



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Epitaphs,

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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EPITAPHS.

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EPITAPH

THE LATE MRS. MARY ...  
MAY 17 ...

EPITAPH  
ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET

In the Church of Wilsam in Suffol.

DORSET, the Graces of Courts, the Muses  
Pride

Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd  
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great  
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State

NOTES

Example. These fine compositions far exceed any thing  
I have of the kind from other hands; yet, if we except the  
fact as the young Duke of Buckingham, and perhaps one or  
more, they are not of equal force with the rest of our  
writings. The nature of the Composition itself is delicate  
generally it was a task imposed upon him - the  
pleas with respect to the nature and where the subject was  
the of him

# EPI T A P H S.

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His saltem accumulẽm donis, et fungar inani  
Munere ! VIRG.

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I.

On CHARLES Earl of Dorset,  
In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.

**D**ORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses'  
Pride,  
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.  
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,  
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State :

NOTES.

*Epitaphs.*] These little compositions far exceed any thing we have of the kind from other hands ; yet, if we except the *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps one or two more, they are not of equal force with the rest of our Author's writings. The nature of the Composition itself is delicate, and generally it was a task imposed upon him : tho' he rarely complied with requests of this nature but where the subject was worthy of him.

Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,  
 His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.  
 Blest Sat'rist! who touch'd the Mean so true,  
 As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.  
 Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,  
 Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.  
 Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace  
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;  
 Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,  
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

## NOTES.

*For random praise the Work would ne'er be done:*

*Each Mother asks it for her booby Son:*

*Each Widow asks it for the best of Men;*

*For him she weeps, for him she weds again.*

Yet when these elegiac movements came freely from the heart, he mourns in such strains as shew he was equally a master of this kind of Composition with every other he undertook (and in all he greatly excelled;) witness these lines in the *Epistle to Ferras*, which would have made the finest Epitaph ever written:

*Call round her Tomb each object of desire,*

*Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:*

*Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,*

*The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:*

*Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;*

*Then view this marble, and be vain no more.*

## II.

## On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the Principal Secretaries of State  
to King WILLIAM III. who having re-  
signed his Place, died in his Retirement  
at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.

**A** Pleasing Form ; a firm, yet cautious Mind ;  
Sincere, tho' prudent ; constant, yet resign'd :  
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,  
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest :  
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too ;  
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true :  
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,  
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth ;  
A gen'rous Faith, from superstition free ;  
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny ;  
Such this Man was ; who now, from earth remov'd,  
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

## III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,  
 Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HAR-  
 COURT; at the Church of Stanton-  
 Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

**T**O this sad shrine, who'er thou art! draw  
 near,

Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear:  
 Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,  
 Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!  
 If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.  
 Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,  
 And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

In Westminster-Abbey.

J A C O B U S C R A G G S  
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS  
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,  
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:  
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR  
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.  
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,  
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!  
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,  
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,  
Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,  
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.



V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,  
In Westminster-Abbey.

**T**H Y reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we  
 trust,  
 And sacred, place by DRYDEN'S awful dust:  
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
 To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.  
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest! 5  
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!  
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies  
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

## NOTES.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

*This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The sacred Dust below  
 Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?*

which the Author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. D R Y D E N.

Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.  
 P.

## VI.

## On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

**H**ERE rests a Woman, good without pre-  
tence,

Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense :

No Conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,

No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.

Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,

Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind ;

So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;

Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd ;

The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

## VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable  
ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister  
MARY, erected by their Father the  
Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sher-  
borne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

**G**O! fair Example of untainted youth,  
Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth :  
Compos'd in suff' rings, and in joy sedate,  
Good without noise, without pretension great.  
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,  
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:  
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :  
Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,  
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,  
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,  
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,  
Not parted long, and now to part no more!

Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!

Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,  
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:

These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive;

'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

## VIII.

## On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

**K**NELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master  
taught,

Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate

Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,

Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays, 5

Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie

Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

*Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci  
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori.* P.

## IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS,  
In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest  
mind,

Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.

Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!

O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!

For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,

And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove  
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!

Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,

Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:

Nor let us say (those English glories gone)

The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

## X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamstead in Berks, 1730.

**T**HIS modest Stone, what few vain Mar-  
bles can,  
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:  
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,  
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and  
Great:  
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,  
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.  
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,  
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

## XL.

## On Mr. G A Y.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

O F Manners gentle, of Affections mild;  
 In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:  
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,  
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:  
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate, 5  
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:  
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,  
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.  
 These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust  
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust; 10  
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.

## NOTES.

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally understood. For, by peculiar ill luck, the *formulary* expression, which makes the beauty, misleads the reader into a sense which takes it quite away.



## XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,  
In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cælum:*

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:  
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

## NOTES.

*and all was Light.*] It had been better—and *there was Light*,  
— as more conformable to the reality of the *fact*, and to the  
*allusion* whereby it is celebrated.

XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Bishop of Rochester.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

**Y**ES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!

May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.

Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,

Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:

Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!

O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!

Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside?

Yes---SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,

---He said, and dy'd.

NOTES.

*Save my Country, Heav'n*] Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father PAUL*, in his prayer for the state, ESTO PERPETUA. With how good a grace the Bishop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his last moments, they will understand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly skilled in all divine and human learning: He employed his whole life in the service of the *State*, against the unjust incroachments of the *Church*. He was modest, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and just; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happiest compound of Science, Wisdom, and Virtue.

## XIV.

On EDMUND D. of Buckingham,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of  
his Age, 1735.

**I**F modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,  
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,  
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,  
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state;  
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,  
Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here!  
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,  
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.  
Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame  
Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:  
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,  
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;  
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,  
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

## XV.

For One who would not be buried in  
Westminster-Abbey.

**H**EROES, and KINGS! your distance keep:  
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,  
Who never flatter'd Folks like you;  
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

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Another, on the same.

**U**NDER this Marble, or under this Sill,  
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;  
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,  
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,  
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin  
What they said, or may say of the mortal within:  
But, who living and dying, serene still and free,  
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

