



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

Imitations,

Nutzungsbedingungen

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56113](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56113)

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.

THIS 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.

YES, 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.

IF 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.

HEROES, 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.

Another, on the same.

UNDER 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.

