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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 Moral Essays

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

The Love of Glory and Fear of Shame universal

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vi ESSAY ON SATIRE.

Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
 And taste the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
 You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
 And view that bright Assemblage treasur'd there;
 You trace the Chain that links his deep Design,
 And pour new Lustre on the glowing Line.
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues;
 Intent from this great Archetype to draw 25
 SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
 Pleas'd if from hence th'unlearn'd may comprehend,
 And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

IN ev'ry Breast there burns an active flame,
 The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame: 30
 The Passion ONE, tho' various it appear,
 As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
 The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
 And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
 The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest wooe,
 And only fly, that Glory may pursue: 36
 She, Pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great,
 Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;

Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And sways alike the Scepter and the Spade. 40

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Substance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
In quest of Glory plunges deep in Vice; 50
'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part;
And still her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The Passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those Virtues which they fed before.