

JIM'S SONG

I will weave on a warp of God's beauty,
A woof of the winds and star-dust;
I will fashion a fabric of duty
And bind up its edges with trust;
I will forge me a sword of decision
And hilt it with faith sprung anew;
And the world shall bow down to my vision,
For my vision is -- you!

I will take of the tears of the gloaming,
Of the delicate laughter of dawn,
The splendor of sea-surges foaming,
The sweetness of days that are gone;
I will fashion a song from my plunder,
A song such as never man knew;
And the world shall bow down to my wonder,
For my wonder is -- you!

Till out on the lonely sand-reaches
And out on the desolate hills,
And out on the palm-scattered beaches
And out where the frost-terror kills ---
Men shall hear my song ever re-ringing
Till their heartache shall whisper them "True!"
And the world shall bow down to my singing,
For my song is of you!