

Heav'n's choice is safer than our own ;
Of ages past inquire :
What the most formidable fate ?
" To have our own desire."

If ceaseless, thus, the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads :
Will he not care for you, ye faithless say ?
Is he unwise; or, are ye less than they ?

The spacious firmament on high, •
With all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heav'n's a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball !
What tho' nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."