

Hopes that the tame orison, may
Perchance attract thine ear.
 But *here*, where mock'ry were allied
 To madness, oh ! declare !
 My spirit seeks thee far and wide :
 Where art thou, God ?—oh ! where ?

Impute it not to me a sin,
 That worldly thoughts intrude,
 With me, thy sacred courts within,—
 The flesh is not subdu'd.
 Nor that I consecrate aright,
 Tho' awful fools condemn,—
 The diamond in the rough to-night,
 To-morrow smooth for them.

That I am sinful I confess ;
 Yet—fellow-worms may smile,
 Derisive, so thou pitying bless—
 Not vilest of the vile.
 Tho' frailties mark the paths below,
 Where'er my footsteps tread ;
 Sure, 'tis not from the heart they flow,
 But, fondly, from the head ?