

Alexander Pope.

Sir PLUME, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the Case:
And thus broke out, 'My Lord! why, what the Devil!
Zounds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad! you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 'Tis past a jest! Nay! prithee, pox!
Give her the hair!' He spoke, and rapped his box!

'It grieves me much,' replied the Peer again,
'Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain!
But, by this Lock!¹ this sacred Lock, I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair!
Which never more its honours shall renew!
Clipped from the lovely head, where once it grew)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear!'
He spoke: in speaking, in proud triumph, spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But UMBRIEL, hateful Gnome! forbears not so!
He breaks the vial whence the Sorrows flow!

Then, see! The Nymph in beauteous grief appears;
Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in tears.
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
'For ever cursed be this detested day;
Which snatched my best, my fav'rite, curl away!

¹ In allusion to ACHILLES' oath in HOMER, *Iliad*, I.