

Alexander Pope.

The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

'Know farther yet, Whoever fair and chaste
Rejects Mankind, is by some Sylph embraced;
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes, and what shapes, they please.

'What guards the purity of melting Maids
In Courtly Balls, and midnight Masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring Spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When Music softens, and when Dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know;
Though Honour is the word with men below.

'Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the Gnomes' embrace:
Who swell their prospects, and exalt their pride;
When offers are disdained, and love denied.
Then, gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping Train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And, in soft sounds, "Your Grace!" salutes their ear.
'Tis these, that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infants' cheeks, a bidden blush to know;
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau!

'Oft when the World imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way!
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new