

How long, O faithless ! will ye scorn my cry ?
 How long provoke my patience with your crimes ?
 Think ye my justice, hood-wink'd, hath no eye,
 To penetrate the mystery of your climes ?
 False reasoners ; know, Omniscient, I discern
 The bolted treasons of your prison'd thought ;
 That, trumpet-tongued, shall one day surely learn,
 To speak in thunder of the ill it wrought.

Wake, ye that sleep in sin's accursed snares ;
 Rouse the electric spark of light divine,
 That, pent up in your bosoms, unawares
 Shall burst, the Hell else, that hath rag'd in mine.
 Flee, flee the terrors of the wrath to come ;
 Compassionate your souls that never die ;—
 If I be *false*, the risk is worth the sum
 Of a hot tear, and a repentant sigh.

Now is the time, th' accepted time for all ;
 Reject the proffer'd mercy and ye sink :—
 From this proud eminence, O ! what a fall !
 And will ye riot on the dreadful brink ?
 Omnipotent ! have mercy ! only thou
 Can'st snatch the fearful maniac from his ways ;