

SOCRATES

WHAT blasphemy to call earth *Lucifer*,
The fallen Star!—Brightest and best among
Those myriad celestial spheres wide-flung
In space, earth is acclaimed; Algol to her
Bows down; the strains of Vega's harping stir
Dawn from the arms of Night with anthems sung
To praise this planet, in that mystic tongue
Spoken by gods, graved on the gates of Ur.

Fairer than beauty of the Pleiades,
Earth passes on her way triumphant—known
Among the constellations as the throne
Of greatness proved by every test of pain;
Therefore the words of Vega's far refrain:
All hail, O Star that gave us Socrates!