

What random action of unthinking Fate
Could teach the molecule to seek its mate?
Could shape the protoplasm's destiny,
And thus the germ of primal life create?

Or, if a God created, why did He
Leave no sure token of His deity?
We strive and strain to pierce the doubtful gloom:
Is there no voice to guide, nor light to see?

THERE IS AN ANCIENT CITY far away,
Where dawned the dawn of intellectual day—
Athens, whose golden wisdom gave the world
Such dower of wealth as man can ne'er repay.

Was ever earthly city fair as this?
That shrine of art, of beauty, and of bliss—
Poets and statesmen walked her wondering streets,
Or from her marble-crown'd Acropolis

Gazed on her glowing skies, her glittering seas,
And drew their lessons from such scenes as these:
Athens inspired them to inspire mankind.
And last, not least, the master Socrates

Midst those familiar streets habitual moved,
There taught and answered, question'd or approved,
And gave the world a new and nobler hope:
This was the city that the master loved.

This seer, with sight beyond our human ken,
Held that the soul must surely live again;
He based his plea on reason's sober laws,
And claimed no wisdom alien to men.

And yet he claimed from boyhood's days to hear
A voice divine, that sounding in his ear,
The sign and token of the deity,
Had warned and guided all his long career.