

The great idealer still standing tall,  
The small man that I am left so small;  
It's a small world after all,  
Not one missing but all earth's ball.

The miracle of splendour great,  
Upon this earth in which to create;  
The great idealer whose god is good,  
The world revolving as it really should.

The great idealer what's left to say,  
Of all the world in which we pray;  
With fascination of anticipated fear,  
All would worship all so dear.

Well why the problem then I ask,  
To return to earth is such a task;  
The answer written on the wall,  
To each and every one whose headed call.

The brilliant mind of leadership,  
Of all the men he won friendship;  
In which the scientific world,  
Would live on love and note the worth.

So here now in a minute passing by,  
The whole new world has earth to try;  
As if all heaven was but a state,  
In which the return was only fate.

Signed,

If money was the world