

Alexander Pope.

O, wretched Maid!' she spread her hands, and cried!
While Hampton's echoes 'wretched Maid!' replied,
'Was it for this, you took such constant care,
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare!
For this, your Locks in paper-durance bound!
For this, with tort'ring irons wreathed around!
For this, with fillets strained your tender head;
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!

'Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair;
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine,
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our Sex resign!

'Methinks, already, I your tears survey!
Already, hear the horrid things they say!
Already, see you a degraded Toast;
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then, be infamy to seem your friend!

'And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamonds' circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow!
And Wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to Chaos fall!
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!'

She said: then, raging, to Sir PLUME repairs;
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs!