

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every stain,  
Our active souls shall climb th'etherial plain,  
To each bright cherub's purity aspire,  
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;  
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,  
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,  
Enjoy with heaven eternity of rest,  
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.



D E A T H :

BY CHARLES EMILY, ESQ.

I.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow  
Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,  
Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow  
Of unsuspecting youth, profuse of soul,  
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene  
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,  
From folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene  
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,  
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles  
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,  
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning isles,  
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest,  
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,  
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

II. Permit



## II.

Permit me with sad musings, that inspire  
 Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence drear  
 Blameless to wake, and with th' Orphean lyre  
 Fitly attemper'd, sooth the merciless ear  
 Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway  
 Great nature owns thro' all her wide domain;  
 All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way  
 Through the green bosom of the spawny main,  
 And those that to the streaming æther spread,  
 In many a wheeling glide, their feathery fail;  
 And those that creep; and those that statelier tread,  
 That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsed dale;  
 The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;  
 E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all.

## III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,  
 That startle from the sleepful lid of light  
 The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray  
 Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright  
 Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among  
 These many windowed isles her glimmering beam;  
 Know, that or e'er its starr'd career along  
 Thrice shall have roll'd her silvery-wheeled team,  
 Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,  
 To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll;  
 E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,  
 Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,  
 E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath  
 Entwines in adder folds all-unsuspected Death.

IV. Know



## IV.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee  
 Some few, some short-liv'd years; and all is past;  
 A future bard these awful domes may see,  
 Muse o'er the present age as I the last;  
 Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you  
 The various maze of life were seen to tread,  
 Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,  
 As custom urg'd or wilful nature led;  
 Mix'd with the various crouds inglorious clay,  
 The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;  
 No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,  
 No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,  
 Catch from the poet raptures not their own,  
 And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

## V.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art  
 Chissel'd the marble into life, or taught  
 From the well-pencill'd portraiture to start  
 The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that thought?  
 Cold are the fingers that in stone-fixt trance  
 The mute attention rivetting, to the lyre  
 Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,  
 All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire.  
 Shrunken is the sinew'd energy, that strung  
 The warrior arm: where sleeps the patriot breast  
 Whilom that heav'd impassion'd! Where the tongue  
 That lanc'd its lightning on the towering crest  
 Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew  
 Giant Oppression, leagued with all her earth-born crew!

## VI. These



## VI.

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,  
 Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,  
 Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers  
 The dawn of that inevitable day,  
 When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest friend  
 The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,  
 When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend  
 His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;  
 For soon must thou, too soon! who spreadst abroad  
 Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,  
 Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God  
 To scatter blessings over humankind,  
 Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,  
 And tread these dreadful paths, a Faulkland trod before.

## VII.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds  
 Sweep discontinuous o'er the ethereal plain;  
 Another still upon another crouds,  
 All hastening downward to their native main.  
 Thus passes o'er thro' varied life's career  
 Man's fleeting age; the Seasons as they fly  
 Snatch from us in their course, year after year,  
 Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.  
 The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,  
 Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;  
 A brother's urn demands the kindred tear;  
 And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.  
 To-day we frolick in the rosy bloom  
 Of jocund youth—The morrow knells us to the tomb.



## VIII.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot,  
 Shall heaven to me the drear abode assign!  
 How soon the past irrevocable lot  
 Of these, that rest beneath me, shall be mine.  
 Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn  
 Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian wave,  
 Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock<sup>a</sup>, shall mourn  
 To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.  
 No more the social leisure to divide,  
 In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,  
 Blithe or of graver brow; no more to chide  
 The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,  
 Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,  
 Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

## IX.

Ah, dearest youth! these vows perhaps unheard,  
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main;  
 These prayers at friendship's holy shrine preferr'd  
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.  
 Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume  
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,  
 And I survive to grave upon thy tomb  
 The mournful tribute of memorial verse.—

<sup>a</sup> Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, only son to the Duke of Bedford. His death, which happened on the 22d of March, 1767, was occasioned by a fall from his horse a few days before. Mr. Emily was Fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge, and had been Tutor to the Marquis. He died in the year 1762, being then major of the Surry militia.



That leave to heaven's decision—Be it thine,  
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,  
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine  
 With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue,  
 Where glory, with her clear unfully'd rays,  
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

## X.

'Twas she thy God-like Russell's bosom steel'd  
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath  
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held  
 The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.  
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,  
 Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds a-far,  
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame  
 From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.  
 'Twas she, that on the morn of direful birth,  
 Bared thy young bosom to the fatal blow,  
 Lamented Armytage<sup>b</sup>!—the bleeding youth!  
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,  
 Ye Nereids; and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,  
 Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

## XI.

Better to die with glory, than recline  
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace,  
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine  
 In monkish apathy and gowned ease.

<sup>b</sup> Sir John Armytage, Member of Parliament for the City of York,  
 who was killed at St. Cas, in the year 1758.



Better employ'd in honour's bright career  
 The least division on the dial's round,  
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,  
 Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground;  
 Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar  
 Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain  
 The fev'rous rage of fierce diseases sore  
 Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain  
 Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,  
 All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

## XII:

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,  
 A thousand maladies are posted round,  
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife  
 Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound.  
 There the swol'n hydrop stands, the wat'ry rheum,  
 The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous scale;  
 And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom  
 Of learned sloth, the bookish asthma pale:  
 And the shunn'd hag unsightly, that ordain'd  
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword  
 Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd,  
 O'er dog-ey'd lust the tort'ring scourge abhor'd,  
 Shakes threat'ning; since the while she wing'd her flight  
 From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-clad height.

## XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,  
 The chatt'ring ague chill, the writhing stone,  
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear  
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,



Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life  
 Of nerveless palsy; there on purpose fell  
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife  
 Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.  
 There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight<sup>c</sup>,  
 The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;  
 Self-wasting melancholy, black as night  
 Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous howl  
 The dog hydrophoby, and near allied  
 Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eye-balls staring  
 wide.

## XIV.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine<sup>d</sup>,  
 With boiling sulphur fraught, and smouldering fires;  
 He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,  
 E'er while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires  
 Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking wand,  
 Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,  
 And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.  
 He struck the rocking ground, with thund'rous roar  
 Yawn'd; here from street to street hurries, and there  
 Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours amain,  
 Staring distraction: many a palace fair,  
 With millions sinks ingulph't, and pillar'd fane;  
 Old Ocean's farthest waves confest the shock;  
 Even Albion trembled conscious on his stedfast rock.

<sup>c</sup> Placed.<sup>d</sup> Alluding to the earthquake at Lisbon,



## XV.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood  
 Stern war; and the loath'd monster, whom of yore  
 The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood  
 Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,  
 Foul pestilence, that on the wide-stretch'd wings  
 Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay  
 His westering flight, and thro' the sick air flings  
 Spotted contagion; at his heels dismay  
 And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke  
 Terrible; as long of old, when from the height  
 Of Paran came unwrath'd the Mightiest, shook  
 Earth's firm fixt base tottering; thro' the black night  
 Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heavens rent roof abroad  
 Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.

## XVI.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour  
 Of roused indignation, shall withstand  
 Th' Almighty, when he meditates to shower  
 The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land!  
 Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,  
 Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now didst gore  
 With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side  
 Of agonizing mercy, bleeding fore,  
 Canst thou confront, with stedfast eye unaw'd,  
 The sworded judgment stalking far and near?  
 Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God  
 Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—  
 Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath;  
 And ev'ry glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.



## XVII.

The good alone are fearless—they alone  
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave  
 The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down  
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave :  
 Thrice happy! who the blameless road along  
 Of honest praise hath reach'd the vale of death ;  
 Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng  
 His better actions ; to the parting breath  
 Singing their blessed requiems : he the while  
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,  
 Breathes out his benizons ; then with a smile  
 Of soft complacence, lays him down to rest,  
 Calm as the slumbering infant : from the goal  
 Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

## XVIII.

Whether some delegated charge below,  
 Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may claim,  
 Whether it heavenward soars, again to know  
 That long-forgotten country whence it came ;  
 Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child  
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run  
 Thro' speculation's puzzling mazes wild,  
 And all to end at last where it begun.  
 Fain would we trace, with reason's erring clue,  
 The darksome paths of destiny aright ;  
 In vain ; the task were easier to pursue  
 The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.  
 From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds  
 Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.