

I tremble at the Blessings once so dear;
and ev'ry Pleasure pains me to the Heart.

Yet why *complain*? or why complain for One?
Hangs out the Sun his Lustre but for me,
the *single* Man? Are Angels all beside?
I mourn for Millions: 'Tis the common Lot;
in *this* Shape, or in *that*, has Fate entail'd
the Mother's Throws on all of Woman born,
not more the Children, than sure Heirs of *Pain*.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
intestine Broils, *Oppression*, with her Heart
wrapt up in triple Brass, besiege Mankind.
God's Image disinherited of Day,
here, plung'd in Mines, forgets a Sun was made.
There, Beings deathless at their haughty Lord,
are hammer'd to the galling Oar for Life;
and plough the Winter's Wave, and reap Despair.
Some, for hard Masters, broken under Arms,
in Battle lopt away, with half their Limbs,
beg bitter Bread thro' Realms their Valour sav'd,
if so the Tyrant, or his Minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *Disease*, (fell Pair!)
on hopeless Multitudes remorseless seize