

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled Main,
Than, issuing forth, the Rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs and well-dressed Youths around her
shone;

But ev'ry eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast, a sparkling cross she wore;
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore!
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose;
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.