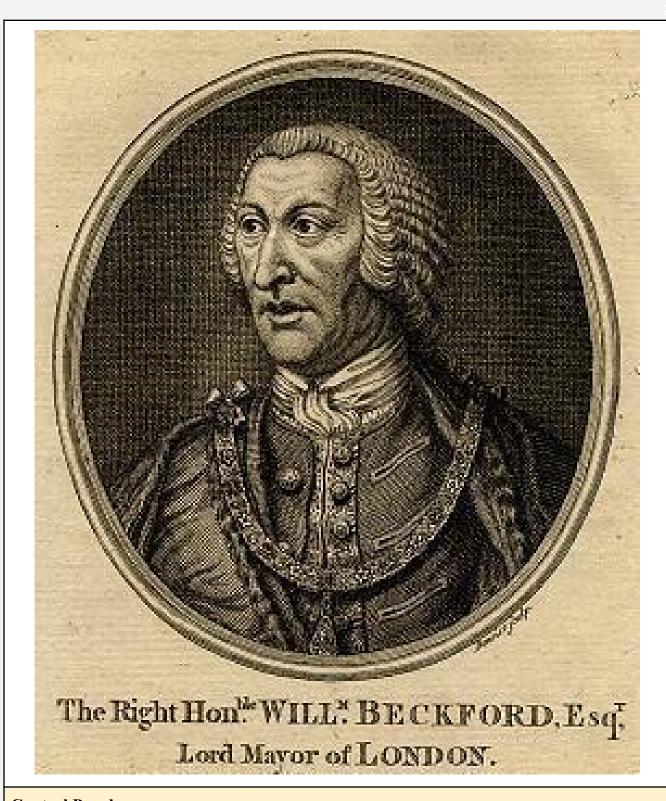
An Elegy on the Much Lamented Death of William Beckford Esq.

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• An Elegy on the much lamented death of William Beckford...,1770 : Scroll to View

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Panel 1: Spine and front cover

ELEGY ON WILLIAM BECKFORD - THOMAS CHATTERTON - 1770



Panel 2: Pages 1 & 2 The half title with blank verso - Missing in this volume

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Panel 3		

# ELEGY

On the Much Lamented DEATH of

### WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq.

Late LORD-MAYOR of,

AND

REPRESENTATIVE in PARLIAMENT

FOR,

### THE CITY OF LONDON.

Titles to him no Pleasure could impart,

No Bribes his rigid Virtue could controul;

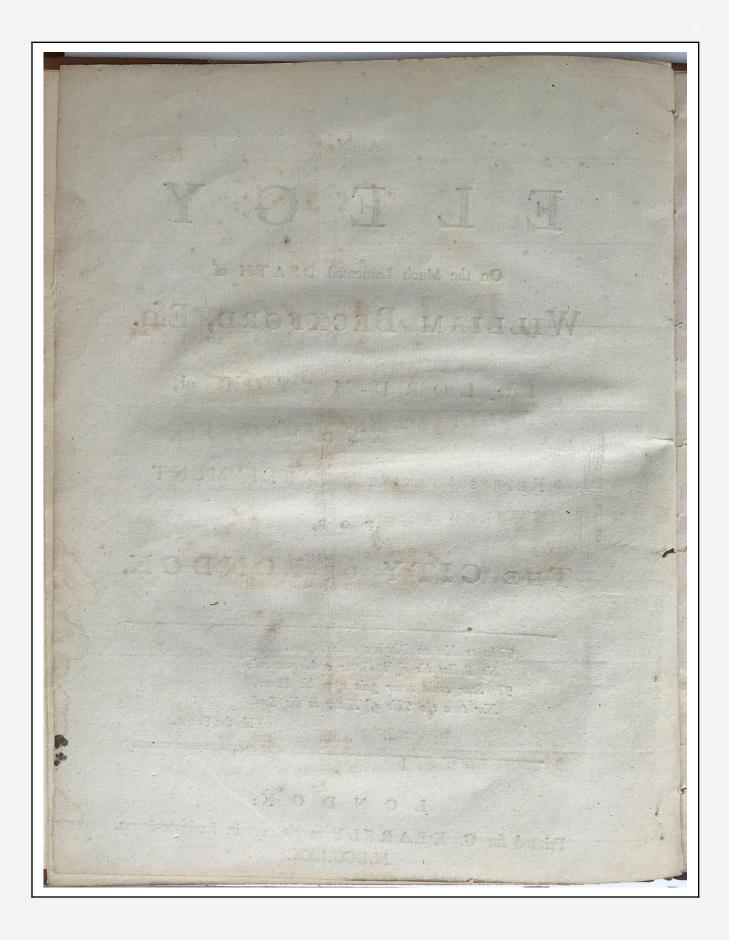
The Star could never gain upon his Heart,

Nor turn the Tide of Honor in his Soul.

Vide the POEM.

#### LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY at No. 1. in Ludgate-Street.
M.DCC.LXX.



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AN

## ELEGY

On the Much Lamented DEATH of

## WILLIAM BECKFORD, Efq.

I.

But hence ye Venal—Hence each titled Slave;

An honest Pang should wait on Beckford's Bier,

And Patriot Anguish, mark the Patriot's Grave.

ashints a ill, mont street b'ody an

When, like the Roman, to his Field retir'd,
'Twas you, (furrounded by unnumber'd Foes,)
Who call'd him forth, his Services requir'd,
And took from Age the Bleffing of Repose.

III.

With Soul impell'd by Virtue's facred Flame,

To stem the Torrent of Corruption's Tide,

He came, heav'n-fraught with Liberty! he came,

And nobly in his Country's Service died.

IV.

In the last awful, the departing Hour,

When Life's poor Lamp more faint, and fainter grew;

As Mem'ry feebly exercis'd her Pow'r,

He only felt for Libert'y and you.

V.

He view'd Death's Arrow, with a Christian Eye,
With Firmness only to a Christian known;
And nobly gave your Miseries that Sigh
With which he never gratisted his own.

#### [7]

#### VI.

Thou breathing Sculpture, celebrate his Fame,

And give his Laurel everlafting Bloom;

Record his Worth while Gratitude has Name,

And teach fucceeding Ages from his Tomb.

#### VII.

The Sword of Justice cautiously he sway'd,

His Hand for ever held the Balance right;

Each venial Fault with Pity he survey'd,

But Murder found no Mercy in his Sight.

#### VIII.

He knew when Flatterers besiege a Throne,

Truth seldom reaches to a Monarch's Ear;

Knew, if OPPRESS'D, a LOYAL PEOPLE GROAN,

'Tis not the COURTIERS Int'rest HE SHOULD HEAR,

IX.

Hence, honest to his Prince, his manly Tongue,

The Public Wrong and Loyalty convey'd,

While Titled Tremblers, ev'ry Nerve unstrung,

Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

X.

Look'd all around, aftonish'd to behold

(Train'd up to Flatt'ry from their early Youth)

An ARTLESS, FEARLESS Citizen unfold

To Royal Ears, a MORTIFYING Truth.

XI.

Titles to him no Pleasure could impart,

No Bribes his rigid Virtue could controul;

The Star could never gain upon his Heart,

Nor turn the Tide of Honor in his Soul,

#### XII.

For this, his Name our Hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide Pinions, all sublime;
Till Heaven's own bright, and never-dying Morn,
Absorbs our little Particle of Time.

#### XIII.

Far other Fate the venal Crew shall find,

Who sigh for Pomp, or languish after Strings;

And sell their native Probity of Mind,

For Bribes from Statesmen, or for Smiles from Kings-

#### XIV.

And here, a long inglorious List of Names,
On my disturb'd Imagination croud;
"O! let them perish (loud the Muse exclaims)
"Consign'd for ever to Oblivion's Cloud.

#### XV.

"White be the Page that celebrates his Fame,
"Nor let one Mark of Infamy appear;
"Let not the Villain's mingle with his Name,

" Lest Indignation stop the swelling Tear.

#### XVI.

"The fwelling Tear should plenteously descend,
"The delug'd Eye should give the Heart Relief;
"Humanity should melt for Nature's Friend,
"In all the richest Luxury of Grief."

#### XVII.

He, as a Planet with unceasing Ray,

Is feen in one unvaried Course to move,

Through Life pursu'd, but one illustrious Way,

And all his Orbit was his Country's Love.

#### XVIII.

But he is gone!—And now, alas! no more

His generous Hand neglected Worth redeems;

No more around his Mansion shall the Poor

Bask in his warm, his charitable Beams.

#### XIX.

No more his grateful Countrymen shall hear

His manly Voice, in martyr'd Freedom's Cause;

No more the courtly Sycophant shall fear

His poignant Lash, for violated Laws.

#### XX.

Yet fay, STERN VIRTUE, who'd not wish to die,

Thus greatly struggling, a whole Land to save?

Who would not wish, with Ardor wish to lie,

With Beckford's Honor, in a Beckford's Grave?

Not

#### XXI.

Not Honor, fuch as Princes can bestow,

Whose Breath a Reptile, to a Lord can raise;

But far the brightest Honor here below,

A grateful Nation's unabating Praise.

#### XXII.

But see! where Liberty, on yonder Strand,

Where the Cliff rises, and the Billows roar,

Already takes her melancholy Stand,

To wing her Passage to some happier Shore.

#### XXIII.

Stay, Goddess! stay, nor leave this once-bless'd Isle,
So many Ages thy peculiar Care,
O! stay, and cheer us ever with thy Smile,
Lest quick we fink in terrible Despair.

And

#### XXIV.

And, lo! she listens to the Muse's Call;

She comes, once more, to cheer a wretched Land;

Thou Tyranny, shalt tremble to thy Fall!

To hear her high, her absolute Command.

#### XXV.

- "Let not, my Sons, the Laws your Fathers bought,
  "With fuch rich Oceans of undaunted Blood,
- "By TRAITORS, thus, be basely set at Nought,
  "While at your Hearts you feel the purple Flood.

#### XXVI.

- "Unite in firm, in honorable Bands,
  - " Break ev'ry Link of Slav'ry's hateful Chain;
- " Nor let your Children, at their Fathers Hands,
  - " Demand their Birthright, and demand in vain.

« Where

[ 14 ]

#### XXVII.

- "Where e'er the Murd'rers of their Country hide,
  - "Whatever Dignities their Names adorn;
- "It is your Duty-let it be your Pride,
  - "To drag them forth to universal Scorn.

#### XXVIII.

- "So shall your lov'd, your venerated Name,
  - "O'er Earth's vaft Convex glorioufly expand;
- So shall your still accumulating Fame,
- " In one bright Story with your Beckford stand."

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