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TRUTH And A TREE

The right devine that kings once claimed
To trade in nations and bequeath by will,
Where is it now? And where the chattel slave
Whose flesh and blood were legal property?
Injustice, causing both these wrongs must end,
As must, at last, the scourge of poverty!

I see the glow of dawn within the sky,
And trust the order of the universe
To keep the standard I have raised unfurled.
Within the seed where Truth doth germinate
No power can prevent its growth for long;
If flint oppose it, then the flint must yield;
If war drums roll, the Truth their challenge meets
And bids men hear the carol of the lark,
Triumphant, deathless, far above all fears.

The ground wherein the Tree will grow is ploughed,-
So little now, so tender and so weak;
But sometime in its branches birds will sing,
And in its shade the weary shall find rest.

M.L.R.

(A paraphrase of the closing portion of a lecture
delivered by Henry George at the Metropolitan Temple,
in San Francisco, March 1878.)

(See P. 274-6 life of H.G. & his son) GABE Sept-Oct 1953