

O! I have wandered far and wide,
 And I am changed in all, save pride;
 My feelings grown are wither'd now,
 And care has nettled on my brow,
 And lacerated my warm heart,
 And gnaw'd it still, and won't depart.
 My friends! hopes, and ambition's gone,
 And I am in the world alone.
 I bear its soulless mockery,
 But can't endure its charity;
 'Tis worse than scorn: I loathe to see
 Half mixtures of humanity.
 I'm sick of life, I loathe mankind,
 And I would wander far to find
 One, who, amidst this age of art,
 Maintains an uncorrupted heart,
 An undiluted man,
 An adherent to nature's plan,
 Who scorns each motive which controls
 The world's cold calculating souls,
 Whose human social sympathies
 Are boundless as the universe.
 The virtue, manliness, and truth,
 Which the warm feelings of my youth
 Ascrib'd to the whole human race,
 I find have no real dwelling place
 In human hearts: deceived self,
 And what this wicked world calls wealth,
 Are the true idols man has made,
 And to them devout homage paid,
 And all things, great, good, and divine,
 Are immolated to their vain pride.