

Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

1 *The Court Ballad*

To the Tune of "*To all you Ladies now at Land,*" & c.

To one fair Lady out of court  
And two fair Ladies in  
Who think the Turk and Pope a sport  
And Wit and Love no Sin,  
Come these soft lines, with nothing Stiff in 5  
To B——n L——ll and G——n  
With a fa.

What passes in the dark third row  
And what behind the Scene,  
Couches and crippled Chairs I know, 10  
And Garrets hung with green;  
I know the Swing of sinful Hack,  
Where many a Damsel cries oh lack.  
With a fa.

Then why to court should I repair 15  
Where's such ado with Townsend.  
To hear each mortal stamp and swear  
And ev'ry speech in Z——nds end,  
To hear 'em rail at honest Sunderland  
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland. 20  
With a fa.

Alas, like Shutz I cannot pun  
Like C——n court the Germans  
Tell P——g how slim she's grown  
Like M——s run to sermons, 25  
To court ambitious men may roam,  
But I and M——o' stay at home.  
With a fa.

In truth by what I can discern,  
Of Courtiers from you Three, 30

Some Wit you have and more may learn,  
From Court than Gay or me,  
Perhaps in time you'll leave High Diet,  
And Sup with us on Mirth or Quiet,  
With a fa. 35

In Leister fields, in house full nigh,  
With door all painted green,  
Where Ribbans wave upon the tye,  
(A Milliner's I ween)  
There may you meet us, three to three, 40  
For Gay can well make two of me.  
With a fa.

But shou'd you catch the Prudish itch,  
And each become a coward,  
Bring sometimes with you Lady R—— 45  
And sometimes Mistress H—d,  
For Virgins, to keep chaste, must go  
Abroad with such as are not so.  
With a fa.

And thus fair Maids, my ballad ends, 50  
God send the K. safe landing,  
And make all honest ladies friends,  
To Armies that are Standing.  
Preserve the Limits of these nations,  
And take off Ladies Limitations. 55  
With a fa.

1717

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