

346 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Priests o'er their Gods, and Lovers o'er the Fair,
(still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden Show'r.

Gold glitters most, where *Virtue* shines no more;
as Stars from absent Suns have Leave to shine.
O what a precious Pack of Votaries
unkennell'd from the Prisons, and the Stews,
pour in, all op'ning in their Idol's Praise!
All, ardent, eye each Wasture of her Hand,
and, wide-expanding their voracious Jaws,
Morsel on Morsel swallow down unchew'd,
untasted, thro' mad Appetite for more;
gorg'd to the Throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
Sagacious All, to trace the smallest Game,
and bold to seize the greatest. If (blest Chance!)
Court-Zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
o'er Just, o'er Sacred, all forbidden Ground,
Drunk with the burning Scent of Place or Pow'r,
staunch to the Foot of Lucre, till they die.

Or, if for Men you take them, as I mark
their Manners, Thou their various Fates survey.
With Aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous Speed,
some darting, strike their ardent Wish far off,
thro' Fury to possess it: *Some* succeed,
but stumble, and let fall the taken Prize.
From *some*, by sudden Blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,

and