

In vain, in vain ! the all-composing hour
Resistless falls

.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
'The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain ;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest ;
'Thus at her felt approach and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped on her head ;
Philosophy, that reached the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid to Sense :
See Mystery to Mathematics fly !
In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.

Dunciad, B. iv.