

348 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

and lodg'd in Bosoms that ne'er dream'd of Gain.

To *some* it sticks so close, that, when, torn off,
torn is the Man, and mortal is the Wound.

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their Bags, run mad,
groan under Gold, yet weep for want of Bread.

Together *some* (unhappy Rivals!) seize,
and rend Abundance into Poverty.

Loud croaks the Raven of the Law, and smiles:
smiles too the Goddess; but smiles most at those,
(Just Victims of exorbitant Desire!)

who perish at their own Request, and, whelm'd
beneath her Load of lavish Grants, expire.

Fortune is famous for her Numbers slain.

The Number small, which Happiness can bear.

Tho' *various* for a while their Fates; at last
one Curse involves them All: At Death's Approach,
all read their Riches backward into Loss,
and mourn, in just Proportion to their Store.

And *Death's* Approach (if orthodox my Song)
is hasten'd by the Lure of *Fortune's* Smiles.
And art thou still a Glutton of bright Gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy Ruin?
Death loves a shining Mark, a signal Blow;
a Blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
and startles Thousands with a single Fall.