

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.