

Ode on the Death of ----

Joseph Warton

Table of Contents

<u>Ode on the Death of ----</u>	1
<u>Joseph Warton</u>	2

Ode on the Death of ----

Joseph Warton

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.
<http://www.blackmask.com>

No more of mirth and rural joys,
The gay description quickly cloys,
In melting numbers, sadly slow,
I tune my alter'd strings to woe;
Attend, Melpomene, and with thee bring
Thy tragic lute, Euphranor's death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his name to praise,
For oft' thou heard'st his skilful lays;
Isis for him soft tears has shed,
She plac'd her ivy on his head;
Chose him, strict judge, to rule with stedly reigns
The vigorous fancies of her listening swains.

With genius, wit, and science blest,
Unshaken Honour arm'd his breast,
Bade him, with virtuous courage wise,
Malignant Fortune's darts despise;
Him, ev'n black Envy's venom'd tongues commend,
As Scholar, Pastor, Husband, Father, Friend.

For ever sacred, ever dear,
O much-lov'd shade accept this tear;
Each night indulging pious woe,
Fresh roses on thy tomb I strew,
And wish for tender Spenser's moving verse,
Warbled in broken sobs o'er Sydney's herse;

Let me to that deep cave resort,
Where Sorrow keeps her silent court,
For ever wringing her pale hands,
While dumb Misfortune near her stands,
With downcast eyes the Cares around her wait,
And Pity sobbing sits before the gate.

Thus stretch'd upon his grave I sung,
When strait my ears with murmur rung,
A distant, deaf, and hollow sound
Was heard in solemn whispers round----
"Enough, dear Youth!----tho' wrapt in bliss above,
"Well-pleas'd I listen to thy lays of love."