



To Mr. P O P E.

**T**O praise, yet still with due Respect to praise,  
 A *Bard* triumphant in immortal Bays,  
 The *Learn'd* to show, the *Sensible* commend,  
 Yet still preserve the Province of the *Friend*,  
 What Life, what Vigour, must the Lines require?  
 What Musick tune them? what Affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my Bosom shine!  
 Thou shouldst not fail of Numbers worthy thine,  
 The brightest Antients might at once agree  
 To sing within my Lays, and sing of thee.

*Horace*

*Horace* himself wou'd own thou dost excell  
In candid Arts to play the Critick well.

*Ovid* himself might wish to sing the Dame  
Whom *Windsor* Forest sees a gliding Stream,  
On silver Feet, with annual Osier crown'd,  
She runs for ever thro' Poetick Ground.

How flame the Glories of *Belinda's* Hair,  
Made by thy Muse the Envy of the Fair;  
Less shone the Tresses *Ægypt's* Princess wore,  
Which sweet *Callimachus* so sung before.  
Here courtly Trifles set the World at odds,  
*Belles* war with *Beaus*, and *Whims* descend for  
*Gods*,  
The new *Machines* in Names of Ridicule,  
Mock the grave Phrenzy of the *Chimick* Fool.

But

But know, ye Fair, a Point conceal'd with Art,  
 The *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* are but a Woman's Heart:  
 The *Graces* stand in sight; a *Satyr* Train  
 Peep o'er their Heads, and laugh behind the Scene.

In *Fame's* fair *Temple*, o'er the boldest Wits  
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred *Virgil* sits,  
 And sits in Measures, such as *Virgil's* Muse  
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse;  
 How might he tune th' alternate Reed with thee,  
 Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he,  
 While some old *Damon* o'er the Vulgar wise  
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize.  
 Rapt with the Thought my *Fancy* seeks the Plains,  
 And turns me Shepherd while I hear the Strains.  
 Indulgent Nurse of ev'ry tender Gale,  
 Parent of Flowrets, old *Arcadia* hail!

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Here

Here in the cool my Limbs at ease I spread,  
Here let thy Poplars whisper o'er my Head,  
Still slide thy Waters soft among the Trees,  
Thy Aspens quiver in a breathing Breeze,  
Smile all thy Vallies in eternal Spring,  
Be hush'd, ye Winds! while *Pope* and *Virgil* sing.

In *English* Lays, and all sublimely great,  
Thy *Homer* warms with all his antient Heat,  
He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,  
And flames with ev'ry Sense of great Delight.  
Long has that *Poet* reign'd, and long unknown,  
Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant Throne;  
In all the Majesty of *Greek* retir'd,  
Himself unknown, his mighty Name admir'd,  
His Language failing, wrap'd him round with  
Night,  
Thine rais'd by thee, recalls the Work to light.

So



So wealthy Mines, that Ages long before  
 Fed the large Realms around with Golden Oar,  
 When choak'd by sinking Banks, no more appear,  
 And Shepherds only say, *The Mines were here*;  
 Shou'd some rich Youth (if Nature warm his  
 Heart,  
 And all his Projects stand inform'd with Art)  
 Here clear the Caves, there ope the leading Vein;  
 The Mines detected flame with Gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new Designs!  
 How ev'ry Musick varies in thy Lines!  
 Still as I read, I feel my Bosom beat,  
 And rise in Raptures by another's Heat.  
 Thus in the Wood, when Summer dress'd the  
 Days,  
 When *Windsor* lent us tuneful Hours of Ease,

Our

Our Ears the Lark, the Thrush, the Turtle blest,  
And *Philomela* sweetest o're the rest:

The Shades resound with Song—O softly tread!  
While a whole Season warbles round my Head.

This to my Friend—and when a Friend inspires  
My silent Harp its Masters Hand requires,  
Shakes off the Dust, and makes these Rocks resound,  
For Fortune plac't me in unfertile Ground ;  
Far from the Joys that with my Soul agree,  
From Wit, from Learning,---far, oh far from thee !  
Here Moss-grown Trees expand the smallest Leaf,  
Here half an Acre's Corn is half a Sheaf,  
Here Hills with naked Heads the Tempest meet,  
Rocks at their Side, and Torrents at their Feet,  
Or lazy Lakes unconscious of a Flood,  
Whose dull brown *Naiads* ever sleep in Mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and Learned Ease,  
A Friend delight me, and an Author please,  
Ev'n here I sing, while *Pope* supplies the Theme,  
Show my own Love, tho' not increase his Fame.

