

Let me have force from Earth to tear
The secrets of her motherhood,
Transform all matter as I would,
And mould my own ideal of fair :

Let those who once in Hellas trod,
Or Rome, the way of natural zest,
Sit at my side and call me blest,
Preach joy of Joy, and scorn of God :

To all one answer must be given :
I suffer in your soul-less mirth :
A splendid hope has touched the earth ;
We cannot keep our gaze from Heaven.

VI

On Faith my reason cannot feed,
On Doubt my heart. The Christian way
Affrights me ; yet if any say,
There is no God, I will not heed.

The faithful call me Infidel,
And Fool the worldly. Where betake
My stricken soul ? What hand can make
The heart that Doubt hath wounded well ?

VII

'Tis said Philosophy hath showed,
Untaught of God, a golden mean ;
Hath found a way of life between
The Priest-path and the World's broad road.

Granted ! Then bring me to the man
Who without Faith hath found out Truth !
What trusts he in ? Himself forsooth,
Each small soul in his own small plan.