



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 Mr. John Moore, author of the celebrated Worm-Powder

Nutzungsbedingungen

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56113](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56113)

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,
AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-
P O W D E R.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E're since our Grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
 That flutter for a day ;
 First from a Worm they take their rise,
 And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows ;
 Thus Worms suit all conditions ;
 Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
 And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,
 By all their winding play ;
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore* ! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never dies !

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
 Who sett'st our entrails free ?
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
 Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before,