

RODIN.

HERE is a man! For all the world to see  
His work stands, shaming Nature. Clutched, com-  
bined

In the sole still centre of a master-mind,  
The Egyptian force, the Greek simplicity,  
The Celtic subtlety. Through suffering free,  
The calm great courage of new art, refined  
In nervous majesty, indwells behind  
The beauty of each radiant harmony.

Titan! the little centuries drop back,  
Back from the contemplation. Stand and span  
With one great grip his cup, the Zodiac!  
Distil from all time's art his wine, the truth!  
Drink, drink the mighty health—an age's youth—  
Salut, Auguste Rodin! Here is a man.