

Alexander Pope.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide!
If to her share some female errors fall;
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all!

This Nymph, to the destruction of Mankind,
Nourished two Locks; which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets her smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains;
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray.
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey.
Fair tresses Man's imperial race insnare;
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous Baron, the bright locks admired.
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired!
Resolved to win; he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray.
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, 'If fraud, or force, attained his ends?'

For this, ere PHŒBUS rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven; and ev'ry Power adored!
But chiefly, LOVE! To LOVE, an altar built
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.