

These *Demons* burn Mankind; but most possess  
 LORENZO'S Bosom, and turn out the Skies.

Is it in *Time* to hide *Eternity*?

And why not in an Atom on the Shore,  
 to cover Ocean? or a Mote, the Sun?

*Glory* and *Wealth*! have They this blinding Pow'r?

What if to *Them* I prove LORENZO blind?

Would it surprisè Thee? Be thou then surpris'd;

Thou *neither* know'st: Their Nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as *These Subjects* seem,  
 what close Connexion ties them to my Theme.

First, what is *True* Ambition? The Pursuit  
 of Glory, nothing *less* than Man can share.

Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded Man,  
 as flatulent with Fumes of Self-applause,  
 their Arts and Conquests *Animals* might boast,  
 and claim their *Laurel* Crowns, as well as We;  
 but not *Celestial*. Here we stand alone;

as in our Form, distinct, pre-eminent.

If *prone* in Thought, our Stature is our Shame;

and