

Boem.



YE Muses, who so oft in latter days
Vouchsafe to mortals your sweet voice of song,
I pray you, come and fire my chilly thoughts.
With inspiration's magic wand touch ye
My humble pen; and though unused to sing
In lofty tones or tell of mighty deeds,
It shall for once proclaim a hero's name.
Your aid then I invoke.

Since first our common ancestors were placed
In Eden's paradise—where Eve so sinned
In eating of the tree forbid by God—
Man's constant search has been for things unknown.