

All this thou know'st ; but, for the sake
 Of others I appear,
 The seeming liberty to take,
 Of questioning thee here ;—
 For Man will have it that thy ways,
 To *his* conception bow ;
 Unmindful that thy spirit sways,
 The everlasting *NOW* !

In Moses and the Prophets, he
 Distinguish'd not thy hand ;—
 Thy Son himself that made him free,
 A stranger in the land.
 If this can hardly be believ'd,
 Lo ! Truth is still the lie :—
 What in the green tree was achiev'd,
 Is working in the dry !

For that my youth was thrown away,
 On idle dreams and vain ;
 My manhood, too, must shun the day,
 Or wear the mark of Cain.
 As if Omnipotence, that call'd
 The Universe from nought,