

Alexander Pope.

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around!
‘Whatever Spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large;
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins!
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins,
Or plunged in lakes of bitter Washes lie,
Or wedged, whole Ages, in a bodkin’s eye!
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain;
While, clogged, he beats his silken wings in vain!
Or alum-styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence, like a rivelled flower!
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill;
’Midst fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!’

He spoke. The Spirits from the Sails descend.
Some, orb in orb, around the Nymph extend.
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair.
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear.
With beating hearts, the dire event they wait;
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.