

High Worth is elevated Place: 'Tis more;
 it makes the Post stand Candidate for Thee;
 makes more than Monarchs, makes an honest Man;
 'Tho' no *Exchequer* it commands, 'tis Wealth;
 and tho' it wears no *Ribband*, 'tis Renown;
 Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' disgrac'd,
 nor leave thee pendent on a Master's Smile.
Other Ambition *Nature* interdicts;
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in Man,
 by pointing at his Origin, and End;
 Milk, and a Swathe, *at first*, his whole Demand;
 his whole Domain, *at last*, a Turf, or Stone;
 to whom, *between*, a World may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the Wing
 of *just* Ambition, to the grand Result,
 the Curtain's Fall; *there*, see the buskin'd Chief
 unshod behind this momentary Scene;
 reduc'd to his own Stature, low or high,
 as Vice, or Virtue, sinks him, or sublimes;
 and laugh at this fantastic Mummery,
 this antic Prelude of grotesque Events,
 where Dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
 a Littleness of Soul by Worlds o'er-run,
 and Nations laid in Blood. Dread Sacrifice