

Of her he loves—the greatness of the mind
Calm, self-contained, the music struck by souls
For goodness passionate from nature's strings,
The scorn of death, the love of noble deeds—
All this will rest on mankind like a spell,
And spite of filth and crime, disease and death,
Cause them to move towards excellence. Ah! true,
The course is slow. The freshening morning comes
Upon the heels of night and gives each day
A new birth to the world; the years steal by
And leave behind their legacies of fact;
The generations rise and fall like waves,
But ere they die the store of knowledge swell;
The centuries bearing names and deeds of note,
And petty pangs and lyric joys, and loves
Too weighty for frail lives—the centuries flee;
A thousand years are gone like yesterday;
Old empires sink into decrepitude;
New kingdoms rise; even races pass away;
New types appear; new forms of civic life—
But man is still the same blind fool, the same
Base groveller, still will he hug his chains,
And still pursue what leads to chains and death.
Down the ruining precipices of time
Tyrant and tyrannies are hurled, and man
A moment rises free and stands erect;
The future opens like a dawn of spring;
It seems as if afar in depths of space