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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 Variety of Style and Manner which these two Subjects require

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Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
 In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
 Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
 Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a —:
 The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
 When wrapt in *Irony's* transparent veil:
 Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprize, 265
 And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
 Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
 Style *Clodius* honourable, *Busa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
 Who e'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly? 270
 Deride not Vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
 To bind the Tyger in so weak a chain.
 Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter
 move,
 The Knave exults: to smile is to approve.
 The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
 When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what Measures to each Theme belong,
 And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:

xviii E S S A Y O N S A T I R E.

On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer
That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer :
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle* ;
Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive King—of *Spades* !
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line ; 290
Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid:
When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day ; 296
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires,
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head : 300
When private Faith and publick Trust are sold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold :

When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking State :

When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305

On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the Skies :

Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,

And all her smiles are darken'd into rage :

On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus*' height,

Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight : 310

Then keener indignation fires her eye ;

Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly ;

Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,

Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315

And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene :

She wounds reluctant ; pours her balm with joy ;

Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.

But chief, when *Virtue, Learning, Arts* decline,

She joys to see *unconquer'd* Merit shine ; 320

Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,

True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day :

With joy she sees the stream of Roman art

From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart :

Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,

And just to ev'ry virtue, but his own :

Hears unstain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim

A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name :