“Magicians fear the gods,” old Chung would say;  
“They will brazen it out with you and me,  
Beating us down with mystery;  
They will falter and fail, grovel and pray,  
If they meet a god at a turn in the way.”

“Magicians know the gods,” old Chung would say;  
“Though a god should come in a ragged gown  
Begging his rice through the dust of the town,  
They will fumble their magic, fall flat and pray,  
Should a god in rags come strolling their way.”