

THE BILL OF RIGHTS

No man is free when compassed round by laws
Designed to force him to revere his fellow man.
The very words of legal phrase and act
Have but begun the weld of prison chains,
The forg'd clang of which we hear
In careless word, or thought but lightly placed
On what we do, or laws whereof we speak.

Shall I by mine own thoughtless act,
Prison my fellow man behind a sheet
Of paper, whereon are written words of law,
The while his soul in torment writhes
Tortured by the cruel blows of mind
Gainst which no laws devised by man
Can e're prevail, or wrest a freedom lost?

No man is free who freedom would enthrall
Nor can he cast reproach on those
With whom agreement fails.
They too have rights and freedoms dearly bought;
The purchase price in dim and distant days
Blood spilled on plain and field,
O'er mountain cliff, on sand strewn shore.

If freedom we would gain or keep,
For fast we lose it in this day and age,
Then we must our own master and our servant be,
In serving others slowly build the tower
Stone by careful craftsmen place'd on stone
Until at last erect and proud and free
We stand, all races, creeds, in world wide liberty.

N.L. Turnbull
March 9th, 1948.

3 copies

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In careless word, or thought but lightly placed
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Shall I by mine own thoughtless act,
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Of paper, whereon are written words of law;
The while his soul in torment writhes
Tortured by the cruel blows of mind
Against which no laws devised by man
Can ere prevail, or wrest a freedom lost?

No man is free who freedom ^{would enthrall} seeks for others
Nor can he cast reproach upon those
With whom agreement fails.
They too have rights and freedoms dearly bought;
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Blood spilled on plain and field,
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*By script or creed or
entwined phrase*

If freedom we would gain or keep,
For fast we lose it in this day and age,
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*H. L. Turnball
March 9th 48*

A Bill of Rights

No man is free when compassed round
Designed to force him ^{by laws} to serve his fellow
The very act of legal phrase and word
Has but begun the weld of prison chains
The clank and rattle of which we hear
In endless word or thought but lightly placed
On what we do, or ~~the~~ laws whereof we speak
Shall I by word or thought or deed
Prison my fellow man behind a sheet
Of paper whereon are written words of law
The while his soul in torment sits
Tortured by the cruel blows of mind
Gained which no laws devised by man
Can once prevail or wrest a freedom lost
No man is free who freedom seeks for ^{self} others
Nor can he speak of those with whom agreement fails
They too have rights and freedoms dearly bought
Drenched in the blood of dear and distant days
When out the misty past the call ^{came} comes clear
To arms! for freedom fight! ere all is lost