On one fix’d point all nature moves,  
Nor deviates from the track she loves;  
Her system, drawn from reason’s source,  
She scorns to change her wonted course.

Could she descend from that great plan  
To work unusual things for man,  
To suit the insect of an hour —  
This would betray a want of power,

Unsettled in its first design  
And erring, when it did combine  
The parts that form the vast machine,  
The figures sketch’d on nature’s scene.

Perfections of the great first cause  
Submit to no contracted laws,  
But all-sufficient, all-supreme,  
Include no trivial views in them.

Who looks through nature with an eye  
That would the scheme of heaven descry,  
Observes her constant, still the same,  
In all her laws, through all her frame.

No imperfection can be found  
In all that is, above, around, —  
All, nature made, in reason’s sight  
Is order all, and all is right.

http://theviewfromthecore.com/20020701/archive_poetry.html