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 sewaged pharmaceuticals.
Strip out the metalled 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 gatherèd along this shore.