

Thus thro' a constant round of endless Toil,
This Man his tired Body did turmoil:
His run of Life was all impertinent,
Spent much amiss, abstract from all Intent,
Of doing any kind of good in Life,
An Idle Mischief-maker ! loving Strife,
One who watches all his Neighbour's halts,
But over-looks his own far greater Faults :
For he that censures others need look well
Unto himself ; nor yet delight to tell
Ungrateful Truths, which gen'rous Breasts forbear }
Either to know, or if they know, don't care }
Should be instill'd in any stand'rous Ear : }
Least he incur the real ridicule,
Of wiser Men who live by Virtue's Rule.
Learn from this faunt'ring Man your Time to spend,
In Studies worthy of some noble End ;
That none may you Reproach, or Jeering say,
He did in roving throw his Time away,
Or doing nothing, or in purpose base,
Whereby he human Nature did disgrace. A