

38 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

at once; and make a Refuge of the Grave.

How groaning *Hospitals* eject their Dead!

What Numbers groan for sad Admission there!

What Numbers, once in *Fortune's* Lap high-fed,
solicit the cold Hand of Charity!

to flock us more, solicit it in vain!

Ye filken Sons of Pleasure! since in Pains

you rue more modish Visits, visit *here*,

and breathe from your Debauch: *Give*, and reduce

Surfeit's Dominion o'er you: but so great
your Impudence, you blush at what is Right!

Happy! did Sorrow seize on *such* alone.

Not *Prudence* can defend, or *Virtue* save;

Disease invades the chastest Temperance;

and Punishment the Guiltless; and Alarm

thro' thickest Shades, pursues the fond of Peace.

Man's Caution often into Danger turns,

and his Guard falling, crushes him to Death.

Not *Happiness* itself makes good her Name;

our very Wishes give us not our Wish.

How distant oft the Thing we doat on most,

from that for which we doat, *Felicity*?

The *smoothest* Course of Nature has its Pains;

and *truest* Friends, thro' Error, wound our Rest.

Without