

# Vale Jehovah

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I THROW off the yoke of my people,  
I doff the white scarf of the Race.  
My temple has fallen; its steeple  
Has cast a long shade on my face.  
The temple's red idol, Jehovah,  
Has fallen in ruins: his state  
Is finished and shattered and over  
For me. I am proud in my gait.

No longer by legend and chanting  
The priests shall endeavor to stay  
My footsteps. Who heeds their weak ranting,  
When, despite them, there dawns the world's day?  
What if in the Race I *was* born?  
To me that's no reason why I  
Should cling to a faith that I scorn,  
When my birthright's the infinite sky!

I leave the worn path I was led in,  
To turn wheresoever I will,  
And find fairer valleys to tread in,  
And breathe on some purer-aired hill.  
Behind me, more faintly, more pleading.  
I hear yet priest's voices. They say:  
"Jehovah, our God, lieth bleeding—  
His life ebbeth slowly away."

I heed not the fools who would warn me  
(With threats)—Give me bribes (prayers)—to stay.  
And if, as they say, the world scorn me,  
'Twill only be mad, as are they!  
*Poor, perishing, priest-propped Jehovah,  
The days of thy blood-deeds are dead;  
Thy yoke I for ever throw over!  
Good-bye! My farewell has been said.*