

THE OAK OF RIGHT

Will Gunter

A gentle slope,
A gulf
 Buried deep within the borders
 (Where starlight still smolders,
 On moonlight beholders)

That solid oak,
A rod
 Planted far from rustled waters
Keeps watch o'er the daughters,
Awake for the callers...

A little boy,
A child
 Wandered up on the oak tree.
 “Oak, here I beseech thee:
 Give one daughter to me!”

That wiser oak,
Replied,
 “My boy, you do not understand,
 You come with little hands,
 For her, you would not stand!
I will not give her to you, boy:
I will keep her for a man.”

A famous prince,
Fancy
 Strode up on the oak tree.
 “Oak, here now I tell thee:
 Give one daughter to me!”

That blessed oak,
Replied,
 “My prince, you do not understand,
 You come with strong demands,
 But you won't work the land!
Your laziness upsets me, boy:
I will keep her for a man.”

A tired lad,
Boldly
 Walked up on the oak tree.
 “Oak, here now I ask thee:

Give one daughter to me.”
That happy oak,
Replied,
 “My lad, I see you understand!
I’ve watched you work the land,
For her, you’ll love and stand!
So I will give her to you, lad:
I have kept her for a man.”