

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph opprest;
And secret Passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful Kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful Virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent Lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient Ladies when refused a kiss,
Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not CYNTHIA when her manteau 's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravished hair!

For, that sad moment when the Sylphs withdrew,
And ARIEL weeping, from BELINDA flew,
UMBRIEL, a dusky melancholy Spright
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repairs, to search the gloomy Cave of SPLEEN.