

With the expense of living; plead the right
Of women to a place with men in all
That touches life, of children to good food,
Pure air, laughter and play; I plead the right
To think and give expression to my thought.

Man's night is now behind him and the day
Leaps up in glory burgeoning the hills.
What lies behind us is the nursery
With babies' baubles scattered on the floor—
Toy soldiers, arks and pictured fairy books—
The Man smiles kindly at them as he goes
Forth to his labour! There is much to do:
The winding trails of ancient Ignorance
Must be made straight—a highway for the King;
The hills that threatened us must be brought low;
For there are songs of gladness in the wind,
There is a chord of music from the trees—
A noise of distant thunder that proclaims
The coming of the God whose name is Man!