"Gold, thou bright son of Phoebus, source
Of universal intercourse;
Of weeping Virtue soft redress:
And blessing those who live to bless:
Yet oft behold this sacred trust,
The tool of avaricious lust;
No longer bond of human kind,
But bane of every virtuous mind.
What chaos such misuse attends,
Friendship stoops to prey on friends;
Health, that gives relish to delight,
Is wasted with the wasting night;
Doubt and mistrust is thrown on Heaven,
And all its power to chance is given.
Sad purchase of repentant tears,
Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
Sad purchase of a tortured mind,
To an imprison'd body join'd."

**The Rake's Progress**

*William Hogarth*

**Diffusion Generator**

**The Young Heir Taking Possession**
And curse thyself, and curse thy gold!

Sad purchase of a tortured mind,

Of hopes of moments, pangs of years!

In seas of sad reflection lost,

Of unnecessary quarrels, endless fears,

Of the stamp of Heaven effaced by thee!

Talents idle and unused,

"O vanity of age! here see

Health, that gives relish to delight,

"O vanity of youthful blood,

What chaos such misuse attends,

Sourced from Project Gutenberg:

"Gold, thou bright son of Phoebus, source

Scenes of past virtues, which shine through

Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,

"Happy the man whose constant thought,

Shapes of horror, that would even

Oft beholding this sacred trust,

But bane of every virtuous mind.

Doubt and mistrust is thrown on Heaven,

"O vanity of age untoward!

Who, self-approving, can review

But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;

Hope, along with Time is flown;

Foe to thy being, foe to love!

Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.

Cold penitence, lame after-thought,

Hast thou a son? in time be wise;

And revel there with wild excess?

Or precepts of expensive schools;

Load fidel and love with golden chains,

And make antipathies engage.

With fear, despair, and horror fraught,

Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd

Why, thy toil with other eyes.

Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,

Approaching, see the harpy Law,

And memory in fetters bind?

Fairest gift of powers above,

T' avoid less shame of drear distress?

The sacred gates he wish'd to guard;

Squint suspicions, jealous pains?

Source of every household blessing;

Approaching, see the harpy Law,

And Poverty, with icy paw,

And mask deformity with shew:

But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;

Ready to seize the poor remains

And Hope, along with Time is flown;

Foe to thy being, foe to love!

In Winter's arms create a flame:

Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.

Cold penitence, lame after-thought,

Can couple youth with hoary age,

Hast thou a son? in time be wise;

And reveal your generous breast

And memory in fetters bind?

Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain;

How soon, great foe, can all thy train

Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,

Most pleasing when she most beguiles)

"O vanity of age!

Now, great foe, can all thy train

Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,

Must pleasing when she most beguiles)

"O vanity of youth!

Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain;

How soon, great foe, can all thy train

Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,

"O vanity of youthful blood,

And revel there with wild excess?

Or precepts of expensive schools;

Load fidel and love with golden chains,

And make antipathies engage.

With fear, despair, and horror fraught,

Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd

Why, thy toil with other eyes.

Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,

Approaching, see the harpy Law,

And memory in fetters bind?

Fairest gift of powers above,

T' avoid less shame of drear distress?

The sacred gates he wish'd to guard;

Squint suspicions, jealous pains?

Source of every household blessing;

Approaching, see the harpy Law,

And Poverty, with icy paw,

And mask deformity with shew:

But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;

Ready to seize the poor remains

And Hope, along with Time is flown;

Foe to thy being, foe to love!

In Winter's arms create a flame:

Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.

Cold penitence, lame after-thought,

Can couple youth with hoary age,

Hast thou a son? in time be wise;

And reveal your generous breast

And memory in fetters bind?

Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain;

How soon, great foe, can all thy train

Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,

Must pleasing when she most beguiles)

"O vanity of youth!

And revel there with wild excess?

Or precepts of expensive schools;

Load fidel and love with golden chains,

And make antipathies engage.

With fear, despair, and horror fraught,
To an imprison'd body join'd.

And gives the helm to mad Despair.

Sad purchase of a tortured mind,
See him by thee to ruin sold,

Of hopes of moments, pangs of years! 
Behold death grappling with despair!

Reason the vessel leaves to steer,

Of needless quarrels, endless fears, 
From horrors still to horrors toss'd,

Sad purchase of repentant tears, 
In seas of sad reflection lost,

The headstrong course of youth thus run,
And all its power to chance is given.

Talents idle and unused,

The stamp of Heaven effaced by thee!

Doubt and mistrust is thrown on Heaven,

Is wasted with the wasting night;

"O vanity of age! here see
Would split the shaking sides of Spleen.

Friendship stoops to prey on friends;

Shapes of pleasure, that but seen,

No pleasures meet his conscious mind;

Not so the guilty wretch confined:

Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven;

What chaos such misuse attends,

Shapes of horror, that would even
But bane of every virtuous mind.

No longer bond of human kind,

The gloom of age, and cast a ray
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!

The tool of avaricious lust;

Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
Who, self-approving, can review

Yet oft behold this sacred trust,

Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,

And blessing those who live to bless:

Mechanic fancy! that can build
Treasures from life's earliest stretch;

Of weeping Virtue soft redress:

(Though in the school of hardship taught,) 
What art, that pleasure giv'st and pain?

Of universal intercourse;

SCENE IN A GAMING HOUSE

PRISON SCENE

SCENE IN A MADHOUSE

THE TAVERN SCENE

"Madness! thou chaos of the brain, 
"Gold, thou bright son of Phoebus, source
"Happy the man whose constant thought,

"New to the school of hard mishap,
"O, vanity of youthful blood,

Fairest gift of powers above,

Source of every household blessing;

But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;

Fears, iniquity possessing:

"Source of every household blessing;

First gift of powers above,

Woman, famed for social love,

So by misuse to passion good;

O vanity of youthful blood,

https://www.gutenberg.org

Sourced from Project Gutenberg:
http://www.gutenberg.org

http://www.soane.org/

Invented, Painted & Engraved by Wm. Hogarth
Published June 1735

Published June 1735
"Madness! thou chaos of the brain, }  
What art, that pleasure giv'st and pain? }  
Tyranny of fancy's reign!  
Mechanic fancy! that can build  
Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,  
With rude, disjointed, shapeless measure,  
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!  
Shapes of horror, that would even  
Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven;  
Shapes of pleasure, that but seen,  
Would split the shaking sides of Spleen.  
"O vanity of age! here see  The stamp of Heaven effaced by thee!  The headstrong course of youth thus run,  What comfort from this darling son?  His rattling chains with terror hear,  Behold death grappling with despair!  See him by thee to ruin sold,  And curse thyself, and curse thy gold!"
PRISON SCENE

"Happy the man whose constant thought,
(Though in the school of hardship taught,)
Can send remembrance back to fetch
Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
Who, self-approving, can review
Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
The gloom of age, and cast a ray
To gild the evening of his day!
Not so the guilty wretch confined:
No pleasures meet his conscious mind;
No blessings brought from early youth,
But broken faith, and wrested truth;
Talents idle and unused,
And every trust of Heaven abused.
In seas of sad reflection lost,
From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
And gives the helm to mad Despair."