

*Alexander Pope.*

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The meeting points, the sacred hair dis sever  
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightnings from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies!  
No louder shrieks by Dames, to Heaven are cast  
When husbands, or when monkeys, breathe their last;  
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,  
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine!'  
The victor cried, 'the glorious prize is mine!  
While fish, in streams, or birds delight in air,  
Or in a Coach and Six, the British Fair;  
As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,  
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed;  
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze;  
While Nymphs take treats, or assignations give;  
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!'

What time would spare, from steel receives its date;  
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate!  
Steel did the labour of the Gods destroy,  
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy!  
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound;  
And hew triumphal arches to the ground!  
What wonder, then, fair Nymph! thy hairs shall feel  
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel!