



The B O O K - W O R M.

COME hither, Boy, we'll hunt to Day
 The *Book-Worm*, ravening Beast of Prey,
 Produc'd by Parent *Earth*, at odds
 (As Fame reports it) with the *Gods*.
 Him frantick Hunger wildly drives
 Against a thousand Authors Lives:
 Thro' all the Fields of Wit he flies;
 Dreadful his Head with clust'ring Eyes,
 With Horns without, and Tusks within,
 And Scales to serve him for a Skin.
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb
 To wound the Bards of antient Time,

Or down the Vale of Fancy go
 To tear some modern Wretch below:
 On ev'ry Corner fix thine Eye,
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his Teeth a Passage eat:
 We'll rouse him from the deep Retreat.
 But who the Shelter's forc'd to give?
 'Tis Sacred *Virgil* as I live!
 From Leaf to Leaf, from Song to Song,
 He draws the tadpole Form along,
 He mounts the gilded Edge before,
 He's up, he scuds the Cover o'er,
 He turns, he doubles, there he past,
 And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate *Brute*, whose Teeth abuse
 The sweetest Servants of the *Muse*.

(Nay never offer to deny,

I took thee in the **Fact** to fly.)

His *Roses* nipt in ev'ry Page,

My poor *Anacreon* mourns thy **Rage**,

By thee my *Ovid* wounded lies;

By thee my *Lesbia's Sparrow* dies:

Thy rabid **Teeth** have half destroy'd

The **Work of Love** in *Biddy Floyd*,

They rent *Belinda's* Locks away,

And spoil'd the *Blonzelind* of *Gay*,

For all, for ev'ry single **Deed**,

Relentless *Justice* bids thee bleed,

Then fall a *Victim* to the *Nine*,

My self the *Priest*, my **Desk** the *Shrine*,

Bring *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Tasso* near,

To pile a sacred **Altar** here;

Hold,

Hold, Boy, thy Hand out-run thy Wit,
 You reach'd the Plays that *D---s* writ;
 You reach'd me *Pb---s* rustick Strain;
 Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come bind the Victim,— there he lies,
 And here between his num'rous Eyes
 This venerable Dust I lay,
 From *Manuscripts* just swept away.

The Goblet in my Hand I take,
 (For the Libation's yet to make)
 A Health to Poers! all their Days
 May they have Bread, as well as Praise;
 Sense may they seek, and less engage
 In Papers fill'd with Party-Rage.
 But if their Riches spoil their Vein
 Ye *Muses*, make them poor again.

Now

Now bring the Weapon, yonder Blade,
 With which my tuneful Pens are made.
 I strike the Scales that arm thee round,
 And twice and thrice I print the Wound;
 The sacred Altar floats with red,
 And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the Son of Jove I stand,
 This *Hydra* stretch'd beneath my Hand!
 Lay bare the Monster's Entrails here,
 To see what Dangers threat the Year:
 Ye Gods! what Sonnets on a Wench?
 What lean Translations out of *French*?
 Tis plain, this Lobe is so unsound,
 S— prints, before the Months go round.

But

But hold, before I close the Scene,
The sacred Altar shou'd be clean.
Oh had I *Sh—*'s Second Bays,
Or *T—*! thy pert and humble Lays!
(Ye Pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your Works till now)
I'd tear the Leaves to wipe the Shrine,
(That only way you please the *Nine*)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the Songs of *D—y* do.

Rent from the Corps, on yonder Pin,
I hang the Scales that brac't it in;
I hang my studious Morning Gown,
And write my own *Inscription* down.

' This *Trophy* from the *Python* won,
 ' This *Robe*, in which the Deed was done,
 ' These, *Parnell* glorying in the Feat,
 ' Hung on these Shelves, the *Muses* Seat.
 ' Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* found
 ' Large Realms of Wit to ravage round,
 ' Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* fell;
 ' Two Foes in one I sent to Hell.
 ' Ye *Poets*, who my Labours see,
 ' Come share the Triumph all with me!
 ' Ye *Criticks*! born to vex the *Muse*,
 ' Go mourn the *grand Ally* you lose.

