

Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
 Morn without Eve! a Race without a Goal!
 unshorten'd by Progression infinite!
 Futurity for ever future! Life
 beginning still, where Computation ends!
 'Tis the Description of a *Deity!*
 'Tis the Description of the *meanest Slave*:
 The meanest Slave dares then LORENZO scorn?
 The meanest Slave thy *sov'reign* Glory shares.
 Proud Youth! fastidious of the *lower* World!
 Man's *lawful* Pride includes Humility;
 stoops to the Lowest; is too great to find
 Inferiors; all Immortal! Brothers all!
 Proprietors *eternal* of thy Love.

IMMORTAL! What can strike the *Sense* so strong,
 as this the *Soul*? It thunders to the Thought;
Reason amazes; *Gratitude* o'erwhelms.
 No more we flumber on the Brink of Fate;
 rous'd at the Sound, th' exulting Soul ascends,
 and breathes her native Air; an Air that feeds
 Ambitions high, and fans ethereal Fires;
 quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
 nor leaves one loit'ring Thought beneath the Stars.