

He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sing;
guileless, and sad! A Wretch before the Fall!

How cruel this! More cruel to forbear,

Our *Nature* such, with *necessary* Pains,

we purchase Prospects of *precarious* Peace:

Tho' not a *Father*, This might steal a Sigh,

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,

'twill sink our poor Account to poorer still);

ripe from the Tutor, proud of Liberty,

he leaps Inclosure, bounds into the World;

The World is taken, after Ten Years' Toil,

like antient *Troy*; and all its Joys his own.

Alas! the World's a Tutor more severe;

its Lessons hard, and ill deserve his Pains;

unteaching All his virtuous Nature taught;

or Books (fair *Virtue's* Advocates!) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public Life?

Men of the World, the *Terra-filial* Breed,

welcome the modest Stranger to their Sphere,

(which glitter'd long, at Distance, in his Sight)

and, in their hospitable Arms, inclose:

Men, who think nought so strong of the Romance,

so rank Knight-errant, as a Real Friend:

Men, that act up to *Reason's* Golden Rule,