

Where rude, untemper'd License had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
LOTHARIO was, with justice, always first.

To whip a Top, to knuckle down at Taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at Push-Pin with dull brother Peers,
To belch out Catches in a Porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping Chairman's Oracle,
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, Encore,
Whilst grey Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of Watchman's fur, gives up his chair,
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted Moon,
To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon,
To force plain nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,
To match for speed one Feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother,
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
BUT to ride first, and He to ride behind,