

Alexander Pope.

'Boast not my fall!' he cried, 'insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low!
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind!
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
And burn in CUPID's flames: but burn alive!'

'Restore the Lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the Lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce OTHELLO, in so loud a strain,
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain!

But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed;
And Chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought; but sought in vain!
With such a prize no mortal must be blest!
So Heaven decrees! With Heaven, who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
¹ Since all things lost on Earth are treasured there.
There, Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases;
And Beaus', in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.
There, broken vows and death-bed alms are found;
And Lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound.
The Courtier's promises, the Sick Man's prayers,
The smiles of Harlots, and the tears of Heirs.
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea;
Dried butterflies, and tomes of Casuistry.

¹ Vide ARIOSTO, [*Orlando furioso*], Canto XXXIV.