

First, then, *Ambition* summon to the Bar.
Ambition's Shame, Extravagance, Disgust,
 And *inextinguishable Nature*, speak.
 Each much *deposes*; hear them in their Turn.

Thy Soul, how passionately fond of *Fame*!
 How anxious, that fond Passion to conceal!
 We blush, detected in Designs on Praise,
 tho' for best Deeds, and from the best of Men;
 and why? Because *Immortal*. Art divine
 has made the Body Tutor to the Soul;
 Heav'n kindly gives our Blood a *moral* Flow;
 bids it ascend the glowing Cheek, and there
 upbraid that little Heart's inglorious Aim,
 which stoops to court a Character from Man;
 While o'er us, in tremendous Judgment sit,
 far more than Man, with *endless* Praise, and Blame.

Ambition's boundless Appetite out-speaks
 the Verdict of its *Shame*. When Souls take Fire
 at high Presumptions of their own Desert,
 One Age is poor Applause; the mighty Shout,
 the Thunder by the living *Few* begun,
 late Time must echo; Worlds unborn, resound;
 We wish our Names *eternally* to live;
 Wild Dream! which ne'er had haunted human Thought,