

Alexander Pope.

That long behind he trails his pompous robe!
And, of all Monarchs, only grasps the globe!

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace.
Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find!
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level Green.

Thus, when dispersed, a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion, different nations fly
In various habits, and of various dye;
The pierced battalions, disunited, fall
In heaps on heaps. One fate o'erwhelms them all!

The Knave of Diamonds now exerts his arts,
And wins (O, shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this, the blood the Virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look.
She sees; and trembles at th' approaching ill!
Just in the jaws of ruin, and *Codille*!

And now (as oft in some distempered State),
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth. The King unseen
Lurked in her Hand, and mourned his captive Queen.
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace;
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

The Nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply!