

But, though with diagnostic aids  
They were but ill supplied,  
There were a few who shrewdly guessed  
(Old What's-his-name among the rest)  
At what went on inside.

When you and I were young, Adam,  
It was damnation stark  
To doubt that all that breathe the air,  
Came, male and female, pair by pair,  
Straight out of Noah's ark.

*"Mutantur,"* Adam, *"tempora  
Mutamur atque nos,"*  
And now we're not a bit afraid  
To tell just how the world was made  
In detail and in gross.

In pre-Archæan periods  
Of elemental stress  
The C and H and O and N  
Collide, rebound, combine, and then  
React with  $H_2S$ .

Colloidal specks from this ensued  
Which grew, and grew, and grew,  
With lively motion all endued,  
Till they attained a magnitude  
Of  $0.01\mu$ .

Then, somewhere over .01  
And under .05  
Amœboid feelers out they sent  
And took some liquid nourishment  
And, lo, they were alive!

In pre-Archæan periods  
Let fancy have her fling,  
But, Adam, will your faith allow  
Such goings on can happen now  
When George the Fifth is King?