Worlds Apart:

‘Oh! land thou brings me great joy,

Art fit for our ship’s deploy,

Sturdy rock to which we swimmeth,

Thank the Lord; we dock in Plymouth!

As dense can be, a field of green,

Stand there proud, tall and treen,

Betwixt Heaven and rooted Earth,

Thou art a cradle for our new birth!

And let the wind take my voice,

With newfound love and warm rejoice,

To hills and plains that flood throughout:

“Mend my sprout and tend my spout!”’

And oft was not twas received,

Across the land yet half-deceived,

To a little girl who faced the breeze,

One of many Cherokees.

‘You are me and I am you,

As grass is green and sky is blue,

Of your ways, oh Nature teach,

Squeeze me; hold me in your reach!

To live and die is all for naught,

If one has yet not been taught,

Your summer spectral and autumn death,

Your winter relic and spring’s first breath!

Thus I give my heart to you,

My mind and manner, through and through,

And hope that you will hear my shout:

“Tend my sprout and mend my spout!”’