

Is *Praise* the Perquisite of ev'ry Paw,
 tho' black as Hell, that grapples well for Gold?
 Oh Love of Gold! thou meanest of Amours!
 Shall *Praise* her Odours waste on VIRTUE'S Dead,
 embalm the Base, perfume the Stench of Guilt,
 earn dirty Bread by washing *Ethiops* fair,
 removing Filth, or finking it from Sight,
 a Scavenger in *Scenes*, where *vacant* Posts,
 like Gibbets yet untenanted, expect
 their future Ornaments? From Courts and Thrones,
 return, apostate *Praise*! Thou Vagabond!
 Thou Prostitute! to thy first Love return,
 thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd Theme.

There flow redundant: like *Meander* flow,
 back tho thy Fountain; to that parent Pow'r,
 who gives the Tongue to sound, the Thought to soar,
 the Soul to *be*. Men Homage pay to Men,
 thoughtless beneath whose dreadful Eye they bow
 in mutual Awe profound, of Clay to Clay,
 of Guilt to Guilt, and turn their Backs on Thee,
great Sire! whom Thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
 to prostrate Angels, an amazing Scene!
 O the Presumption of Man's Awe for Man!
 Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!