

Wise Asaph's hand immediately did grope
 Amid the brambles where it haply fell,
 Found it and 'twixt the lid and box—ah well
 For us Asaph that this is so—he found
 An arm of Hope—that answers for a ray—
 And paring, carving till he made it round
 And shapely, on a most o'erjoyful day
 He showed it us and won our approbation ;
 And not for whim or mean self-gratulation,
 Will we give up what has served us so well,
 E'en though your sons all swear 'tis path to hell.
 Your scheme you say e'er now has had its trial,
 And to its failure give I no denial.
 Your fancy leads you to Utopian realms,
 Where folly's passion wisdom's kindness whelms ;
 And though to you your scheme may promise gain,
 Yet 'tis but phantasy of disordered brain
 Deranged by thirst of power and mean ambition,
 Deflowering peace and seeding rank sedition.
 In the dark past made dark by your poor follies,
 And by intent that often history collies,
 You let your dreams lead you and all your train
 To ruin's verge and felt disaster's pain.
 Dark lowered the clouds and deeper fell the night ;
 Your reason tottered in the self drawn fright,
 And giddy with the danger you had courted,
 You hurled to chance the power you had sported.
 A season's clearing gloomed our zenith still,
 But all soon fled 'fore Reason's conquering will ;
 And bright again shone forth the prosperous sun
 You'd darken now in face of what you've done.
 But think not lady that your weed has root,
 Or Atalanta does not know the fruit—