

How much is to be done? my Hopes and Fears
 start up alarm'd, and o'er Life's narrow Verge
 look down — on what? A fathomless Abyfs;
 a dread Eternity! how surely *mine*!
 And can Eternity belong to me,
 poor Pensioner on the Bounties of an Hour?

How poor, how rich; how abject, how august;
 how complicate, how wonderful, is Man?
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such?
 who centred in our Make such strange Extremes?
 From different Natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant Worlds!
 Distinguisht *Link* in Being's endless Chain!
Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity*!
 A Beam ethereal fully'd, and absorpt!
 tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still Divine!
 Dim Miniature of Greatness absolute!
 An Heir of Glory! a frail Child of Dust;
Helpless Immortal! Insect *infinite*!
 A Worm! a God! — I tremble at myself,
 and in myself am lost! At home a Stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 and wond'ring at her *own*: How Reason reels;
 O what a Miracle to Man is Man,
 triumphantly distress'd! what Joy, what Dread!