

Give place to the earth's grand mountain
That grows from a single stone.

And lo! on the mount 'tis written
With fingers of living flame
"No more shall they buy and sell us—
The traders who trade in shame."

But nursed on her kindly bosom
The meanest of all earth's brood
Shall eat of the fruits of labor
And share in the common good.

And all in their chosen places
Shall answer the muster call
And shoulder the common burden
Of each for the good of all.

Off from their lifting faces
By justice and love new made
The sign of their shame and bondage
Shall pass like an evil shade.

Lips that were locked with envy
And hearts that were chilled with greed
Shall feel like an opening blossom
The spring of a kinder creed.

Then in the earth's new morning
By prophet and sage foretold
The bloom of her fullblown glory
Shall over her wastes unfold.

But neither from creeds or crosses
Nor temple nor sacred tome
Nor faith in an abstract justice
Can virtue or comfort come.

But love on her moss-grown ramparts
And song where the silence was
Shall flow from the sons of nature
Who live by her perfect laws.