"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, }
Of hopes of moments, pangs of years! }
Sad purchase of a tortured mind,
To an imprison'd body join'd."
London.
And curse thyself, and curse thy gold!
To an imprison'd body join'd.
Sad purchase of a tortured mind,
See him by thee to ruin sold,
Behold death grappling with despair!
Of hopes of moments, pangs of years!
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
His rattling chains with terror hear,
What comfort from this darling son?
In seas of sad reflection lost,
Sad purchase of repentant tears,
And all its power to chance is given.
Doubt and mistrust is thrown on Heaven,
The stamp of Heaven effaced by thee!
"O vanity of age! here see
But broken faith, and wrested truth;
Is wasted with the wasting night;
Or precepts of expensive schools;
Not so the guilty wretch confined:
Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven;
What chaos such misuse attends,
http://www.gutenberg.org
To gild the evening of his day!
But bane of every virtuous mind.
Shapes of horror, that would even
Sourced from Project Gutenberg:
No longer bond of human kind,
With rude, disjointed, shapeless measure,
Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
The tool of avaricious lust;
Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
Who, self-approving, can review
Yet oft behold this sacred trust,
Mechanic fancy! that can build
Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
And blessing those who live to bless:
View Hogarth's paintings of
At Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincolns Inn Fields,
Would split the shaking sides of Spleen.
Shapes of pleasure, that but seen,
No pleasures meet his conscious mind;
Friendship stoops to prey on friends;
Not so the guilty wretch confined:
Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven;
What chaos such misuse attends,
http://www.soane.org/
To gild the evening of his day!
But bane of every virtuous mind.
Shapes of horror, that would even
Sourced from Project Gutenberg:
To an imprison'd body join'd.

And curse thyself, and curse thy gold!

Sad purchase of a tortured mind,

See him by thee to ruin sold,

And gives the helm to mad Despair.

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,

In seas of sad reflection lost,

The headstrong course of youth thus run,

And every trust of Heaven abused.

Talents idle and unused,

The stamp of Heaven effaced by thee!

Doubt and mistrust is thrown on Heaven,

But broken faith, and wrested truth;

Is wasted with the wasting night;

No blessings brought from early youth,

Would split the shaking sides of Spleen.

Shapes of pleasure, that but seen,

Not so the guilty wretch confined:

Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven;

What chaos such misuse attends,

To gild the evening of his day!

Shapes of horror, that would even

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

With rude, disjointed, shapeless measure,

Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,

Mechanic fancy! that can build

And blessing those who live to bless:

Can send remembrance back to fetch

Tyranny of fancy's reign!

Of weeping Virtue soft redress:

(Though in the school of hardship taught,)

Of universal intercourse;

"Happy the man whose constant thought,

"Gold, thou bright son of Phoebus, source

SCENE IN A GAMING HOUSE

SCENE IN A MADHOUSE

NEW TO THE SCHOOL OF HARD MISHAP,

"O, vanity of youthful blood,

So by misuse to poison good!

Woman, framed for social love,

Source of every household blessing:

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

Foe to thy being, foe to love!

Guest divine, to outward viewing;

And thou, no less of gift divine,

With freedom led to every part,

Dost thou thy friendly host betray,

And shew thy riotous gang the way

To enter in, with covert treason,

O'erthrow the drowsy guard of reason,

To ransack the abandon'd place,

And revel there with wild excess?

Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,

Driven from the ease of fortune's lap.

Ever spleeny, ever froward!

Most pleasing when she most beguiles),

Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd

What schemes will nature not embrace

Why these bolts and massy chains,

How soon, great foe, can all thy train

The sacred gates he wish'd to guard;

Squint suspicions, jealous pains?

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

Approaching, see the harpy Law,

Gold can the charms of youth bestow,

Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,

And mask deformity with shew:

And Poverty, with icy paw,

Lay'st thou up an useless store?

And memory in fetters bind?

Ready to seize the poor remains

Gold can avert the sting of shame,

Hope, along with Time is flown;

Load faith and love with golden chain,

In Winter's arms create a flame:

That vice has left of all his gains.

PROFESSORS.

Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.

And sprinkle Lethe o'er the brain!

Cold penitence, lame after-thought,

Hast thou a son? In time be wise;

And needs must thy kind paternal care,

Call back his guilty pleasures dead,

What comfort from thy darling son?
"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!"

"O, vanity of youthful blood,
New to the school of hard mishap,
Oh, vanity of age untoward!
Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,
So by misuse to poison good!
Ever spleeny, ever froward!
Most pleasing when she most beguiles),
What schemes will nature not embrace
Woman, framed for social love,
How soon, great foe, can all thy train
'T avoid less shame of drear distress?
Squint suspicions, jealous pains?
Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
Source of every household blessing;
Gold can the charms of youth bestow,
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
And mask deformity with shew:
All charms in innocence possessing:
And memory in fetters bind?
Gold can avert the sting of shame,
But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;
Hope, along with Time is flown;
Load faith and love with golden chain,
Foe to thy being, foe to love!
In Winter's arms create a flame:
PROFESSORS.
And sprinkle Lethe o'er the brain!
Guest divine, to outward viewing;
Can couple youth with hoary age,
Needs must thy kind paternal care,
Venus comes with her along,
And smooth Lyaeus, ever young;
Whence, then, shall flow that friendly ease,
And in their train, to fill the press,
And secret chamber of the heart,
That social converse, heartfelt peace,
Come apish Dance and swoln Excess,
Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
Familiar duty without dread,
Mechanic Honour, vicious Taste,
And shew thy riotous gang the way
Instruction from example bred,
And Fashion in her changing vest.
To enter in, with covert treason,
Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
And revel there with wild excess?"
"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,
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