

one Moment unamus'd, a Misery  
 not made for feeble Man! who call aloud  
 for ev'ry Bawble, drivell'd o'er by Sense?  
 for Rattles, and Conceits of ev'ry Cast,  
 for Change of Follies, and Relays of Joy,  
 to drag your Patient through the tedious Length  
 of a short Winter's Day — say, Sages! say,  
 Wit's Oracles? say, Dreamers of gay Dreams?  
 how will you weather an *eternal Night*,  
 where such Expedients fail? \* where Wit's a Fool  
 Mirth mourns, Dreams vanish, Laughter drops a Tear.

O Treach'rous *Conscience!* while she seems to sleep  
 on *Rose* and *Myrtle*, lull'd with Syren Song;  
 while she seems, nodding o'er her Charge, to drop  
 on headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd Rein,  
 and give us up to *Licence*, unrecall'd,  
 unmark'd; — see, from behind her secret Stand,  
 the sly Informer minutes ev'ry Fault,  
 and her dread Diary with Horror fills.  
 Not the gross *Art* alone employs her Pen;  
 she reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy Band,  
 a watchful Foe! The formidable Spy,  
 list'ning, o'erhears the Whispers of our Camp;  
 our dawning Purposes of Heart explores,

and

\* Die und der folgende Vers fehlen in den letzten Ausgaben.