



## **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 The First of his Letters

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

VIII. From Mr. Steele.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56122)

his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have own'd my opinion to be, that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

*Anima* is no more than my soul, *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Augustus only call'd Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: 'twas the *bo-munciolum* that express'd the love and tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

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L E T T E R VIII.

From Mr. STEELE.

Dec. 4. 1712.

**T**HIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an Ode as of a chearful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanza's

for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

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## L E T T E R IX.

I Do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: Yet, you'll see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The dying Christian to his S O U L,

## O D E.

## I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

## II. Hark!