

Alexander Pope.

Happy! ah! ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am I not the first mistaken Maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betrayed!
O, had I rather, unadmired, remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There, kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die!

'What moved my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O, had I stayed and said my prayers at home!

'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to tell!
Thrice from my trembling hand the Patch-box fell!
The tott'ring china shook without a wind!
Nay! Poll sat mute; and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warned me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!

'See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares!
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck.
The sister Lock now sits uncouth, alone;
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own!
Uncurled it hangs! The fatal shears demands;
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands!
Oh! hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight; or any hairs but these!'