

## The Rape of the Lock: Canto 3

BY ALEXANDER POPE

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,  
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 pass'd,  
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.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;  
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
And the long labours of the toilet cease.  
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,  
At ombre singly to decide their doom;  
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
Each band the number of the sacred nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard  
Descend, and sit on each important card:  
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,  
Then each, according to the rank they bore;  
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,  
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;  
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,  
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;  
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;  
And parti-colour'd troops, a shining train,  
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:  
"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!  
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.  
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.  
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard  
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.  
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears;  
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd;  
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.  
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,  
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew  
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,  
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;

Now to the baron fate inclines the field.  
His warlike Amazon her host invades,  
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.  
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,  
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:  
What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;  
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
And of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;  
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,  
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd  
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.  
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,  
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,  
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,  
Of various habit, and of various dye,  
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall.  
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.  
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;  
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.  
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.  
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen  
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:  
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.  
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;  
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!  
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round.  
On shining altars of Japan they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze.  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.  
At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;  
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,  
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.  
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)  
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain  
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.  
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,  
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!  
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;  
So ladies in romance assist their knight  
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends  
The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair,  
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear,  
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;  
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,  
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.  
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,  
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,  
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.  
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;  
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,  
(But airy substance soon unites again).  
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,  
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last,  
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,  
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"  
The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!  
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
Or in a coach and six the British fair,  
As long at *Atalantis* shall be read,  
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,  
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,  
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,  
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!  
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,  
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,  
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,  
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel  
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?"

## **Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes**

BY THOMAS GRAY

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The genii of the stream;  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue

Through richest purple to the view  
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;  
A whisker first and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in.  
Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mewed to every watery god,  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;  
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;  
A Favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
Nor all that glisters, gold.

### **Lucy Gray**

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
--The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night--  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:  
'Tis scarcely afternoon--  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot-band;  
He plied his work;--and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke

Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wandered up and down;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb:  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept--and, turning homeward, cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet;"  
--When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

--Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;

That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

### Inchcape Rock

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The Ship was still as she could be;  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The Mariners heard the warning Bell;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok

The Sun in the heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,  
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcpe Bell was seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green;

Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float;  
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape Float.

Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock,  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scour'd the seas for many a day;  
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,

For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.”

“Canst hear,” said one, “the breakers roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore.”

“Now, where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell.”

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along;  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,  
“Oh Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!”

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
He curst himself in his despair;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even is his dying fear,  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear;  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,  
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

## **The Cloud**

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of Heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine aëry nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the Moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till calm the rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-coloured bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,  
And the nursling of the Sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain when with never a stain  
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

## Ode on a Grecian Urn

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BY JOHN KEATS

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

**RECOMMENDED TEXTBOOKS:**

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**E- RESOURCES:**

1. <https://courses.lumenlearning.com/suny-britlit1/chapter/transitions-from-augustan-literature-to-the-romantics/>
2. <https://sites.udel.edu/britlitwiki/transitions-from-augustan-literature-to-the-romantics/>
3. <https://mc.libguides.com/eng/literaryperiods>
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