

SOCRATE.

(L'HOMME AU NEZ CASSE.)

CONSUMMATE beauty built of ugliness,
O broken-nose philosopher, is thine.
Diamonds are deepest in the blue-mud mine ;
So is the secret of thy strong success
Daemonic-glittering through the wear and stress
Of tortured feature ; virtue's soul doth shine,
Genius and wisdom in the force divine
That fills thy face ; magnificence ! no less.

Ay ! thou shalt drink the hemlock ; thou shalt suffer
And die for self-respect, for love of others !
To-day are men indissolubly brothers ?
Is my life smoother than the Greek's or rougher ?
The Greek at least shall stead me in my craft.
Crucify Crowley ! Nay, my friends ! the draught.