

Here is a parody I wrote around 1968 while I was still in the Exclusive Brethren. Like the Shakespearean original, this poem has two possible meanings: it can be taken to mean that Divine Truth, as understood by the EBs, is perfect and changeless; or it can be taken to mean that they changed it about as often as they changed their shirts.

## Time and Truth

Let me not to the truth of Brethren views  
admit uncertainty. Truth is not Truth  
that alters when we alteration choose,  
or bends to compass pious frauds uncouth.

Oh no! It is an ever-fixèd mark  
that heeds not how the winds of change may blow;  
it is a star to every wandering bark,  
to show brow-beaten pilgrims where they go.

Truth's not Time's fool, though boldly-held beliefs  
all down Time's course are cut without compassion;  
Truth alters not, with his brief joys and griefs,  
but stands the same, till the next change of fashion.

If this be error, or can be denied,  
I never lived, nor Brother ever lied.