

- Fool, dost thou think he 'd revel on the store,
 Absolve the care of Heav'n, nor ask for more?
 Though waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phœbus shone,
 He 'd sigh, he 'd murmur, that he was alone.
 For know, the Maker on the human breast,
 A sense of kindred, country, man, impress'd.
- 11 Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,
 And well deserve inquiry's serious care,
 The God, (whate'er misanthropy may say,)
 Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.
 What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
 Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?
 What boots through space's farthest bounds to roam?
 If thou, O man, a stranger art at home.
 Then know thyself, the human mind survey;
 The use, the pleasure, will the toil repay.
- 12 Nor study only, practice what you know;
 Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
 With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
 Those who in study, should in practice shine.
 Say, does the learned lord of Hagley's shade,
 Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
 As when arous'd, he stems corruption's course,
 And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
 When freed on gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
 Then public virtue might to shades retreat:
 But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
 And freedom, Britain, still belongs to thee.
- 13 Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown,
 Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
 Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains;
 Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
 On each condition disappointments wait,
 Enter the hut and force the guarded gate.
 Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
 From love, the world, and all its cares, he's freed.
 But know, adversity's the child of God:
 Whom Heav'n approves of most, must feel her rod.
 When smooth old Ocean, and each storm's asleep,
 Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
 But when the demons of the tempest rave,
 Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
- 14 Sidney, what good man eavies not thy blow?
 Who would not wish Anytus*—for a foe?
 Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate;

* One of the accusers of Socrates.