

The Wrestler

The burly and the proud, the braggarts of the crowd,
Every one of them he topples down in thunder.
His grip grows mild for the dotard and the child,
But alike they must all go under.

Oh, many a mighty foeman would try a fall with
him —

Persepolis and Babylon and Rome,
Assyria and Sardis, they see their fame grow dim,
As he tumbles in the dust every dome.

At length will come an hour when the stars shall feel
his power,

And he shall have his will upon the sun.

Ere we know what he's about, the stars will be put
out,

And the wonder of the show will be undone.