

THE GOLDEN AGE OF DREAMS IS COMING.

So will A Ballad.

In a far off generation

In a day long gone,

Ancient, childish-minded people

Sang a glorious song.

And all children born in vain,

Of a golden age of living,

And a lovely, endless day.

Then all men were pure, clean-minded.

Happy each in his own way.

Ignorant, vain, silly,

There no night came;

And no sad hours, filled with strife.

War was unknown.

Each man loved — all life.

Fallen in battle, from a foe,

Basking in the mellow sunshine,

Filling hours with work and play.

Watching rainbow tinted birds,

Unconscious of ^{his} ~~their~~ joy as they.

So will A Ballad.

Soon a tragic day came,

When men wanted to be free;

Little knowing what they wanted;

What their life would be.

Heavy grew their load;

Blindly, stubbornly they struggled

Against their creator.

Each man started out alone;

Enemy was he, and traitor.

THEY WERE THE FIRST TO COME.

A Ballad.

In a far off country

In a gay long gone

Ancient, child-like-minded people

Sang a glorious song.

Of a golden age of living.

And a lovely endless day.

Then all men were pure, clean-minded.

Happy each in his own way.

There no night came;

And no sad hours, filled with strife.

War was unknown.

Each man loved — all life.

Working in the meadow sunshine,

Filling hours with work and play.

Watching rainbows tinted skies

See ^{his} unconscious of their joy as they

Soon a tragedy came,

When men wanted to be free;

Little knowing what they wanted;

What their life would be.

Blindly, stupidly they struggled

Against their creator.

Each man started out alone;

Many was betrayed, traitor.

Boldly ,fearlessly they said;
We will know reality.
Each unto himself declared,
No one now shall hinder me.

Wars they bred and strife
And evil;Children born in pain.
Walled up cities;death
And plunder all for personal gain.

Women loved,then cruelly treated;
Ignorant,wanton,sly;
Children bred for slaughter,
Reared to rule,be slave,or die.

Climbing'oer the backs of thousands
Fallen in battle ,rose a few;
Ruling ruthlessly'oer nations,
Seldom good and true.

Men whod scorned their great creator,
Now with aching backs and sore,
Built the pyramids;~~and ch~~ cathedrals,
But stood starved about the door.

~~Weary~~

Weary grew the weight of ages;
Heavy grew their load;
Rulers,kings_rose and descended,
Fearful as they swung the goad.

Here and there throughout the ages
Men and women gentle, mild,
Lived and died, a sacrifice
Till was born a braver child.

Each good ~~teacher~~, leader rose; bravely crying out
His message; then was crucified,
For he dared to seek the truth.
'Twas for that alone he died.

Now the day is drawing near
When mens ruthless power must cease.
Little longer can king, church or nation
Terror and mad death increase.

We are sifting fine our knowledge.
We are lifting up the masses.
We have made machines; gained insight
That can free all classes.

We will teach, and lead the people
Till they know their power.
Each will hold his head up proudly.
Rulers have but one short hour.

Then we'll weave the dreams of ancients
Guided by the spirit of truth.
Science, invention, education
That shall be the woof.

Soon well have the fruit of ages.

^{Soon}
~~Wise~~, we'll turn to our creator.

Open eyed this time and wiser,

Ne'er again we'll play the traitor.

This is not dream visionary.

We will garner ~~all the~~ knowledge of the sages.

Happy, free, pure and creative,

Thus we'll build new Golden Ages,

Greek: "They need not the moon in that
land of delight;
They need not the pale, pale stars;
They till not the ground, they plow
not the wave,
They labor not; never, oh never!"