



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

### **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 Praise of Virtue may be admitted with Propriety

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55032](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55032)

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 :

Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,  
 Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend: 326  
 To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;  
 And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for You.

But tread with cautious step this dang'rous ground,  
 Befet with faithless precipices round: 330  
 Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call;  
 And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.  
 'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine*;  
 The Poet can but *set it* in his line:  
 And who unmov'd with laughter can behold 335  
 A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold*?  
 Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,  
 For Shame attends on prostituted praise:  
 And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art 339  
 But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's Law confin'd:  
 She yields description of the noblest kind.  
 Inferior art the Landskip may design,  
 And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:  
 Her daring thought essays a higher plan; 345  
 Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man.