



VERSES under the Prints of Mr. HOGARTH'S  
Rake's Progress, 1735.

By the Same.

PLATE I. SCENE, *The room of the miserly father.*

O Vanity of AGE ! untoward,  
Ever spleeny, ever froward !  
Why those bolts, and massy chains,  
Squint suspicious, jealous pains ?  
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,  
Lay'st thou in an useless store ?  
*Hope* along with *Time* is flown,  
Nor can'st thou reap the field thou'st sown.

    Hast thou a son ? — In time be wise.  
He views thy toil with other eyes. —  
Needs must thy kind, paternal care,  
Lock'd in thy chests, be buried there ;  
Whence then shall flow thy friendly ease,  
That social converse, homefelt peace,  
Familiar duty without dread,  
Instruction from example bred,

Which



Which youthful minds with freedom mend,  
And with *the Father* mix *the Friend*?

Uncircumscrib'd by prudent rules,  
Or precepts of expensive schools;  
Abus'd at home, abroad despis'd,  
Unbred, unletter'd, unadvis'd;  
The headstrong course of youth begun,  
What comfort from this darling son?

P L A T E II. *The rake's levee.*

PROSPERITY (with harlot's smiles,  
Most pleasing when she most beguiles,)  
How soon, sweet foe, can all thy train  
Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,  
Enter the unprovided mind,  
And memory in fetters bind;  
Load *Faith* and *Love* with golden chain,  
And sprinkle *Lethe* o'er the brain!

PLEASURE, in her silver throne,  
Smiling comes, nor comes alone;  
*Venus* comes with her along,  
And smooth *Lyæus* ever young;  
And in their train, to fill the press,  
Come apish *Dance*, and swell'n *Excess*,  
*Mechanic Honour*, vicious *Taste*,  
And *Fashion* in her changing vest.



P L A T E III. *A brothel.*

O vanity of youthful blood,  
 So by misuse to poison Good!  
*Woman*, fram'd for social love,  
 Fairest gift of pow'rs above;  
 Source of ev'ry household blessing,  
 All charms in innocence possessing——  
 But turn'd to Vice all plagues above,  
 Foe to thy being, foe to Love!  
 Guest divine to outward viewing,  
 Abler minister of ruin!

And thou no less of gift divine,  
*Sweet Poison of misused WINE!* \*  
 With freedom led to ev'ry part,  
 And secret chamber of the heart;  
 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?

P L A T E IV. *St. James's street where the rake is arrested.*

O vanity of youthful blood,  
 So by misuse to poison Good!  
*Reason* awakes, and views unbar'd  
 The sacred gates he watch'd to guard;

\* *Milton.*

Approaching



Approaching fees the harpy, *Law*,  
 And *Poverty*, with icy paw  
 Ready to seize the poor remains  
 That Vice hath left of all his gains.  
 Cold *Penitence*, lame *After-thought*,  
 With fears, despair, and horrors fraught,  
 Call back his guilty pleasures dead,  
*Whom he hath wrong'd and whom betray'd.*

P L A T E V. *Marybone church, where he marries a  
 rich old woman.*

New to the school of hard *Mishap*,  
 Driv'n from the ease of Fortune's lap,  
 What flames will Nature not embrace  
 T' avoid less shame of drear distress!  
 GOLD can the charms of youth bestow,  
 And mask deformity with shew:  
 GOLD can avert the sting of *Shame*,  
 In Winter's arms create a flame;  
 Can couple youth with hoary age,  
 And make antipathies engage,

P L A T E VI. *A gaming house.*

GOLD, thou bright son of Phœbus, 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 avaritious lust:



No longer bond of humankind,  
But bane of ev'ry virtuous mind.

What Chaos such misfise 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 *tortur'd mind*  
To an *imprison'd body* join'd !

P L A T E VII. *A prison.*

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* confin'd ;  
No pleasures meet his conscious mind ;  
No blessings brought from early youth,  
But broken faith, and wrested truth,



Talents idle and unus'd,  
 And ev'ry trust of heav'n abus'd.  
 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.

P L A T E VIII. *Bethle'm.*

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 rule disjointed, shapeless measure,  
 Fill'd with *Horror*, fill'd with *Pleasure*!  
 Shapes of *Horror*, that wou'd even  
 Cast doubt of mercy upon heaven!  
 Shapes of *Pleasure*, that but seen  
 Wou'd split the shaking fides of *Spleen*!  
 Of vanity of AGE! here see  
 The stamp of heav'n effac'd 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 fold,  
 And curse *thyself*, and curse thy GOLD.