

Alexander Pope.

A brave man struggling in the storms of Fate;
And greatly falling, with a falling State!
While CATO gives his little Senate laws;
What bosom beats not in his country's cause!
Who sees him act; but envies every deed!
Who hears him groan; and does not wish to bleed!
Even when proud CÆSAR, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Showed Rome, her CATO's figure drawn in State;
As her dead Father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast!
The Triumph ceased! Tears gushed from every eye!
The World's great Victor passed unheeded by!
Her last good man, dejected Rome adored;
And honoured CÆSAR's, less than CATO's, sword!

Britons, attend! Be worth like this approved;
And shew you have the virtue to be moved!
With honest scorn, the first famed CATO viewed
Rome learning arts from Greece; whom she subdued.
Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation, and Italian Song!
Dare to have sense yourselves! Assert the Stage!
Be justly warmed with your own native rage!
Such Plays alone should please a British ear,
As CATO's self had not disdained to hear.