

Alexander Pope.

But trust the Muse! She saw it upward rise;
Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes!
(So Rome's great Founder to the Heavens withdrew;
To PROCULLUS alone confessed in view!)

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air;
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair!
Not BERENICE's locks first rose so bright;
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.

The Sylphs behold it, kindling, as it flies;
And, pleased, pursue its progress through the skies.

This, the Beau Monde shall from the Mall survey;
And hail, with music, its propitious ray!

This, the blessed Lover shall, for Venus take;
And send up vows from Rosamonda's Lake!
This, PARTRIDGE soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through GALILEO's eyes;
And hence, th' egregious Wizard shall foredoom
The fate of LOUIS, and the fall of Rome.

Then, cease, bright Nymph! to mourn the ravished
Which adds new glory to the shining Sphere! [hair;
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost!

For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must!
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust:
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And, 'midst the stars, inscribe BELINDA's name!