Let banter cease, and Poetasters yield, 
Since fam’ld De Foe is Master of the Field. 
What none can comprehend, he understands: 
And What’s not understood, his Fame Commands. 
This mighty Bard, more mighty in Invention, 
And most of all in humble Condescension, 
Has left the Pleasures of Parnassus-hill, 
And Stoops so low as here to draw his Quill. 
’Mongst us Rude Scots: his Generous Design 
Flows like the Cat’raets of the Richest Mine, 
From hardest Rocks it throws its purest Ore, 
And squanders Treasure on our barren Shore. 
Thus his Design is to Surprise the Nation 
With Wealth, Wit, Fame and Bardish Inspiration. 

How can a Feeble Muse his Grandeur raise? 
Let Court. Triumph, and Mobb Huzza his Praise. 
For he can serve most equally by Halves 
Either Jehovah or the Golden Calves. 

His four Essays do give us Wealth, yea more 
His own vast Stock is added to our Store. 
He is not Servile, nor does writ for Gold, 
Nor is he poor, as Poets were of Old: 
His Parts are Vast not to be bought or sold. 
So Wealth, Parts, Rhime and famous Pillorie 
Are all bequeath’d to us in Legacie. 
Was e’er a Kingdom half so great as We? 
Equivalents he gives for all our Wrongs, 
His Railings are Compens’d to us by Songs. 
Thus Shimei-like he fondly does pretend 
To welcome home his injur’d Lord again. 
Got ever Nation such a happy Lot 
As Great De Foe and Honest Logy Scot?