

## And Also The Trees

### "Scythe and Spade W S H Jones J Hobman"

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Of all the deaf old bones  
Sceptre and crown  
Of all the kings and emperors  
Must tumble down  
They creak, stench, but all decay  
And in the dust be equal made  
Through sun, wind and sand  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade

Each man of ivory and bone  
Sceptre and crown  
Of noble tribe of hybrid clan  
Must tumble down  
Spider weaves a pretty web  
And in the dust be equal made  
Brethren on this day  
With poor crooked scythe and spade

Figure-flingers, faceless mask  
Sceptre and crown  
Of all those blind and buried years  
Must tumble down  
Career, fall and clatter  
And in the dust be equal made  
Now all the kings and emperors are  
With poor crooked scythe and spade

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