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The Brotherhood of the Forest

Douglas Malloch

Iowa State College

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE FOREST

I love the man who loves the wood,
Whate'er his creed, whate'er his blood.
I may not know his native land;
His creed I may not understand;
But, when we meet within the wood,
There each is silent—Understood.

We worship then at selfsame shrine;
We see the same celestial shine
On lustrous leaf, on petaled flower;
We feel the selfsame grace and power;
Yea, kneeling on the selfsame sod,
We worship both the selfsame God.

I give who loves the wood my hands,
For here is one who understands;
Who loves the wood I give my heart,
For there responsive echoes start;
We meet in this sweet brotherhood—
We meet as brothers of the wood.

—by Douglas Malloch