

And produce cares that equipoise
 All his sublunary light joys.
 If rich men's hearts the poor could see,
 Fully contented they might be. 190
 But not contented do appear,
 The rich, noble family here :
 In the dark stilly hours of rest,
 Doubts, fears and pains are in each breast.
 The gout, the noble lord has caught,
 Perhaps by dissipation brought ;
 Gout, him confines and racks with pain :
 The perspiration drops like rain.
 He turns and writhes upon a bed,
 Curtained, canopied overhead 200
 With rich damasks, fine silks and lawn :
 There he tosses until the dawn
 Of morn, restless, his pains increased
 By those who should torment him least.
 Better to be a beggar, than
 This great and tortured nobleman ;
 Better the poorest wretch in health,
 Than this proud lord of so much wealth ;
 Better to sleep down in a ditch,
 Than to bed like him and be rich. 210
 Better for life to beg for bread,
 And with no place to lay the head ;
 And better a wanderer too,
 In foreign lands without a sous,
 Without resources, and without
 A friend, on the world a cast-out.
 Better to be all, than be him,
 In soul contorted and in limb ;