

390 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

methinks I see, as thrown from her high Sphere,
the glorious Fragments of a Soul immortal,
with Rubbish mixt, and glitt'ring in the Dust.
Struck at the splendid melancholy Sight,
at once *Compassion* soft, and *Envy*, rise —
But wherefore *Envy*? Talents Angel-bright,
if wanting Worth, are shining Instruments
in false Ambition's Hand, to finish Faults
illustrious, and give Infamy Renown.

Great *Ill* is an Atchievement of great *Pow'rs*.
Plain Sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the Means, *Affections* chuse our End;
Means have no Merit, if our End amiss.
If wrong our Hearts, our Heads are right in vain;
What is a PELHAM'S Head, to PELHAM'S Heart?
Hearts are Proprietors of all Applause.
Right Ends, and Means, make Wisdom: Worldly-wisdom
is but half-witted, at its highest Praise.

Let *Genius* then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *Station*: What is *Station* high?
'Tis a proud Mendicant; it boasts, and begs;