

So when three thousand years have wan'd away,  
 And POPE is said t' have liv'd when GEORGE bore sway,  
 Millions shall lend the King the Poet's fame,  
 And bless implicit the *supported* name.



TO POLLY LAURENCE, quitting the Pump.

BATH, January 1756.

SPITE of beauty, air, and grace,  
 With honour hast thou run thy race!  
 In *sunshine* well thy part thou'ft play'd —  
 Now, sweet Polly, seek the *shade*.

The prudent general, tho' beat,  
 Reaps honour from a *good retreat*;  
 But nobler thou, thy thousands kill'd,  
 With *flying colours* leav'ft the field.

Let not retirement give the spleen,  
 Thy sex's *longing* ——— to be seen:  
 But teach the vicious and the vain,  
 Their pleasure's but refining pain.

Teach the gay by thy retreat,  
 Eternal *giggle* is not wit;  
 And the formal fool advise,  
*Prudery* cannot make her *wife*.

Take with thee to thy private state  
 Th' applauses of the *good* and *great*;  
 The best reward below allow'd  
 Of a conduct *great* and *good*.