



## **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**

I. On Charles Earl of Dorset, in the church of Withyam in Sussex

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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# 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.*