

One reads a book in dim candle light,
Falsely believing knowledge is might;
Searching the past with a weary eye,
Missing the glow of the golden sky.

One sees the light, and is born anew;
Gets a clear vision of work to do;
Rises to start on his upward climb
Knowing that life should be made sublime.

Sluggard, and miser, and student, too,
Lose the rich glory of higher view.
Vision is greater than knowledge or gold.
See! And your vision for men unfold.