

And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?

And art all Adamant? And dost confute

All urg'd, with One irrefragable *Smile*?

LORENZO! *Mirth* how miserable *Here*!

Swear by the *Stars*, by HIM, who made them, swear,

thy Heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*:

Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt *shine*; like *Them*, shalt *rise*

from Low to Lofly; from Obscure to Bright;

by due Gradation, *Nature's* sacred Law.

The *Stars*, from whence? — Ask *Chaos* — He can tell.

These bright Temptations to Idolatry,

from *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their Birth;

Sons of *Deformity*! From fluid Dregs

*Tartarean*, first they rose to Masses rude;

and then, to Spheres opaque; Then dimly shone;

Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in perfect Day.

*Nature* delights in Progress; in Advance

from Worse to Better: But, when *Minds* ascend,

Progress, in Part, depends upon *Themselves*.

Heav'n aids Exertion; Greater makes the Great;