



Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;  
And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;  
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
To avoid great errors, must the less commit:  
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,  
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.  
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,  
Still make the whole depend upon a part:  
They talk of principles, but notions prize,  
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

--Pope--