

Without Misfortune, what Calamities?  
and what Hostilities, without a Foe?  
nor are Foes wanting to the best on Earth.  
But endless is the List of human Ills,  
and Sighs might sooner fail, than Cause to sigh.

A Part how small of the terraqueous Globe  
is tenanted by Man! the Rest a *Waste*,  
Rocks, Desarts, frozen Seas, and burning Sands:  
wild Haunts of Monsters, Poisons, Stings, and Death.  
Such is Earth's melancholy Map! But, far  
more sad! this Earth is a true Map of *Man*.  
So bounded are its haughty Lord's *Delights*  
to *Woe's* wide Empire; where deep *Troubles* toss,  
loud *Sorrows* howl invenom'd *Passions* bite,  
Rav'nous *Calamities* our Vitals seize,  
and threat'ning *Fate*, wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself*?  
In Age, in Infancy, from others Aid  
is all our Hope; to teach us to be *kind*.  
*That*, Nature's *first, last* Lesson to Mankind;  
the selfish Heart deserves the Pain it feels.  
More gen'rous Sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;  
and conscious Virtue mitigates the Pang.