POSTERITY

John G. Groome

Would you like to hear a story that happened long ago?
Before the trees were planted or the seed began to grow
The mighty man-made forests were barely thought of then
They were nothing but a notion within the dreams of men.

Ten thousand men were walking begging food from door to door
In a land of peace and plenty that should have known no poor.

There was talk of timber famine that was soon to strike the race
We went in fear of hunger famine stared us in the face.

When a clarion call was sounded for all to now awake
"Go forth and plant a forest for your children children's sake."
The clarion call was answered and tree by tree by tree
We built up a forest just for posterity.

But you cannot raise a family just two men in a tent
You cannot keep a woman if you cannot pay the rent.
No you cannot get posterity in a camp for single men
Posterity Posterity What did we plant for then?
The spenders of the cities who would never plant a tree
We planted for their children they were posterity.

But the children of the spenders they sold the growing trees
And used the cash for benefits for kids Dads never see.
They were fatly fed and pious or so they would pretend
But when it came to saving they much preferred to spend.
They went to church on Sunday and played a double part
For it was their selfish needs they nurtured in their hearts.

They voted for those who did not need forests owned perpetually.

They wanted it now and did not care
Providing they still got their share.

Now other nations will decree whether or not we prune each tree.
With nary a thought for GDP and even less for you and me.
There are some men who are builders and some that must destroy
And each must know a pleasure the other can't enjoy.
It takes a man of vision to sow and plant and tend plantations for the nation and own them to the end.

But when the spenders lives are past may socialism served so well
Ensure they pay their share at last while they tend the fires in hell.
But when I'm dead and buried God grant it be my worth to tend his trees in Heaven just like I did on Earth.
In some celestial forest that knows no R M A maybe I'll find a haven where foresters have their say

Yes, if I get to Heaven may the God that I hold dear let me tend his forest just like I did down here.

So now you've heard the story though much is left untold of the worshippers of Mammon who sold their souls for gold
Now we have children of the spenders whose kids we have to keep with patrimonial handouts of fifty pounds a week though forests are the children of men who planted trees eternal live memorials they are not posterity.

For the children of the spenders and their children's seed who will plant the forests for the coffins they will need?

With acknowledgments to Joe Rawlings-1962.
Updated by John Groome -2000