

The private Path, the secret Acts of Men,
if noble, far the noblest of our Lives!
How far above LORENZO'S Glory sits
th' illustrious Master of a Name *unknown*;
Whose Worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred Shades, where Gods converse with Men;
And *Peace*, beyond the World's Conceptions smiles!
As Thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy Great Soul this *skulking* Glory scorns.
LORENZO'S sick, but when LORENZO'S seen;
and, when he shrugs at public Bus'ness, lyes.
Deny'd the public Eye, the public Voice,
as if he liv'd on others Breath, he dies.

Fain would he make the World his Pedestal;
Mankind the Gazers, the sole Figure, He.
Knows he, that Mankind praise against their Will,
and mix as much Detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless *Fame* her Whisper has,
as well as Trumpet? That his Vanity
is so much tickled from not hearing *All*?
Knows this All-Knower, that from Itch of Praise,