

Attuned her music to the wintry blast,  
Or the wild cadence of the measured wave.

I ask you sir—and it is worth a thought—  
If in these fortune-hunting times of ours,  
When every thing is measured by the rod,  
Of selfish policy; is it the time  
To put this wonder-working Muse to death?  
Is all the sustenance she needs, to prompt  
Her flight beyond the lowest depth of prose  
Consumed, and nothing left but husks?  
Have all the wilds of fancy been explored,  
And every scattered flower been gathered in?  
I fancy not. And if the Muse had charms,  
For poets and philosophers of old,  
And raised the minds of the aspiring Greeks,  
Heathens although they were, to such a pitch  
Of elegance and art, as makes the world,  
Down to this day their genius admire;  
May not her influence in our own day,  
Be also used, and with as good success,  
To raise our souls above those vain desires,  
That actuate too much our puny minds,  
And make them more conversant with the skies?  
To mount betimes on sweet devotion's wings,  
And soar beyond this little earth of ours,  
And calling Science to our aid, range through  
Immensity's illimitable void,  
And through Creation's bounds direct our flight,  
To Him who sits on the eternal throne?

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