

With dire deceits and warped the living truth,
Hear and abide ! Ye are adulterous gods ;
And all unworthy 'twere that man should bow
And worship more at such polluted shrines,
Offending the Most High. No longer then
Your reigns endure ; and coming years shall bring
No hope of rule returned ; but, since the minds
Many, that to the Olympian altars bent
Adoring, drew an inspiration grand,
And with their concourse of immortal thoughts,
An intellectual realm of glory formed,
Sublime and beautiful ; where lovely forms,
And forms majestic, heroes and heroines,
And mighty demi-gods, forever move
Amid those flowers which, born of Time,
Shall bloom the comrades of Eternity.
Thither ye shall retire ; and, while mind
Endures through untold ages yet to come,
Over that wondrous land when man shall tread
He pales before the blazing bolt of Jove
And feels the trembling spheres confess his nod.
Still in that mythic world as here of old,
Apollo's steeds shall usher in the day,
And fire the western clouds at eventide ;
Great cities quake before the Warrior's voice,
And fall beneath his spear ; and Pallas breathe
Her words of wisdom, and Diana roam,
Brightening the groves with rays of Chastity.
But, nevermore may odorous incense rise
From the altars reared to you ; and men shall blend
Their voices, swelling loud the tuneful praise
Of the true God, eternal, infinite,
Perfect in wisdom, goodness, and in mercy.
The past is dead ; a newer, better time
Dawns on a world, freed from the iron rule
Of gods whose noblest attribute was strength.