

*Alexander Pope.*

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- Say, what strange motive, Goddess! could compel  
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?  
O, say, what stranger cause, ye! unexplored,  
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?  
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then?  
And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Sol, through white curtains, did his beams display;  
And oped those eyes, which brighter shine than they.  
Now Shock had given himself the rousing shake;  
And Nymphs prepared their chocolate to take.  
Thrice the wrought slipper knocked against the ground;  
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

BELINDA still her downy pillow prest:  
Her guardian Sylph prolonged the balmy rest.  
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed  
The Morning Dream that hovered o'er her head.  
A Youth, more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,  
(That ev'n in slumber caused her cheek to glow!)  
Seemed to her ear, his winning lips to lay;  
And thus, in whispers said, or seemed to say.

'Fairest of mortals! thou distinguished care  
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!  
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought  
Of all the Nurse, and all the Priest, have taught  
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,  
The silver token, and the circled Green;  
Or Virgins visited by Angel Powers,  
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers: