





Grays  
Elegy

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**the**  
**ursem**

tolls the knell of parting  
day,  
the lowing herd winds  
slowly o'er the lea.



the ploughman homeward  
plods his weary way  
and leaves the world to dark-  
ness and to me

**N**ow fades the  
glimmering land-  
scape on the sight  
and all the air a solemn still-  
ness holds

save where the beetle wheels  
his droning flight  
and drowsy tinklings lull the  
distant folds

**H**ave that from yon  
dermy mantled  
tower  
the mooping owl does to the  
moon complain



