

428 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?

*Matter* immortal? And shall *Spirit* die?

Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?

Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,

no Resurrection know? Shall Man alone,

Imperial Man! be sown in barren Ground,

less privileg'd than Grain, on which he feeds?

Is Man, in whom alone is Pow'r to prize

the Bliss of Being, or with previous Pain

deplore its Period, by the Spleen of Fate,

severely doom'd *Death's* single Unredeem'd?

If Nature's *Revolution* speaks aloud,

in her *Gradation*, hear her louder still.

Look Nature thro', 'tis neat *Gradation* all.

By what minute Degrees her Scale ascends!

Each middle Nature join'd at each Extreme,

to that above it join'd, to that beneath.

Parts, into Parts reciprocally shot,

abhor Divorce: What Love of Union reigns!

Here, dormant Matter waits a Call to Life;

half-life, half death, join There; Here, Life and Sense;

there