

*Elegy on a Grey Squirrel
Barborusly Murdered by a Cat
June 8th 1786*

-Longum, formose, vale vale
Vergil *

Melpomine, thou mournful muse,
a serious vein of grief infuse,
 a vein that suits with death,
seiz'd by grimalkin's savage claws
beneath her unrelenting jaws
 poor Bun resigns his breath.
2

Bun, the most hopeful of the brood,
left the wild pastimes of the wood
 to dwell with social Man,
soothe'd by their kind & tender care,
he soon prefer'd his novel fare
 to nature's ruder plan.
3

Fed by his master's faithful hand,
obediant to his mild command,
 the harmless rogue would move,
in my fond bosom laid his head,
at night repos'd upon my bed,
 and stole upon my love.
4

Amidst the studies of the day,
Bun by my side in sportive play
 indulg'd his native Glee,
or on my knee would sober sit,
in a still meditative fit
 to ruminare with me.
5

At early morn & eve serene,
Bun by my side was constant seen
 to enjoy the healthful walk,
in livelier mood would round me play,
to increase the pleasures of the way,
 and seem'd to wish to talk.

6
The village boys all pleas'd with Bun,
left their dear sports and eager run
 to see his nimble play,
the lasses all complacent smil'd
while he with lively sport beguile,
 slow pacing time away.

7
But these calm pleasures all are flown,
thy play, thy sports forever done,
 thy active spirit fled,
ceas'd, as to thee, my daily care,
fix'd are thine eyes in one still glare,
 for thou poor Bun art dead.
8

To fancy's view thy strugglings rise,
methinks I hear thy piteous cries,
 thy unavailing moans,
so pity's tear bedews the eye,
to see thy mangled body lye,
 and view thy scatter'd bones.
9

Come ye young train who lov'd his play,
your last sad tribute kindly pay,
 all mourning at his doom,
his shatter'd limbs with care compose,
his eyes with kind attention close,
 and bear him to his tomb.
10

Come ye his brethern from the grove,
in slow and solumn order move,
 along the silent plain,
fearless his breathless corps surround,
sweep your long tails upon the ground
 in metancholly train.
11

By yon still river's verdant side,
my friends his breathless body hide,
 close to the gentle surge,
light lay the turf upon his breast,
and thou sweet robin from thy nest
 sing his funeral dirge.