

to *Christian* Pride! which had with Horror shockt  
the darkeſt *Pagans*, offer'd to their Gods.

O Thou *moſt Christian* Enemy to Peace!

Again in Arms? Again provoking Fate?

That Prince, and That alone, is truly Great,  
who draws the Sword reluctant, gladly ſheaths;  
on Empire builds what Empire far outweighs,  
and makes his Throne a Scaffold to the Skies.

Why *this* ſo rare? Becauſe forgot of all  
the Day of Death; that venerable Day,  
which ſits as Judge; that Day, which ſhall pronounce  
on all our Days, abſolve them, or condemn.

LORENZO, never ſhut thy Thought againſt it;  
be *Levees* ne'er ſo full, afford it Room,  
and give it Audience in the *Cabinet*.

That Friend conſulted, Flatteries apart,  
will tell thee fair, if Thou art Great, or Mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,  
is That *Ambition*? Then let Flames *deſcend*,  
point to the Centre their inverted Spires,

and