



## **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 Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

The First Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. VII.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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## EPISTOLA VII.

QINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,

Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,

Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;

Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,

Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque

Designatorem decorat licitoribus atris:

Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;

Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis

Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.

Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;

Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcat,

Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset

Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.



## E P I S T L E VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

**T**IS true, my Lord, I gave my word,  
 I would be with you, June the third;  
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)  
 Have kept it—as you do at Court.  
 You humour me when I am sick, 5  
 Why not when I am splenetick?  
 In town, what Objects could I meet?  
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,  
 And Fun'ral black'ning all the Doors,  
 And yet more melancholy Whores: 10  
 And what a dust in every place?  
 And a thin Court that wants your Face,  
 And Fevers raging up and down,  
 And W\* and H\*\* both in town!  
 “The Dog-days are no more the case.” 15  
 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:  
 Then southward let your Bard retire,  
 Hold out some months 'twixt Sun and Fire,  
 And you shall see the first warm Weather,  
 Me and the Butterflies together. 20



Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,  
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.  
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.  
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.  
Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.  
Ut libet : haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.  
Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit :  
Haec seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.  
Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus ?  
Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent aera lupinis ?  
Dignum praestabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.  
Quod si me noles usquam discedere ; reddes  
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos :



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My Lord, your Favours well I know;  
'Tis with Distinction you bestow;  
And not to ev'ry one that comes,  
Just as a Scotsman does his Plumbs.

“ Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast: 25

“ Eat some, and pocket up the rest —

What rob your Boys? those pretty rogues!

“ No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs.

Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye. 30

Scatter your Favours on a Fop,

Ingratitude's the certain crop;

And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,

You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or shou'd 35

Be mighty ready to do good;

But makes a diff'rence in his thought

Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me

A safe Companion, and a free; 40

But if you'd have me always near —

A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.

I hope it is your Resolution

To give me back my Constitution!



Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum, et  
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam  
Reperat in cumeram frumenti ; pastaque, rursus  
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc ;  
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.  
Haec ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno ;  
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium, nec  
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

Saepe verecundum laudasti : Rexque, Paterque



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The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye, 45  
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,  
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,  
And kept you up so oft till one :  
And all that voluntary Vein,  
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain. 50

A Weasel once made shift to flink  
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink ;  
But having amply stuff'd his skin,  
Could not get out as he got in :  
Which one belonging to the House 55  
( 'Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse )  
Observing, cry'd, " You scape not so,  
" Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your Application,  
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation ; 60  
Nor one that Temperance advance,  
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans :  
Extremely ready to resign  
All that may make me none of mine.  
South-sea Subscriptions take who please, 65  
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.

NOTES.

VER. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself and the public on his *Rape of the Lock*.



Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens :

Inspice, si possum donata reponere laetus.

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Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,

Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellè Tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis  
 Clarus, etc.



'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,  
 Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.  
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)  
 My Bread, and Independency! 70

So bought an Annual Rent or two,  
 And liv'd — just as you see I do;  
 Near fifty, and without a Wife,  
 I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.  
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75

Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,  
 A little House, with Trees a-row,  
 And, like its Master, very low.  
 There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,  
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80

To set this matter full before ye,  
 Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.

“Harley, the Nation's great Support,”—  
 But you may read it, I stop short.

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him some South-sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity.