

How light from Bethlehem rose on Caesar's dome,
And faith's first martyrs sang their dirge to Rome.

Whence, whence these mandates, nothing could control?
Why have such phantoms haunted so a soul
That sought in wayward wilfulness to live,
And envied nothing fame or power could give;
Nor cared for censure or for praise of verse
No praise made better, and no censure worse:
While self-approof, sole recompense desired,
Was brief enjoyed, hard earned, nor oft acquired,
Nor ever stayed misgiving's vain lament
Of woe mistaken talents, time misspent,
And luckless labour! Fiend, in fine be stilled!
Some purpose has been served, some fate fulfilled.

Each atom adds what everything requires:
Each act moves something, and each thought inspires.
Warned by past errors, science finds the truth;
And falls in childhood keep the poise of youth.
Nothing can perish, matter, force, or thought:
All, in the infinite work by nature wrought