

Dost court Abundance for the sake of Peace?
 Learn, and lament thy self-defeated Scheme;
 Riches enable to be richer still;
 and, *Richer still*, what Mortal can resist?
 Thus Wealth (a cruel Task-master!) enjoins
 new Toils, succeeding Toils, an endless Train!
 and murders Peace, which taught it first to shine.
 The Poor are *half* as wretched, as the Rich;
 whose proud and painful Privilege it is,
 at once, to bear a double Load of Woe;
 to feel thee Stings of *Envy*, and of *Want*,
 outrageous *Want*! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A Competence is vital to Content.
 Much Wealth is Corpulence, if not Disease;
 sick, or incumber'd, is our Happiness.
 A *Competence* is all we can enjoy.
 O be content, where Heav'n can give no more!
More, like a Flash of Water from a Lock,
 quickens our Spirit's Movement for an Hour;
 but soon its Force is spent, nor rise our Joys
 above our native Temper's common Stream.
 Hence Disappointment lurks in ev'ry Prize,
 as Bees in Flow'rs; and stings us with Success.