

312 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

presents her *Weed*, well-fanfy'd, at the Ball,  
and raffles for the *Death's-Head* on the Ring.

So wept AURELIA, till the destin'd Youth  
stept in, with his Receipt for making Smiles,  
and blanching Sables into bridal Bloom.

So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's Fate;  
who gave that Angel Boy, on whom he doats;  
and dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his Birth!  
Not such, NARCISSA, my Distress for Thee.

I'll make an Altar of thy sacred Tomb,  
to sacrifice to Wisdom. — What wast Thou?  
"Young, Gay, and Fortunate!" Each yields a Theme.

I'll dwell on each, to shun Thought more severe;  
(Heav'n knows I labour with severer still!)

I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy Death.

A Soul without Reflection, like a File  
without Inhabitant, to Ruin runs.

And, First, thy *Youth*. What says it to Grey Hairs?

NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* Pupil now —

Early,

\* Bey den Leichenbegängnissen in England pflegt man zum Andenken der Verstorbenen Trauerringe auszutheilen, worauf ihr Name