

It begs an Alms of Homage from the Throng,  
and oft the Throng denies its Charity.

Monarchs, and Ministers, are awful Names;  
whoever wear them, challenge our Devoir.

Religion, public Order, Both exact  
*external* Homage, and a supple Knee,

to Beings pompously set up, to serve  
the meanest Slave; *all more* is Merit's due,  
her sacred and inviolable Right;  
nor ever paid the *Monarch*, but the *Man*.

Our Hearts ne'er bow but to superior *Worth*;  
nor ever fail of their Allegiance there.

Fools, indeed, drop the *Man* in their Account,  
and vote the *Mantle* into Majesty.

Let the *small Savage* boast his Silver Fur;  
his royal Robe unborrow'd; and unbought,  
his *own*, descending fairly from his Sires.

Shall Man be proud to wear *his* Livery,  
and Souls in *Ermin* scorn a Soul without?  
Can *Place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?

Pygmies are Pygmies still, tho' perch'd on *Alps*;  
and Pyramids are Pyramids in Vales.

Each Man makes his own Stature, builds himself;  
Virtue alone out builds the *Pyramids*;  
her Monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.