

Those num'rous Worlds that throng the Firmament,
and ask more Space in Heav'n, can roll at large
in *Man's* capacious Thoughts, and still leave Room
for ampler Orbs; for *new* Creations, There.

Can *such* a Soul contract itself, to gripe
a Point of no Dimension, of no Weight?

It can; it does: The World is *such* a Point:
and, of *that* Point, how *small* a Part enslaves!

How *small* a Part — of *Nothing*, shall I say?

Why not? — *Friends*, our *chief* Treasure! How they drop!

LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!

The *Grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd

a Triple Mouth; and, in an awful Voice,

loud calls my Soul, and utters All I sing.

How the World falls to pieces round about us,
and leaves us in a Ruin of our Joy!

What says This *Transportation* of my *Friends*?

It bids me love the Place where *now* they dwell,

and scorn this wretched Spot, they leave so Poor.

Eternity's vast *Ocean* lies before thee;

There; There, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA fails.

Give