

To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
 Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
 Without a rival stands, tho' MARCH yet lives.

When FOLLY, (at that name, in duty bound,
 Let subject Myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
 Whilst They who, in the presence, upright stand,
 Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
 Queen ev'ry where, but most a Queen in Courts,
 Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports,
 Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
 And prove her right to reign from age to age,
 Lothario, great above the common size,
 With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
 Her Cap he wears, which from his Youth he wore,
 And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
 Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
 Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
 And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
 Observe his Follies well, and You would swear
 Folly had been his first, his only care;

Observe.