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SONNET FOR GEORGE ELIOT
by Ralph E. Avery

Great George, when she was youthful Mary Ann,
Strove faithfully to read the mind of God.
At length she sought Him in the soul of Man,
As Trinity's sweet garden path she trod.
And so with strong, diffusive voice she sings
The need for each to love his fellow man.
To us her caring soul great comfort brings,
And urges us to do the best we can
To buoy the sinking heart, assuage the wound.
Her passionate art transcends the written word;
True, lasting immortality she's found;
Sweet echoes of her love can still be heard.
So has she joined the Choir Invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

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