

**GRANTA: OR, A  
PAGE FROM THE  
LIFE OF A CANTAB**

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Granta: Or, a Page from the Life of a Cantab by D'Arcy Godolphin Osborne

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**D'ARCY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE**

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PAGE FROM THE  
LIFE OF A CANTAB**



# GRANTA:

OR,

A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A CANTAB.

*SECOND EDITION,*

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS.

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"She loved not wisely but too well."

"These are the errors, and these the fruits, of mispending our prime youth at the Schools and Universities, as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things, chiefly, as were better unlearned."

MILTON.

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D'Arcy Fildes Osborne

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*Shapleigh*



TO THE  
HON. G. GODOLPHIN OSBORNE,

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TOKEN, TRIFLING BUT SINCERE,

OF THEIR AUTHOR'S AFFECTION.

*London, Dec. 1, 1837.*





# GRANTA,

&c.

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## I.

“FAREWELL to Granta, and its time worn towers,

“The chosen site of science and of truth;

“Where glided once, in, ah! too fleeting hours,

“The careless current of my happy youth!

“Oft in its grassy paths I've pensive strayed,

“Rapt in the precepts of some ancient sage;

“Oft, stretched at ease beneath its verdant shade,

“Pondered attentive o'er th'historic page!

## II.

“ Ah, well I recollect when first began,  
“ Granta ! within thy walls my young career ;  
“ Fresh from my childhood's home, scarce yet a man,  
“ I viewed each object with a holy fear !  
“ Strange to my inexperience all things seemed,  
“ Each sight, each sound, now known, alas ! too well,  
“ And something more than earthly then I deemed  
“ The snow-white surplice, and the chapel bell !

## III.

“ Would that those happy days could dawn again !  
“ Oh for that blest, that unforgotten time,  
“ When leapt my young heart, free from care or pain,  
“ Unscathed by passion, undefiled by crime !  
“ Though hardened now my breast to deeds of sin,  
“ Of every lawless passion the abode,  
“ Yet fain would I life's course once more begin,  
“ And turn from Satan's paths to those of God.

## IV.

- “How sharp the pang of recollection’s sting,  
“When conscience lends her aid to barb the dart;  
“When mem’ry and remorse together bring  
“Their thousand horrors to assail the heart !  
“Each talent wasted, and each hour mispent,  
“Each warning scorned, each ill-requited care,  
“Rise like the spectral forms in Richard’s tent,  
“And yield the trembling sinner to despair !

## V.

- “Vain, too, each effort, vain each spell of earth,  
“To choke with flowers the piercing thorns of sin ;  
“Vain the attempt to crush, in boisterous mirth,  
“The never-dying worm that gnaws within !  
“Conscience, o’erthrown, still rears its giant head,  
“And doubly strong, Antæus-like, springs up ;  
“The fiend still greets us in the wanton’s bed,  
“And rises sneering from the drunkard’s cup.”