

On the Death of Richard West

By Thomas Gray

In vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,

And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;

The birds in vain their amorous descant join;

Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;

These ears, alas! for other notes repine,

A different object do these eyes require;

My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;

And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,

And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;

The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;

To warm their little loves the birds complain;

I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,

And weep the more because I weep in vain.