

Some years ago when war did rage  
 'Twas blow for blow;  
 Men tried their strength at arm's length,  
 But now one man  
 With gatling gun makes twenty run.

The lightning in iron cages is at our feet,  
 We make it talk, and walk, and light the  
     street  
 The very darkest night  
 As light as noon in May or June.

Chickens are hatched by steam, for it would  
     seem  
 It saves the hen the time and trouble  
 Of chuckling and scratching,  
 Of care and watching;  
 By this same plan scientists may find  
 Some day they can produce mankind,  
 For science so long  
 Trampled beneath fanatic feet,  
 Is bound to rise up to the skies  
 And drive to perdition that curse, superstition,  
 The author of wars and bloody scars,  
 The devil's conception for fraud and deception.

This monster now is full of blight,  
 It cannot stand this century's light,  
 Yet, in your speech I well can trace  
 Where this grim monster finds a place.