

*Licht Clarke*  
1758.

*Thomas Sewall*

DESIGNS, &c.



DESIGNS



DESIGNS  
BY  
Mr. R. BENTLEY,  
FOR SIX  
POEMS  
BY  
Mr. T. GRAY.



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

MDCCCLIII.





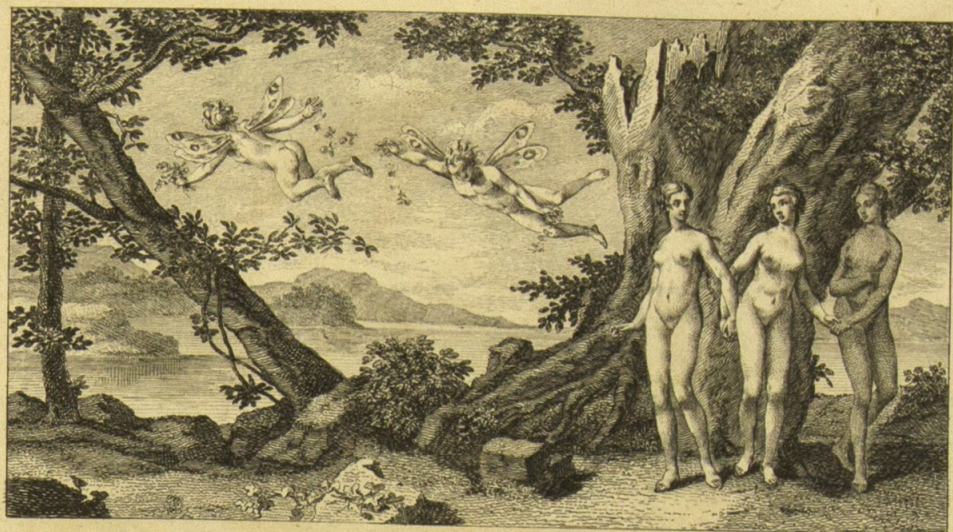












# O D E.



O! 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







Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
 A broader browner shade ;  
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
 O'er-canopies the glade ;  
 Beside some water's rushy brink  
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)  
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,  
 How low, how little are the Proud,  
 How indigent the Great !

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

And







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.  
 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







Thy Joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display :  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone ----  
 We frolick, while 'tis May.







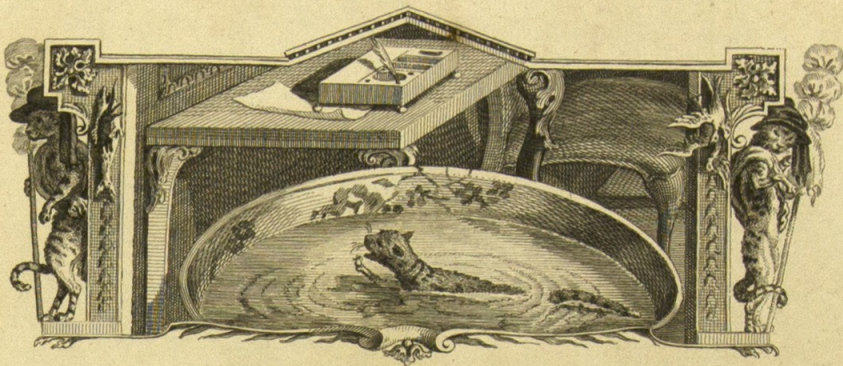












# O D E

On the Death of a Favourite C A T,  
Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.



WAS 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 conscious 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







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 flipp'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







No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :  
Nor cruel *Tom*, or *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.



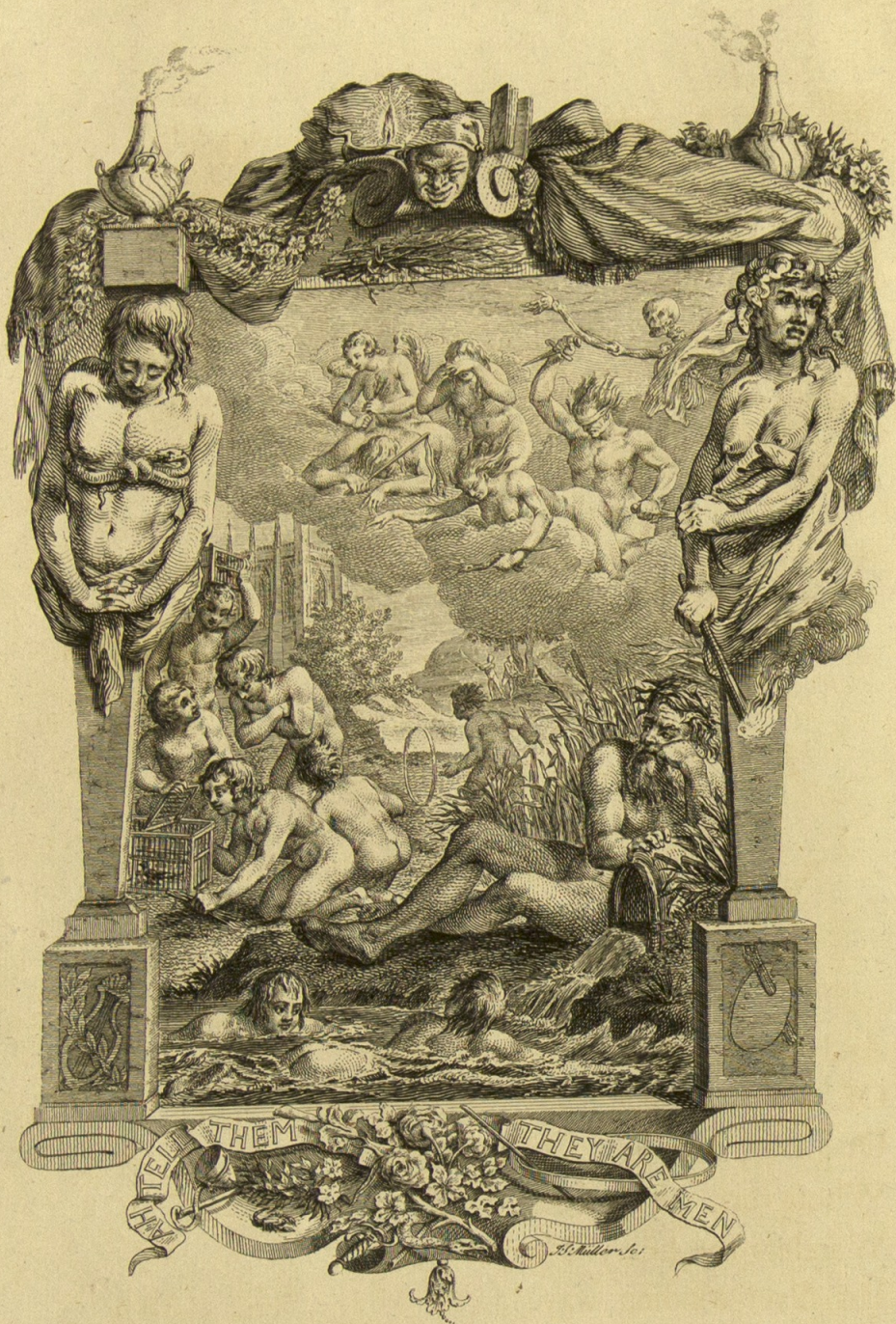
















# O D E

On a Distant Prospect of

*ETON COLLEGE.*



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

And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of WINDSOR's 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







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 breath a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race  
 Disporting on thy margent green  
 The paths of pleasure trace,  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While



the first of the month  
the second of the month  
the third of the month  
the fourth of the month  
the fifth of the month  
the sixth of the month  
the seventh of the month  
the eighth of the month  
the ninth of the month  
the tenth of the month  
the eleventh of the month  
the twelfth of the month  
the thirteenth of the month  
the fourteenth of the month  
the fifteenth of the month  
the sixteenth of the month  
the seventeenth of the month  
the eighteenth of the month  
the nineteenth of the month  
the twentieth of the month  
the twenty-first of the month  
the twenty-second of the month  
the twenty-third of the month  
the twenty-fourth of the month  
the twenty-fifth of the month  
the twenty-sixth of the month  
the twenty-seventh of the month  
the twenty-eighth of the month  
the twenty-ninth of the month  
the thirtieth of the month  
the thirty-first of the month

the first of the month  
the second of the month  
the third of the month  
the fourth of the month  
the fifth of the month  
the sixth of the month  
the seventh of the month  
the eighth of the month  
the ninth of the month  
the tenth of the month  
the eleventh of the month  
the twelfth of the month  
the thirteenth of the month  
the fourteenth of the month  
the fifteenth of the month  
the sixteenth of the month  
the seventeenth of the month  
the eighteenth of the month  
the nineteenth of the month  
the twentieth of the month  
the twenty-first of the month  
the twenty-second of the month  
the twenty-third of the month  
the twenty-fourth of the month  
the twenty-fifth of the month  
the twenty-sixth of the month  
the twenty-seventh of the month  
the twenty-eighth of the month  
the twenty-ninth of the month  
the thirtieth of the month  
the thirty-first of the month



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

Alas,







Alas, regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play !  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day :  
 Yet see how all around '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







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 mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amidst severest 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,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To







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.



















## A LONG STORY.



N 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 spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave <sup>a</sup> 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 fatten-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 filks and tissues.

\*Hatton, prefer'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful Person and fine Dancing.

The







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 tease her.  
Meliffa 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 prowld 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'erstiles they ventur'd,  
 Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,  
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The







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 Imbroglío !  
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







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 invifible the border.

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

Yet







Yet on his way (no sign of grace,  
For folks in fear are apt to pray)  
To Phoebus 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 fate, 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  
(<sup>b</sup> *Styack* has often seen the sight)  
Or at the chappel-door stand sentry ;

<sup>b</sup> 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 Peerefs 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,  
Disprov'd the arguments of <sup>c</sup> *Squib*,  
And all that <sup>d</sup> *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 <sup>e</sup> *Macleane*.

<sup>c</sup> *Groom of the Chambers.*

<sup>d</sup> *The Steward.*

<sup>e</sup> *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 haggard face  
 Already had condemn’d the finner.  
 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.



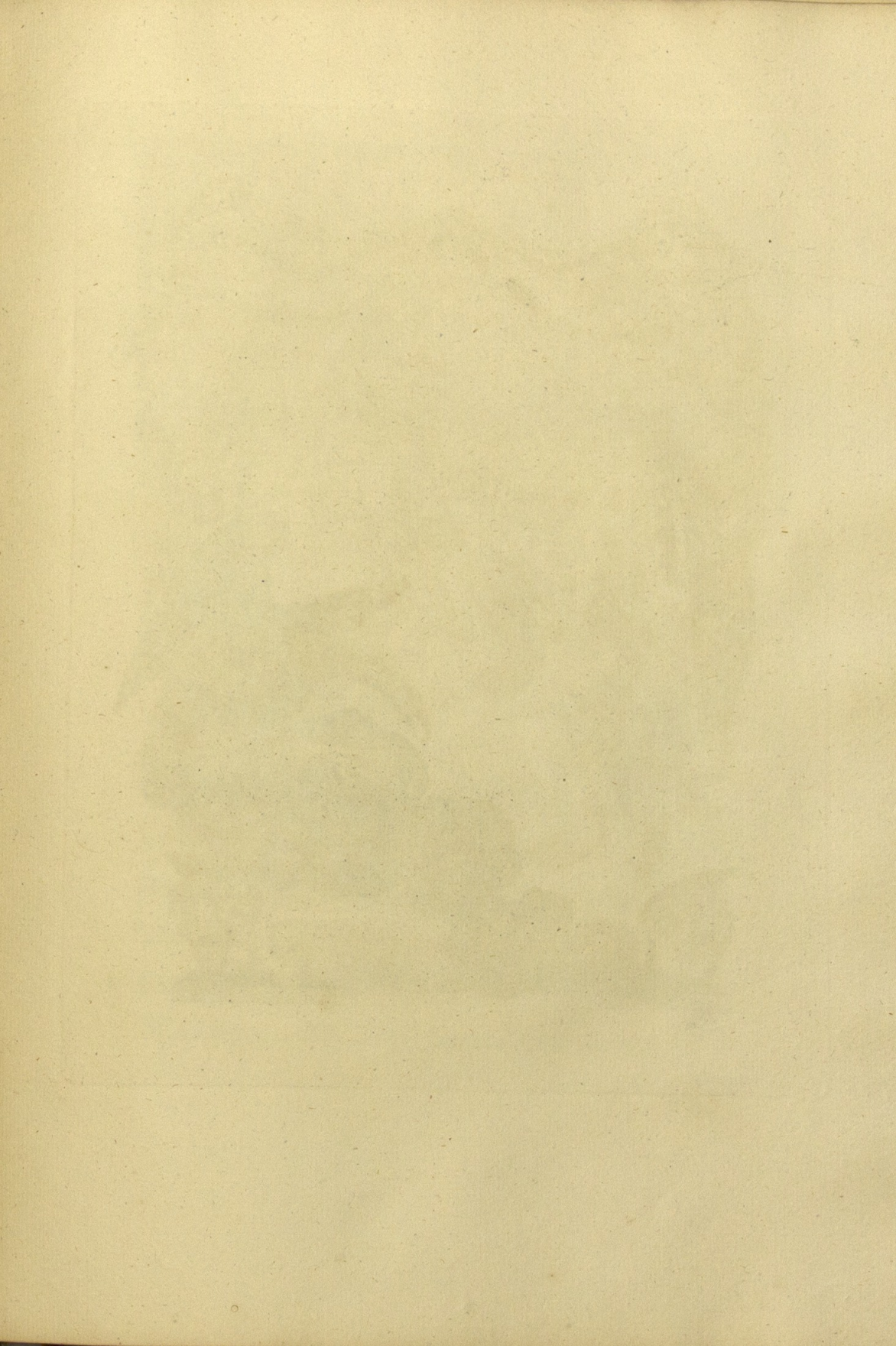


Decorum's ruin'd to mere civility:  
Her air and all her manners show it.  
Commend me to her affability!  
Speak to a Commoner and Poet!

[ Have you shown me yet ]

And to God save our people King,  
And guard us from long-winded Lubbards,  
That to eternity would sing,  
And keep me fast from her Rubbards













## HYMN to ADVERSITY.



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

Bound in thy adamantine chain  
 The Proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple Tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When







When first thy Sire to fend 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 other's  
 woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.  
 Wisdom







Wisdom in fable garb array'd  
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,  
 With Justice to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,  
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chaf't'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







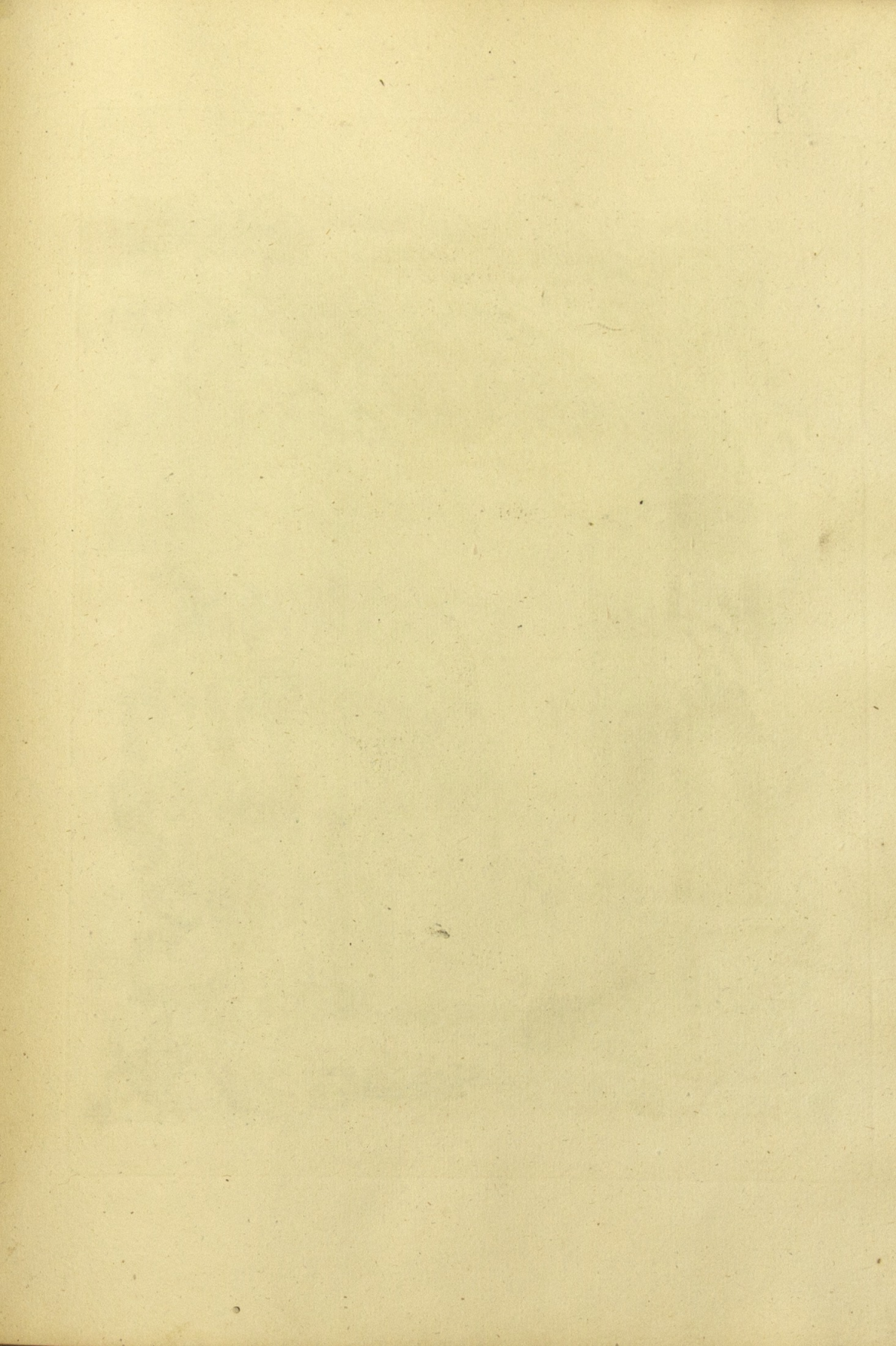
Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic Train be there  
To soften, not to wound my heart,  
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
Teach me to love and to forgive,  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.



















# E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.



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

Now



# ELFGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

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



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 mooping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

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

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

For







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

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

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

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

Nor







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 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 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



And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut.

And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut.

And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut.

And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut,  
And that the gates of mercy are not shut.



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  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,

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

For







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

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

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

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,  
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
' Brushing with hasty steps the dew away  
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There







‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 ‘ His listless length at noontide wou’d 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 wou’d rove,  
 ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
 ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree ;  
 ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

‘ 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



THE FIFTH

There is a great deal of work to be done in the world, and it is not only the rich but the poor who must be helped.

The world is full of suffering, and it is our duty to try to relieve it.

The world is full of poverty, and it is our duty to try to help the poor.

The world is full of ignorance, and it is our duty to try to educate the ignorant.

The world is full of sin, and it is our duty to try to help the sinner.

The world is full of war, and it is our duty to try to bring about peace.

The world is full of sorrow, and it is our duty to try to bring about joy.

The world is full of death, and it is our duty to try to bring about life.

The world is full of darkness, and it is our duty to try to bring about light.

The world is full of evil, and it is our duty to try to bring about good.

The world is full of pain, and it is our duty to try to bring about comfort.

The world is full of trouble, and it is our duty to try to bring about peace.

The world is full of sorrow, and it is our duty to try to bring about joy.

The world is full of death, and it is our duty to try to bring about life.

The world is full of darkness, and it is our duty to try to bring about light.

The world is full of evil, and it is our duty to try to bring about good.

The world is full of pain, and it is our duty to try to bring about comfort.

The world is full of trouble, and it is our duty to try to bring about peace.

The world is full of sorrow, and it is our duty to try to bring about joy.

The world is full of death, and it is our duty to try to bring about life.

The world is full of darkness, and it is our duty to try to bring about light.



The E P I T A P H.

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

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









---

# EXPLANATION

OF THE

# PRINTS.

---

## ODE on the SPRING.

### FRONTISPIECE.

**A** Figure musing, &c. The ornaments allude to the chief subjects of the poems, as the altar, chaplet of flowers and rustic pipe, to this ode : a boy with a hobby-horse and a book, to that on Eton : a cat-Arion, or a cat with a lyre sitting on a dolphin's back, to that line on the death of a cat

*No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :*

a monkey with a violin and lawyer's wig, to my lord keeper Hatton's dancing, in the Long Story : a Roman sepulchral altar inscribed *Diis Manibus Sacrum*, with a spade and skull, to the elegy. The monkey painting, the lyre, the pen and crayon, are allusive to the poems and drawings.

HEADPIECE.] The Graces and Zephyrs sporting.

INITIAL LETTER.] Flowers.

TAILPIECE.] A landscape with herds reposing.

ODE



EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

ODE on the Death of a Favourite CAT.

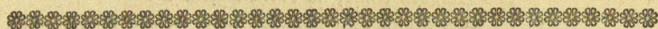
FRONTISPIECE.

**T**HE cat standing on the brim of the tub, and endeavouring to catch a gold fish. Two cariatides of a river god stopping his ears to her cries, and Destiny cutting the nine threads of life, are on each side. Above, is a cat's head between two expiring lamps, and over that, two mouse-traps, between a mandarin-cat sitting before a Chinese pagoda, and angling for gold fish into a china jar ; and another cat drawing up a net. At the bottom are mice enjoying themselves on the prospect of the cat's death ; a lyre and pallet.

HEADPIECE.] The cat almost drowned in the tub. A standish on a table to write her elegy. Two cats as mourners with hatbands and staves. Dead birds, mice and fish hung up on each side.

INITIAL LETTER.] The cat, demurest of the tabby kind, dozing in an elbow chair.

TAILPIECE.] Charon ferrying over the ghost of the deceased cat, who sets up her back on seeing Cerberus on the shore.



ODE on the distant Prospect of ETON.

FRONTISPIECE.

**B**OYS at their sports, near the chapel of Eton, the god of the Thames sitting by : the passions, misfortunes, and diseases, coming down upon them. On either side, terms representing Jealousy and Madness. Above is a head of Folly : beneath, are play-things intermixed with thorns, a sword, a serpent and a scorpion.



## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

HEADPIECE.] Science adoring the shade of Henry VIth. Two angels bearing shields inscribed with that king's name support a Gothic building, in allusion to his foundations at Eton and Cambridge.

INITIAL LETTER.] Part of Windsor-castle.

TAILPIECE.] Two boys drest in watermen's cloaths, rowing another. A view of Eton college at a distance.



## THE LONG STORY.

### FRONTISPIECE.

THE Muses conveying the Poet under their hoops to a small closet in the garden. Fame in the shape of Mr. P--- is flying before ; and after him the two female warriors, as described in the verses. On one side is my lord keeper Hatton dancing ; and among the ornaments are the heads of the Pope and queen Elizabeth nodding at one another ; behind him is a papal bull, a phial of sublimate, a dagger and a crucifix ; behind her the cannon called queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol.

HEADPIECE.] A view of the house which formerly belonged to the earls of Huntingdon and lord keeper Hatton.

INITIAL LETTER.] A coronet, fan, muff and tippet, in the manner of Hollar.

TAILPIECE.] Ghosts of ancient ladies and old maids, peeping over the gallery.

## HYMN



EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

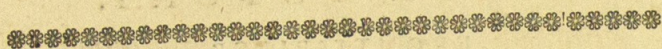
FRONTISPIECE.

**J**UPITER delivering infant Virtue to Adversity to be educated. Minerva and Hercules on each side.

HEADPIECE.] Adversity disturbing the Orgies of Folly, Noise and Laughter.

INITIAL LETTER.] A Gorgon's head, and instruments of punishment.

TAILPIECE.] Melancholy.



ELEGY Written in a Country Church-yard.

FRONTISPIECE.

**A** Gothic gateway in ruins with the emblems of nobility on one side; on the other, the implements and employments of the Poor. Thro' the arch appears a church-yard and village-church built out of the remains of an abbey. A countryman showing an epitaph to a passenger.

HEADPIECE.] Country-labours.

INITIAL LETTER.] An owl disturbed and flying from a ruinous tower.

TAILPIECE.] A country burial. At bottom, a torch fallen into an ancient vault.