

“The Epitaph”

**Lines 117–128 from “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard”
by Thomas Gray (1716-71)**

117 *Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth*
118 *A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.*
119 *Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,*
120 *And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

121 *Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,*
122 *Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:*
123 *He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,*
124 *He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

125 *No farther seek his merits to disclose,*
126 *Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,*
127 *(There they alike in trembling hope repose)*
128 *The bosom of his Father and his God.*