

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 buildt 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
Hey 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 children seed
who will plant the forests
for the coffins they will need ?

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