

#### LXXXIV

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

#### LXXXV

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
Pure Gold for what he lent us dross-allay'd  
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,  
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!