

Broke from him, and in burning words he cried :  
" O God, if God there be in this foul chase !  
O Fate, if Fate it be that drives us thus !  
O Chance, if it be Thou that mouldeth all !  
Stern Power, whate'er Thy name, that sit'st sublime  
Above creation, throned creation's Lord,  
With feet upon the spheres, whose flaming arms  
Scatter new worlds from age to age, to roll  
Thro' the dim cycles of all time, to bloom  
Into warm life—what iron law impels,  
Or wanton cruelty in the eternal deep  
Of mind supreme, Thee to send sin and death  
To prey thus on the creatures of Thine hands,  
Until the white skulls crumble back to earth  
From which they sprung ? O Chance ! O Fate ! O God !  
My soul is broken with the clang of worlds ;  
The universe is discord all to me,  
I see dark planets roll o'er human graves,  
I feel them quivering with the cries of souls  
I know no more. O Power, whose face is veiled,  
From man in Thine own greatness,—Thou, whom I,  
Thro' weary years have sought, but sought in vain,  
In every shadow upon every hill,  
In the sweet features of a child, or on  
The illimitable sea, in heat, in cold,  
And in the rain that clothes the earth with buds,  
And in the breath of things invisible,  
Till, worn and helpless, now I long for death,—  
Let me before I die hear some still voice  
(If such indeed there be), some undertone