



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

To the same, on her leaving the town after the Coronation

Nutzungsbedingungen

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EPISTLE

To the same,

On her leaving the Town after the
CORONATION.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome Coun-
try air,

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent, 9
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;

Coronation.] Of King George the first, 1715. P.

To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buff, and cries,—No words!
 Or with his hound comes hallowing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd
 Knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50