

Alexander Pope.

There, lay the sword-knot SYLVIA's hands had sown ;
With FLAVIA's busk, that oft had rapped his own.
A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former Loves.

With tender *billets-doux* he lights the pyre ;
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls ; and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess, the prize.

The Powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer ;
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air !

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play ;
BELINDA smiled, and all the World was gay !

All but the Sylph ! With careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

He summons straight his denizens of Air.
The lucid squadrons round the Sails repair.
Soft o'er the Shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the Train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.
Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.