

Now judge you I dare not: 'tis past,
The time of my judgment and wrath;
But on whom shall my mantle be cast,
And who with my word shall go forth?

Wild honey and locusts—ah, must
These be your meat ere you learn
The zeal of the Lord—from the dust
Must you drink the parched pool ere you
burn?

Yet I called down fire from above
To wither my people with flame,
And to you I have pleaded with love,
And oh, little Son, 'tis the same!

I believed (oh, I half believe still!)
That *once* you did hear, and I cried....
But you felt I had pitted my will
Against yours, and you shrank back in
pride.