

Still it is patent that this ancient brave  
Bears deeper wounds than ever yet he gave;  
That 'tis not duty only which insures  
His strict attention to the surgeon's stores.  
But then the medical department must  
Crack little jokes to rub away the rust.

By the immortal gods, we should not laugh!  
Away with laughter, subterfuge and chaff!  
The man is such a lecherous, vicious slave  
That his salvation only is the grave;  
There is the surgeon for the putrid sot;  
Within the tomb men have the right to rot.  
Upon this soil, where virtue still survives,  
Why should we tolerate these stinking lives,  
Load them with honor, places, wealth and fame,  
And in return reap only endless shame?  
What have we done to merit such a fate?  
Virtue's our own, and every true heart's hate.