

*This earth is ours to lore: lute, brush and pen,
They are but tongues to tell of life sincerely:
The thaumaturgic Day, the might of men,
O God of Scribes, grant us to grave them
clearly!*

*Grant heart that homes in heart, then all is well.
Honey is honey-sweet, howe'er the hiring.
Each to his work, his wage at evening bell
The strength of striving.*