# **DARWIN**

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Darwin by Digain Williams

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### **DIGAIN WILLIAMS**

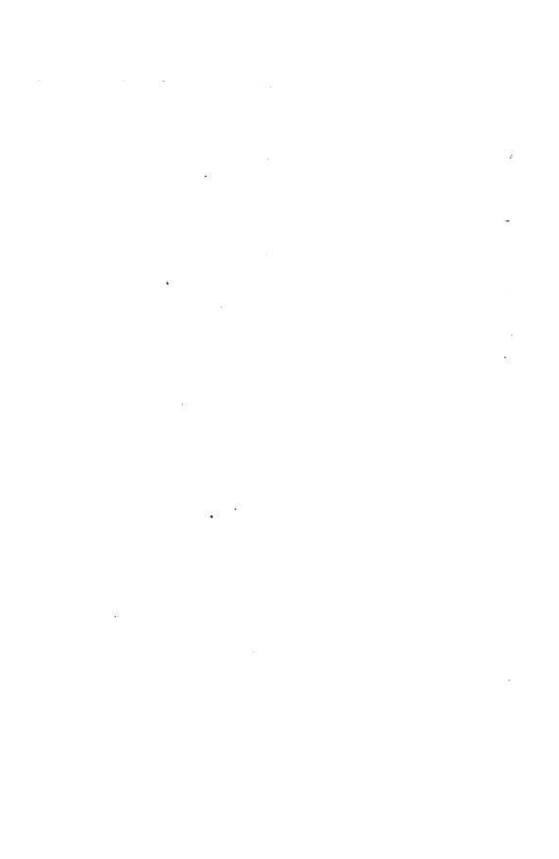
## **DARWIN**



## DARWIN

by DIGAIN WILLIAMS

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### DARWIN

When thou wert young the world was young, Eternity had swallowed Time Too soon, and man's grand upward climb Had only started, when a tongue

Thou gavest ages which rehearse The songs of conquests old at last, Which reach the ear from out the vast Recesses of the universe.

And through the million ages grown, We see the myriads crawling by, Till man is formed within the die Which God had cast the earliest dawn. When thou wert old the world was old, And old was Night and Day and Time, And old was man whose upward climb Began when life began unfold.

#### II.

We see thee simple, docile child, Who roams alone o'er moors and hills, Not knowing whence are all the thrills Which move thine heart out in the wild.

Tis Nature making love divine, Before thou knowest yet her tone, She loves to have thee all alone And whisper to thee she is thine.

And those adventures in thy brain Are but an effort to relate Those secrets knocking at the gate Of mind, with all persuasive strain. We wonder not at thy delight, When later, as they found their way, We see thee listening all the day, And oft forgetful of the night.

We watch thy sisters who became A mother to thee each in turn, The fire that she had set to burn They fanned with love a living flame.

A Martha quick, a Mary mild, Who loved a brother who returned A love so beautifully earned. And did they feel the destined child,

While death would hover round his head, Would bring our past to human view, As did the brother of those two The future, while they thought him dead? We see them go about the place Whispering plans for thy full joy, And does thy future awe them, Boy? Does now the dawn peep in thy face?

The high dawn of a rising sun, Behind the darkest clouds which spread, That hence will pierce all systems dead, And throw a light on all things done.

We see thee by the "Bell-stone" stand, Enchanted by her story old, She was the first of them that tolled The music of my native land

Into thy soul with accents strong, What wonder that in other climes We see thee charmed with other chimes Since thou had'st heard so sweet a song.