

One holds, Two principles at war
 By turns prevail, undying each ;
 One finds a God no prayer can reach,
 Alone in Heaven, aloof, afar.

Come Plato, Aristotle then ;
 Each age a new solution brings ;
 Where kings are, God is King of Kings ;
 Republics make him Citizen.

Some change the human shape of me ;
 Some whirl me in a vortex-dance ;
 Ask all things, answer none ; perchance
 Raise devils of their own and flee.

One doubts my eyesight ; one my brain ;
 Down with all systems, cries Voltaire ;
 Spinoza thinks God everywhere,
 But seeks Him everywhere in vain.

Man is mere clockwork, then 'twas taught ;
 And last that man of words appears,
 Who pulled the house about our ears,
 Showed Heaven empty, all things naught.

VIII

Amid the wreck of schools I sit,
 And think what ages, year on year,
 Have laboured to solve Doubt ; and here
 Behold the utter end of it !

Ah, vanity of vanities !
 Poor creatures of a thousand dreams,
 Ye saw the light of Heaven, it seems,
 And only lacked the wings to rise.