

Men of To-Day.

Men of to-day and yester's nought,
Before you were the things we see
Who gave a guess or gave a thought
That such as you to-day should be?
Ah, passers by the common way,
Who thought of ye before to-day?

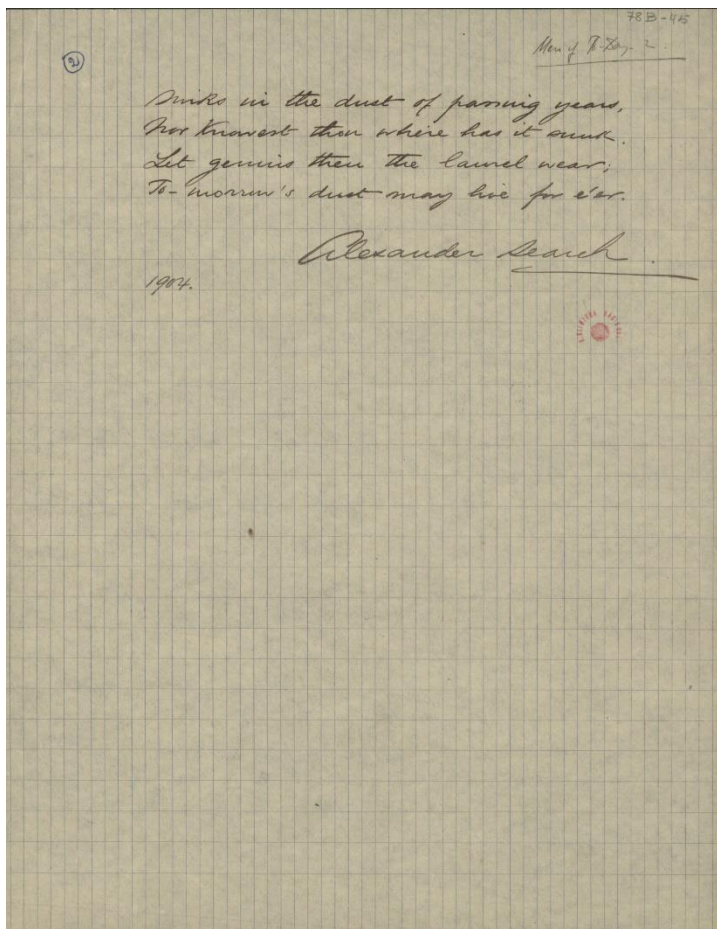
Men of to-day, to-morrow's dust,
When years have past where shall ye go?
What vulgar daub or hurried lust
Shall chronicle your joy and woe?
Waves on the crest of life's swift sea,
After to-day who'll think of ye?

Genius alone can rouse the fire
That in your glorious nature lies;
Genius alone can strike the lyre
And raise your name to mortal skies;
Genius of death can tear the pall
And yester's nought may be an all.

But virtue, fool, like human tears,
By sand of earth too surely drunk,

BNP/E3, 78B - 45^o

Transcrição



Men of To-Day - 2.

Sinks in the dust of passing years,
Nor knowest thou where has it sunk.
Let genius then the laurel wear;
To-morrow's dust may live for e'er.

Alexander Search.

1904.

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