

Or, if the envied treasure has been gained.  
And wealth and popularity obtained,  
The fopling world, like suppliants round a throne,  
Bow to these rogues to equity unknown;  
Who accept their praise, nor give them in return.  
And oft the prayers of their admirers spurn.  
Nor is it wrong, nor yet would we condemn  
This wise, though selfish, principle in them;  
For these low sycophants of lying praise,  
Waste all their wind to make their fire blaze;  
That when it glows and sheds its rays around,  
They, hitherto unseen, may then be found;  
And men mistaken may their light proclaim,  
Who but reflect the rogues unworthy fame;  
And that it may their charity disclose,  
And they be benefitted as it glows.

Behold ye stars! nay, hide each blushing face;  
Nor gaze upon your sister earth's disgrace,  
Once pure and holy, now in ruin sunk,  
And with excessive pride and pleasure drunk.  
Lo! from the stenchful froth her mouth ejects,  
Each son of aristocracy erects  
In bold defiance his bespattered head;  
Conceived in pride and in corruption bred;  
And babbling loud and feeding on her breath,  
Floats on in drunken splendor till his death.

With head erect, amid the motley throng,  
McLean the proud and pet, is borne along;  
While brother snypes and silly fools applaud,  
And for his smile would kiss the ground he trod;  
And he exalted on a pride-built throne.  
Surveys the lands he dare not call his own;  
Lifts his red fiery head towards the skies,  
And fain would dazzle all beholders' eyes.

in is the show though countless rogues admire,  
And fools of gazing on him never tire;  
But imitate his ways, his follies bless,  
His pride adore and foulest deeds caress;