To Annette Strauss

The Redwoods

Poem by
JOSEPH B. STRAUSS

Allegro

Music by
OSCAR RASBACH
(Composer of "TREES")

Here, sown by the Creator's hand, In

serried ranks, the Red-woods stand;

No other clime is
hon-ord so, No other lands— their glory know. The

greatest of Earth's living forms, Tall conquerors that laugh at

storms.

Andante

nations that with them were young, Rich empires long unsung; Lie
buried now their splendor gone;  But these proud monarchs still live

Here, in their temple vaulted high, We pause with reverent eye, With

silent tongue and awe-struck soul; For here, we sense Life's proper
Andante con moto

goal; To be like these, true, straight and fine, To make our world, like theirs, a shrine; Sink down, Oh mortal, on your knees, God stands before you in these trees.
THE REDWOODS

Here, sown by the Creator’s hand,
In serried ranks, the Redwoods stand;
No other clime is honored so,
No other lands their glory know.

The greatest of Earth’s living forms,
Tall conquerors that laugh at storms;
Their challenge still unanswered rings,
Through fifty centuries of kings.

The nations that with them were young,
Rich empires, with their forts far-flung,
Lie buried now—their splendor gone;
But these proud monarchs still live on.

So shall they live, when ends our day,
When our crude citadels decay;
For brief the years allotted man,
But infinite perennials’ span.

This is their temple, vaulted high.
And here we pause with reverent eye,
With silent tongue and awe-struck soul;
For here we sense life’s proper goal;

To be like these, straight, true and fine,
To make our world, like theirs, a shrine;
Sink down, Oh, traveller, on your knees,
God stands before you in these trees.

Joseph B. Strauss,
October 2, 1932.