

The Judge, the Tree and the Egg

d A] A] A g A]A] B B A g B

I saw a mighty city breaking toward the sky.

d A] A] A g A A] A] g B B A g B

Around the scene of marble dreams four riverbeds ran dry.

g C C A] A] A f A] A] g] g

Within every building, within every room

A A A g g f] d f] g A] A f g

Empty sounds played 'round and 'round the people in their gloom.

There was a Judge of noted name who meted out the law
From chambers dark and dungeon cold that people rarely saw.
The city was his prison; the people were his wards;
The lawbooks were his castle. He slept by the edge of his sword.

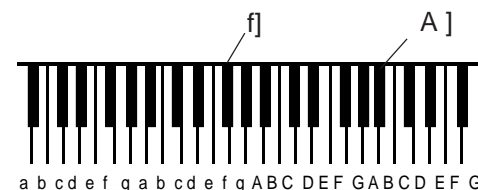
In the sky a bird appeared to circle about the towers.
From the bird a tiny egg dropped slowly through the hours.
On the street the people watched and scarcely knew to breathe.
The egg struck rock and rock was crushed —the mighty city seethed.

The egg was taken before the Judge who shouted angry words,
“Break it up! Hatch it out! I sentence only birds!
Who dares to bomb my city also dares to steal my wife;
Go find that culprit eagle. I'll sentence him to life!”

All the birds were gathered in and taken before the court
Where the Judge's eyes were burning laws in gavel-swinging sport.
“You're all guilty,” cried the Judge as his gavel struck the egg.
The shell was cracked and opened back. The courtroom fell in a hush.

From the opened egg a tiny seed emerged to sprout and bud
As it rolled into the jurispudent lap of the Judge.
His anger now was terror; his cries filled the room
As from his lap a sapling sprang and branched out into the gloom.

“Where is the Public Defender?” the Judge cried out in fright.
“Come hold my hand and help me stand this awful growing weight!”
But no one in the courtroom moved or did a thing.
They all sat still, enchanted, as the birds began to sing.



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Refrain:

B D E D A B C D C B g d f] A.

“Do you remember the magic, fantastic Tree of Life?

B D D E D A A B C C D C B...g d f] A.

Its branches and bowers are the chances and the hours of your life.

B D D E D A A B C

Its seed is the center where the Judge

C D C B g d f] A

Is weighed and judged by his own hand.

B D E E D B C D A

Its shadow of law shapes the sunlight.

A B C D C B g d f] A.

But the shadow is not where you may stand.”

Now the Judge is growing pale; the mighty Tree has grown
To thrust against the ceiling beams. The Judge's dying moan
Streams out in the courtroom, muffled by the birds' refrain,
“Oh, dear God, have mercy on a fellow Judge in pain.”

The Tree broke into the light of day and glowed in its beams
And put down roots all through the floor into subterranean streams.
The Judge was never seen again. The news soon reached his wife
How he struck the Egg and loosed the Seed
And was crushed by the Tree of Life.

