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### **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Translations And Imitations

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Imitations,

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IMITATIONS  
OF  
ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.



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# IMITATIONS

O F

## ENGLISH POETS.

I.

### CHAUCER.

**W**OMEN ben full of Ragerie,  
Yet fwinken nat fans secrefie.

Thilke moral shall ye understond,  
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland :

Which to the Fennes hath him betake, 5  
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.

Right then, there passen by the Way  
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.

Ducke in his Trowfes hath he hent,  
Not to be spied of Ladies gent. 10

“ But ho ! our Nephew, (crieth one)

“ Ho ! quoth another, Cozen John ;

And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—

This sely Clerk full low doth lout :



They asken that, and talken this, 15  
 " Lo here is Coz, and here is Mifs.  
 But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote,  
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote :  
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,  
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20  
 Te-he, cry'd Ladies ; Clerke nought spake :  
 Mifs star'd ; and gray Ducke crieth Quaake.  
 " O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)  
 " Be thilke same thing Maids longer a'ter ?  
 " Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,  
 " Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke.



## II.

SPENSER.

## The ALLEY.

## I.

**I**N ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,  
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;  
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,  
 And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.  
 There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe, 5  
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller  
 Squall:

How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so?  
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,  
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

## II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10  
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;  
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,  
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;  
 And here a sailer's jacket hangs to dry.



At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15  
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry ;  
 Now finging shrill, and scolding est between ;  
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbour-  
 hood I ween.

## III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)  
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ; 20  
 The whim'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,  
 Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;  
 The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,  
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;  
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ;  
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,  
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base  
 are drown'd.

## IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,  
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days  
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30  
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :  
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never  
 cease.



Slander beside her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,  
 With Envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace;  
 Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters, 35  
 And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,  
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:  
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,  
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all; 40  
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:  
 Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,  
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,  
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,  
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,  
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;  
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,  
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,  
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch,

§ R



Ne village is without, on either side,  
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown;  
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are  
     ey'd  
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's  
     tow'ry pride.



## III.

WALLER.

## Of a LADY finging to her LUTE.

**F**AIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's  
prize

A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:

Well might, alas! that threatned vessel fail,

Which winds and lightning both at once assail.

We were too blest with these enchanting lays, 5

Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:

But killing charms your lover's death contrive,

Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.

Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,

Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:

A poet made the silent wood pursue,

This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.



On a FAN of the Author's design,  
 in which was painted the story of  
 CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with  
 the Motto, AURA VENI.

C O M E, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,  
 While Procris panted in the secret shade;  
 Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,  
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
 Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,  
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!  
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:  
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;  
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love.  
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound she  
 gives:  
 She views the story with attentive eyes,  
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.



## IV.

COWLEY.

## The GARDEN.

**F**AIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures  
sing,

And humble glories of the youthful Spring;  
Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,  
And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;  
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white, 5  
The thin Undress of superficial Light,  
And vary'd Tulips show so dazling gay,  
Blushing in bright diversities of day.  
Each painted flouret in the lake below  
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10  
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain  
Transformed, gazes on himself again.

Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,  
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:  
There the green Infants in their beds are laid, 15  
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.  
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,  
And vernal honours to their autumn join;



Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store, 20  
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.  
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,  
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day :  
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,  
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,  
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25  
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream.  
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,  
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,  
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,  
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30



W E E P I N G.

**W**HILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,  
 Proud Grief fits swelling in her eyes;  
 The Sun, next those the fairest light,  
 Thus from the Ocean first did rise:  
 And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun, 35  
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,  
 Foretell the fervour of the day:  
 So from one Cloud soft show'rs we view,  
 And blasting lightnings burst away. 40  
 The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,  
 Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere  
 So like a Phaëton appears,  
 That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare, 45  
 Thought fit to drown him in her tears:  
 Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,  
 To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.



## V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

## On SILENCE.

## I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;  
 Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,  
 'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

## II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or  
 earth,  
 Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,  
 Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant  
 forth.

## III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,  
 In one more various animal combin'd,  
 And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

## IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was  
 low, 10  
 'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,  
 And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.



V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain ;  
 Lost in the maze of words he turns again, 14  
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,  
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,  
 And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,  
 And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise ;  
 Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest ;  
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,  
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good  
 name, 25  
 The only honour of the wishing dame ;  
 Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of  
 Fame,



## X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are  
 free,  
 How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee?  
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be?

## XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,  
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:  
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy  
 Laws.

## XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,  
 What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,  
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

## XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,  
 The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,  
 Are best by thee exprefs'd ; and shine in thee alone.

## XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,  
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest ; all end in thee,  
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.



VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

**T**HO' Artemisia talks, by fits,  
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;  
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:  
 Yet in some things methinks she fails,  
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails, 5  
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,  
 Such nastiness, and so much pride  
 Are oddly join'd by fate:  
 On her large squab you find her spread, 10  
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,  
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)  
 On any part except her face;  
 All white and black beside; 15  
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,  
 Her voice theatrically loud,  
 And masculine her stride.



So have I seen, in black and white

A prating thing, a Magpye hight,

29

Majestically stalk;

A stately, worthless animal,

That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,

All flutter, pride, and talk,



P H R Y N E.

P HRYNE had talents for mankind,  
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,  
 Like some free port of trade :  
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,  
 And Agents from each foreign state, 5  
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,  
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,  
 Spaniards or French came to her :  
 To all obliging she'd appear : 10  
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,  
 'Twas *S'il vous plaiſt, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,  
 Still changing names, religions, climes,  
 At length she turns a Bride : 15  
 In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,  
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,  
 And flutters in her pride.



So have I known those Insects fair  
(Which curious Germans hold so rare) 20

Still vary shapes and dyes;  
Still gain new Titles with new forms;  
First grabs obscene, then wriggling worms,  
Then painted butterflies.



## VII.

DR. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY  
PARSON.

**P**Arson, these things in thy possessing  
 Are better than the Bishop's blessing.  
 A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed  
 That carries double when there's need:  
 October store, and best Virginia, 5  
 Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:  
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,  
 For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:  
 A large Concordance, bound long since:  
 Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince; 10  
 A Chronicle of ancient standing;  
 A Chrysoftom to smooth thy band in.  
 The Polygott—three parts,—my text,  
 Howbeit,—likewise —now to my next.  
 Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul, 15  
 To sum the whole,—the close of all.



He that has these, may pass his life,  
 Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife ;  
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill ;  
 And fast on Fridays——if he will ;  
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,  
 Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,  
 Pray heartily for some new Gift,  
 And shake his head at Doctor S——t.

