



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

IX.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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

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!

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

LETTER X.

TO MR. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I Am more joy'd at your return than I should
be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for
him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate
too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and
obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre.
What put me in mind of these night-birds was