

Observe his Vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for Vice alone.

Is the soft Nature of some easy Maid
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd,
Must She, to Virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And He, who wrought her guilt, declare her shame?
Is some brave Friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile?
Is Law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son,
Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
Is base Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, sure tho' slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are Kings (who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend)
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?