

108 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

* for Joy, from Friendship born, abounds in Smiles,
O store it in the Soul's most golden Cell!

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian* Flower?

Abroad They find, who cherish it, at *Home*.

LORENZO! pardon what my Love extorts,
an honest Love, and not afraid to frown.

Tho' Choice of Follies fasten on the *Great*,
none clings more obstinate, than Fancy fond,
that sacred Friendship is their easy Prey;
caught by the Wasture of a Golden Lure;
or Fascination of a high-born Smile.

Their Smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
for Others Hearts, tenacious of their Own;
and we no less of ours, when *such* the Bait.

Ye Fortune's Cofferers! Ye Pow'rs of Wealth!
you do your *Rent-rolls* most felonious Wrong,
by taking our Attachment to *Yourselves*.

Can Gold gain Friendship? Impudence of Hope!
As well mere Man an Angel might beget.

Love, and Love only, is the Loan for Love.

LORENZO! Pride repress; nor hope to find
a Friend, but what has found a Friend in Thee.
All like the Purchase; few the Price will pay;
and this makes Friends such Miracles below.

What

* Diese beyden Verse fehlen in den letzten Ausgaben.