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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

And thus becomes the Occasion of the greatest Follies, Vices and Miseries

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And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
 Our worst of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.
 Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
 Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
 Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65
 We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;
 Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
 Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
 Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
 That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
 Tir'd in the treach'rous Chase, would nobly yield,
 And but for Shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
 The Dæmon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
 And whispers close, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold, yon Wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
 Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
 By weakness strong, and bold thro' fear alone,
 He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown;
 Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
 To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God. 80

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, etc.*]

*Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
 Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son Ame il croit?*

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
 When to false Fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
 Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd;
 Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
 Hence chaste *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd 85
 Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
 Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
 When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
 To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
 She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
 And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
 In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
 Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
 Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
 And bids the Hag in native horror rise;
 Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
 And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
 Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100

IMITATIONS.

*Il iroit embrasser la Verité, qu'il voit ;
 Mais de ses faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
 Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.*

BOILEAU, Ep. iii.