

## “Ode Occasioned by the Death of Mr Thomson” by William Collins

First published 1749.

A **LITERARY GOTHIC** etext.

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Haec tibi semper erunt, et cum solennia vota  
reddemus Nymphis, et cum lustrabimus agros.

....

--- Amavit nos quoque Daphnis.

Virgil, *Eclogues* V, 74-75, 52 [ TRANSLATION ]

### I

In yonder grave a Druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise  
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

### II

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love through life the soothing shade.

### III

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And, while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

### IV

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is dressed,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

### V

And oft as Ease and Health retire  
To breezy lawn or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,  
And mid the varied landscape weep.

**VI**

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,  
Ah! what will every dirge avail?  
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

**VII**

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?  
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,  
And Joy desert the blooming year.

**VIII**

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
No sedge-crowned Sisters now attend,  
Now waft me from the green hill's side,  
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

**IX**

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
Dun Night has veiled the solemn view!  
---Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

**X**

The genial meads, assigned to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,  
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress  
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

**XI**

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:  
'O! vales and wild woods', shall he say,  
'In yonder grave your Druid lies!'