

and tho' Success *disgusts*; yet still, LORENZO!
 in vain we strive to pluck it from our Hearts;
 by Nature planted for the noblest Ends.
 Absurd the fam'd Advice to PYRRHUS giv'n,
 more prais'd than ponder'd; specious, but unsound;
 Sooner that Hero's *Sword* the World had quell'd,
 than *Reason*, his Ambition. Man *must* soar.

An obstinate Activity within,
 an insuppressive Spring, will toss him up
 in spite of *Fortune's* Load. Not Kings alone,
 each Villager has his Ambition too;
 No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd Slave:

Slaves build their little *Babylons* of Straw,
 echo the proud *Assyrian*, in their Hearts,
 and cry, — "Behold the Wonders of my Might!"
 And why? Because *immortal* as their Lord;
 and Souls immortal must for ever heave
 at something Great; the Glitter, or the Gold;
 the Praise of Mortals, or the Praise of Heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is *Human* Praise,
 when Human is supported by *Divine*.

I'll introduce LORENZO to Himself;
 Pleasure and *Pride* (bad Masters!) share our Hearts,

As
 y) Da Nebukadnezar auf der königlichen Burg zu Babel gieng
 hub er an, und sprach: "Das ist die große Babel, die ich erbauet