

Has not LORENZO's Bosom caught the Flame?

*Immortal!* Were but *one* Immortal, how  
would others envy! How would Thrones adore!

Because 'tis common, is the Blessing lost?

How *this* ties up the bounteous Hand of Heav'n!

O vain, vain, vain! all else! *Eternity!*

A glorious, and a *needful* Refuge, *that*,  
from vile Imprisonment in abject Views.

'Tis *Immortality*, 'tis That alone,  
amid Life's Pains, Abasements, Emptiness,  
the Soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.

That only, and That amply, this performs;  
lifts us above Life's Pains, her Joys above;  
their Terror *those*; and *these* their Lustre lose;  
*Eternity* depending covers all;

*Eternity* depending all achieves;

sets Earth at Distance; casts her into Shades;  
blends her Distinctions; abrogates her Pow'rs;  
the Low, the Lofly, Joyous, and Severe,  
Fortune's dread Frowns, and fascinating Smiles,  
make one promiscuous and neglected Heap,  
the Man beneath; if I may call him Man,  
whom *Immortality*'s full Force inspires.

Nothing terrestrial touches his high Thought;  
Suns shine unseen, and Thunders roll unheard,  
by Minds quite conscious of their high Descent,

their