

But in an age, when actions are allow'd  
Which strike all Honour dead, and crimes avow'd,  
Too terrible to suffer the report,  
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a Court;  
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,  
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn,  
When She is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,  
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame,  
When Prudence a much easier task must hold  
To make a new World, than reform the old,  
SATIRE throws by her arrows on the ground,  
And, if She cannot cure, She will not wound.

Come, PANEGYRICK---tho' the MUSE disdains,  
Founded on Truth, to prostitute her strains  
At the base instance of those men, who hold  
No argument but pow'r, no God but Gold,  
Yet, mindful that from heav'n She drew her birth,  
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth,  
Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,  
And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.

Come PANEGYRICK---in a former hour,  
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,