

And be you sot, rogue, idiot or devil,
It matters not, your only on a level
With men no better and as often worse ;
And more you'll find to bless than few to curse.

O'er all their wealth and lust and avarice.
Unnumbered crimes and boundless sea of vice,
With glad relief we hail the curtain fall ;
And, heartily disgusted, leave the hall,
To bless the wind that wafts their stench away ;
And wait the coming of a better day,
When Peace shall smile upon the multitude,
Where each delights to do the others good ;
And Love and Charity promote their arts,
And kindred feelings dwell in all their hearts.

