

Who then would wish with all their crimes expressed,
To stand among their shining ranks confessed—
To share their pleasure and accept their lot,
And damn his soul to be an honored sot?
Live then by show: they'll think it comes from wealth;
Once in, the latter may be got through stealth;
Make thy progenitors thy lot enhance,
(Though useless sots that died in gaol, perchance)
Scorn punctuality and court delays;
Light be thy talk and giddy all thy ways;
Choose all thy words and oil them well to please;
Affect thy manners yet appear at ease;
Be versed in all the etiquette of France;
Be fond of nightly gatherings and the dance;
Be posted in the various kinds of wine,
And which will dull the wit and which will shine;
Praise every draught, nor laugh at their excess;
Nor stand aloof, but join, and joining, bless;
Praise chastity in all the light of noon—
Then's when it takes, but night must change thy tune!
Stop not at Truth when it impedes thy course,
But give to every lie a double force;
Till in their minds, as well before their eyes,
You build yourself a monument—of lies.
Admire their skill and all the deeds they've done,
For—fools are easiest by flattery won;
This sect now own for the esteem of those;
To flatter these the former sect oppose;
For sects are gospel and with them will save—
Their piety begins beyond the grave;
And but a word for it and they oppose,
Denounce you Christain and proclaim your foes;
For in their eyes and by their lofty rule,
To be a Christian is to be a fool,
In short, hate when they hate, love when they love;
Do nothing they reject, all they approve;
And, armed with graces, steadily advance
Through plains of vice, and vales of ignorance;
Their hearts receive you, and their arms embrace,
And each admires as you take your place;