

All your tastes be still refining ;  
 All your joys for ever ceasing :  
 But let old charmers yield to new :—  
 Happy soil, adieu, adieu !

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UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE  
 AT WOODSTOCK.

*Atria longa patent ; sed nec conantibus usquam  
 Nec somno locus est : quàm bene non habitas !*  
 MART. Epig.

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach,  
 This way is for his Grace's coach ;  
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,  
 Observe the lion and the cock,  
 The spacious court, the colonnade,  
 And mark how wide the hall is made !  
 The chimneys are so well design'd,  
 They never smoke in any wind.  
 This gallery's contrived for walking,  
 The windows to retire and talk in ;  
 The council-chamber for debate,  
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,  
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine ?  
 I find by all you have been telling,  
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

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VERSES LEFT BY MR POPE

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED  
 EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN, AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING  
 TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, JULY 9, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fired,  
 I press the bed where Wilmot lay ;  
 That here he loved, or here expired,  
 Begets no numbers, grave or gay.