

Last day. A poem. In three books - By the late Edward Young, ...

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Description: -

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Eighteenth century -- reel 4250, no. 03.last day. A poem. In three books - By the late Edward Young, ...

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Night Thoughts Life Death Immortality

It was his custom, when well pleased with a passage in the course of his reading, to double down the leaf—when particularly gratified, to mark it by two folds; and some favourite works, such as *The Rambler*, had so many of these marks of approbation that they would not shut. For what calls thy disease, Lorenzo? For what live ever here? The French Patriots appeared to me, like young Schollars from a Colledge, or Sailors flushed with recent pay or prize Money, mounted on wild Horses, lashing and Spurring, till they would kill the Horses and break their own Necks.

Young, Edward 1683

Works collected here include masterpieces by David Hume, Immanuel Kant, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, as well as religious sermons and moral debates on the issues of the day, such as the slave trade. With a preface, memoir, and notes by Maxwell, P. I send thee not to volumes for thy cure; Read nature; nature is a friend to truth; Nature is Christian; preaches to mankind; And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

Night

He died in 1705, in the sixty-third year of his age, and Bishop Burnet, the Sunday after his decease, pronounced a glowing panegyric on his character, in a funeral sermon delivered in the Cathedral. Her husband and Lady Elizabeth Young died in 1740. .

A poem on the last day. : In three books. By Edward Young, D.D. Rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. (eBook, 1761) [public-docs.talentcoach.ir]

Young was always trying to find people to give more patronage for the poetical works and plays that he created, though he was living in a time when this kind of support for artists was beginning to subside quite dramatically. She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads 40 The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain; A strain for gods, denied to mortal ear. Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute This revolution in the

world inspired? Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring The soul of song, and whisper in my ear 50 The theft divine; or in propitious
dreams For dreams are thine transfuse it through the breast 52 Of thy first votary—but not thy last; If, like thy namesake, thou art ever kind.

The Last Day (Excerpt) by Edward Young

Accept the will,—that dies not with my strain.

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