

# A Man

When Nature wants to

Drills a man,

Thrill a man,

Skill a man

Mold a man to play the noblest part

When Nature yearns with all her heart

To create so great and bold a man

That the entire world shall praise

Watch her method

Watch her ways

How she ruthlessly perfects whom she royally elects

How she hammers and hurts him

And with mighty blow converts him

Into trial shapes of clay which only Nature understands

When Nature wants to

Take a man

Shake a man

Wake a man

When Nature wants to make

A man to do the future's will

To create him large and whole

With what cunning she prepares him

How she goads and never spares him

How she whets him and she frets him

How she often disappoints whom she sacredly anoints

With what wisdom she will hide him

Never minding what betide him

Nature's plan is wondrous kind

Could we understand her mind

Fools are they who call her blind

When his feet are torn and bleeding

Yet his spirit mounts unheeding

All his higher powers speeding

Blazing newer paths and fine

When the forces that is divine

Leaps to challenge every failure

And his ardor still is sweet

And love and hope are burning in the presence of defeat

Lo, the crisis!

Lo, the shout!

That must call the leader out

When the people need salvation

Do he come to lead the nation

Then do Nature show her plan

When the world has found –

**A MAN!**

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