

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said. The pitying audience melt in tears:
But Fate and Jove had stopped the Baron's ears!
In vain, THALESTRIS, with reproach assails;
For who can move, when fair BELINDA fails!
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While ANNA begged, and DIDO urged, in vain!

[First added in the Fifth Edition of 1718.

Then grave CLARISSA graceful waved her fan.
Silence ensued, and thus the Nymph began.

'Say, why are Beauties praised and honoured most?
The wise man's Passion, and the vain man's Toast!
Why decked with all that land and sea afford?
Why Angels called, and Angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved Beaus?
Why bows the Side-Box from its inmost rows?
'How vain are all these glories, all our pains;
Unless Good Sense preserve what Beauty gains!
Then men may say, when we the Front-Box grace,
Behold the first in virtue, as in face!