



Written at Mr. POPE's House at Twickenham,  
which he had lent to Mrs. G — lle.

In AUGUST 1735. By the Same.

I.

**G**O, Thames, and tell the busy town,  
Not all its wealth or pride  
Cou'd tempt me from the charms that crown  
That rural flow'ry side :

II.

Thy flow'ry side, where POPE has plac'd  
The Muses' green retreat,  
With ev'ry smile of Nature grac'd,  
With ev'ry art compleat.

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heav'nly song  
Enchants us here no more ;  
Their darling glory lost too long  
Thy once lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still for beauteous G — lle's sake,  
The Muses here remain ;  
G — lle, whose eyes have power to make  
A POPE of ev'ry swain.

EPIGRAM.