

A★L★E★X★A★N★D★E★R★P★O★P★E

1688 — 1744



! Fuck Criticism!

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O O O O O of all the C *auses which conspi* re to b l I n d: d d d d d d
M M M M M M *Man's erring Judgment, and mi* sguide the
i i i i i i *est Byass rules: Is Criticism★, the never-fail*
ing Vice o f Fools: What ev er Nature e e e e

has in Worth deny'd: She gives in large
Recruits of needful Pride; For as in
Bodies, thus in Souls, we find: What
wants in Blood and Spirits, swell'd
with Wind: Criticism, where Wit fails,
steps in to our Defence: And fills
up all the mighty Void of Sense:

If once right Reason drives that

Cloud away: Truth breaks upon
us with resistless Day: Trust
your self; but your Defects

know: Make use of ev'ry Friend
and ev'ry Foe: A little Learning

is a dang'rous Thing: Drink deep
or taste not the Pierian Spring:

There shallow Draughts intox
icate the Brain: And drinking
largely sobers us again: Fir'd

at first Sight with what the
Muse imparts: In fearless Yo
uth we tempt the Heights of
Arts: While from the bound
ed Level of our Mind: Short
Views we take, nor see the

lengths behind: But mor e
advanc'd, behold with
★ strange Surprise: New, ★
distant Scenes of end

less Science rise: So
pleas'd at first, the
towering Alps we try:

Mount o'er the Vales,
and seem to tread
the Sky: Th' Eternal

★ Snows appear already ★
past: And the first
Clouds and Moun
tains seem the last:

⚡ But those attain'd, ⚡
we tremble to sur
vey: The growing

Labours of the
lengthen'd Way:

Th' increasing
Prospect tires
our wandering
Eyes: Hills pe
ep o'er Hills:

Alps on Alps
arise: But at
the end our
Self, our

★ Genius ★
f l y s :

Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands: Above the reach of Self-Critical Hands: Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer Rage:
Destructive War and all-involving Age: See from each Clime the Learn'd their Incense bring: Hear in all Tongues consenting Paeans ring!

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NOTE:



<http://poetry.eserver.org/essay-on-criticism.html>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pierian_Spring

ABSTRACT

ALEXANDER POPE

1688 — 1744

From An Essay on Criticism

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind,
What the weak Head with strongest Byass rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools.
Whatever Nature has in Worth deny'd,
She gives in large Recruits of needful Pride;
For as in Bodies, thus in Souls, we find
What wants in Blood and Spirits, swell'd with Wind;
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of Sense!
If once right Reason drives that Cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless Day;
Trust not your self; but your Defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry Friend--and ev'ry Foe.

A little Learning is a dang'rous Thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring:
There shallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first Sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless Youth we tempt the Heights of Arts,
While from the bounded Level of our Mind,
Short Views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
But more advanc'd, behold with strange Surprise
New, distant Scenes of endless Science rise!
So pleas'd at first, the towring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky;
Th' Eternal Snows appear already past,
And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way,
Th' increasing Prospect tires our wandering Eyes,
Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of Sacrilegious Hands,
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer Rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See, from each Clime the Learn'd their Incense bring;
Hear, in all Tongues consenting Paeans ring!