

Of Fancy fluttering round the edge of Fate,
And gazing on the woeful waste behind.
Unbreathing Non-Existence lay unfledged,
Unmotioned, waiting the command Supreme
To start to life successive in the forms
Of varied being, and with reverence,
Dumb worship paid, His will still unexpressed.

And shall I dare, with Fancy's feeble ray,
To gaze in ecstasy of stolen thought
O'er the far regions of unworlded space,
Or waken Nothing's yet unwaked repose?
Or, more presumptuous, shall I dare to scan
The eternal visions of the Mind enthroned
For ever between two Eternities?
Knowing eternally, and yet unknown;
Seeing eternally, and yet unseen;
Loving before His love could be returned;
A radiant centre uncircumferenced,
From whence all beings move in mystic lines,
And whence immortals take their forward flight
And thread the mazes of unending life.

The Three One God, throughout the unpeopled
past
Of non-existing being's backward tide,