

And you, whose souls are held,
Like linnets, in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains:

O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do when I sigh

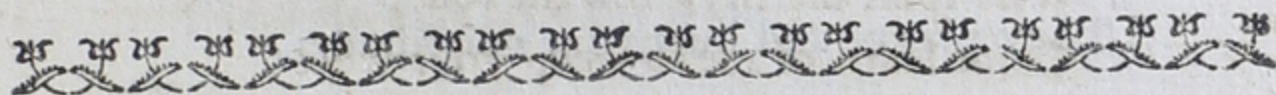
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit

Of shepherd, or of sage!

'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say——

O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!



Upon R I D D L E S.

HAVE you not known a small machine
Which brazen rings environ,
In many a country chimney seen,
Y-clep'd a tarring-iron?

Its puzzling nature to display
Each idle clown may try, Sir,
Tho, when he has acquir'd the way,
He's not a jot the wiser.

'Tis

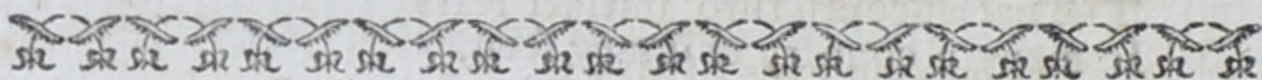
'Tis thus with him, who fond of rhyme
 In Wit's low species piddles ;
 And tires his thoughts, and wastes his time
 In explicating riddles.

Shall idle bards, by fancy led,
 (With wrathful zeal I speak it)
 Write with design to plague my head,
 Who have no right to break it ?

He writes the best, who, writing, can
 Both please and teach together :
 But 'tis the devil of a plan,
 That can accomplish neither.

Ye readers, hear ! ye writers too !
 O spare your darkling labours !
 For, tho' they please, not profit, you,
 They plague and hurt your neighbours.

Go learn of POPE ; then judge aright,
 Which way to Fame's the surer ;
 To put the truth in fairest light,
 Or render it obscurer.



VERSES to a Writer of RIDDLES.

AH! boast not those obscuring lays,
 Nor think it sure and certain
 That every one can draw a face,
 Who can produce a curtain.

POPE