

Alexander Pope.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change, whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded Mast,
Superior by the head, was ARIEL placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun.
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun.
'Ye Sylphs and Sylphids! to your Chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned,
By laws eternal, to th' aerial kind!

'Some in the fields of purest ether play;
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high;
Or roll the Planets through the boundless sky.

'Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Hover, and catch the Shooting Stars by night;
Or suck the mists in grosser air below;
Or dip their pinions in the painted Bow;
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry Main;
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

'Others, on Earth, o'er Human Race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide.
Of these, the Chief the care of nations own;
And guard, with Arms divine, the British Throne.