

A Power-Plant

Monroe, Harriet, 1860-1936

The Fisk Street turbine power station in Chicago

The invisible wheels go softly round and round—
Light is the tread of brazen-footed Power.
Spirits of air, caged in the iron tower,
Sing as they labor with a purring sound.
The abysmal fires, grated and chained and bound,
Burn white and still, in swift obedience cower;
While far and wide the myriad lamps, a-flower,
Glow like star-gardens and the night confound.
This we have done for you, almighty Lord;
Yea, even as they who built at your command
The pillared temple, or in marble made
Your image, or who sang your deathless word.
We take the weapons of your dread right hand,
And wield them in your service unafraid.