'the Fraser', which varies considerably from the received text, and is probably a very early draft, if not the first draft of all, is now at Eton. This is referred to in the following notes as 'the Eton'. Wharton's copy is in the British Museum in Egerton MS. 2400, and is called here 'the Egerton'. A third is at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and is referred to as 'the Pembroke'.

For criticism of the *Elegy* see Introduction, Section II. It

is to be noted that Gray had been preceded in his use of the decasyllabic quatrain by Surrey in his noble *Elegy on Sir Thomas Wyatt*, Sir John Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum*, Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis*, Davenant in his *Gondibert*. Collins, whose odes first appeared in 1746, made use of the metre, as also did Shenstone in his *Elegies*, borrowing it from James Hammond, a now forgotten poet-actor of the period. Shenstone's *Elegies* were apparently all written before the publication of the *Elegy*, and Gray would seem to have made a liberal, if unconscious, use of them (see Beers, op. cit., pp. 137-8). Gray, in advising Walpole about the first publication of the *Elegy* (*Letters*, loc. cit.), desires that the poem should be printed with no break between the stanzas, and in this way he himself wrote it in the Pembroke MS.

(1) *The Curfew*. Gray's quotation from Dante, Purg. 8, 5, is translated by Cary—

> The vesper bell from far
> That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

But Gray might have added from *Il Penseroso* Milton's

> I hear the far-off curfew sound
> Over some wide-watered shore. 74, 5.

As is pointed out in the Introduction (p. xlvi), the *Elegy* belongs to a group of poems all more or less based on the *Penseroso*.

PAGE **109**. 2 (2) *herd wind* is certainly what Gray invariably wrote, though Dodsley in the first edition gives 'winds', which later editors have often retained. 'Herds' is a misprint of some frequency.

PAGE **110**. 2 (6). Eton MS. has 'And now the Air'.

4 (8) *And*. 'Or' all MSS.

5 (9, &c.). The owl and the ivied tower were conventions of the class of poem to which the *Elegy* belongs. The beetle too has been used by Collins in his *Ode to Evening*. Gray's elaborate setting of his meditation can be resolved, in fact, into elements nearly all the property of earlier writers.

7 (11) *wand'ring*. Eton MS. has 'stray too' above with 'and pry into' over *Molest her* in 12.

12 (16) *hamlet*. This is written in Eton MS. above 'Village' scratched through.

PAGE **111.** 1, 2 (17, 18). Eton MS. reads:

> For ever sleep: the breezy call of Morn,
> Or Swallow, &c.

3 (19). Eton MS. 'Or Chaunticleer so shrill or ecchoing Horn'.

4 (20). Dodsley's First Edition printed 'wake' for *rouse*.

8 (24) *Or*. Eton and Egerton 'Nor'. Eton MS. has 'coming' with *envied* above and 'doubtful' in margin.

9 (25) *sickle*. Egerton has 'Sickles'.

PAGE **112.** 1 (29). Eton MS. has *useful* with 'homely' in the margin and has 'rustic' instead of *homely* in the next line.

7 (35) *hour* is the subject of the sentence, and the main verb is therefore naturally *awaits* not *await* as it has been frequently printed since the publication of vol. iv of Dodsley's *Collection* in 1755: *awaits* is the reading of all the MSS., though Mr. Gosse gives *await* as that of the Egerton.

9, 10 (37, 38). Eton, Pembroke, and Egerton MSS. all give:

> Forgive, ye Proud, th' involuntary Fault
> If Memory to these no Trophies raise.

PAGE **113.** 3 (43) *provoke*. Eton MS. has 'awake' with 'provoke' in the margin.

7 (47). Eton, Egerton, and Pembroke MSS. have 'reins' for *rod*, but in the Pembroke *rod* is written in the margin.

11 (51). For *repress'd* Eton MS. has 'had damp'd' with 'depress'd repress'd' above.

PAGE **114.** 5–8 (57–60). In the Eton MS. 'Cato' is written for *Hampden*, 'Tully' for *Milton*, 'Caesar' for *Cromwell*. Cato is the incorruptible Roman who killed himself at Utica rather than yield to Caesar's subversion of the republic. Tully is Marcus Tullius Cicero, the renowned orator and statesman. Caesar corresponds to Cromwell as the establisher of a military tyranny. In the same MS. the whole stanza is written after line 48.

6 (58). For *fields* Mr. Tovey notes that 'lands' is written and then erased in the Pembroke MS.

9–12 (61–4). Gray clearly has his Romans in mind in this

verse, which does not correspond so well, in one point at least, with his introduction of English historical characters, for *th' applause of list'ning senates* applies far better to a Tully than to a Milton. But Mr. Percy Simpson suggests that there is a veiled reference to the oratory of the elder Pitt, who was making his mark in English politics at the date of the composition of the *Elegy*. A contemporary reference could hardly be given explicitly in a poem of this nature.

PAGE 115. 1 (65). Eton MS. has 'Fate' with *Lot* superscribed.

2 (66). Eton MS. has 'struggling' with *growing* above.

4 (68). Egerton MS. has 'Or' for *And*.

5–8 (69–72). Mr. Tovey thinks the first two lines mean that fate forbade the rustic dead 'to be eminent persecutors' and 'unscrupulous place-hunters, or ministers to vice in high places'. Line 69 surely simply refers to the liberty humble folk are blessed with of thinking in their own way, and of expressing those ideas which struggle to the light in their minds; while line 70 means that they are free to exhibit a subtler moral sense and natural modesty than are the worldlings.

7, 8 (71, 72). In the Eton MS. these lines stand as follows:

> And at the Shrine (crown) of Luxury and Pride
> With Incense (by) hallowd (kindled at) in the Muse's Flame.
> ~~Burn~~

The Egerton MS. has *Shrines* for *Shrine*.

8 (72). After this stanza the Eton MS. gives four stanzas as follows:

> The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow
> Exalt the brain, and idolize Success
> But more to Innocence their Safety owe
> Than Power and Genius e'er conspired to bless
>
> And thou, who mindful of the unhonour'd Dead
> Dost in these Notes thy artless Tale relate (eir noiseless)
> By Night and lonely Contemplation led
> To linger in the gloomy Walks of Fate

Hark how the sacred Calm, that broods around
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous Passion cease
In still small Accents whisp'ring from the Ground
A grateful Earnest of eternal Peace

No more with Reason and thyself at Strife
Give anxious Cares and endless Wishes room
But thro' the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
Pursue the silent Tenour of thy Doom.

Mason declared that this formed the original conclusion of the poem till Gray hit on the idea of 'the hoary-headed Swain', &c. The condition of the MS., Mr. Tovey says, indicates a break in the composition. Perhaps Gray in 1746 (see above, p. 28) carried his work thus far and broke off till he completed it in 1750. That he intended the *Elegy* to close with such abruptness is hard to believe.

10 (74). Eton MS. has 'knew' for *learn'd*.

12 (76). *Noiseless* in the Eton MS. is written over 'silent'.

PAGE 116. 3 (79). Eton MS. has 'Rhime' for *rhimes*.

6 (82). Eton MS. 'Epitaph' for *elegy*.

9–12 (85–8). This stanza is obscure, and Mr. Tovey suggested that Gray used the phrase 'to dumb Forgetfulness a prey' in an anticipative sense as meaning 'the *destined* prey'. Many, he argues, have passed out of life in 'dumb forgetfulness'; therefore Gray must be using the words prospectively. But an equal number have died without casting a 'longing lingering look behind'; and if Gray intended a rhetorical question there is little reason to be over-curious. The sense really does seem that usually accepted, i. e. who has ever so lost grip on, and memory of, human life as to leave it without regret? In the following stanza Gray goes on quite logically to speak of those tender charities which humanize, if they do not abolish, the grimness of death and its loneliness.

PAGE 117. 4 (92) *Ev'n*, &c. The Eton MS. gives 'And buried Ashes glow with Social Fires'. The Egerton and Pembroke MSS. 'And in our ashes glow their wonted Fires'; the first and second editions 'Awake, and faithful to her wonted Fires'. Petrarch's Italian in Gray's note means: 'For in my mind I see, sweet fire of mine, That a tongue,

cold though it be, and two lovely eyes, though they be closed, outlive us, full of sparks'.

After this stanza Gray wrote in the Eton MS.

For thee, who mindful, &c., as above,

and evidently intended to print here the second of the four rejected stanzas. Then follows this stanza:

If chance that e'er some pensive Spirit more,
By sympathetic Musings here delay'd,
With vain, tho' kind, Enquiry shall explore
Thy once-loved Haunt, this long-deserted shade.

PAGE 118. 3, 4 (99, 100). Eton MS. gives:

With hasty Footsteps brush the Dews away.
On the high Brow of yonder hanging Lawn.

Then is written the following stanza:

Him have we seen the Green-wood Side along,
While o'er the Heath we hied, our Labours done,
Oft as the Woodlark piped his farewell Song
With whistful Eyes pursue the setting Sun.

5 (101). Eton MS. gives 'Oft' for *there* and 'hoary' for *nodding* with 'spreading' and 'nodding' above. Gray, as Mr. Tovey reminds us, had a deep love for the now famous beeches of Burnham, and had probably in mind such contemplative hours beneath their branches as he described to Walpole in the early letter quoted on p. xiii.

9 (105). For *Hard by yon wood* Eton MS. has 'With Gestures quaint'.

10 (106). Eton MS. stands as follows:

wayward
fond fancies ~~loved~~ would he
Mutt'ring his ~~wayw~~ conceits he ~~wont to~~ rove

The Egerton and Pembroke MSS. both have *would he.*

11 (107). The Eton MS. had originally

Now woeful wan, he droop'd, as one forlorn.

'He droop'd' has been struck through, and 'drooping' is written above 'woeful'.

PAGE 119. 1 (109). Eton MS. has 'we' for *I*; Pembroke 'from' for *on*; Eton originally 'th' accustom'd', then 'ac-' is struck out.

2 (110). Eton MS. had

By the Heath-side and at his fav'rite Tree.

Over *By the* is written 'Along the' and 'side' is struck through.

4 (112). Eton MS. has 'by' over *at.*

5 (113) *Due.* Eton MS. has 'meet'.

6 (114). Eton MS. has 'by' over *thro'*.

7 (115). The brackets are absent in the Eton and Pembroke MSS.

8 (116) *Grav'd.* Eton MS. has 'Wrote' with 'Graved' and 'carved' superscribed. Also 'that' for *yon* with *yon* above.

After this came the well-known and exquisite stanza in both Eton and Pembroke MSS.

Then scattered oft, the Earliest of the Year,
By Hands unseen, are Showers of Violets found:
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground.

Eton MS. has 'Vi lets' for violets, and 'frequent' under 'showers of', and 'Robin' with 'Redbreast' above.

On the 10th of December 1913, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sold a copy of the Bentley edition of Gray 1753, once the property of Sir William Augustus Fraser. On an (according to the catalogue) inserted leaf before the title is a copy of this verse in Gray's own hand under a copy (also by him) of *The Progress of Poesy.* This copy encloses 'the earliest of the year' in brackets, gives 'vi'lets' for 'violets', and for 'build' 'bill'. I owe this information to Mr. G. Hobson, M.A., of the firm of Sotheby, &c., who kindly gave me a catalogue of the sale, containing a facsimile of the copy. Before this stanza in the Pembroke MS. Gray wrote 'insert' and opposite to it 'omitted 1753'. It was first printed in the third edition of 1751. Mr. Tovey, by a curious oversight, says in an additional note to his *Gray's Poems* (Pitt Press) that Gray 'wrote but never published' the lines.

PAGE 120. 4 (124) (*'twas all he wished*). Unbracketed in Eton MS.

6, 7 (126, 7).

think

Nor seek to draw them from their dread Abode.
(His frailties then in trembling Hope repose)

so Eton MS.

## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

### ODE FOR MUSIC.

It was the Duke of Grafton who had given to Gray his post as Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1768. Accordingly when Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University for the following year, Gray felt bound to show his gratitude by offering to write the ode to be sung at his patron's installation (see *Letters*, iii. 228, 9). The performance of the undertaking seems to have gone sadly against the grain with him (see *Letters*, iii. 220, 221), as did the production of any kind of *pièce d'occasion*; and he took as little pride in the completed composition (it was finished in April 1769) as in any of his other writings. Norton Nicholls in his memoir has left us a description of the 'great reluctance' with which Gray awoke for the last time his rather somnolent muse (see *Letters*, ii. 289). The poem was duly set by Dr. Randall, University Professor of Music, and performed on the occasion of the Duke's installation on July 1, 1769. It was printed for the University under the title of *Ode* and without its author's name. No MS. of it is mentioned by the commentators. As a poem it is vastly above the average of such things, vastly below the genuine love-children of Gray's genius. It has stateliness, and (on the whole) avoids the pitfalls of absurdity and slavish effusiveness. Of course, it is over-full of abstractions and personifications; but Gray never really conquered this pseudo-classical vice, even when writing his Norse and Celtic versions.

PAGE 5. 1 (27). Mason pointed out that this stanza 'being supposed to be sung by Milton is very judiciously written in the metre which he fixed upon for the stanza of his Christmas hymn

'Twas in the winter wild, &c.'

13 (39). Edward III, who brought the fleur-de-lis into the English arms, and founded King's Hall in 1337, afterwards by Henry VIII consolidated into Trinity College.

15 (41) *sad Chatillon*. 'Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says that her husband, Ande-

mar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College, or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariae de Valentia.' Mason.

16 (42). '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 de Acres, daughter of Edward the First. . . . She founded Clare Hall.' Mason.

17 (43). ANJOU'S *Heroine, and the paler Rose.* The former of them is Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry VI, who founded Queens' College: the latter Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV, who added to that foundation.

19 (45) *And either* HENRY. 'Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor of Trinity College.' Mason.

PAGE 6. 9 (54) *their* FITZROY is, of course, Grafton himself. See title-page.

PAGE 7. 2 (66) *The venerable* MARG'RET. 'Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.' Mason.

6 (70). 'The Countess was a Beaufort and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.' Mason.

PAGE 8. 2 (84). 'Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.' Mason.

## A LONG STORY.

While Walpole was handing about for admiration the MS. of the *Elegy* it was seen and admired by Lady Cobham, widow of Viscount Cobham, who lived at the Mansion House, Stoke Pogis (see Bentley's head-piece to the poem). Desirous of forming the poet's acquaintance, this lady sent her companion Miss Speed (see Introduction, p. xxix) and a Lady Schaub to call upon him at his aunt's house. The pair found him from home, but the visit was returned, and was the beginning of a firm friendship between Gray, Miss Speed, and Lady Cobham. The *Long Story* commemorates the visit of the two ladies, and was written, according to Gray's

note to his copy in the Pembroke MS., August 1750. It appeared in the Bentley edition of 1753, but was never otherwise published with its author's authority, though Mr. Tovey has a note in his *Gray's Poems* (Pitt Press), p. 177, which proves that it formed part of two pirated editions of Gray, published respectively at Dublin in 1768 and at Cork in the same year.

The poem is an exquisite example of light verse, and has all the air of having been struck out in a happy mood. After all, Walpole declared that humour was Gray's natural bent, and the only style of writing that came easy to him.

PAGE [15] 3 (11) *Brawls.* 'A sort of French figure-dance.' Bradshaw.

PAGE [16] 1 (25). Lady Schaub was a Frenchwoman by birth.

PAGE [17] 1 (41). Pembroke MS. gives *Mr. Purt.* He was a fellow of King's, Cambridge, an assistant master at Eton, and later a Yorkshire rector. He died of small-pox in 1752. Mason says he deeply resented Gray's inclusion of him in the *Long Story*.

PAGE [18] 3 (59) *his Aunt.* Gray's maternal aunt, Mrs. Rogers.

PAGE [19] 1 (73). Pembroke MS. has 'Who will, may believe'.

PAGE [20] 3 (91). Pembroke MS. has 'explain'd' for *prefer'd.*

PAGE [22] 6 (126). Pembroke MS. has 'But' for *Yet.*

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