




College of education, English department

- Poetry
 - Third stage lecture 2
 - *Thomas Grey (Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard)*
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We saw how Blake asked, *Who made the innocent and the fearsome?* Now we'll see how Thomas Gray asks, *What happens to all people in the end—rich or poor?"*

Blake

The Lamb – innocence

The Tyger – experience, mystery

God as creator

Gray

Elegy – reflection on simple lives

Elegy – experience, death, obscurity

Death as equalizer



What do we
remember
about the
dead?”

Set the mood

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Explaining :

It's sunset. The day ends, animals go home, and the farmer finishes his work. The world becomes quiet and dark.

Key idea:

Gray sets a sad, calm mood of reflection and loneliness.

About the poor

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

- The poet warns the rich and powerful not to mock the poor.
- Though they didn't achieve fame, their lives had dignity.
- Their work was honest and meaningful in its own way.



Equality in death

**The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.**

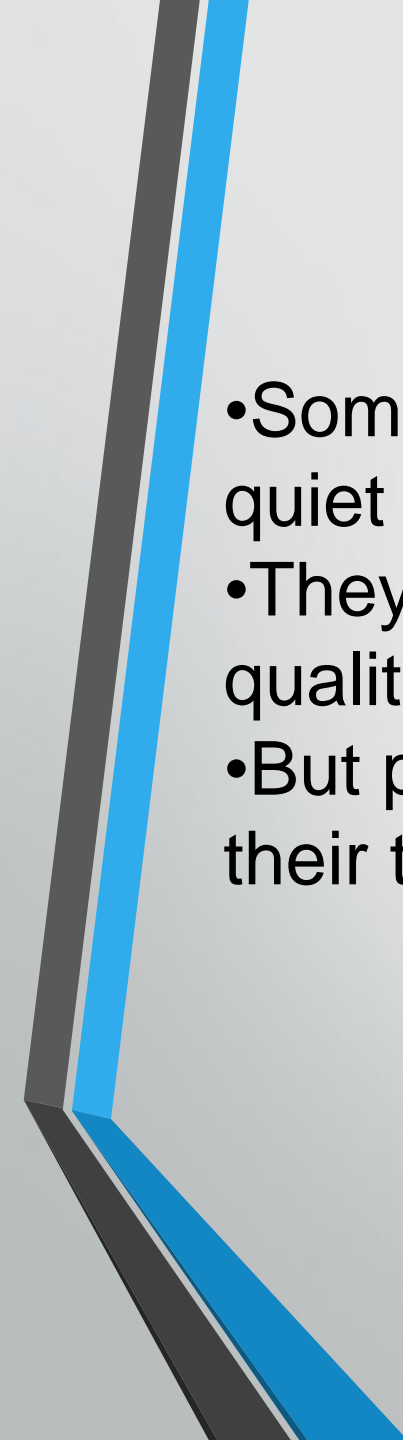


Analysis

- No matter how powerful or famous, everyone dies.
- Glory is temporary; the grave is certain.
- Death doesn't favor anyone — rich or poor, great or unknown.

Imagined afterlife of the poor


Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

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- Someone great might be buried here in this quiet place.
 - They may have had genius or leadership qualities.
 - But poverty denied them the chance to show their talent.



***Epitaph – personal and
universal***

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

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- The poet imagines himself buried peacefully in nature.
 - He lived quietly, thinking deeply but seeking no fame.
 - He accepts death with calmness and asks to be remembered kindly.



Thank you