

Wonted fires: a reading of Thomas Gray

Institut für Anglistik und Amerikanistik, Universität Salzburg - 285. Elegy. (Written in a Country Churchyard). Thomas Gray. 1909



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Notes: Includes bibliographical references (p. 175-209)
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Tags: #The #Bard #Poem #by #Thomas #Gray

Analysis of Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard by Thomas Gray

Kevin Ram Kevin has a Ph. Approach and read for thou canst read the lay Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn! THE EPITAPH Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.

Elegy Written In A Country Churchyard Poem by Thomas Gray

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Awaits alike th' inevitable hour: The paths of glory lead but to the grave. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke; How jocund did they drive their team afield! Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.

Thomas Gray

Given opportunities, they would have also succeeded.

Poem: The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day by Thomas Gray

These notes were contributed by members of the GradeSaver community. His life was full of sorrow.

ELEGY WRITTEN by THOMAS GRAY 1716

Can storied urn or animated bust Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth, And Melancholy marked him for her own. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the Poor.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. Then comes the surprise of 'The Epitaph'. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.

Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church

Each stanza has four lines. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Awaits alike the inevitable hour:- The paths of glory lead but to the grave. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

A Short Analysis of Thomas Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard'

Of did the harvest to their sickle yield, Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke; How jocund did they drive their team afield! The villagers led a very simple and secluded life; they kept themselves away from the bustle of city life where people compete for wealth, power and fame.

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