

If *Virtue* costs Existence, 'tis a Crime;  
 bold Violation of our Law *supreme*,  
 black Suicide; tho' Nations, which consult  
 their Gain, at thy Expence, resound Applause.

Since *Virtue's* Recompence is doubtful, *Here*,  
 if Man dies wholly, well may we demand:  
 Why is Man *suffer'd* to be Good in vain?  
 Why to be Good in vain, is Man *injoin'd*?  
 Why to be Good in vain, is Man *betray'd*?  
 Betray'd by Traitors lodg'd in his own Breast,  
 by sweet Complacencies from *Virtue* felt?  
 Why whispers *Nature* Lyes on *Virtue's* Part?  
 Or if blind *Instinct* (which assumes the Name  
 of sacred Conscience) plays the Fool in Man;  
 Why *Reason* made Accomplice in the Cheat?  
 Why are the *Wise* loudest in her Praise?  
 Can Man by *Reason's* Beam be led astray?  
 Or, at his Peril, *imitate his God*?  
 Since *Virtue* sometimes ruins us on Earth,  
 or *Both* are true; or, Man survives the Grave.

Or Man survives the Grave, or own, *LORENZO*,  
 thy Boast supreme, a wild Absurdity.  
 Dauntless thy Spirit; Cowards are thy Scorn.  
 Grant Man *immortal*, and thy Scorn is just.  
 The Man *immortal*, rationally brave,