

From her appointed Sphere forbid to fly,
Or rush unbalance'd thro' the trackless Sky.
To reas'ning Man the sov'reign Rule assign'd,
His Delegate o'er each inferior Kind;
Too soon to fall from that distinguish'd Place,
His Honours stain'd with Guilt and foul Disgrace.

He saw the Pride of Earth's aspiring Lord,
And in his Fury gave the dreadful Word:
straight o'er her peopled Plains his Floods were pour'd,
And o'er her Mountains the proud Billows roar'd.
Athwart the Face of Earth the Deluge sweeps,
And whelms the impious Nations in the Deep.
Again God spake—and at his pow'rful Call
The raging Floods assuage, the Waters fall,
The Tempests hear his Voice, and straight obey,
And at his Thunder's Roar they haste away:
From off the lofty Mountains they subside,
And gently thro' the winding Vallies glide,
Till in the spacious Caverns of the Deep
They sink together, and in Silence sleep.
There he hath stretch'd abroad their liquid Plains,
And there Omnipotence their Rage restrains,
That Earth no more her Ruins may deplore,
And guilty Mortals dread their Wrath no more.

He bids the living Fountains burst the Ground,
And bounteous spread their Silver Streams around:
Down from the Hills they draw their shining Train,
Diffusing Health and Beauty o'er the Plain.
There the fair Flocks allay the Summer's Rage,
And panting Savages their Flame assuage.
On their sweet winding flanks th' aerial Race
In artless Numbers warble forth his Praise,
Or chant the harmless Raptures of their Loves,
And cheer the Plains, and wake the vocal Groves.
Forth from his Treasures in the Skies he pours
His precious Blessings in refreshing Show'rs.
Each dying Plant with Joy new Life receives,
And thankful Nature smiles, and Earth revives.
The fruitful Fields with Verdure he bespreads,
The Table of the Race that haunts the Meads,
And bids each Forest, and each flow'ry Plain
Send forth their native Physic for the Swain.

Thus

Thus doth the various Bounty of the Earth
Support each Species crowding into Birth.
In purple Streams she bids her Vintage flow,
And Olives on her Hills luxuriant grow,
One with its generous Juice to cheer the Heart,
And one illustrious Beauty to impart:
And Bread of all Heav'n's precious Gifts the chief
From desolating Want the sure Relief.
Which with new Life the feeble Limbs inspires,
And all the Man with Health and Courage fires.
The Cloud-topt Hills with waving Woods are crown'd,
Which wide extend their sacred Shades around,
There *Lebanon's* proud Cedars nod their Heads;
There *Babylon's* lofty Oaks extend their Shades:
The pointed Firs rise tow'ring to the Clouds,
And Life and warbling Numbers fill the Woods.
Nor gentle Shades alone, nor verdant Plains,
Nor fair enamell'd Meads, nor flow'ry Lawns,
But e'en rude Rocks and dreary Desarts yield
Retreats for the wild Wand'ers of the Field.
Thy Pow'r with Life and Sense all Nature fills,
Each Element with varied Being swells,
Race after Race arising view the Light,
Then silent pass away, and sink in Night.
The Gift of Life thus boundlessly bestow'd,
Proclaims th' exhaustless Hand, the Hand of God.

Nor less thy Glory in th' etherial Spheres,
Nor less thy ruling Providence appears.
There from on high the gentle Moon by Night
In solemn Silence sheds her Silver Light,
And thence the glorious Sun pours forth his Beams,
Thence copious spreads around his quick'ning Streams.
Each various Orb enjoys the golden Day,
And Worlds of Life hang on his cheerful Ray.
Thus Light and Darkness their fix'd Course maintain,
And still the kind Vicissitudes remain:
For when pale Night her sable Curtain spreads,
And wraps all Nature in her awful Shades,
Soft Slumbers gently seal each mortal Eye,
Stretch'd at their Ease the weary Lab'ers lie.
The restless Soul 'midst Life's vain Tumults tost,
Forgets her Woes, and ev'ry Care is lost.

Then