

I cannot be inspir'd of thee,  
 Altho' my words declare,  
 In all their wide variety,  
 That I am glory's heir !

Thy Book is truth, and so is *mine* !  
 Do'st thou not tell me so ?  
 Do'st thou not breathe in ev'ry line,  
 Dictating as I go ?  
 And shall I hesitate to tell  
 The wonderful decree,  
 That fashion'd from a thing of Hell,  
 A King and Priest to thee !

Was Paul elected to the work,  
 By apostolic mime ?  
 Or Him that still directs the stork,  
 Upon her wonted time ?  
 And wherefore should not mine address,  
 Co-sacred from on high,  
 Be measur'd with a like success  
 In thee, Posterity ?

God of a thousand worlds ! the Sire !  
 And thou, Redeeming Son !