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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

Weeping

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WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make forrow 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,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,

Foretell the servour of the day:
So from one Cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.

The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that funny 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.

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