

Alexander Pope.

¹ So when bold HOMER makes the Gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human Passions rage;
'Gainst PALLAS, MARS; LATONA, HERMES arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms!
JOVE's thunder roars! Heaven trembles all around!
Blue NEPTUNE storms! The bellowing deeps resound!
Earth shakes her nodding Towers! The ground gives
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day! [way;

Triumphant UMBRIEL, on a sconce's height,
Clapped his glad wings; and sat to view the fight.
Propped on their bodkin spears, the Sprights survey
The growing combat; or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged THALESTRIS flies,
And scatters deaths around from both her eyes;
A Beau and Witling perished in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in Song.

'O, cruel Nymph! a living death I bear!'
Cried DAPPERWIT; and sunk beside his Chair.

A mournful glance Sir FOPLING upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing!'² was his last.
Thus on Meander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring swan; and, as he sings, he dies!

When boid Sir PLUME had drawn CLARISSA down;
CHLOE stepped in, and killed him with a frown!
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain;
But, at her smile, the Beau revived again!

¹ HOMER, *Iliad*, XX.

² A Song in the Opera of *Camilla*.