

Science! True daughter of Old Time.

Some said you prey upon the poet's heart

with Stark Realities.

Brought hither facts, brought colder truths,

revealed the hidden.

Took this well-storied world

and knit it new.

And so, from out this river, dark data this way came.

Deep mechanical of our shared shame in sediment lurks.

The Nymph and Mermaid daughter –

driven from our hearts, then fled the river water.

Science! Be That Bold Son of bright worlds yet to come!

Bring, oh my Astronaut, a vision new!

Bring probes, fierce magnets, bright technology!

Clean this water to hold back our stains!

Stop our gutterings and sewage pharmaceuticals.

Strip out the metaled tang!

Come, Science! Be our sentinel!

our Steward Strong.

Weave us this a kinder world, where waters run afresh

and Mermaids and their Sea King find their home.

So now, sweet Nymph, be born anew.

Return your heart, your hope

to this dear river so beloved by you

and all of us here gathered along this shore.