

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers.
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here, Britain's Statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home!
Here, thou, great ANNA! whom three Realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea!

Hither, the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court!
In various talk, th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the Ball, or paid the visit, last!
One speaks the glory of the British Queen;
And one describes a charming Indian screen.
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word, a reputation dies!
Snuff, or the Fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that!