

188 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

What a pert Race starts up! the Strangers gaze,  
and I at them; my Neighbour is unknown;  
nor that the worst: Ah me! the dire Effect  
of loit'ring here, of Death defrauded long;  
of old so gracious (and let that suffice),  
my very Master knows me not. —

Shall I dare say, Peculiar is the Fate?  
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.  
An Object ever pressing dims the Sight,  
and hides behind its Ardor to be seen.  
When in his Courtiers Ears I pour my Complaint,  
they drink it as the Nectar of the Great;  
and squeeze my Hand, and beg me come To-morrow;  
*Refusal!* canst thou wear a smoother Form?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my Theme:  
who cheapens Life, abates the *Fear of Death*:  
Twice-told the Period spent on stubborn *Troy*,  
Court-Favour, yet untaken, I besiege;  
Ambition's ill-judg'd Effort to be rich.  
Alas! Ambition makes my Little, less;  
embitt'ring the Possess'd: Why wish for more?  
*Wishing*, of all Employments, is the worst;

Philo-