THE GOLDEN AGE OF DREAMS IS COMING.

A Ballad.

In a far off generation In a day long gone, Ancient , childish-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.

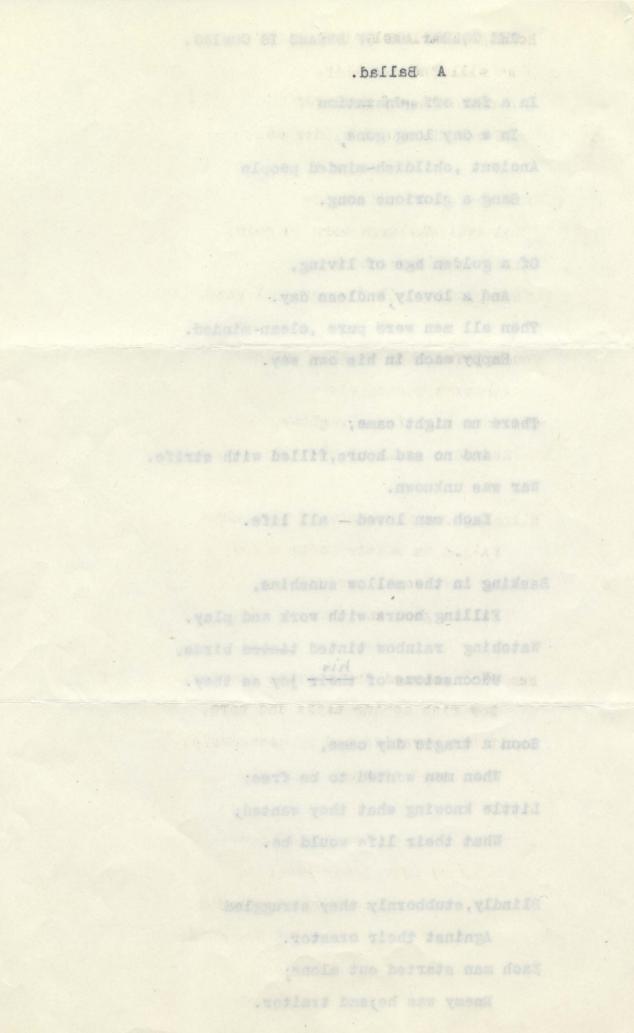
Basking in the mellow sunshine,

Filling hours with work and play. Watching rainbow tinted tinted birds, his UNconscious of their joy as they.

Soon a tragic day came,

When men wanted to be free; Little knowing what they wanted; What their life would be.

Blindly, stubbornly they struggled Against their creator. Each man started out alone; Enemy was he, and 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 prose 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 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 diedja 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 well 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; well turn to our creator. Open eyed this time and wiser, Neer again well play the traitor.

This is not dream visionary.

We will garner all the knowledge of the sages. Happy, free, pure and creative,

Thus well build new Golden Ages,

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