

And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty unimproved, is deadly bane:
 Dark woods, and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
 Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore,
 Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;
 For there, each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every
 flood.

'Twas from Philosophy man learned to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance led.
 Lo, from the echoing axe, and thund'ring flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale:
 And from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the flutt'ring gale

What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire!
 Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 A while, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
 And yet a few soft days and balmy days impart.

Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
 Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Acamedus' grove;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away