



THE
C O M P L A I N T.
NIGHT THE FIRST.



THIR'D Nature's sweet Restorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the World, his ready Visit pays
where Fortune smiles; the Wretched he forsakes:
swift on his downy Pinion flies from Woe,
and lights on Lids unfully'd with a Tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd Repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if Dreams infest the Grave.
I wake, emerging from a Sea of Dreams
tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding Thought
from Wave to Wave of *fancy'd* Misery,
at random drove, her Helm of Reason lost.
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only Change of Pain,
(a bitter Change!) severer for severe.
The *Day* too short for my Distress! and *Night*,

even