

Tell how storms deform the skies,  
 Whence the waves subside and rise,  
 Trace the comet's blazing tail,  
 Weigh the planets in a scale;  
 Bend, great God, before thy shrine;  
 The boundless macrocosm's thine.

- 8 Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,  
 And disappointment seems entail'd;  
 Since all on earth I valu'd most,  
 My guide, my stay, my friend is lost;  
 O Solitude, now give me rest,  
 And hush the tempest in my breast.  
 O gently deign to guide my feet  
 To your hermit-trodden seat;  
 Where I may live at last my own,  
 Where I at last may die unknown.  
 I spoke; she turn'd her magic ray;  
 And thus she said, or seem'd to say:

- 9 Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find  
 In shades, a med'cine for a troubled mind:  
 Wan grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,  
 Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow.  
 There pale inaction pines his life away;  
 And satiate mourns the quick return of day:  
 There, naked frenzy laughing wild with pain,  
 Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:  
 There superstition broods o'er all her fears,  
 And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.  
 But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,  
 And oid to social life a last farewell;  
 'Tis impious.

- 10 God never made an independent man;  
 'T would jar the concord of his general plan.  
 See every part of that stupendous whole,  
 "Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"  
 To one great end, the general good, conspire,  
 From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.  
 Should man through nature solitary roam,  
 His will his sovereign, every where his home,  
 What force would guard him from the lion's jaw?  
 What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw?  
 Or, should fate lead him to some safer shore,  
 Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar,  
 Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,  
 Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows;