

In fullen silence sit; thy Friends (some Few,  
 Who, friends to Thee, are Friends to Honour too)  
 Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal  
 Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.  
 A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,  
 And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,  
 To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,  
 And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.

From his youth upwards to the present day,  
 When Vices more than years have mark'd him grey,  
 When riotous excess with wasteful hand  
 Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,  
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,  
 Untainted with one deed of real worth,  
 Lothario, holding Honour at no price,  
 Folly to Folly added, Vice to Vice,  
 Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame  
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (Reason left without the least defence)  
 Laughter was Mirth, Obscenity was Sense,  
 Where Impudence made Decency submit,  
 Where Noise was Humour, and where Whim was Wit,

Where