

Love's Element! true Joy's illustrious Home!

from Earth's sad Contrast (now deplor'd) more fair?

What exquisite Vicissitude of Fate!

Blest Absolution of our blackest Hour!

LORENZO, these are Thoughts that make Man Man,
the Wife illumine, aggrandize the Great.

How Great (while yet we tread the kindred Clod,

and ev'ry Moment fear to sink beneath

the Clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our Sons)

How Great, in the wild Whirl of *Time's* Pursuits,

to stop, and pause, involy'd in high Prefage,

thro' the long Visto of a thousand Years,

to stand contemplating our distant Selves,

as in a magnifying Mirror seen,

enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, Divine!

To prophesy our own Futurities!

To gaze in Thought on what all Thought transcends!

To talk, with Fellow-Candidates, of Joys

as far beyond Conception, as Desert,

ourselves th' astonish'd Talkers, and the Tale!

LORENZO, swells thy Bosom at the Thought?

The Swell becomes thee: 'Tis an honest Pride.

Revere thyself; — and yet thyself despise.