

And what a Sceptre waits us! what a Throne!  
 Her own immense Appointments to compute,  
 or comprehend her high Prerogatives,  
 in this her dark Minority, how toils,  
 how vainly pants, the human Soul divine!  
*Too great* the Bounty seems for earthly Joy;  
 What Heart but *trembles* at so strange a Bliss?

In spite of all the Truths the Muse has sung,  
 ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!  
 are there who wrap the World so close about them,  
 they see no farther than the Clouds; and dance  
 on heedless Vanity's phantastic Toe,  
 till, stumbling at a Straw, in their Career,  
 headlong they plunge, where end both Dance and Song?  
 Are there, LORENZO? Is it possible?  
 are there on Earth (let me not call them Men)  
 who lodge a Soul immortal in their Breasts;  
 unconscious as the Mountain of its Ore;  
 or Rock, of its ineffimable Gem?  
 When Rocks shall melt, and Mountains vanish, *These*  
 shall know their Treasure; Treasure, *then*, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist  
 the rising Thought? Who smother, in its Birth,