

Alexander Pope.

Like Citron Waters, matrons' cheeks inflame;
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds;
Or caused suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a Prude;
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease;
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch BELINDA with chagrin!
That single act gives half the World the Spleen!

The Goddess, with a discontented Air,
Seems to reject him; though she grants his prayer.

A wondrous bag, with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once ULYSSES held the winds.
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and Passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

The Gnome, rejoicing, bears her gift away;
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in THALESTRIS' arms the Nymph he found;
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent;
And all the Furies issued at the vent!

BELINDA burns with more than mortal ire;
And fierce THALESTRIS fans the rising fire.