

Foul anarchy and treason
 Would usurp the throne of reason,
 And the curse of every season
 Would be fight.

Dread chaos and disorder
 Would desecrate each border,
 'Till heaven's great Recorder
 Would let fall
 Those plagues of decimation,
 That awaken contemplation,
 By the marks of devastation
 That appall.

Then—the brow of heaven clearing,
 The sun of peace appearing,
 Old earth again is nearing
 Her ally ;
 For piety and learning,
 The whole world's praise once earning
 Her spirit now is yearning
 With a sigh.

Oh, man ! Whate'er your station,
 Shun the demon agitation
 For a godless education
 In your age ;
 Promote the queen of science,
 Give to her rules compliance,
 She is the true reliance
 Of the sage.